



KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS
By RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF MY LADY OF THE SOUTH
WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING, ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILLE

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CHAPTER IV.

An Old Acquaintance.

The Carson City lock-up was an improvised affair, although a decidedly popular resort. It was originally a two-room cabin with gable to the street, the front apartment at one time a low grocery, the keeper sleeping in the rear room. Whether sudden death, or financial reverses, had been the cause, the community had in some manner become possessed of the property, and had at once dedicated it to the commonweal. For the purpose thus selected it was rather well adapted, being strongly built, easily guarded, and on the outskirts of the town. With iron grating over the windows, the back door heavily spiked, and the front secured by iron bars, any prisoner once locked within could probably be found when wanted. On the occasion of Keith's arrival, the portion abutting upon the street was occupied by a rather miscellaneous assembly—the drunk and disorderly elements conspicuous—who were awaiting their several calls to appear before a local justice and make answer for various misdeeds. Some were pacing the floor, others sat moodily on benches ranged against the wall, while a few were still peacefully slumbering upon the floor. It was a frowsy, disreputable crowd, evincing but mild curiosity at the arrival of a new prisoner. Keith had barely time to glance about, recognizing no familiarity of face amid the mass peering at him, as he was hustled briskly forward and thrust into the rear room, the heavy door closing behind him with the snap of a spring lock.

He was alone, with only the faintest murmur of voices coming to him through the thick partition. It was a room some twelve feet square, open to the roof, with bare walls, and containing no furniture except a rude bench. Still dazed by the suddenness of his arrest, he sank down upon the seat, leaned his head on his hands, and endeavored to think. It was difficult to get the facts marshalled into any order or to comprehend clearly the situation, yet little by little his brain grasped the main details, and he awoke to a full realization of his condition, of the forces he must war against. The actual murderers of those two men on the trail had had their suspicions aroused by his actions; they believed he guessed something of their foul deed, and had determined to clear themselves by charging the crime directly against him. It was a shrewd trick, and if they only stuck to their story, ought to succeed. He had no evidence, other than his own word, and the marshal had already taken from his pockets the papers belonging to the slain man. He had not found the locket hidden under his shirt, yet a more thorough search would doubtless reveal that also.

Even should the case come to trial, how would it be possible for him to establish innocence, and—would it ever come to trial? Keith knew the character of the frontier, and of Carson City. The inclination of its citizens in such cases was to act first, and reflect later. The law had but slender hold, being respected only when backed by the strong hand, and primitive instincts were always in the ascendancy, requiring merely a leader to break forth in open violence. And in this case would there be any lack of leadership? Like a flash his mind reverted to "Black Bart." There was the man capable of inciting a mob. If, for some unknown reason, he had sufficient interest to swear out the warrant and assist in the arrest, he would have equal cause to serve those fellows behind him in other ways. Naturally, they would dread a trial, with its possibility of exposure, and eagerly grasp any opportunity for wiping the slate clean. Their real security from discovery undoubtedly lay in his

perience no trouble in getting a following desperate enough for any purpose.

The longer Keith thought the less he doubted the result. It was not then a problem of defence, but of escape, for he believed now that no opportunity to defend himself would ever be allowed. The arrest was merely part of the plot intended to leave him helpless in the hands of the mob. In this Hicks was in no way blamable—he had merely performed his sworn duty, and would still die, if need be, in defence of his prisoner. He was no fool, but only an instrument they had found means of using.

Keith was essentially a man of action, a fighter by instinct, and so long accustomed to danger that the excitement of it merely put new fire into his veins. Now that he understood exactly what threatened, all numbing feeling of hesitancy and doubt vanished, and he became instantly alive. He would not lie there in that hole waiting for the formation of a mob; nor would he trust in the ability of the marshal to defend him.

He had some friends without—not many, for he was but an occasional visitor at Carson—who would rally to Hicks's assistance, but there would not be enough on the side of law and order to overcome the "Red Light" outfit, if once they scented blood. If he was to be saved from their clutches, he must save himself; if his innocence was ever established it would be by his own exertions—and he could accomplish this only out yonder, free under the arch of sky.

