



# KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS  
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WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING, ETC.  
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## CHAPTER XVII.

### In the Next Room.

Keith, his eyes filled with undigested doubt, studied the face of the man opposite, almost convinced that he was, in some way, connected with the puzzling mystery. But the honesty of the rugged face only added to his perplexity.

"Are you certain your are not mistaken?"

"Of course I am, Keith. I've known Waite for fifteen years a bit intimately—have met him frequently since the war—and I certainly talked with him. He told me enough to partially confirm your story. He said he had started for Santa Fe light, because he couldn't get enough men to run a caravan—afraid of Indians, you know. So, he determined to take money—buy Mexican goods—and risk himself. Old fighting cock wouldn't turn back for all the Indians on the plains once he got an idea in his head—he was that kind—Lord, you ought to see the fight he put up at Spottsylvania! He got to Carson City with two wagons, a driver and a cook—had eight thousand dollars with him, too, the damn fool. Cook got into row, gambling, cut a man, and was jugged. Old Waite wouldn't leave even a nigger in that sort of fix—natural fighter—likes any kind of row. So, he hung on there at Carson, but had sense enough—Lord knows where he got it—to put all but a few hundred dollars in Hen Levy's safe. Then, he went out one night to play poker with his driver and a friend—had a drink or two—doped, probably, and never woke up for forty-eight hours—lost clothes, money, papers, and whole outfit—was just naturally cleaned out—couldn't get a trace worth following after. You ought to have heard him cuss when he told me—it seemed to be the papers that bothered him most—their, and the mules."

"You say there was no trace?"

"Nothing to travel on after forty-eight hours—a posse started out next morning, soon as they found him—when they got back they reported having run the fellows as far as Cimmaron Crossing—there they got across and escaped."

"Who led the posse?"

"A man called Black, I think," he said.

"Black Bart?"

"Yes, that's the name; so, I reckon you didn't bury Willis Waite this time, Captain. You wouldn't have thought he was a dead one if you had heard him swear while he was telling the story—it did him proud; never heard him do better since the second day at Gettysburg—had his ear shot off then, and I had to fix him up—Lord, but he called me a few things."

Keith sat silent, fully convinced now that the doctor was telling the truth, yet more puzzled than ever over the peculiar situation in which he found himself involved.

"What brought the General up here?" he questioned, finally.

"I haven't much idea," was the reply. "I don't think I asked him directly. I wasn't much interested. There was a hint dropped, however, now you speak about it. He's keen after those papers, and doesn't feel satisfied regarding the report of the posse. It's my opinion he's trailing after Black Bart."

The dining-room was thinning out, and they were about the only ones left at the tables. Keith stretched himself, looking around.

"Well, Doctor, I am very glad to have met you again, and to learn Waite is actually alive. This is a rather queer affair, but will have to work itself out. Anyway, I am too dead tired tonight to hunt after clues in midst of this babel. I've been in the saddle most of the time for a week, and have got to find a bed."

"I reckon you won't discover such a thing here," drily. "Got seven in a room upstairs, and others coked along the hall. Better share my cell—only thing to do."

"That would be asking too much—I can turn in at the corral with Neb; I've slept in worse places."

"Couldn't think of it, Keith," and the doctor got up. "Besides, you sleep at night, don't you?"

"Usually, yes," the other admitted.

"Then you won't bother me any—the doctor sleeps at night in Sheridan; that's our harvest time. Come on, and I'll show you the way. When morning comes I'll route you out and take my turn."

