



KEITH OF THE BORDER

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

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CHAPTER XIV.

The Landlady of the Occidental.

Keith had crossed at this point so frequently with cattle that, once having his bearings, the blackness of the night made very little difference. Nevertheless, in fear lest her pony might stumble over some irregularity, he gave his own rein to Neh, and went forward on foot, grasping firmly the three animal's bit. It was a long stretch of sand and water extending from bank to bank, but the water was shallow, the only danger being that of straying off from the more solid bottom into quicksand. With a towering cottonwood as guide, oddly misshapen and standing out gauntly against the slightly lighter sky, the plainman led on unhesitatingly, until they began to climb the rather sharp uplift of the north bank. Here there was a plain trail, pointed into smoothness by the hoofs of cavalry horses ridden down to water, and at the summit they emerged within fifty yards of the stables.

The few lights visible, some stationary, with others dancing about like will-o'-the-wisps, revealed imperfectly the contour of various buildings, but Keith turned sharply to the right, anxious to slip past without being challenged by a sentry. Beyond the brow of the bluff other lights now became visible, flickering here and there, marking where a straggling town had sprung up under the protection of the post—a town garish enough in the daylight, composed mostly of shacks and tents, but now with its deficiencies mercifully concealed by the enveloping darkness. The trail, easily followed, led directly along its single street, but Keith circled the outskirts through a wilderness of tin-cans and heaps of other debris, until he halted his charges beside the black shadow of the only two-story edifice in the place. This was the Occidental, the hospitality of which he had frequently tested.

A light streamed from out the front windows, but, uncertain who might be harbored within, Keith tapped gently at the back door. It was not opened immediately, and when it was finally shoved aside the mere crack, no glow of light revealed the darkened interior. The voice which spoke, however, was amply sufficient to identify its owner.

"Is that ye agin, Murphy, a playin' av yer dirty tricks?"

"No, Mrs. Murphy, he hastened to explain, "this is Keith—Jack Keith, of the Bar X."

"The Lord deliver us!" was the instant exclamation, the door opening wide. "They do be after tellin' me to-night av the trouble ye was in over at Carson, an' Oi t'ought maybe ye moight turn up this way. It was a nate trick ye played on the loikes av 'em, Jack, but this is a dom poor piece fer ye ter hide in. Bedad, there's a half-dozen in the parly now talkin' about it, wid a couple av officers from the fort. Is the nager wid ye?"

"Yes, but we have no intention of hiding here. I'd rather take my chance in the open. The fact is, Kate, we started off for the Bar X."

"Av course, ye did. Oi was shure av it."

"But down on the Salt Fork we ran across a young girl whom Black Bart had inveigled down that way on a lie. We had a bit of a fight, and got her away from him. This is what brought us back here—to put the girl where she will be safe out of his clutches."

The door was wide open now, and Mrs. Murphy outside, her interest at fever heat.

"Ye had a foight wid Black Bart? Oh, ye devil! An' ye licked the dirty spalpane, an' got away wid his gurl! Glory be! And would Oi take her? Well, Oi would. Niver doubt that, me bye. She may be the quane av Zhaba, an' she may be a Digger Injun Squaw, but the loikes av her had better kape away from Kate Murphy. It's glad Oi an' ter do it! Bring her in. Oi don't want ter hear no more."

"Just a word, Kate; I don't know whether she has any money or not, but I'll pay her bill, as soon as it is safe for me to come back."

"Oh, the devil take her bill. She'll have the best in the house, anyhow, an' Oi'm only hopin' that fellow will turn up huntin' her. Oi'd loike ter take one slap at the spalpane."

Fully convinced as to Mrs. Murphy's good-will, Keith slipped back into the darkness, and returned with the girl. Introductions were superfluous, as the mistress of the Occidental cared little regarding ceremony.

"An' is this you, my dear?" she burst out, endeavoring to curb her voice to secretive softness. "Shure, Jack Keith has told me all about it, an' it's safe it is yer goin' ter be here. Come on in; Oi'll give ye number forty-two, the next behind me own room, an' we'll go up the back stairs. Hilt the young loidy, Jack, fer shure ye know the way."

She disappeared, evidently with some hospitable purpose in view, and Keith, clasping the girl's hand, under-



"Shure it's safe it is yer goin' ter be here."

took the delicate task of safely escorting her through the dark kitchen, and up the dimly remembered stairs. Only a word or two passed between them, but as they neared the second story a light suddenly streamed out through the opened door of a room at their left. Mrs. Murphy greeted them at the landing, and for the first time saw the girl's weary white face, her eyes filled with appeal, and the warm Irish heart responded instantly.