He lifted his head, every nerve tingling with desperate determination. The low growl of voices was audible through the partition, but there was no other sound. Carson City was still resting, and there would be no crowd nor excitement until much later. Not until nightfall would any attack be attempted; he had six or eight hours yet in which to perfect his plans. He ran his eyes about the room searching for some spot of weakness. It was dark back of the bench, and he turned in that direction. Leaning over, he looked down on the figure of a man curled up, sound asleep on the floor. The fellow's limbs twitched as if in a dream, otherwise he might have deemed him dead, as his face was buried in his arms. A moment Keith hesitated; then he reached down and shook the sleeper, until he aroused sufficiently to look up. It was the face of a coal-black negro. An instant the fellow stared at the man towering over him, his thick lips parted, his eyes full of sudden terror. Then he sat up, with hands held before him as though warding off a blow.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake," he managed to articulate finally, "am dis sho' yo', Massa Jack?"

Keith, to whom all colored people were much alike, laughed at the expression on the negro's face.

"I reckon yer guessed the name, all right, boy. Were you the cook of the Diamond L?"

"No, sah, I nebber cooked no d'onds. I use of Neb, sah."

"What?"

"Yes, sah, I se de boy dat libbed wid ol' Missus Caton durin' de wah. I ain't seen yo', Massa Jack, sence de day we buried yo' daddy, ol' Massa Keith. But I knowed yo' de berry minute I woke up. Sho' yo' members Neb, sah?"

It came to Keith now in sudden rush of memory—the drizzling rain in the little cemetery, the few neighbors standing about, a narrow fringe of slaves back of them, the lowering of the coffin, and the hollow sound of earth falling on the box; and Neb, his Aunt Caton's house servant, a black imp of good humor, who begged so hard to be taken back with him to the war. Why, the boy had held his stirrup the next morning when he rode away. The sudden rush of recollection seemed to bridge the years, and that black face became familiar, a memory of home.

"Of course, I remember, Neb," he exclaimed, eagerly, "but that's all years ago and I never expected to see you again. What brought you West and got you into this hole?"

The negro hitched up onto the bench, the whites of his eyes conspicuous as he stared uneasily about—he had a short, squat figure, with excessively broad shoulders, and a face of intense good humor.

"I reck'n dat am consider'ble ob a story, Massa Jack, de circumlocution ob which would take a heap ob time tellin'," he began soberly. "But it happened 'bout dis way. When de Yankees come snoopin' long de East Sho'—I reck'n maybe it des a year after dat time when we done buried de ol' Co'nel—dey burned Missus Caton's house clah to de groun'; de ol' Missus was in Richmond den, an' de few niggers left jest natchally took to de woods. I went into Richmond huntin' de ol' Missus, but, Lawd, Massa Jack, I nebber foun' nuthin' ob her in dat crowd. Den an' officer man done got me an' put me diggin' in de trenches. Ef dat's what wah am, I sho' don't want no mo' wah. Den after dat I jest

natchally drifted. I reckon I libbed 'bout eberywhar yo' ebber heard ob, fo' dar want no use ob me goin' back to de East Sho'. Somebody said dat de West an' de right place fo' a nigger, an' so I done headed west."

He dropped his face in his black hands, and was silent for some minutes, but Keith said nothing, and finally the thick voice continued:

"I tell you, Massa Jack, it was mighty lonely fo' Neb dem days. I didn't know whar any ob yo' all was, an' it wain't no fun fo' dis nigger bein' free dat away. I got out ter Independence, Missouri, an' was roustaboutin' on de ribber, when a couple ob men come along what wanted a cook to trabbel wid 'em. I took de job, an' dat's what fetched me here ter Carson City."

"But what caused your arrest?"

"A conjunction ob circumstances, Massa Jack; yes, sah, a conjunction ob circumstances. I got playin' pokah ober in dat 'Red Light,' an' I was doin' fine. I reckon I'd cleaned up mo'n a hundred dollars when I got sleepy, an' started fo' camp. I'd most got dar w'en a bunch ob low white trash jumped me. It made me mad, it did fo' a fact, an' I reckoned I carved some ob 'em up befo' I got away. Enyhow, de marshal come down, took me out ob de tent, an' fetched me here, an' I ben here ebber sence. I wain't goin' ter let no low down white trash git all dat money."

"What became of the men you were working for?"

"I reckon dey went on, sah. Dey had 'portent business, an' wouldn't likely wait 'round here jest ter help a nigger. Ain't ennybody ben here ter see me, nobow, an' I 'spects I se aradiated from dey mem'ry—I 'spects I se."

(To Be Continued.)

NIGHTS OF UNREST

No Sleep, No Rest, No Peace for the Sufferer From Kidney Troubles.

No peace for the kidney sufferer—

Pain and distress from morn to night.

