French Silks in

to general acceptance.

deal.

in Designs for After-

noon Dress.

THE RED LOC

A Tale of the Flatwoods

By DAVID ANDERSON Author of "The Blue Moon" Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Ca.

CHAPTER XVIII-Continued. -25-

With a cry, Jack Warhope caught up the unconscious girl in his arms, to discover that she must have been in the river, for her garments were completely saturated and her hair hung about her shoulders, sodden and dripping.

He was wrapping his hunting blouse about her when, with a startled exclamation, he jerked away his hand and held it up between his face and the sky-it was smudged with blood. He bent over the girl-blood was streaming from her right shoulder and running down her side. That last bullet from the edge of the yard-it had found the core of a tragic target.

Picking her up in his arms, he ran around to the kitchen, dashed the door open and laid her on the sofa in the sitting room.

He had wrapped her in blankets snatched from the parlor bedroom, tore up a sheet for bandages and was doing his best to stop the blood, when there came the sound of a man running across the yard, and the next moment Uncle Nick, doubtless alarmed by that last shot-coming as it did upon the heels of the housekeeper's storywas calling and pounding at the sitting room door. Jack threw it open.

"Texie's hurt!" he cried. "Quick-Doctor Arnold-and Aunt Liza and but for-her sake, keep 'em away-Mrs. Curry." Without a question the old man hur-

The woodsman had brought the candle out of the room where the dead | ner." robber lay, closed the door and was doing his best to stop the blood and restore the girl to consciousness, when the doctor ran in.

A hurried word or two and he was at the hurt shoulder. The bullet-it was his first care, With quick skill he hunted it; fortunately located it almost immediately. It had just missed the lung, ranged upward and lodged barely beneath the skin at the top of the shoulder. He made a small incision and probed it out.

He had washed the wound and had it nearly dressed when Aunt Eliza came running in, followed an instant later by Mrs. Curry, flurried and panting. Changing Texie's sodden garments for dry ones, while the woodsman built a fire in the kitchen stove, they laid her between warm blankets in the parlor bedroom.

Picking up the candle, the woodsman crossed the floor, threw open the door of the room where the dead robber lay and motioned for the two men.

Even the doctor started, aghast at the gruesome, huddled form sprawled there among the littered. blood-spattered money. Uncle Nick's muttered cry brought the two women running from the sick room, to gaze with the others-awed to silence by the tragedy that had again visited the quiet cot-

The woodsman well knew that questions would be flashing through each mind-had been since the discovery of Texle's hurt-knew that each looked to kinda throw an eye out fr Loge Belhim for the answer. A low moan came from the parlor bedroom. That last treacherous shot-he knew that the man with the red lock could never come back. It had been a mistake to shield him; a blunder to trust hima blunder that was being paid for at a fearful cost.

The doctor was the first to break the silence.

"What does this mean?"-the ques tion was half a demand. "It means-Caleb Hopkins," was the

hard, incisive answer.

The doctor started; the two women caught their breath; Uncle Nick swore, felt ashamed of it, looked foolish.

"This dead man"-the woodsman dropped a hand toward the huddled form-"is Black Bogus." The two women looked at each other; shrank back. The doctor's eyes lifted; he drew a step nearer and gazed hard at the body. "Him and Hopkins and"-Loge Belden, the man was about to say, but thought of the mountain girl, and hedidn't; besides, Belden had not shown himself at the robbery-"they're both outlaws and counterfiters. Hopkins would take good money out of the safe

and put counterf'it bills in place of it. "It was him that killed Pap Simon -that is, Pap Simon run out on 'im that night while he was changin' the counterfit f'r good money, and in the scuffle died of heart disease. That shet off their game, of course, so they planned t' make a clean sweep t'night

and go. "Hopkins-went t' town and writ back a letter t' Texie, makin' out it was from-Ken. The letter said he was sick in town and wanted 'er t' come to 'im. So she went, leavin' a note with Mis' Curry f'r me. The minute I got the note I knowed it was-Hopkins. I'd be'n suspicious of 'im and had be'n watchin' 'im, so I rode after 'er as quick as I could-clean t' the city, t' the place where the letter said Ken was sick; found I was off the trail: rode back as fast as Graylock could bring me t' try and pick it

"I found where Hopkins had headed Texie off up the road a ways and got er on that house-boat Uncle Nick and the rest of us saw hid there at the head of Mud haul the day we went

seinin'. "But I found where he'd hid it at Alpine island, and watched 'im sneak back to the woods-t' wait f'r dark, as I 'lowed. As soon as he was out o'

island, got on the house-boat without lettin' Texie know I was there and found out she was safe.

