

LOST ON THE... VELD

A STORY OF THE BOER CAMPAIGN IN NATAL

By H. B. Mackenzie

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"And to leave him behind? No, that I could never do!" cried Bluebell. She turned and looked straight into his face. "If that was what you wished to say to me, Mr. Moore, let me tell you at once you need say no more. As long as my father is in New Kelso I will stay with him. I am not in the least afraid. Why should a woman necessarily be a coward?"

"A coward? No! No one would accuse you of being that!" cried Moore. He turned his horse's head toward hers, so close that he was able to lay his hand on hers. Bluebell started and instantly withdrew her hand. Moore went on in a lower tone: "But you are one of those women to save whom from danger or hurt men would give up their lives. Bluebell, listen to me. I am going out of the country, and have only been waiting here until I should dare to ask you to accompany me. Your father is anxious you should consent."

She was still uncomprehending. "You may leave the country," she answered coldly. "You are not of it, I am. I have been brought up in it, and I love it. Am I going to run away because we are going to be invaded by the Boers from the Transvaal? Do you think I have so little confidence in our British relations as that?—Besides, where should I go? I have no relations in the world, so far as I know, but my father."

"You will not understand me," said Moore. His brow began to darken, but Bluebell did not notice that. "Miss Leslie—Bluebell, I love you with all my soul! I wish you to be my wife. If the kopje they were ascending had suddenly been cleft asunder, and swallowed up rider and horse before her eyes, Bluebell could not have been more astonished."

Bluebell looked at the man for a minute, to see if he were really in earnest; then, as once more he tried to lay his hand on hers, she shook it off and drew her horse aside.

"Mr. Moore, you have taken me by surprise. I never for a moment dreamt of such a thing. Why, you've only seen me two or three times! But though we had known each other for a lifetime it would be all the same. Thank you for the honor you have done me, but it is quite out of the question. I do not love you, and could never be your wife."

It was as well she did not see the expression of his face now. He did not speak for a few minutes. Perhaps he was trying to conquer himself.

"I will not take that as my answer, Miss Leslie," he said at last, in the same tone as before. "I have spoken too suddenly; you were not prepared for it. I will wait until you have seen your father, until he has spoken to you. Perhaps your answer then will be different."

"It cannot be different!" the girl retorted. "What could my father say to change my feelings? You may as well take your answer now, Mr. Moore; and please don't think it is because I did not expect what you have just said that I have made such an answer. I am very sorry if I have hurt your feelings, but I can't help it. Now I am going to put Rover to a gallop; we are getting near home."

She put the words into action, and the next moment the gallant little veldt pony was flying over the level plain, the girl keeping her seat like one to the manner born, her slight figure erect, her reins held with the negligent yet firm hand of a thorough horsewoman. It was a pretty sight to see horse and rider lit up by the red blaze of sunset, the girl's whole figure simply outlined in the crimson light, her ruddy hair touched with the gold of the setting sun.

Moore followed. There was a look on his face that would have given Bluebell a thrill of indefinite fear and vague foreboding had she seen it. Once his lips moved, as if he were muttering to himself; but no articulate sound came from them.

Bluebell did not pause until they were close to the avenue of blue-gum and nettle; then she half turned her head to say:

"Are you coming up, Mr. Moore?" "If you have no objection, Miss Leslie," he answered in his usual tones. Bluebell made no response, and a few seconds brought them to the door of the house.

The gaunt figure of Miss Elizabeth appeared at the entrance, brought thither by the sound of horses' hoofs. Her thin, high-cheek-boned face was grey with anxious fear.

"Thank God, you're safe home, my bairn!" she exclaimed, using the familiar Scotch word, as she was apt to do in moments of excitement. "I have not been able to do a stroke of work for over-anxiety about you. They say the Boers have entered the country."

"I didn't see them, anyway, auntie, and I've turned up all safe and sound, you see," said the girl with a little laugh; as she laid an affectionate arm round Miss Elizabeth's scraggy shoulders. "Here, Sam!" to the Zulu boy who appeared from the stables—"take the horses, boy."

"Yah, misie," answered the Zulu, showing his teeth in a grin. He was an intelligent looking specimen of his race, with a frank and pleasant expression on his brown visage. As Bluebell and her aunt disappeared, Moore

dismounted, but somehow his foot caught awkwardly in the stirrup, and he fell. As he rose, he saw a broad grin on the face of Sam. His rage, long at the smoldering point, burst forth, and, lifting his riding whip, he struck the boy severely across the face with it.