"Ye poor little lamb; it's the bid ye want, an' a thrap o' whiskey. Jack Keith, why didn't ye till me she was done up wid the hard ride? Here, honey, sit down in the rocker till Oi get ye a wee dhrink. It'll bring the roses back to the cheeks av ye." She was gone, bustling down the dark stairs, and the two were alone in the room, the girl looking up into his face, her head resting against the cushioned back of the chair. He thought he saw a glimmer of tears in the depths of her lashed eyes, and her round white throat seemed to choke.

"You will be perfectly secure here," he said, soothingly, "and can remain as long as you please. Mrs. Murphy will guard you as though you were her own daughter. She is a bit rough, maybe, but a big-hearted woman, and despises Hawley. She nursed me once through a touch of typhoid—yes, by Jove," glancing about in sudden recognition, "and in this very room, too."

The girl's glance wandered over the plain, neat furnishings, and the rather pathetic attempts at decoration, yet with apparently no thought for them.

"You—you have not told me where you were going."

He laughed, a little uneasily, as though he preferred to make light of the whole matter.

"Really, I have hardly decided, the world is so wide, and I had no reason to suppose you interested."

"But I am interested," resenting his tone of assumed indifference. "I would not want to feel that our acquaintance was to wholly end now."

"Why should I not? You have been a real friend to me; I shall remember you always with a gratitude beyond words. I want you to know this, and that—that I shall ever wish to retain that friendship."

Keith struggled with himself, doubtful of what he had best say, swayed by unfamiliar emotions.

"You may be sure I shall never forget," he blurted forth, desperately, "and, if you really wish it, I'll certainly see you again."

"I do," earnestly.

"Then, I'll surely find a way. I don't know now which direction we will ride, but I'm not going very far until I clear up that murder out yonder on the trail; that is my particular job just now."

Before she could answer, Mrs. Murphy re-entered and forced her to drink the concoction prepared, the girl accepting with smiling protest. The landlady, empty glass in hand, swept her eyes about the room.

"Bedad, but the place looks better than iver Oi'd belaved, wid the gurl! Oi've got t'adin' to it. She's that lazy she goes ter slape swapin' the flure. Jack, would ye moind hiltin' me move the bid; shure, it's rale mahogany, an' so heavy it breaks me back intirely to push it round."

He took hold willingly enough, and the two together ran the heavy contrivance across the room to the position selected. Once a leg caught in the rag carpet, and Keith lifted it out, bending low to get a firmer grip. Then he held out his hand to the girl.

"It is not going to be good-bye then, Miss Hope; I'll find you."

his way down through the darkness.

"He do be a moighty foine bye, Jack Keith," she said, apparently addressing the side wall. "Oi wish Oi'd a knowed him whin Oi was a gurl; shure, it's not Murphy me noime'd be now. Oi'm t'akin'."

Left alone, the girl bowed her head on her hands, a hot tear stealing down through her fingers. As she glanced up again, something that glittered on the floor beside the bed caught her eyes. She stopped and picked it up, holding the trinket to the light, staring at it as though fascinated. It was the locket Keith had taken from the neck of the dead man at Cimmaron Crossing. Her nerveless fingers pressed the spring, and the painted face within looked up into her own, and still clasping it within her hand, she sank upon her knees, burying her face on the bed.

"Where did he get that?" her lips kept repeating. "Where did he ever get that?"

(To Be Continued.)

MANY COUNTY PUPILS IN HIGH SCHOOL

The School Treasury Receives Tuition for Forty-one Pupils Enrolled.

Professor Larson, principal of the High school, has compiled a list of the pupils in the High school whose tuition is being paid by the district in which they live, as provided by the new special law of the state. The district and the name of the pupils follow:

- No. 2—Mabel Adams.
- No. 25—Mae Barker.
- No. 17—Leola Barton.
- No. 8—Elizabeth Campbell.
- No. 4—Nellie Cook.
- No. 55—Grace Fight.
- No. 17—Rue Frans.
- No. 41—Ola Kaffenberger.
- No. 3—Leta Lair.
- No. 3—Giles Lair.
- No. 2—Jennie Livingston.
- No. 7—Willa Moore.
- No. 14—Grace Mougey.
- No. 12—Angie McCarroll.
- No. 3—Buenita Porter.
- No. 3—Wayne Probst.
- No. 3—Florence Richardson.
- No. 3—Williamson.
- No. 3—Robin Richardson.
- No. 42—Florence Rummel.
- No. 5—Beulah Sans.
- No. 17—Reuben Saxon.
- No. 42—Florence Schentz.
- No. 45—Mildred Snyder.
- No. 14—Lydia Todd.
- No. 14—Dwyer Todd.
- No. 14—Vance Todd.
- No. 3—Alice Tschirren.
- No. 3—Emma Tschirren.
- No. 3—Guy Wiles.
- No. 9—Cressie Hackenberg.

