

# KEITH OF THE BORDER A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL DARRISH.  
AUTHOR OF MY LADY OF THE SOUTH  
WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING, ETC., ETC.  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILLE.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

Introducing Doctor Fairbairn.  
Headed as they were, and having no other special objective point in view, it was only natural for the two fugitives to drift into Sheridan. This was at that time the human cesspool of the plains country, a seething, boiling maelstrom of all that was rough, evil, and brazen along the entire frontier. Customarily quiet enough during the hours of daylight, the town became a mad saturnalia with the approach of darkness, its ceaseless orgies being noisily continued until dawn. But at this period all track work on the Kansas Pacific being temporarily suspended by Indian outbreaks, the graders made both night and day alike hideous, and the single dirty street which composed Sheridan, lined with shacks, crowded with saloons, the dull dead prairie stretching away on every side to the horizon, was congested with humanity during every hour of the twenty-four.

It was a grim picture of depravity and desolation, the environment dull, gloomy, forlorn; all that was worthy the eye or thought being the pulsing human element. All about extended the barren plains, except where on one side a ravine cut through an overhanging ridge. From the seething street one could look up to the summit, and see there the graves of the many who had died deaths of violence, and been borne thither in "their boots." Amid all this surrounding desolation was Sheridan—the child of a few brief months of existence, and destined to perish almost as quickly—the center of the grim picture, a mere cluster of rude, unpainted houses, poorly erected shacks, grimy tents snapping in the never ceasing wind swirling across the treeless waste, the ugly red station, the rough cowpens filled with lowing cattle, the huge, ungainly stores, their false fronts decorated by amateur wielders of the paint brush, and the garish dens of vice tucked in everywhere. The pendulum of life never ceased swinging. Society was mixed; no man cared who his neighbor was, or dared to question. Of women worthy the name there were few, yet there were fitting female forms in plenty, the saloon lights revealing powdered cheeks and painted eyebrows. It was a strange, restless populace, the majority here today, disappearing tomorrow—cowboys, half-breeders, trackmen, graders, desperadoes, gamblers, saloon-keepers, merchants, generally Jewish, petty officials, and a riff-raff no one could account for, mere floating debris. The town was an eddy catching odd bits of driftwood such as only the frontier ever knew. Queer characters were everywhere, wrecks of dissipation, delinquents of the East, seeking nothing save oblivion.

Everything was primitive—passion and pleasure ruled. To spend easily made money noisily, brazenly, was the ideal. From dawn to dawn the search after joy continued. The bachelors and quarrelsome humanity, the gambling tables alive with excitement. Men swaggered along the streets looking for trouble, and generally finding it; cowboys rode into open saloon doors and drank in the saddle; troops of congenial spirits, frenzied with liquor, spurred recklessly through the street firing into the air, or the crowd, as their whim led; bands played popular airs on balconies, and innumerable "barkers" added their honeyed invitations to the perpetual din. From end to end it was a saturnalia of vice, a babel of sound, a glimpse of the inferno. Money flowed like water; every man was his own law, and the gun the arbiter of destiny. The town marshal, and a few cool-headed deputies moved here and there amid the chaos, patient, tireless, undaunted, seeking merely to exercise some slight restraint. This was Sheridan.

Into the one long street just at dusk rode Keith and Neb, the third horse trailing behind. Already lights were beginning to gleam in the crowded saloons, and they were obliged to proceed slowly. Leaving the negro at the corral to find some purchaser for the animals, and such accommodations for himself as he could achieve, Keith shouldered his way on foot through the heterogeneous mass toward the only hotel, a long two-storied wooden structure, unpainted, fronting the glitter of the Pinoer Dance Hall opposite. A noisy band was splitting the air with discordant notes, a loud-voiced "barker" yelling through the uproar, but Keith, accustomed to similar scenes and sounds elsewhere, strode through the open door of the hotel, and guided by the noisy, continuous clatter of dishes, easily found his way to the dining-room. It was crowded with men, a few women scattered here and there, most of the former in shirt-sleeves, all eating silently. A few smaller tables at the back of the room were distinguished from the others by white covers in place of oil-cloth, evidently reserved for the more distinguished guests. Disabling ceremony, the new comer wormed his way through, finally discovering a vacant seat where his back would be to the

wall, thus enabling him to survey the entire apartment.

It was not of great interest, save for its constant change and the primitive manner in which the majority attacked their food supply, which was piled helter-skelter upon the long tables, yet he ran his eyes searchingly over the numerous faces, seeking impartially for either friend or enemy. No countenance present, as revealed in the dim light of the few swinging lamps, appeared familiar, and satisfied that he remained unknown, Keith began devoting his attention to the dishes before him, mentally expressing his opinion as to their attractiveness.