"Take that, you black nigger!" he said, with an oath, "and learn not to laugh at your betters!"

A great weal rose on the boy's brown face, as he uttered an involuntary exclamation. It reached Bluebell's ears, and she ran out quickly. A glance at the two revealed everything, and she turned on Moore white with scorn and anger.

"You struck my boy? How dared you, coward?" she cried, her voice full of ringing scorn and indignation. "And you dared to say to me what you did a few minutes ago! If I were my father, I would never let you cross New Kelso again! Don't touch the boy again! I dare you!"

She turned from him with inexorable contempt, and walked with Sam to the stables.

Gerald Moore looked after her, an ugly line of anger along his lips.

"Dared?" he repeated to himself. "You shall pay for this yet, my lady! Oh, you shall pay for it with your very heart blood!"

He smiled a smile that had something fiendish in it. Moore remained to supper. It was rather a gloomy meal. Mr. Leslie looked downcast, perhaps sulky. Miss Elizabeth was agitated and anxious. Only Moore talked and jested rather more than usual. As for Bluebell, she never once looked at or spoke to him.

She went to her room after supper and did not know when Moore left. About nine o'clock Miss Elizabeth knocked at her door.

"Your father wants to speak to you downstairs, Bluebell."

"Now for it," thought the girl. She opened the door. "Well, auntie, I'll go down. I suppose Mr. Moore is away?"

"Yes," said Miss Elizabeth. "I wonder why he comes so much to New Kelso, Bluebell? I don't like him, lassie."

"Nor I," Bluebell answered; "but he's a millionaire, auntie, and that goes a long way with some. Well, I'll go down anyhow, and see what dad has to say."

CHAPTER IV.

Adam Leslie was standing by the fireplace when Bluebell entered, a heavy frown on his forehead, his face looking dark and determined. Bluebell did not like this mood in her father; but she had inherited her father's determination, and was quite ready to oppose her will to his.

"Take a seat, Bluebell," he said in a tone of hoarseness in his voice. She did so, and he went on: "Mr. Moore has been speaking about you to me."

"Indeed," said the girl coldly.

"Yes. He asks for you as his wife, and I have given him his answer."

"Indeed!" said Bluebell again. "I suppose you didn't think, then, that I had a say in the matter, dad?"

"A say in it?" retorted her father, breaking suddenly into a fury. "What say could you have but that you would do as I wanted? You shall marry Gerald Moore this day week, and be safely out of the country before the trouble begins. The man is a millionaire, rolling in money! You will go to England, where money is able to do anything, and be introduced into the highest society in the land, where you have a better right than many that are there. If all had their rights I should be Laird of Tintinverstock, as you know. You will wear a diamond tiara, and drive in your carriage and be presented to her Majesty. What more should a girl want?"

His fury had blazed up and gone out the next moment, like a lucifer match, and his tone now was that of one who summons all the persuasion and argument he is master of to bring about a desire he is previously anxious for yet tries to conceal.

"And leave you and Aunt Elizabeth at New Kelso, to be attacked perhaps by the Boers?" said the girl indignantly. "No, indeed, dad, I shall do no such thing. Do you think the things you speak of are any temptation to me? What can a girl like me, who has been brought up among buffaloes and ostriches, with all the freedom of the veldt and the mountains about her, care for a gilded cage in an English city, even with a diamond tiara and a carriage? But, at any rate, even if that were a temptation, I wouldn't marry Mr. Moore, not for anything he could give. I don't like him nor trust him."

"But I tell you you shall marry him, girl! You must!" exclaimed her father again furiously. He started from his position and faced her, his face almost purple with passion and excitement, his veins standing out like knotted cords, his lips unsteady.

"There's no choice in the matter—you've got to do it! I have sworn to Moore you will be his wife this day week, and you shall!"

"You had no right to promise such a thing!" retorted the girl indignantly. Bluebell Leslie was no milk-and-water, weak-willed girl, to be bullied into such a course by her father or any one else. She had been brought up in

too hardy and independent a life for that.