Get up with a lame back.

Twinges of backache bother you all day.

Dull aching breaks your rest at night.

Urinary disorders add to your misery.

Get at the cause—cure the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys only—

Have made great cures in this locality.

Mrs. I. Youmans, of Glenwood, Iowa, says: "I had a dull pain in my back, extending into my neck and I was unable to get my proper rest. Two months ago I procured Doan's Kidney Pills and their use made a marked improvement in every way. I can praise Doan's Kidney Pills highly, for I know they can be relied upon to strengthen the kidneys and dispose of any symptom of kidney complaint."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

White Felts Popular.

"The thing in millinery right now," said a millinery salesman to a Journal reporter at the depot, "is the white felt hat. They are very popular in the cities.

They will be all the style for early fall wear and they will soon be as popular in the smaller cities as in the big ones. Felt hats in colors will also be very popular, green and purple shades being most in evidence. But right now the white felt is the thing."

Noyes County Chariman.

From Wednesday's Daily.

The republican county central committee met at Weeping Water yesterday and chose Charles Noyes of Louisville for chairman and Dr. E. W. Cook of Plattsmouth for vice chairman. There was a big attendance of committeemen at the meeting, besides most of the county republican candidates. The committee adjourned to meet at the call of the chairman.

DANCE.

A social dance will be given at the T. J. Sokol hall

Saturday, August 26, 1911.

Everybody cordially invited.

Music by M. W. A. orchestra

Admission, 50c; ladies free.

Many ills come from impure blood. Can't have pure blood with faulty digestion, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters strengthens stomach, bowels and liver, and purifies the blood.

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY IMPROVEMENTS

The New Superintendent Says Great Work Is Being Done.

Anthony De Bernardi, recently promoted to the position of general superintendent of all the lines of the Missouri Pacific railroad west of St. Louis, was in Omaha Saturday. This was his first visit here since assuming the duties of his new office. He came up over the river line from Kansas City, making an inspection of what is being done in the way of improvements.

Superintendent De Bernardi is authority for the statement that the Missouri Pacific's main line is rapidly being put in first-class condition. Curves are being cut out, grades are being cut down and a number of heavy fills are being made. Bridges are being rebuilt in a number of places. When all this is done the road will be the short line between Omaha and Kansas City.

When the improvements are completed, which will probably be as early as the first of next year, a new schedule will be made for passenger and express trains, the plan being to cut from two to three hours from the present schedule.

Superintendent De Bernardi is another of the western railroad men who has made good. Twenty-three years ago he was an ordinary section hand, working along the tracks in Missouri. Officials of the road saw that he was made of the right kind of stuff and in a little while the young man became boss of the section. From that time on promotions came with great rapidity, he served as trainmaster, assistant superintendent, until now he holds one of the best positions in the service of the company. For a number of years he was superintendent of the Omaha division, with headquarters in this city—Omaha Bee.

An ordinary case of diarrhoea can, as a rule, be cured by a single dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. This remedy has no superior for bowel complaints. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Mrs. Horrigan Dead.

Mrs. Michael Horrigan, mother of Ed Horrigan of Omaha, J. C. Horrigan of New York and W. J. Horrigan of Hastings, Neb., died of arterial currhosis at her home in Lexington, Neb., last Sunday night. Mrs. Horrigan was 61 years of age. The body arrived in Council Bluffs last evening and was taken to Culter's undertaking parlors. This morning it will be taken to Imogene, Iowa, her former home, for burial.—Omaha World-Herald.

Mrs. Horrigan is a sister of Mrs. Mary C. Murphy of this city, who departed yesterday for Imogene to attend the funeral, which occurs there today. The deceased lady has visited her sister here on several occasions and was quite well known in Plattsmouth.

Baseball Sunday Afternoon.

The Plattsmouth baseball team will play the Cedar Creek team on the home diamond next Sunday afternoon, the game to be called at 3 o'clock. This is the second game between Plattsmouth and Cedar Creek this season and promises to be a good one. Turn out and give the boys a good crowd and assist them at least to pay the visitors' expenses.

Mrs. Frank Gobelman returned from Murray last evening.

CATARRH



HAY FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Applied into the nostrils is quickly absorbed.

GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE.

It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. It is easy to use. Contains no injurious drugs. No mercury, no cocaine, no morphine. The household remedy.