"Then, without lettin' 'er know it was me, I moved the house-boat and hid it in a new place; left her locked in-b'cause I thought it would be the safest place she could be jist thenand hurried here t' watch the house, fully b'lievin' they intended t' rob the safe t'night.

"About midnight they come. Ikilled Black Bogus and hurt Hopkins, but he-got away. Texie must 'a' broke out o' the house-boat somehow and swum ashore. I didn't know it, but she was jist comin' into the yard when I jumped out o' the winder after Hopkins, and that last shot he fired preached 'is funeral-Lord!" at me hit her."

It was a tremendous recital, brief; terse; not quite true; yet anything but safe," the woodsman mused, half to false; by far the longest speech he had ever made in his life, even with so much left out. He saw questions still in the eyes fixed upon him. A mussed up and the red lock worked moan came from the parlor bedroomand every other consideration gave

way to the sufferer. Alone with Uncle Nick, the woodsman securely fastened the window that had been pried open, closed the guard, he turned around quick and door on the gruesome scene and went to the kitchen. Curious faces were beginning to gather in the yard. He turned to the old man.

"Uncle Nick,"-his voice showed the strain he was under-"send them away. Tell 'em as little as possible, Jerry Brown above all, if he happens t' wake up and take it into 'is head t' studying him in thoughtful retrospeccome up here. And I 'low y'u better | tion. git somebody t' ride in after the coro-

The old man nodded and turned to the door. The other caught his sleeve. "And when it's light, I wish y'u'd sneak up Eagle holler a little and



"It Means Caleb Hopkins," Was the Hard, Incisive Answer.

The brows of the old hunter lifted. -there." He jerked his head toward

The next moment, with a step that the years seemed powerless to totter kitchen door and out among the curi- first to break it. ous faces in the yard.

the room they had just left.

CHAPTER XIX

The Sprawled Figure on the Broken Floor.

The sleepless night wore itself out; Texie still lived.

On the heels of the dawn Uncle Nick poked his head in at the kitchen door and motioned with his finger. The woodsman lifted his face from his jamb.

hands, rose and went out. Without a word the old man turned and, with another very positive motion of his hand, led the way across the corner of the yard, into the little park. out through the fallow pasture lot and had made the night before. Of Loge to the Eagle Hollow road.

Well within the dim gray jaws of the hollow he paused.

"When I p'inted m' nose up the crick this mornin', as you said, I noticed the door o' that ol' cabin whar Hen Spencer raised the devil that night wus part way open. I knowed it hadn't be'n open f'r years, so I snuck up and peeked in. Come on."

With the long, lanky, half running stride that he had probably copied these animals are very rare indeed, says from the Indians, the old ranger and scout, closely followed by the young The silver, or silver gray, is practicalman, trotted away up the gulch, ly the same color save that the back climbed the fence in front of the cabin of the dead woodchopper, ran up less gray hairs; the less light hairs through the dew-wet weeds to the half-opened door, pushed it wider and | Foxes that have a very small amount

There on the dusty floor boards, partly twisted on his side, his face staring up, one arm crumpled under him, with a dirk knife buried to the hilt in his breast, sprawled the man ders and rump. As in the case of the that called himself Caleb Hopkinsdead.

The woodsman stooped over the body; looked up curiously at his aged

companion. "Do y'u know 'im?"

"It's Hopkins." "Look close."