"I shall not marry him, father, that is certain. You don't need to try to urge me. You are my father, and I owe you affection and obedience; but not in such a matter as that of selling myself to a man I despise and distrust. Yes, that is what I do. I didn't think you brought him to New Kelso. If you had seen him strike Sam today—But there, what is the use of speaking?" she added quickly. "I have given you my answer, dad, as I gave it to Mr. Moore himself today. Did he not tell you?"

Instead of answering directly, her father strode to her side, seized her arm, and holding it in such a grasp of iron that it almost wrung a cry from her lips, whispered in her ear:

"You'll have to marry him, or see your father ruined and disgraced! Bluebell, I tell you I'm in Gerald Moore's power. At any moment he can sell me up, take every stick I've got, and turn us out on the veldt homeless and penniless."

Bluebell turned her face toward him. It had grown very pale, and her eyes glowed. Words of Adair Rothes kept ringing in her ears: "Beware of that man, he is dangerous!"

"You mean," she said, slowly, in a changed voice, all the girlish defiance and brightness gone out of it, "that you are in that man's power?"

"I—I've been foolish lately, Bluebell, I confess it. I've been speculating and lost. I got into Moore's power up at Maritzburg. There's worse than I've told you. Moore holds a bill—a bill that would disgrace me forever, would—his voice sank—"put me in prison."

Bluebell gave a low cry, shrinking from her father's touch, and covered her face with her hands.

"It was—I was not quite accountable for it," said Mr. Leslie in a hoarse whisper. "I—I had been taking too much. But it's done, Bluebell, and can't be undone. You must save me. On the day that you marry him Gerald Moore will give that paper over into my hands to be destroyed."

Bluebell's hands dropped from her face and she looked up at him.

"So, to save you from the consequences of your crime," she said slowly, "you would make me give myself up to this unscrupulous villain—a villain even according to your own showing! You will be saved, but what of me? I am to be sacrificed to a life worse than death, life with a man I fear and despise and dishonor, who—yes, I am sure of it—does not love me, but wishes for some purpose to get me, as well as you, into his clutches. Did it never strike you as being rather a cowardly thing to do, dad?"

There was a strange bitterness in her voice—a bitterness that had never been heard in Bluebell Leslie's blithe, clear young voice in all her life before. The wretched man felt it and winced; but the next moment he seized her arm again.

"I am your father, and I have a right to demand this of you!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Will you see your father dragged to prison and your aunt and yourself turned out on the veldt, ruined and disgraced, to be shot by the Boers, or to die of starvation? Answer me that!"

"I cannot answer you now. Let me go to my room," said Bluebell in a low voice. "I beg your pardon, dad, for having spoken to you as I did just now. I should not have done it. But I do not think anything would justify me in marrying him."

Before he could stop her she had slipped from the room and gone up to her own. Miss Elizabeth had been waiting for her, and now came to the door.

A Frank Advertiser.

The advertising man was telling about queer breaks made by his fellow-men, and he remarked: "Philadelphia merchants are mighty candid advertisers. I've always known that fact, but I never saw it so strikingly illustrated as I did in the Philadelphia papers Tuesday. I picked up one of the leading papers there and read over the bargains the big stores had to offer, and in the middle of one advertisement, under the head of hats, I found this: 'What do you get when you buy a \$4 hat at other stores?—Stuck. Same here, \$3.50.' Of course, I thought it was a break, but I got the other papers and I found the same thing in every one of them. Just suppose a New Yorker was as frank as that in his advertising announcements, wouldn't he do a trade, though?"—New York Sun.

Jack Had Escaped.

A gaunt, muscular woman of fierce mien entered a city hall in a Utah county seat and asked the county clerk to find out if one Jack Peters was married. Search developed the name of John Peters, for whose marriage a license had been issued two years before. "I thought so," said the woman. "Married 'Lize Waters, didn't he?" "The marriage license is issued for a marriage with Miss Eliza Waters." "Yep. Well, I'm 'Lize. I thought I'd ought to come in and tell you that Jack Peters has escaped."—San Francisco Wave.

Room for Such Work.

"New York theatrical agents are scouring foreign markets for new dramatic attractions." "They are? Well, they would better stay at home and scour some of the plays they have already secured."—Puck.

A woman who is too near sighted to see when the buttons are off her husband's macintosh can often read mighty fine print bargain advertisements.

GUILTY MUST SUFFER

Determination of the Administration to Punish Postal Embezzlers.

