

they were about to disband when some one mentioned the river as a possible explanation for Jeb's success in eluding them.

"He couldn't possibly have done that," Randall said. "Not with the river almost over the levee."

"You know that knows this river bottom from A to Z, don't you?" came back the person who had mentioned the subject.

"By Gawd, that gives me an idea," exclaimed the leader with a shout. "I think I know where he is. You, Jack Smith, and Buster Hill, come with me. The rest of you wait here, and I think we'll have our man inside of an hour. Let's go boys."

Jeb and Emily lost no time after they left Uncle Eph. They stopped at Jeb's house long enough for him to get his old shotgun and what shells he had in the house, and then moved on to the cotton shed where they settled themselves for the long ordeal of waiting which was before them.

Very little was said by either of them, but from time to time Jeb cast his eyes uneasily in the direction of the cases of dynamite stacked neatly in the back of the shed. Finally he went over in one corner and pulled out the switch affair they had brought along to set off the charges if ever there arose a need for using the explosive. He picked it up and was gingerly examining it to see how it worked, when his sharp ears caught the sound of a motor car.

He went to the door, and cautiously looked out. Sure enough, there was a car and it was coming directly to their hide-out. Without a word to Emily, he got his shotgun, took a stand just inside the door and waited.

The car came to a halt a good hundred yards from the shed and Will Randall got out. He stood watching the door for a few minutes, to see if he could detect any signs of life. Then he called Jeb's name several times thinking that if the latter were in the shed, he would be so scared that the presence of the white men so near would awe him into voluntary surrender.

Receiving no answer, he became bolder, and drawing a revolver from his pocket, began to case in the direction of the shed, instructing the others to be ready in case he really found any one in there.

His ideas about colored workers did not embrace courage and the failure of his presence alone to bring results almost convinced him that they were on another wild goose chase.

But he never found out how wrong he was. When he was about ten feet from the door of the shed, Jeb let him have a charge of bird shot full in the face. He never knew what hit him, as the force of the shot at such close range tore half the side of his face off.

His companions, taken aback by this sudden turn of affairs, ruminated but a moment before they unanimously decided that they were in no mood to face a shotgun in the hands of a desperate man they could not see, and, without stopping to see what had happened to their erstwhile lead-

er, they started the car and turned and soon reached the main body of the mob, which had now increased to more than a thousand howling demons, all thirsty for blood.

The news that Jeb had been located, as they supposed and of the fate which had befallen Randall at his hands, acted like a firebrand in tinder with this raging mass of crazed humanity, and in five minutes they had chosen a new leader and were on their way to mete out "Southern justice" to another unfortunate soul, who had been marked to be the "goat" to the cause of "white supremacy."

When Jeb was certain that the cowardly henchmen of Randall were gone, he went out to where the body had fallen and looked disdainfully down on it for a full five minutes, debating as to whether he should move it or leave it where it was. He was brought out of his reverie by the soft voice of Emily, who had quietly come out, and was standing by his side.

"They'll be here any minute, now, Jeb. What'll we do?" she asked tearfully.

"I guess you'd better try to make it back to yo' house 'fore they git heah, Honey," Jeb told her, tenderly, as he took her into his arms.

"No, no. I'm stayin' right heah wid you. I'd hate to think o' whut would come o' me wid you gone."

Jeb drew her closer to him and kissed her reverently. "There may be some way out of hit yit. God ain't dead and he still watches his chillun, you know." He whispered into her ears.

This was to cheer her, for he well knew that another half hour would bring a howling mob of humanity upon them and that no pains would be spared in the efforts of these sons and daughters of Satan to mete out the most exquisite torture imaginable to both of them.

Suddenly his face lighted with a smile. "I know what we can do," he said. "We can carry some of them with us if we must go."

Enthusied with this new idea, he rushed back into the shed and pulled down one of the boxes. He had expected it to be heavy, so his heart skipped a beat when the box came down so lightly that it threw him off

balance and tumbled out of his hand to the floor. As he fell he closed his eyes to await the explosion he thought was coming. But nothing happened.

Gingerly he picked himself up and went over to see what had caused the box to move so easily. To his surprise it was empty. Going back to the stack, he pulled them down one by one and found that there was not a sign of dynamite in any of them. He was about to give up in disgust and suggest suicide to Emily, when something in the corner from which he had pulled the boxes attracted his attention. He went over and examined it closely. Yes, it was just what he thought.

He had worked on the highway when they were putting a new road through the county and had learned something of the methods of using dynamite while there. Going outside he picked up the trail of his hunch and trailed it to the levee some fifty yards away and up the levee another fifty yards.

With a smile of satisfaction, he returned to the shed, where he began to work earnestly, while Emily, wondering what he was about, but asking no questions, looked on. When he had finished he explained his plan in detail. If it worked, he told her, not one of the ofay horde would return to tell the story.