Keith had enjoyed considerable experience in frontier hotels, but nothing before had ever equaled this, the pride of Sheridan. The product of a mushroom town, which merely existed by grace of the temporary railway terminus, it had been hastily and flimsily constructed, so it could be transported elsewhere at a moment's notice. Every creak of a bed echoed from wall to wall. The thin partitions often failed to reach the ceiling by a foot or two, and the slightest noise aroused the entire floor. And there was noise of every conceivable

kind, in plenty, from the noise of a band at the Pioneer Dance Hall opposite, to the energetic cursing of the cook in the rear. A discordant din of voices surged up from the street below—laughter, shouts, the shrieks of women, a rattle of dice, an occasional pistol shot, and the continuous yelling of industrious "barkers." There was no safety anywhere. An exploding revolver in No. 47 was quite likely to disturb the peaceful slumbers of the innocent occupant of No. 15, and every sound of quarrel in the thronged barroom below caused the lodger to curl up in momentary expectation of a stray bullet coursing toward him through the floor. With this to trouble him, he could lie there and hear everything that occurred within and without. Every creak, stamp, and snore was faithfully reported; every curse, blow, snarl re-echoed to his ears. Inside was hell; outside was Sheridan.

Wearied, and half dead, as Keith was, sleep was simply impossible. He heard heavy feet tramping up and down the hall; once a drunken man endeavored vainly to open his door; not far away there was a scuffle, and the sound of a body falling down stairs. In some distant apartment a fellow was struggling to draw off his tight boots, skipping about on one foot amid much profanity. That the boot conquered was evident when the man crawled into the creaking bed, announcing defiantly, "If the landlord wants them boots off, let him come an' pull 'em off." Across the hall was a rattle of chips, and the voices of several men, occasionally raised in anger. Now and then they would stamp on the floor as an order for liquid refreshments from below. From somewhere beyond, the long-drawn melancholy howl of a distressed dog greeted the rising moon.

Out from all this pandemonium Keith began to unconsciously detect the sound of voices talking in the room to his left. In the lull of obstructing sound a few words reached him through the slight open space between wall and ceiling.

"Hell, Bill, what's the use going out again when we haven't the price?"

"Oh, we might find Bart somewhere, and he'd stake us. I guess I know enough to make him loosen up. Come on; I'm goin'."

"Not me; this town is too deaf for Fort Hays; I'm liable to run into some of the fellows."

A chair scraped across the floor as Bill arose to his feet; evidently from the noise he had been drinking, but Keith heard him lift the latch of the door.

"All right, Willoughby," he said, thickly, "I'll try my luck, an' if I see Bart I'll tell him yer here. So long."

He shuffled along the hall and went, half sliding, down stairs, and Keith distinguished the click of glass and bottle in the next room. He was sitting up in bed now, wide awake, obsessed with a desire to investigate. The reference overheard must have been to HEAVY, and it so, then Willoughby, who was afraid of meeting soldiers from the fort, would be the deserter Miss Hope was seeking. There could be no harm in making sure, and he slipped into his clothes, and as silently as possible, unlatched his door. There was a noisy crowd at the farther end of the hall, and the sound of some one laboriously mounting the stairs. Not desiring to be seen, Keith slipped swiftly toward the door of the other room, and tried the latch. It was unfastened, and he stepped quietly within, closing it behind him.

A small lamp was on the washstand, a half-emptied bottle and two glasses beside it, while a pack of cards lay scattered on the floor. Fully dressed,

except for a coat, the sole occupant lay on the bed, but started up at Keith's unceremonious entrance, reaching for his revolver, which had slipped to the wrong side of his belt.

"What the hell!" he exclaimed, startled and confused.

The intruder took one glance at him through the dim light—a boy of eighteen, dark hair, dark eyes, his face, already exhibiting signs of dissipation, yet manly enough in chin and mouth—and smiled.

"I could draw while you were thinking about it," he said, easily, "but I am not here on the fight. Are you Fred Willoughby?"

The lad stared at him, his uncertain hand now closed on the butt of his revolver, yet held inactive by the other's quiet assurance.

"What do you want to know for?"

"Curiosity largely; thought I'd like to ask you a question or two."

"You—you're not from the fort?"

"Nothing to do with the army; this is a private affair."

The boy was sullen from drink, his eyes heavy.

"Then who the devil are you? I never saw you before."

"That's very true, and my name wouldn't help any. Nevertheless, you're perfectly welcome to it. I am



"Oh, You Mean Hope? Do You Know Her?"