THE PRESIDENT IS SHOCKED

Directs the Prosecution of All Guilty of Frauds in Cuba—Instructions Are Given Bristow—Governor General Wood to Be Fully Informed of Developments.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—In a speech in the senate Platt of Connecticut read the following letter of instructions from the postmaster general to Bristow:

May 16, 1900.—Hon. Joseph L. Bristow, Fourth Assistant Postmaster General.—Sir: Supplementing my letter of May 12, directing you to proceed at once to Cuba, the following further instructions are given for your guidance.

You will immediately on your arrival at Havana confer freely and fully with General Wood, military governor, and will keep in constant communication with him in the work which you enter. You will co-operate with the military governor, both in the investigation of all irregularities in the postal service of Cuba and in any measures for the reorganization of the system that may be undertaken.

The examination by the inspectors, already provided for, will have begun before your arrival. You will assume general supervision of this examination and will enforce the instructions heretofore given that it shall be of the most searching and thorough character.

If you find that you need a still larger force for the prompt and complete performance of this duty, you will call for it. The investigation must be comprehensive and minute, covering every branch of the service and all classes of officials. Its prosecution must be governed solely by the purpose of ascertaining the truth and the whole truth and it must be uncompromising and unsparring.

Besides supervising the investigation in co-operation with the military governor, it will be your duty to examine the organization of the postal service, with its system of checks and balances, and report what greater or additional safeguards can be provided. Under the system established at the beginning of the American occupation of Cuba the administrative side of the service was placed under the control of this department and the auditing or checking side under the control of another. This is the system of the United States government.

The irregularities and peculations which have been brought to light were apparently accomplished because officers appointed and responsible to different departments and who should have been a check upon each other entered into collusion and conspiracy to perpetrate these wrongs on the one side and to pass and cover them up on the other. You will carefully investigate or defend these wrongs consummated and what further measures of protection in the passing and in auditing of accounts and in the handling of public funds and property may be needed. It is desired also that the central organization of the postal service in Cuba shall receive your special attention. You will examine as to whether it is framed in the best manner for efficient administration. You will see whether, compatibly with a good mail service for the people, any retrenchments can be made and whether economies can be effected by a consolidation and reduction of bureaus.

It is desired to bring the postal expenditures so far as may be consistent with the obligation of providing a satisfactory mail service.

Your presence in Cuba, as the representative of the department, with these instructions, makes you the ranking officer of the postal administration. You will consider and advise what removals or other action may be required in the cause of justice, for the interest of the government and the people of Cuba, and for the welfare of the service.

You are chosen for this duty with the approval of the president, who is deeply shocked at the shameful betrayal of trust on the part of the officials in whom confidence had been reposed and who directs that in dealing with all irregularities which have been or may be disclosed the sole rule of action shall be thorough and complete investigation, the rigorous and unsparring prosecution of all guilty persons and their swift and certain punishment.

You will communicate these instructions to General Wood, keeping him fully informed as you proceed and reporting regularly to the department. Respectfully yours,

CHARLES EMORY SMITH, Postmaster General.

No Deaths From Yellow Fever.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—Surgeon General Sternberg has received a report from Major W. C. Gorgas of the medical corps, chief sanitary officer of Havana, in which he says that while the death rate for April was 482, there were no deaths from yellow fever, the first month so favored since May, 1899, and the only month when there were no deaths from this disease during the last ten years, with two exceptions, February and May, 1899.

Neely's Attorney Pleads.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—John D. Lindsey, attorney for Charles F. Neely, appeared before the house judiciary committee today and submitted an argument against the proposed extradition bill. He also presented a voluminous brief. The proposition to subject an American citizen to trial in a country where a Spanish system of laws are in vogue, he contended, was utterly opposed to American traditions. The fundamental theory at the base of our system, he said, assumed a man placed in Neely's position to be innocent until competent and legal evidence was adduced.

FORTY MILES OF MEN.

Lord Roberts Sweeping Toward the Vaal With a Wide Front.

LONDON, May 24.—Lord Roberts is drawing near to the frontier of the Transvaal. His infantry masses are thirty-three miles north of Kroonstadt, at the Rhenosters river. Some thousand of cavalry are already across the river.

General French and General Hamilton are separated from each other by about forty miles, while Lord Roberts is within twelve miles of General French and thirty miles of General Hamilton.