The following students at the High school pay tuition: Dean Cummins, Fern Lewis, Dwight Probst, Harley Wiles, Conrad Schlater, Mildred Stewart, Milton McMaken, Pheme Richardson, Herman Greeder.

A total of over \$1,600 will be received this year from sources outside of school taxes and license moneys; the High school tuition income will amount to \$1,080 this year; the normal training fund from the state is \$350, and the estimated income for tuition from grade school pupils will be \$180, making a total of \$1,510.

A Dreadful Sight

To H. J. Barnum, of Freeville, N. Y., was the fever-sore that had plagued his life for years in spite of many remedies he tried. At last he used Bucklen's Arnica Salve and wrote: "It has entirely healed with scarcely a scar left." Heals Burns, Boils, Eczema, Cuts, Bruises, Swellings, Corns and Piles like magic. Only 25c at F. G. Fricke & Co.

To Dedicate School.

Father Michael Shine left this afternoon for Wahoo, where a new \$35,000 parochial school will be dedicated. Bishop Thilen of Lincoln will be the master of ceremonies at the dedication. The school will be in charge of Father Mathias Bor, who was formerly located in Plattsmouth.

Got Hot Quickly.

From Wednesday's Daily. It was just 22 degrees hotter at 8 o'clock this morning than at the same time yesterday. At 2 o'clock today it was 20 degrees hotter than at 2 o'clock yesterday. The rise in temperature took place mostly during the night. It appears as if the sudden rise will bring with it a rain.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Fitch

GENE MAYFIELD BUYS THE NEWS-HERALD

Well Known Newspaper Man Will Run a Strictly Republican Weekly Here.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Yesterday afternoon E. O. Mayfield of Omaha became the owner of the Plattsmouth News-Herald and announced that he intended to run a republican weekly paper. Mr. Mayfield is well known in the county, having run a newspaper at Louisville in the early 80's. He is at present the Sunday editor of the Omaha World-Herald. Previous to accepting that position he spent five years with the Western Newspaper Union in a managerial capacity. Before that he was with the World-Herald fourteen years.

Mr. Mayfield came here yesterday and closed up the deal with Mr. E. M. Pollard and others. He has rented a suite of rooms at the Riley and will stay there until spring, when he will move his household goods here. Mrs. Mayfield will not be here for about ten days.

"I am going to run a strictly republican weekly," said Mr. Mayfield, "not a daily or a semi-weekly. I believe there is room here for a first-class republican weekly."

DULL BUSINESS CAUSES DECREASE IN SHOP TIME

Havelock Plant of the Burlington Will Shut Down for the Week Tonight.

When the Havelock shops of the Burlington close tonight it will be for the week, the time this week being three days of nine hours each, twenty-seven hours. The shops were closed on Friday of last week. For some time past the regular time at the shops has been five days per week of nine hours each.

The explanation for this shutting down practically for half a week is short and terse: Business is light and the operating cost for September must be held down. The company is ahead with its shop work, having many idle engines, new or in good repair.

When a railroad desires to make a showing on operating cost for a month during a period of dull business, the shop men are liable to be laid off. During the past month a number of systems, most notably roads in the southwest, have been cutting down their shop time.

When business is dull and few trains are run operating cost so far as it arises from train service is handled automatically. If trainmen go out infrequently they make less. Shop men, however, work straight away so long as there is work to do, and there is usually plenty of work that may be done until after a long period of dullness.

While railway officials do not care to indulge in prophecies whose fulfillment depends on business conditions, they express the belief that the months to follow will see the shops in this part of the country working the usual time. They do not look on shutting down for one to three days a week to be a permanent feature.—Lincoln Journal.

Not a Word of Scandal

marred the call of a neighbor on Mrs. W. P. Spangh, of Manville, Wyo., who said: "She told me Dr. King's New Life Pills had cured her of obstinate kidney trouble, and made her feel like a new woman." Easy, but sure remedy for stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Only 25c at F. G. Fricke & Co.

Wreck on Missouri Pacific.

From Wednesday's Daily. The Missouri Pacific passenger, due here at 6:50 a. m., was about seven hours late today because of an accident in the Atchison yards. The passenger, in leaving the yards ran into the rear end of a freight train and it took about seven hours to clear up the wreck and get the train started on its way again. At the time of writing this the train was scheduled to arrive in Plattsmouth at 4 o'clock.