He had hardly finished showing Emily the workings of his plan when the sound of the whooping, shouting mob came to their ears. They had left the cars on the road, a mile back, and were making their way across the field on foot. They were yelling, shouting, and singing as though they were en route to a picnic.

On they came until within hailing distance of the fugitives' hide-out. Here they halted, and the leader called to Jeb to come out of the shanty and give up. Giving Emily a kiss and final word of instruction about the switch, Jeb walked out into the open with his hands high above his head.

With a mighty shout of triumph, the mob, a thousand strong, rushed toward the shed. In their eagerness to get at him, they knocked down and trampled several of their own number.

"Lynch him! Burn him!" they cried.

Do You Believe in Hell?

Effort was made in Boston recently to deny ordination to Luther M. Fuller, young graduate of a theological seminary, for his bold statement, "I do not believe in hell—that is, a literal lake of fire and brimstone." Rev. Mr. Fuller said, "The average person is converted with a doctrine which stamps God as a ruthless tyrant instead of a God of love."

Hell Signifies Love of Self

By the REV. J. H. C. McPHERSON
M.E. Pastor at
Kilmarnock, Virginia

In regards to the recent discussion going on in the AFRO-AMERICAN concerning "Hellfire and Brimstone"—Rev. 14:10-11, I have this to say:

"Let's tie him to that shed and fire it!" the leader shouted.

"O.K., let us at him!" came the reply from a thousand throats in unison, and in a few moments their hands would be upon their victim.

But the leaders got no closer to the shanty. There was a terrific explosion almost in their midst, which shook the country-side; and the river bank nearest them seemed to lift itself bodily into the air. Every one of them was thrown violently to the ground, and when they recovered, a wall of water ten feet high was rushing upon them.

The engineers had mined a portion of the levee, intending to blow it up if pressure became too great at more vital points, and by chance Jeb had been present at the time it was done.

Knowing what would occur and where safety lay, Jeb and Emily had rushed to the levee below where the mine had been placed and were able to witness what followed the explosion.

For a time the air was full of cries of strangling women and children and the curses of struggling men. But the swirling waters worked quickly and as the shades of night gathered the cries diminished, and soon only the murmuring of the water, as it spread over the terrain, broke the stillness of the night, and every wave seemed to whisper one word: JUSTICE.

Far out on the water, pulling upstream for Memphis and the North, Emily and Jeb pointed their faces toward a new day in the Promised Land.

Hellfire and brimstone signifies the love of self and the world and the lust therefrom, and from these the pride of their own intelligence, and thence torment in hell.

Because all the torment in hell is from these three, it is herefore said, "He shall be tormented with fire and brimstone and the smoke of their torment shall ascend up for ever and ever."

Embarrassing Moments

Send your Embarrassing Moment to the Editor and it will be published.

Misplaced a Sign

Years ago I was employed in a small dry goods store. On the night preceding a sale I was told to distribute signs on the different counters. The next morning the manager called for me, and without a word led me to the hosiery counter.

Mystified, I looked at him for an explanation. He pointed to a sign, one of which I had placed there the day before. It read: "Absolutely guaranteed to run." I got no further. I had placed the sign meant for the alarm clocks at the hosiery counter.

M. R. N.

AFRICANS SAY:!

"Africans have much in common with us as wit and wisdom expressed in their proverbs show. It is time for us to get away from the notion that they are in an inferior and barbaric state. In more than one sense, we Americans are less civilized and more barbaric than they."—C. J. BENDER.

If you have set a meal before your guest, then step aside (do not watch him eating).

Fashions



246—This slip is a pleasant way to take care of part of your Christmas list. You can play Santa Claus to yourself or to your friends with an evening of sewing on some lovely fabrics.

Note that the skirt is made of two pieces of the fabric seamed in front and back. This gives good firm lines to the slip and mitigates against that bedraggled look lingerie sometimes get. Remember lingerie is getting more and more colorful, practically all pastels are acceptable and of course they're such fun to work on.

In sizes 14, 16, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material or 2 yards of 39-inch material with 4 yards of lace.

This is a very new version of the tailored frock. It retains the slim simple lines of last season's tailored wear, but shows an increased grace in the skirt. Fullness is concentrated in the front here and seaming gives a coat dress effect. The collar which starts as a severe tailored affair ends in a jabot like drap of softness on the other side.

204 is designed in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch fabric, 3 1/4 yards of 39-inch fabric or 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch fabric.

To secure a pattern of any of these models send fifteen cents (15c) in coins. Please write very plainly your name and address, style number, and size of each pattern ordered.

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Address all orders to 228 N. Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md.

RECIPES

Peter's Potato Salad

1 quart sliced cooked potatoes
2 tablespoons parsley, chopped
2 tablespoons onion, chopped
1/2 cup fresh cucumber pickle, chopped
1/2 cup French dressing (made with vinegar from pickles)
Seasonings

Combine ingredients. Season to taste. Chill before serving.

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Persistent coughs and colds lead to serious trouble. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsified creosote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a new medical discovery with two-fold action; it soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and inhibits germ growth.

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