Jack Keith." No expression of recognition came into the face of the other, and Keith added curtly, "Shall we talk?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Willoughby swung his feet over the edge of the bed onto the floor.

"Fire away," he said shortly, "until I see what the game is about."

To Be Continued.

## "PETTICOATS ENTER ONLY" AT ST. LOUIS

The Initial Letters by Which the Order Has Ever Been Designated.

The Journal, we presume, cannot be charged with the unpardonable offense of divulging the secrets of the P. E. O. order when it prints, under quotation marks, a mere man's interpretation of the meaning of the initial letters by which the order has ever been designated.

The national convention of the P. E. O. sisterhood was held last week at the Buckingham hotel in St. Louis. The sisters have given their husbands the name, "B. I. L.," signifying Brothers-in-Law. The B. I. L.'s of St. Louis were invited to attend one or two of the sessions, and as a return of the courtesy they took the P. E. O.'s on an automobile ride all over the big city, decorated them with flowers, served special luncheon—in a word, showed the sisters a good time while visiting in the city.

But when it came to a certain meeting, the head officer announced that the B. I. L.'s would not be admitted. It was then that one, Harry E. Wagoner, a B. I. L., gave the ladies this name: "Petticoats Enter Only."

We are confident that it is no infraction of the rules of the P. E. O. to use the foregoing interpretation, in quotations; as the product of a brother B. I. L. of St. Louis.

## Mr. Bryan at Elmwood.

From Friday's Daily.

Mr. Bryan spoke yesterday at the opera house in Elmwood and the building was full of enthusiastic democrats, who turned out to give the editor of the Commoner a rousing reception. Many from Plattsmouth attended the meeting, among the number being D. C. Morgan, W. K. Fox, Miss Mary Foster and D. C. Rhoden of Murray.

Mr. Bryan talked on the evils of the trusts and the grip of the money power and the evils growing out of these. He spoke with his old-time vigor in support of the democratic ticket from top to bottom, and advocated its election.

Most of the candidates on the county ticket were present and met with a warm reception from the voters. Mr. Bryan was introduced by Captain C. S. Aldrich in a neat speech. The speech occurred at 11 o'clock, after which the distinguished speaker was entertained at dinner by L. F. Langhorst at his pleasant home, D. C. Morgan and W. K. Fox were also guests of Mr. Langhorst and dined with Mr. Bryan.

After dinner Mr. Langhorst, accompanied by Captain Aldrich in Mr. Langhorst's car, took Mr. Bryan to Syracuse, where he delivered a speech in the afternoon.

George McDaniel of Louisville, blacksmith at the National Stone Quarry company, two miles east of Louisville, was in the city today, coming down to look after some business matters, returning on the afternoon train. George says he is well pleased with his position and Louisville and will remain with the company permanently.

Guy Adams of Woodbine, Iowa, was in the city today for a short time between trains.

## DEATH OF MRS. MARGARET VOLK

Mother of Mrs. Jacob Tritsch and Mrs. M. L. Friedrich Passes Away at Pekin, Illinois.

From Friday's Daily.

Jacob Tritsch received a telegram yesterday informing him of the death of his wife's mother, Mrs. Margaret Volk, at her home in Pekin, Illinois. Mrs. Tritsch has been at her mother's bedside for the past seven weeks, and was present when she passed away.

The deceased was 85 years of age and leaves a large family of grown sons and daughters surviving to mourn her loss. Mr. Tritsch and Mrs. M. L. Friedrich departed on No. 2 this afternoon for Pekin to attend the funeral.

Mrs. Volk's husband preceded her to the other world several years ago, but the following daughters and sons are living: Mrs. Jacob Tritsch, Mrs. M. L. Friedrich, Mrs. C. C. Bennings, all of this county; Bals Volk and Mrs. George Friedrich of Pierce county; Peter and Nicholas Volk of Oklahoma; John, George and Philip Volk and Mrs. Lizzie Horn of Pekin, Ill. The funeral will occur Sunday.