Price, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail, ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

FOUR WEDDINGS IN PLATTSMOUTH HOME IN LESS THAN TEN MONTHS

Old Hochstrasser Place Gaining Fame As A Place For Cupid—Miss Mae Crook and Ralph Stander Will Be Married There Tonight—Those Who Have Been Married.

"Let all who enter here beware,"—Daniel Cupid.

Plattsmouth has a home where four marriages have taken place in the last ten or twelve months, or rather will have taken place when at 7:30 o'clock this evening Mr. Ralph Stander of Salem and Miss Mae Crook of this city will be united in wedlock at the home of the bride's parents on South Chicago avenue.

The Crook home, better known as the Hochstrasser place, is a pretty place of twenty acres, situated in the southwest part of Plattsmouth, and the little god of love seems to have made his bidding place there during the last year. If he is going to continue his home at that place he ought to put out a sign something like that at the head of this article, for four men—Rev. Arthur Brown of Lincoln, Robert W. Sherwood of Plattsmouth, Ike Smith of Salem and Ralph Stander of Salem—can all testify that Cupid's home is there, and that "they had no chance at all, once they entered within the gate."

It was late last fall that Rev. Brown and Miss Kathlene Hochstrasser were married at the Hochstrasser home. At that time Mr. Sherwood was often seen at the home, and on January 4 he and Miss Hannah H. Hochstrasser were married.

A little more than three months passed and Ira Smith and Miss Ora Crook were married. A new family had moved into the place, but results in the matrimonial line were the same.

Tonight the fourth wedding will take place, that of Mr. Stander and Miss Mae Crook. For the fourth time in less than a year will a wedding march pour forth from the home, and young people make merry with the old, old wedding customs.

Rev. Mr. Holyoke of Omaha will perform the ceremony this evening. There will be a number of out-of-town guests at the wedding, among whom will be Mr. and Mrs. Ike Smith of Salem, Mrs. B. W. Brown of Omaha, Misses Nettie and Minnie Stander of Salem and Louis Witt of Salem.

CLASSIFICATION OF SCHOOL TEACHERS

State Superintendent Crabtree May Visit Plattsmouth Schools Personally in September.

The following letter from State Superintendent Crabtree to Superintendent Abbott of the Plattsmouth schools will explain itself, and as it is a matter of interest to teachers we publish the communication in full, by permission of Professor Abbott:

Lincoln, August 15, 1911.
Superintendent N. C. Abbott,
Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Dear Friend: The complete rules for the certification of teachers are now in the hands of the printer. Copies will be mailed to you just as soon as received from the press. I am mighty proud of this whole scheme. We have used great care in preparing the rules and regulations in order to avoid the mistakes that always result from over-hasty work, yet we cannot hope to have the completed bulletin entirely free from imperfections.

We shall be ready very soon to begin issuing certificates to those who hold positions in schools organized under sub-division 14. In order to give each of your teachers a square deal and in order to get the assistance of the superintendent in passing on some cases, I am now planning to visit your school personally or to send a representative of this office to you some time during September.

to pass on every application and to sign and present the certificates at that time.

Life certificates may be validated without expense. The fee will be \$1 for certificate instead of \$1.25. Those who paid \$1.25 will have the excess returned to them. But these matters need not be explained further until the date of the visit. The new rules will show the grade of certificate each will be entitled to. Wish you would be kind enough to let each of your teachers know at once the plan to attend to certificates after school opens so as to prevent their feeling anxious about the matter. Very sincerely yours,

J. W. Crabtree,
State Superintendent.

John Fassbender for Coroner.

We note in the Nebraska City papers that John Fassbender, formerly of this city, was nominated by the democrats of Otoe county for coroner. John is an awful good man, and if he has made himself as popular in Otoe county as he was in Cass, he will undoubtedly be elected. He is a splendid man for the place and the democrats should make a desperate effort to elect him.

Miss Buckingham returned to Pacific Junction this morning, after visiting at the home of J. W. Hainey for a few days.

C. A. RAWLS LAWYER

Office—First National Bank Building

REACHING THE RENTING AGENT



House hunting will be made easy if you use your telephone. You may then determine from a real estate dealer the available houses before you go to look for one.

If you are moving to another town, an explanation of your needs over the Long Distance Bell Telephone lines will enable the real estate dealer to have a house ready when you arrive.



M. E. BRANTNER, Plattsmouth Manager



"Oh, De Good Lawd, Dat Am Massa Waite an' John Sibley." death, and with the "Red Light" crowd behind them they would ex-