The old man glanced at his companion, caught the odd expression in sight, I took 'is skiff, crossed to the his eyes, stooped over the sprawled kept under the boilers of ambition.

figure and bent his eyes intently upon the dead face, slowly shook his head. "Course, I don't 'low 'is name's Hopkins, n' more'n mine is," he muttered,

"but it's the best I can do." The woodsman stooped; raked the mass of hair down; brought the red lock into view; spread his hand over the lower part of the face to hide the

"By the lord-Ken Colin." Jack took his hand away from over

the beard; scraped the hair carefully back into place.

"They say that red lock comes down from ol' Red Colin, a sea pirate hundreds of years ago, that it shows up every three 'r four generations, alw'ys bringin' along with it a drop 'r two of bad blood. It shore played the devil with Ken." "Didn't it!" was Uncle Nick's

thoughtful comment-"robbed and murdered 'is ol' man, an' A short silence fell.

"I could 'a' killed 'im there at the himself, "but I-didn't. I only shot away 'is gun and fought 'im fair. When he was down, with 'is hair all out in sight, that was the first time I knowed 'im. After that I tried t'save 'im and let 'im git away, not knowin' he had another pistol hid on 'im. When he thought 'e had me off shot; missed me-and hit-her."

He stood a long time silent, his head half bent aside, his thoughts doubtless back where a hapless sufferer lay moaning; turned at last; gazed at the knife, buried to a gruesome depth in the blood-mussed shirt-front of the fallen man; glanced up at his old friend and found the deep-set eyes

"Uncle Nick, what sort of a lock have y'u got on y'ur jaw?" "Tight as a clam shell, if you say

so," was the ready answer. "I'm askin' y'u t' lock it"--his words were serious and slow. "It ain't no use t' worry-her"-he jerked his head down the gulch-"by lettin' 'er find out it was-him-

He gazed down at the sprawled body. "I'm askin' you t' 'tend t' layin' 'im out and buryin' 'im; and be p'inted p'tic'lar t' keep 'is hair combed so's the red lock don't show. Nobody would know 'Im only by that. The way he had 'imself cobbled up-them clothes and spec's and whiskers, and the way 'e talked, and 'is face puckered up the way 'e kep' it-he didn't look a bit more like Ken Colin than you do. Stay here, and I'll send Al up with Doctor Arnold's stretcher t' he'p y' carry 'im

He stooped to straighten the dead man and-a subconscious act of compassion, perhaps-to get the cramped arm out from under him. As he moved the arm, the frock coat fell open and a piece of soiled white paper stuck in a pocket of the vest caught his eye.

He drew it forth, glanced over the dozen or so scrawled words and passed the paper to Uncle Nick. The old man, muttering something about not having his glasses along, passed it back and the woodsman read aloud:

"This man aint no preacher. Hes Slim Finger Doolin. Hes the slickest forger and counterfitter that ever lived and devilish light fingered with a six gun. He ruined my sister. That's why hes dead. He aint no human. Hes got the guts of a snake and the devils "I wondered why y'u left him out in | blood. Thats why I knifed im stid uv shootin im white. It wont be no use follerin me cause yu wont ketch me. "LOGE BELDEN."

A long silence followed the reading or stiffen, he had glided through the of the note. The woodsman was the

"I ain't aimin' t' follow 'im." he said. while a spark of flint narrowed his eyes-"a man that'll back his sister like-that."

"I 'low he's about as black as the devil makes 'em," was the old hunter's thoughtful comment, as he slowly morning came to the cottage; and reached for his pipe, "but we'll haf t' consait 'im one white feather." He kicked Black Bogus' box to the

open door, stood it on end, sat down and scraped his match on the door-With a final word of caution to keep

secret the identity of the dead man,

the woodsman hurried away. At the inquest an hour or so later Jack merely repeated the statement he Belden and his sister-knowing at last her pitiful secret, he let fall no word. The house-boat, when he went to its hiding-place days later, had disap-

and shoulders are shot with more or

there are the more valuable the pelt.

of these gray hairs are classed as

black. The cross fox is a mixture of

the dark fox and the ordinary red one,

rusty-colored patches being visible at

different points, especially on the shoul-

silver, the more black on the cross

An Even Mind.