## FUNERAL OF MISS ELSIE INHELDER YESTERDAY

Immense Attendance to Pay Last Sad Tribute to the Noble Young Lady.

From Friday's Daily.

The funeral of Miss Elsie Inhelder occurred yesterday afternoon at 1 o'clock from the Cedar Creek church and was one of the longest funeral processions ever seen in the county, the buggies and other vehicles stretching for a mile, attesting the great hold which this estimable young woman had on the affections of those with whom she associated.

The service was conducted by Rev. Gade of this city, who spoke of the deceased in eulogistic terms, dwelling on her lovely traits of character, both as a dutiful daughter and teacher of the Cedar Creek Sunday school. The theme of Rev. Gade's discourse was "Immortality," and he elaborated the thought that this life is but a beginning and preparation for the life beyond the grave.

The church would not hold one-half of the friends and neighbors who attended the service. The floral tributes were very beautiful and profuse, and were silent mementos of the purity of the life of Miss Inhelder and indicated the high appreciation in which she was held by the donors.

Many attended the funeral from this city, among the number being George Schoeman and wife, John Leuchtweis, H. A. Schneider and wife, Mrs. John Cleveland of Omaha and others.

## Sustains Dislocated Hip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Bryan, residing in Cass county, four miles southeast of Ashland, took their daughter, Lucile, 13 years old, this (Thursday) morning, in company with Dr. J. M. Moss; to the osteopathic sanitarium at Kirksville, Mo., for treatment. About two weeks ago the young girl dislocated her hip, partially as the result of play at the West Grove school grounds. The girl had been limping some time before this, but had not complained much. Dr. Moss treated the case and advised taking the girl to the sanitarium, where it is hoped she will soon regain her usual health. —Ashland Gazette.

## Inspects Stallions Here.

Mr. L. Garstenson of Columbus was in the city yesterday and examined the stallions in this end of the county. There were about a dozen animals inspected here. Similar sittings will occur at Louisville and other towns in the county. There is nothing like having the animals healthy. The hogs and poultry will come in soon, though they may have been omitted from this statute, this was an oversight.

M. Fanger came down from Missouri Valley yesterday evening to look after some business matters. He reports business in Missouri Valley good. He is still closing out the big line of merchandise he purchased in that city some months ago.

H. S. Pelton of Milwaukee arrived this morning and will look after business matters about the new government building for a short time.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

### What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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### The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

**Operation Performed Yesterday.**  
From Friday's Daily.  
Mrs. S. S. Gooding underwent an operation yesterday morning at Immanuel hospital in Omaha and stood the ordeal very well, although she was very weak on recovering consciousness, yet her friends and the physicians now feel that the worst is over. Her brother, Fred Richardson, and Mr. Gooding were with Mrs. Gooding through the trying ordeal, Mr. Richardson returning to Plattsmouth last evening. Miss Stella Gooding and her uncle, Mr. Richardson, went to Omaha this morning to see the patient and will spend the day at her bedside.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Patton returned from Indiana on the morning train today, where they have been visiting their old home for several days.

Miss Marie Kauffman returned from Cedar Creek this afternoon, where she had been to attend the funeral of Miss Elsie Inhelder.

**Entertained by Mrs. Campbell.**  
From Friday's Daily.  
The Social Workers of the M. E. church met at the home of Mrs. Ida Campbell yesterday afternoon and the meeting was fairly well attended, there being eighteen of the ladies present, and those fortunate enough to be there were entertained in a very charming manner. The regular business session was held at the usual hour, at which time reports from the officers and various committees were given. The remainder of the afternoon was most delightfully spent in a social way and amusements of all kinds. At this time dainty refreshments were served, which were likewise most thoroughly enjoyed.

T. B. Witte, who has been visiting his brother-in-law, Ferdinand Hennings, for a few days, departed for his home at Beloit, Wis., this afternoon. Mr. Witte is a son of Rev. White, a former pastor of St. Paul's church in this city.



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### 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 side stress 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,

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