The Boers are retiring toward the Vaal with their heavy baggage. They are reported from Pretoria as already across that river. Twelve thousand men and fourteen guns compose the retreating army. Trains continue to run from Verwoonjing, at the Vaal, to Pretoria.

A dispatch from Lord Roberts says: "Ian Hamilton reached Heilbron this morning after a series of engagements with a Boer force under DeWet, who is retiring before him. Broadwood has captured fifteen Boer wagons. There have been seventy-five casualties in Hamilton's force to yesterday evening."

Dispatches to the Associated Press from Heilbron say that the Boer general, DeWet, had 4,000 men posted on an adjacent hill, but that he retired when General Hamilton approached.

Foreign engineers assert that Pretoria is able to stand a year's siege. According to advices from Lourenzo Marquez the Pretoria fortifications are described as complete, but Johannesburg has not yet been placed entirely in a state of defense. The Transvaal government papers and the war chest have been removed to Lydenburg.

Foreigners continue to leave the republics. Dutch steamers are coming to Delagoa bay, it is claimed, to furnish an asylum to fleeing Hollanders.

The Boer forces continue to dwindle. Some of the correspondents assert that probably only about 24,000 of the hardest fighters yet remain, although there are detached parties in various parts of the Transvaal.

One curious piece of gossip sent from Lourenzo Marquez is that several women tried to sjambok President Kruger, who was rescued by his bodyguard. He rarely leaves the presidency now, but works incessantly, holding councils at daybreak and during the night. It is announced at Pretoria that on Sunday the government proposed removing the British prisoners from Pretoria.

FLANKING OUT THE BOERS.

Roberts Keeps Up the Tactics that Were So Successful in the Past.

HONINGSRUIT, Orange Free State, Tuesday Evening, May 22.—General French has crossed the Rhenosters river, northwest of here. This movement, combined with General Ian Hamilton's occupation at Heilbron renders the Boer position twenty miles in the British front untenable. The latest reports, however, received says the burghers are prepared to make a strong resistance and possess fifteen guns. Fifteen prisoners were taken today.

ESCAPING SOLDIERS SHOT.

Fort Riley Prisoners Wounded While Attempting to Escape.

FORT RILEY, Kan., May 24.—Two military prisoners, John Arnold and George A. Fryman, serving sentences of one year each, were shot at by a sentry while attempting to escape. The prisoners made a daring rush upon the sentry and disarmed him, taking his Krag-Jorgensen with them and ran for the hills. A sergeant of artillery heard the disturbance and shot the fleeing prisoners. Arnold is shot through the abdomen, his injury being critical. Fryman was shot in the arm.

Would Sell Nebraska Land.

ATCHISON, Kan., May 24.—It has been discovered that 18,000 acres of land in Atchison, Brown, Jackson and Marshall counties, Kansas, and Pawnee county, Nebraska, recently advertised for sale at auction at the court house in Atchison, by the receivers of the Central branch of the Union Pacific railroad, are claimed by private individuals. They did not know the title to their property could be questioned until it was advertised for sale.

It is believed that when Oliver W. Mink and Thomas P. Wilson were appointed receivers of the Central branch they found the records of a lot of Central branch land, and, supposing it still belonged to the company, advertised it for sale.

Germany and Commercial Education.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—"Germany has led and is still leading the world in commercial education," says Consul Agent Harris at Eisenstock, in a recent dispatch to the State department. The various commercial schools, he says, annually send forth large numbers of qualified young men to take up lucrative and important positions in the business world. These young men, he continues, are selling in distant countries products of the German empire ranking from a locomotive to a clothespin, invariably having the advantage over their American and English competitors of being able to speak fluently the language of the country in which they attempt to sell their goods.

Germany Adopts Meat Bill.

BERLIN, May 24.—The Reichstag today, voting by roll call, adopted the meat bill by 163 to 123 votes. As it has passed the reichstag, in addition to prohibiting the importation of canned or sausage meat the bill provides that until December 31, 1903, the importation of fresh meat shall only be allowed in whole, or in certain cases, in half carcasses, and that the importation of prepared meat shall only be permitted when it is proved to be innocuous, which is regarded as being impossible proof in the case of consignments of salt meat under four kilograms in weight.

SUPPORT OF SCHOOLS

State Treasurer Meserve Divides Up Four Hundred Thousand Dollars.