Chancing finally to again lift his eyes, he met the gaze of a man sitting directly opposite, a man who somehow did not seem exactly in harmony with his surroundings. He was short and stockily built, with round rosy face, and a perfect shock of wiry hair brushed back from a broad forehead; his nose wide but stubby, and chin massive. Apparently he was between forty and fifty years of age, exceedingly well dressed, his gray eyes shrewd and full of a grim humor. Keith observed all this in a glance, becoming aware at the same time that his neighbor was apparently studying



Keith Elbowed His Way Through the Heterogeneous Crowd.

him also. The latter broke silence with a quick, jerky utterance, which seemed to peculiarly fit his personal appearance.

"Damn it all—know you, sir—sure I do—but for life of me can't tell where."

Keith stared across at him more searchingly, and replied, rather indifferently:

"Probably a mistake then, as I have no recollection of your face."

"Never made a mistake, sir—never forget a face," the other snapped with some show of indignation, his hands now clasped on the table, one stubby forefinger pointed, as he leaned forward. "Don't tell me—I've seen you somewhere—no, not a word—don't even tell me your name—I'm going to think of it."

Keith smiled, not unwilling to humor the man's eccentricity, and returned to his meal, with only an occasional inquiring glance across the table. The other sat and stared at him, his heavy eyebrows wrinkled as he struggled to awaken memory. The younger man had begun on his pie when the face opposite suddenly cleared.

"Damn me, I've got it—hell, yes; hospital tent—Shenandoah—bullet im bedded under third rib—ordinary case—that's why I forgot—clear as mud now—get the name in a minute—Captain—Captain Keith—that's it—shake hands."

Puzzled at the unexpected recognition, yet realizing the friendliness of the man, Keith grasped the pudgy fingers extended with some cordiality.

"Don't remember me I s'pose—don't think you ever saw me—delirious when I came—hate to tell you what you was talking about—gave you hypodermic first thing—behaved well enough though when I dug out the lead—Minnie bullet, badly blunted hitting the rib—thought you might die with blood poison—couldn't stay to see—to damn much to do—evidently didn't though—remember me now?"

"No, only from what you say. You must have been at General Waite's headquarters."

"That's it—charge of Stonewall's field hospital—just happened to ride into Waite's camp that night—damn lucky for you I did—young snip there wanted to see the bone—I stopped that—liked your face—imagined you might be worth saving—ain't so sure of it now, or you wouldn't be out in this God forsaken country, eating such grub—my name's Fairbairn—Joseph Wright Fairbairn, M. D.—contract surgeon for the railroad—working on the line."

Keith shook his head, feeling awakening interest in his peculiar companion.

"No; just drifted in here from down on the Arkansas," he explained briefly. "Did you know General Waite

was dead?"  
The doctor's ruddy face whitened.  
"Dead?—Willis Waite dead?" he repeated. "What do you mean, sir? Are you sure? When?"

"I ought to be sure; I buried him just this side the Cimmaron Crossing out on the Santa Fe trail."

"But do you know it was General Waite?" the man's insistent tone full of doubt.

"I have no question about it," returned Keith, conclusively. "The man was Waite's size and general appearance, with gray beard, similar to the one I remember he wore during the war. He had been scalped, and his face beaten beyond recognition, but papers in his pockets were sufficient to prove his identity. Besides, he and his companion—a young fellow named Sibley—were known to have pulled out two days before from Carson City."

"When was this?"

"Ten days ago."

Fairbairn's lips smiled, the ruddy coloring sweeping back into his cheeks.

"Damn me, Keith, you came near giving me a shock," he said, jerkily. "Shouldn't be so careless—not sure my heart's just right—tendency to apoplexy, too—got to be guarded against. Now, let me tell you something—maybe you buried some poor devil out at Cimmaron Crossing—but it wasn't Willis Waite. How do I know? Because I saw him, and talked with him yesterday—damn me, if I didn't right here in this town."

(To Be Continued.)

### Averts Awful Tragedy.

Timely advice given Mrs. C. Willoughby, of Marengo, Wis., (R. No. 1) prevented a dreadful tragedy and saved two lives. Doctors had said her frightful cough was a "consumption" cough and could do little to help her. After many remedies failed, her aunt urged her to take Dr. King's New Discovery. "I have been using it for some time," she wrote, "and the awful cough has almost gone. It also saved my little boy when taken with a severe bronchial trouble." This matchless medicine has no equal for throat and lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by F. G. Fricke & Co.