Remember to preserve an even mind

in adverse circumstances, and equal-

ly in good fortune a mind free from

Industry is the fire that must be

fox the greater his value.

insolent joy .- Horace.

peared. They had probably gone with it. They were never followed. (TO BE CONTINUED.) As to the True Black Fox.

The true black fox is black all over with the exception of the tip of the knot at the neck. tail which is white, but I will say thata writer in the Sportsman's Digest.

> broidery down the top of the sleeves. one of the interesting color schemes creatures, invariably in pairs and emof spring. A hat of tan moire, in hori- broidered in vividity colored silk ring of violet net.

slik has a single motif of fruit or flow- no uncommon sight to see the smartly ers in colors. The hems are often fin- gowned Parisienne trailed by a very ished in points, each point being edged with button-holed scallops.

With Many Variations

Chic Two-Piece Costume to Be Worn This Summer



When summer days are here this dainty two-piece costume in white and yellow would be a wise choice to have ready for all-around wear.

une. Their vogue is not confined to any particular type of costume. Morning, afternoon and evening, for mannish tailleurs or frilly feminine frocks, plaiting is ever en regle. The entire skirt of a dress by Miller Soeurs consists of only three flounces, each of which is minutely plaited. A graceful finale is lent to this model of green crepe de chine through the further employment of plaiting to edge the bertha collar and the turn-back

The evening mode is less subject to the strictures of fashion than any other type of costume. Here it is that the designer may shake loose every restraint and soar into the realms of fantasy. There are no don'ts-color, cut and cloth know no master save only the caprice of the maker. It is curious to note that although the conturier has not been niggardly as far as trimming and fabric are concerned, vivid hues are not the domg colors nor are plait and flounce inalienable adjuncts. The outstanding shade is black, and rippling panels are the modish note of decoration. Go to the opera in New York, or observe fashionable society in Nice and Paris, and the majority of black evening gowns will be as Vest of White Crepe and Tie Collar patent as the absence of plaiting.

New Envelope Bag

The envelope bag is now a permain white or very light tinted back- nent part of the tailored costume. Some of the new bags show delightful Of these blouses the most important little touches that stamp them as beat the present time, aside from those ing extremely up to date. A rather that the makers are sending over in small invelope bag of beige suede has their collections, are those of the Bakst the button fastening of the flap made designs in sliks. Very much the most of a round moonstone set in etched favored of these is a design with a light silver. saide the bag are two little peach color background figured in dark flat cases, one for money and the other for mirror and puff.

The Latest Makeup

Plaits Featured on Once more the latest makeup is Many French Costumes quite colorless except for lips of scar-Plaits are the quintessence of the let and upper eyelids of blue. But current mode, according to a Paris instead, as formerly, of being lyory, fashion writer in the New York Trib- the rest of the face is dead white.

Fashion Features of Interest to All Women heights.

A lovely dressing gown which embodies the mode for fur fantastically used is of black satin trimmed with seasons ago. She has continued to ermine. The ermine is sewed to the feature the idea and her present colgown in large squares.

Striped Marocain Frock With Panel

skirt either of black or dark blue with

the tunic overdress of a heavy crepe

of Same Material.

ground and colorful design.

blue and a cerise shade.

ornament. This is a rosette of the round, pointed or elongated with the

and young matrons who are not yet which has been rejuvenated. bobbed is simplicity itself. The hair is drawn loosely back from the face, prettily waved and gathered in a loose

With the severely plain tailored suit, the blouse of all-over embroidery re- grams as the embroidered decoration appears. Many of these blouses have on Paris street dresses. Where once an embroidered "shirt bosom" and em- the initials of the wearer added a ing one's own trumpet if you're an ex-

zontal folds, is trimmed with a shir- threads. Callot originated this caprice Much of the new lingerle in radium

Apron Motif Popular

The artistic manipulation of the involved details of dress has entirely philanderings of the new mode. Plait, evening costume.