THE BIGGEST DIVIDEND EVER MADE

Sum Realized by Permanent School Fund Beyond the Experience of Any Former Amount From the Source—Motion Before Supreme Court—Miscellaneous Nebraska Matters.

LINCOLN, May 24.—State Treasurer Meserve certified to the superintendent of public instruction the amount of money apportioned for the support of the public schools of the state for the next half year. The apportionment is, with one exception, the highest made for several years, being \$400,321.99.

Treasurer Meserve's certificate shows that the money was derived from the following sources: From state school tax, \$87,241.76; from interest on school lands leased, \$56,938.88; from interest on school land sold, \$159,705.76; from interest on saline land sold, \$5,703.30; from interest on saline land leased, \$3,166.66; from interest on United States consols, \$300; from interest on state funding bonds, \$2,266.66; from interest on county bonds, \$81,370.07; from interest on school district bonds, \$752.04; from interest on state warrants, \$2,847.18; from peddler's licenses, \$29.70. All money received for the temporary school fund from December 1, 1899, to the third Monday in May, 1900, is included in the apportionment.

City Attorney Connell of Omaha has filed a motion in the supreme court asking permission to file a brief in the Omaha fire and police commission case to take the place of the one stricken from the files of the last sitting. He assures the court that nothing contemptuous or disrespectful was intended in his brief. Mr. Connell's letter to the court follows:

And now comes W. J. Connell, attorney for respondents in the above entitled cause, and expressing his regret that any portion of his brief heretofore filed herein should be considered by the court as disrespectful to the court, and stating that it was not his intention or purpose to state anything in his brief that would in any manner reflect on the court or any member thereof, but that the statements contained in his brief to which objections are made were intended merely as a historical statement of facts and as meeting and answering the contentions of opposing counsel and withdraws voluntarily all such statements and asks leave of this honorable court to file new briefs, which are herewith submitted and from which are eliminated all such objectionable statements, and further requests this honorable court to read and consider such new briefs. Respectfully submitted,

W. J. CONNELL, Attorney for Respondents.

Crushed Under the Cars.

WYMORE, Neb., May 24.—E. Millhausen, a German farmer, 81 years of age, whose home is in Island Grove township, six miles northeast of here, was thrown under the wheels of a Burlington engine by an unmanageable team of horses and had his right arm and left leg taken off and sustained other injuries which proved fatal. He was carried to a hotel, where surgeons amputated the arm at the shoulder and the leg between the knee and ankle. The patient, however, did not rally. The old gentleman had come to town to meet his grandson, who was returning from Missouri with a bride, and both of the young people grieved the accident as well as many others.

Table Rock Votes Bonds.

TABLE ROCK, Neb., May 24.—At the school bond election held here to vote on the question of bonding this district for \$10,000 to build a new brick school house, 279 votes were cast for the proposition and 153 against it, giving it a necessary majority of one vote. The closeness of the vote and the feeling engendered in this, the second contest within forty days, render a contest quite probable and legal talent is already being invoked in the matter.

Smallpox in Precept.

BEAVER CITY, Neb., May 24.—Smallpox has broken out at Precept, a small postoffice ten miles south of Beaver City. There is but one patient at present, a Mrs. Clason, who contracted the disease through the medium of a letter received from relatives in Indian Territory, where smallpox was prevalent.

An Appeal to Senator Thurston.

LINCOLN, May 24.—Adjutant General Barry telegraphed Senator Thurston begging him to interest himself in house bill No. 9510. Judge Stark's bill, appropriating \$1,000,000 for arming and equipping the national guard, which has passed the house and is now before the senate.

Safe Blowers in Depot.

ULYSSES, Neb., May 24.—The safe in the B. & M. depot at this place was blown open. The robbers secured forty-seven one-cent revenue stamps and no money. Card and book tickets and express money orders in the safe were found intact.

Rates for Convention.

OMAHA, May 24.—For the democratic national convention at Kansas City July 4 the Burlington offers one fare for the round trip, good for return up to and including July 9, but if from a distance greater than 250 miles the tickets may be deposited at Kansas City for a fee of 50 cents, and upon presentation of a round trip ticket from Kansas City and return to some other point, the return half of the ticket will be extended to a date as late as the return portion of the new round trip ticket, provided it be not later than September 30.