### Harvest Crop of Pears.

Silas Long of Lincoln came down to the farm Saturday afternoon and yesterday and today harvested his crop of pears and marketed the same for \$1 per bushel at Mynard. Mr. Long had forty bushels of the lucious fruit, which he sold to the neighbors near Mynard. Mr. Long attended the lecture at the church Monday evening and was much pleased with it, but remarked that the attendance was light owing to some other attractions in the city.

Adam Kaffenberger, Jr., was called to Omaha on business today, and also took advantage of an opportunity to see the big carnival.

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Received Highest Honor World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, 1907.

## SUDDEN DEATH FROM HEART FAILURE

### Miss Elsa Inhelder, a Most Estimable Young Lady, Drops Dead at Her Home.

From Wednesday's Daily.  
Just as the Journal went to press last evening, we received the sad intelligence of the death of Miss Elsa Inhelder, a most estimable young lady, who died very suddenly of heart failure at the home of her parents at Cedar Creek about 11 o'clock Tuesday. Miss Inhelder had been complaining some for a few days past, but nothing serious was thought to be the trouble. Mrs. H. A. Schneider, Miss Marie Kaufmann and Miss Louise Gauer left for Cedar Creek on the Schuyler last evening. Nothing could be stated at that time as to the funeral arrangements.

Miss Inhelder was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Inhelder of Cedar Creek and was a native of this county, having grown to young womanhood in the vicinity where she so suddenly passed away. She leaves to mourn her untimely death, beside her fond parents, two sisters, both married, namely, Mrs. Henry Baker and Mrs. Con Sears, both of Moorefield, Neb.

Since the above was put in type we are informed that the funeral of Miss Inhelder will occur at 1 o'clock tomorrow (Thursday) at the Cedar Creek church, Rev. L. W. Gade conducting the service.

## ANSWER IT HONESTLY.

### Are the Statements of Plattsmouth Citizens More Reliable Than Those of Other Strangers?

This is a vital question. It is fraught with interest to Plattsmouth.

It permits of only one answer. It cannot be evaded or ignored. A Plattsmouth citizen speaks here.

Speaks for the welfare of Plattsmouth.

A citizen's statement is reliable.

An utter stranger's doubtful.

Home proof is the best proof.

Mrs. O. J. Gilson, Lincoln Ave., Plattsmouth, Neb., says: "We have used Doan's Kidney Pills in our family for lame back and other kidney disorders and they have brought the best of results. We advise anyone suffering from kidney complaint to give this remedy a trial."

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.

### Here From Sterling.

Henry Mockenhaupt of Sterling was in the city a few hours Tuesday afternoon, coming down from Omaha, where, in company with Mrs. Mockenhaupt, they were attending the Ak-Sar-Ben fall festivities. He spent only a few hours with Plattsmouth friends, returning to Omaha in the evening. For the past year or more Mr. Mockenhaupt has been dealing in Nebraska lands and has sure developed into a live wire in the real estate line. Henry has many Cass county friends, who are always pleased to see him and pleased to learn that he is both happy and prosperous.

You are not experimenting on yourself when you take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a cold, as that preparation has won its great reputation and extensive sale by its remarkable cures of colds, and can always be depended upon. It is equally valuable for adults and children and may be given to young children with implicit confidence as it contains no harmful drug. Sold by F. G. Fricke & Co.

### Postoffice Basement Finished.

H. C. McMaken & Son, who had the contract for placing the concrete floor in the basement of the new postoffice building, completed the job yesterday. This was one of the biggest jobs of the sort yet done in the city and the way the work has been done, having the finished appearance it does, reflects credit on the firm which did the work.

Don't trifle with a cold is good advice for prudent men and women. It may be vital in case of a child. There is nothing better than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs and colds in children. It is safe and sure. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

There are a good many different places where you can buy your clothing, but there is only one clothing store that has served this community continuously and acceptably for 32 years. This is the store and this store stands in a different relation to you than any other clothes shop in the country. You know us—you know us thoroughly; you know our grade of goods; you know our methods of doing business; you know that here a child can buy as cheap as a man; you know that if you come here for your clothing you will get what you want; you know that here quality is the first consideration; you know that your money is considered on deposit here until you feel you have your money's worth. Experience is the best guide, and you know and your neighbors know by experience that these things are all true. Do you know of a safer place to trade? Our stock is the largest in the county, and for the Fall season 1911, we have eclipsed all former showings of fine clothing. You will be welcome whether you come to look or buy.