To Mr. and Mrs. Snyder.

From Tuesday's Daily. An infant daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Snyder this morning. The news spread around the court house rapidly, and when Andy shows up there he might as well bring several boxes of good cigars with him.



AMERICAN FENCE

Made of Hard, Stiff Wire, of Honest Quality

Woven-Wire Fences must be heavy, as they have to turn animals by the sheer strength of the wire. Why?

A fence with barbs is protected from excessive pressure because the animal fears the barbs. Remove the barbs and the greatest strength of the animal is thrown upon the fence. Hence its wires must be larger and stronger. Therefore, to have a long life woven-wire fence you must have a heavy fence.

Among the valuable features that distinguish American Fence is the Hinged-Joint (patented). We back this feature with all our experience as the largest makers of fence in the world.

Under sidestress and strain the resilient Hinged Joint yields to pressure and quickly returns to its old form without bending or breaking the stay wires, the strain being taken up by the heavy horizontal bars.

The real test of a fence is the service you get out of it. Test, judge and compare American Fence under any and all conditions, and you will find that the steel, the structure and galvanizing are equal in durability,

strength and efficiency to the hardest uses.

We have just received two carloads of fencing and can fill orders for almost any design fence you would want. Furthermore we figure our fence against any fence made, including the mail order houses. Bring your mail order catalogue along and we will show you that we sell fence cheaper than any mail order house in existence.

JOHN BAUER, PLUMBING! HEATING! HARDWARE!

SUNDAY SCHOOL RALLY AT METHODIST CHURCH

Splendid Program Arranged for Big Sunday School, Which Numbers About 400.

In order to begin the new fall season in a manner befitting a real live organization, the Methodist Sunday school proposes to hold a genuine rally next Sunday, October 4, at their home in the Methodist church. All the enthusiastic element of a popular political rally will be present except the flambeau and the band. This school numbers in its constituency about 400 members, and a systematic effort is being put forth to have them all present on this day.

The cradle roll, superintended by Miss Alice Tucey, is composed of babies in arms up to 3 years and numbers close to 100. These are expected to be there and occupy a place on the program. The home department of 50 members, superintended by Mrs. Emily Morrison and composed of those who by reason of age, health or occupation are unable to attend regularly, are to be there if transportation can be provided.

The beginners' department of 25 will be there. The primary with 50, the juniors with 65, the intermediate with 35 and the seniors with 90; these, together with the 35 or more officers and teachers, will make a crowd of enthusiastic boosters that no town need be ashamed of in its efforts to succeed.

One of the unique preparations for this day is the notice of it which has been sent to all the members in the form of a printed subpoena gotten up in the exact style of a court document and commands that "they be present on that day and witness to their interest in the work."

This subpoena was sent out by messenger boys of the Sunday school. The exercises will be held next Sunday morning, beginning promptly at 9:30, and the general public are invited to look in upon this worthy enterprise.

Digestion and Assimilation.

It is not the quantity of food taken, but the amount digested, and assimilated that gives strength and vitality to the system. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets invigorate the stomach and liver and enable them to perform their functions naturally. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

FOR SALE—B. C. Rock Cockerels, March and April hatched, \$1.00 each until October 4. Large boned and healthy stock. Mrs. Wm. Troop, Nehawka, Neb. Murray's phone.

September Travel Bulletin!

The excursion rates to Eastern localities will continue. It is your last low rate change of the Summer to visit your old home or make a tour of the East. The Dry Farming Congress will be held at Colorado Springs, October 16-20. Special rates will be made.

The colonist one way rates to the Pacific Coast are in effect September 15th to October 15th, only this year. The Burlington has through standard and tourist sleepers every day to California—on No. 3 via Rio Grande, Scenic Colorado, and the Southern Pacific and Salt Lake Route; on No. 9 via the Rio Grande, Scenic Colorado, and the Western Pacific.

"On Time" operation. Western people living in the territory served by the Burlington will be interested in knowing something about the punctuality with which the management tries to operate its trains. Fast mail No. 7, from Chicago to Omaha, during the months from April to July inclusive, a period of 122 days, arrived at the Missouri River "On Time" every day. The other exclusive fast mail and express train No. 15, from Chicago to Omaha during June and July, 2911, arrived "On Time" at the Missouri River every day. These are the exclusive mail and express trains that daily bring into the West the great volume of traffic so necessary to the social and commercial life of that region.

R. W. CLEMENT, Ticket Agent.

L. W. WAKELY, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