I flounce and tunic are the rungs on which the Paris designer ascends the

Chanel was one of the first houses to show the apron-like tunic several lection contains many lovely dresses Some of the new suede shoes, quite in this style. The apron motif allows without buckles or straps, have a navel many variations-it may be shaped. suede, placed at one side of the front fullness at the sides, or it may be and strewn with tiny beads like jew- plaited. The old-fashioned apron style with narrow tie strings that knot A coiffure adopted by young girls at the back is an ancient theme

Animals Embroidered on Paris Street Gowns

Animals have supplanted monosmall but certain touch of distinction The combination of tan and violet is to the frock, there now appear little and it has met with an immediate response along the Riviera, where it is animate Pom and accompanied by two inanimate chicks strikingly embroidered on the ends of the sash.

No Longer III Omen

It seems that the peacock is po longer a bird of ill omen. The Chidissipated the early disappointment nese trend in fashion has made the over the unchanged silhouette. Su- fowl fashionable again, and the long perlatives may be unblushingly em- fan of peacock feathers, with a handle ployed in describing the splendid of ivory, is a splendid adjunct to any



KING LION'S SECRET

Billie Brownie, who loved to go about and call on the Zoo animals and the barnyard animals and the birds was calling this day on King Lion.

He was always fond of the Llons and their great voices somehow always cheered him!

King Lion seemed very glad to see Billie Brownie and was ready to talk to him.

"I'm going to tell about my visit today to all the other Brownles and Fairles and Elves and Gnomes and the rest of my friends and relatives when I get home tonight," said Billie

"Yes, there is going to be a banquet tonight in Brownieland and after the banquet we're going to tell stories and I've promised to tell the story of my visit to you."

"Ah," said King Lion, "then I will give you a splendid story to take back with you. I will tell you all about myself and I will tell you some of

my thoughts." "Good," said Billie Brownie. "Now it's all very well," continued King Lion, "for some to say that Friend Tiger is a more remarkable

wild beast than I am. "They say that he is so much cleverer, for when he is free he does

not take the chances that I will. "He is stealthy and quiet and sleek and smart. And he goes about his work of hunting and of marketing without making any noise.

"Well, that's all very true and it's all very sensible. "Yes, people are impressed by our

great faces and our great bodies and our great roars-just one aplece we all have, you understand. "Mostly people are impressed by our great roaring voices."

"They are that," agreed Billie Brownie "They listen to us when they come to the zoo," King Lion went on, "and they thank their lucky stars they are separated from us by bars-though it's

unlikely we'd be interested in them so they needn't flatter themselves. "I suppose they wouldn't want to take any chances that we might be

interested! "That's the idea," nodded Billie Brownie.

"We have a kingly, regal, mighty

"But it's the way we can roar," King Lion continued, "that makes us called the King of Beasts.



A Full-Grown, Splendid Lion.

roar and call to each other as we would if we were free and were all going a-hunting.

"We roar over our food as we would over our prey. "We lick the great bones we are

given and try to imagine it is something we have caught. "And if it is going to storm we roar, too-a custom of old days to warn the

pack of what is approaching. We keep many of the same ways here, you see! "Our manes do not grow to full size until we are five years of age. A fiveyear-old boy isn't half grown up, not nearly half! But King Lion is a king at five years of age-a full-grown, splendid lion. That shows what lions

can do. "But whether we are as fierce as Mr. Rhinoceros, who is a dangerous animal, or as stealthy and clever as Mr. Tiger, we are called the royal

"It is all because of the roar. Listen to the Lion's secret! You have got to blow your own trumpet a bit in this life. No one else is going to do it for you! Am I not a proof of

what I say?" "You are indeed," said Billie Brownie, "and when I think of what you have just said I do realize that there is much to be said about blow-

ample of the success of it, "For your roar is a terrible thing and it makes you seem a mighty powerful beast, more powerful than any

"Ah, yes," said King Lion, "I have

told you the secret, the great secret of the Lion family. "And you may tell it to your

Brownie friends and relatives and I'm hoping they will like hearing it. Also you may tell anyone else you want.

"It will be a secret no longer, it is true. But I do not care. For when people hear us roar they will forget about secrets and everything else and think only of our power and of our great, magnificent, fearful voices!"

"True," agreed Billie Brownie, "and now I must be off. I thank you kindly for your story."