# C. E. Wescott's Sons

THE HOME OF SATISFACTION

## THE LOUISVILLE ROBBERY SUSPECTS ARRAIGNED

### Believed to Be the Right Men and Also the Same Ones Who Attempted to Rob Wabash Bank

From Wednesday's Daily.

Another chapter was added to the Louisville robbery and Wabash bank blowing yesterday afternoon, when two of the suspects were arraigned in the county court and asked to plead to an indictment for both offenses.

The sheriff arrived from Omaha at 1:12 with the second catch by the Omaha officials and went directly to the court house, where the man was identified by some of the Louisville men as one of the strangers seen on their streets Thursday.

Mr. H. C. Thompson, a clerk in Frank Nichols' store, sold the man a 10-cent can of tomatoes, and the man asked him to sell him a loaf of bread. The stranger afterward bought the bread at the Amick store. After interviewing the Louisville parties, the man was taken to the jail, where he was allowed to remain for a short time, when both accused men were taken to the county court room, where County Attorney Taylor had filed a complaint.

The complaint was couched in legal verbiage and was drawn in two counts, the first charging Frank McCann, John Douwd and John Doe, real name unknown, with having nitro-glycerine and other explosives, on the 28th day of September, in the Farmers' State bank at Wabash; did forcibly break and enter, and steal, take and carry away money of the value of \$5,000 and silver coin of the value of \$500. The second count charged the same individuals with entering at the same hour of the night, on the 29th day of September, at Louisville, the store of Mike Tritsch and stealing therefrom gold and silver and nickel-cased watches and diamond rings and other jewelry of the value of \$1,000.

When asked to plead the men both said "not guilty." They were not ready for trial, however, and McCann stated that he desired to

have a lawyer and that a continuance of a few days would suit him much better than facing the court at once. Their bonds were accordingly fixed at \$5,000 each, and the hearing continued to Monday, October 9, at 9 o'clock.

McCann was taken to the jail and Douwd was escorted to the county attorney's office, where he was put through a sweat. When asked by the officer when he was last in Plattsmouth, Douwd said, "About a month ago." But when asked when he was last in Louisville the young man was silent. After taking the men to jail, Mr. Olson, the photographer, was invited to the jail and a photo of McCann was taken for the benefit of officers on the lookout for crooks.

## IS THE WORLD GROWING BETTER?

Many things go to prove that it is. The way thousands are trying to help others is proof. Among them is Mrs. W. W. Gould, of Pittsfield, N. H. Finding good health by taking Electric Bitters, she now advises sufferers, everywhere, to take them. "For years I suffered with stomach and kidney troubles," she writes. "Every medicine I used failed till I took Electric Bitters. But this great remedy helped me wonderfully. They'll help any woman. They're the best tonic and finest liver and kidney remedy that's made. Try them. You'll see. 50c at F. G. Fricke & Co.

### Buys Bunch of Feeders.

Zack Shrader, one of the prosperous farmers of Mount Pleasant precinct, yesterday purchased a carload of fine young steers to put in his feed lots. Mr. Shrader came down on No. 2 last evening and spent a few hours in the county seat.

### Gives Aid to Strikers.

Sometimes liver, kidneys and bowels seem to go on a strike and refuse to work right. Then you need those pleasant little strike-breakers—Dr. King's New Life Pills—to give them natural aid and gently compel proper action. Excellent health soon follows. Try them. 25c at F. G. Fricke & Co.

## October Special Rates!

ONE-WAY COLONIST RATES TO THE PACIFIC COAST, until October 15!

THE DRY FARMING CONGRESS at Colorado Springs, October 16-20, will be one of the most instructive conventions ever held in the west; special rates.

THE OMAHA LAND SHOW, October 16th to 28th. Here you will see under one roof the remarkable products of irrigation and dry farming; it will be a great educational show of farm and orchard products from every state in the West.

THE BIG HORN BASIN AND YELLOWSTONE VALLEY are closing a most successful season of heavy crops. Filings for Government irrigated homesteads this Autumn will be very numerous. Some of the finest lands that the Government has ever bestowed are for you in these regions. A party of twenty-one newspaper correspondents have just made a tour through the Big Horn Basin and the Sheridan country and they were amazed at the wonderful fields of grain and alfalfa, the ample water supply, the permanent canals, the progressive new towns, the productive soil, the climate, the surroundings and scenic mountains, the mineral wealth, the industrial possibilities and the hospitality of the people.

Join our personally conducted excursions the first and third Tuesdays of each month and keep ahead of the coming movement.

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R. W. CLEMENT, Ticket Agent.  
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