



**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 MELVILL.

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**CHAPTER XXX.**

In Christie's Room.  
 Keith swept his glance up and down the street without results. Surely Hawley and his companion could not have disappeared so suddenly. They had turned to the right, he was certain as to that, and he pushed through the crowd of men around the theater entrance, and hastened to overtake them. He found nothing to overtake—nowhere along that stretch of street, illumined by window lights, was there any sign of a man and woman walking together. He stopped, bewildered, staring blindly about, falling utterly to comprehend this mysterious vanishing. What could it mean? What had happened? How could they have disappeared so completely during that single moment he had waited to speak to Fairbain? The man's heart beat like a trip-hammer with apprehension, a sudden fear for Hope taking possession of him. Surely the girl would never consent to enter any of those dens along the way, and Hawley would not dare resort to force in the open street. The very thought seemed preposterous, and yet, with no other supposition possible, he entered these one after the other in hasty search, questioning the inmates sharply, only to find himself totally baffled—Hawley and Hope had vanished as though swallowed by the earth. He explored dark passages—ways between the scattered buildings, rummaging about recklessly, but came back to the street again without reward.  
 Could they have gone down the other side, in the deeper shadows, and thus reached the hotel more quickly than it seemed to him possible? There was barely a chance that this could be true, and yet Keith grasped at it desperately, cursing himself for having wasted time. Five minutes later, breathless, almost speechless with anxiety, he startled the clerk.  
 "Has Miss Waite come in? Miss Hope Waite?"  
 "Blamed if I know," retorted the other, indifferently. "Can't for the life of me tell those two females apart. One of them passed through 'bout ten minutes ago; Doc Fairbain was with her. Another party just went up stairs hunting Miss Maclaire, and as they haven't come down, I reckon it must have been her—anything wrong?"  
 "I'm not sure yet," shortly. "Who was this other person?"  
 "Old fellow with white hair and whiskers—swore like a pirate—had the sheriff along with him."  
 It came to Keith in a flash—it was Waite. Perhaps Christie knew. Perhaps the General knew. Certainly something of importance was crystallizing in the actress' room which might help to explain all else. He rushed up the stairs, barely waiting to rap once at the closed door before he pressed it open. The slight within held him silent, waiting opportunity to blurt out his news. Here, also, was tragedy, intense, compelling, which for the instant seemed to even overshadow the fate of the girl he loved. There were three men present, and the woman. She stood clutching the back of a chair, white-faced and open-eyed, with Fairbain slightly behind her, one hand grasping her arm, the other clinched, his jaw set pugnauciously. Facing these two was Waite, and a heavily built man wearing a brown beard, closely trimmed.  
 "You'd better acknowledge it," Waite snapped out, with a quick glance at the newcomer. "It will make it all the easier for you. I tell you this is the sheriff, and we've got you both dead to rights."  
 "But," she urged, "why should I be arrested? I have done nothing."  
 "You're an adventuress—a damn adventuress—Hawley's mistress, probably—"  
 "Now, see here, Waite," and Fairbain swung himself forward, "you drop that. Miss Maclaire is my friend, and if you say another word I'll smash you, sheriff or no sheriff."  
 Waite glared at him.  
 "You old fool," he snorted, "what have you got to do with this?"  
 "I've got this to do with you, you'll find—the woman is to be treated with respect or I'll blow your damned obstinate head off."  
 The sheriff laid his hand on Waite's shoulder.  
 "Come," he said, firmly, "this is no way to get at it. We want to know certain facts, and then we can proceed lawfully. Let me question the woman."  
 The two older men still faced one another belligerently, but Keith saw Christie draw the doctor back from between her and the sheriff.  
 "You may ask me anything you please," she announced, quietly. "I am sure these gentlemen will not fight in my room."  
 "Very well, Miss Maclaire. It will require only a moment. How long have you known this man Hawley?"  
 "Merely a few days—since I arrived in Sheridan."  
 "But you were in communication with him before that?"

The pleasant voice and quiet demeanor of the sheriff seemed to yield the girl confidence and courage.  
 "Yes, he had written me two or three letters."  
 "You met him here then by appointment?"  
 "He was to come to Sheridan, and explain to me more fully what his letters had only hinted at."  
 "You possessed no previous knowledge of his purpose?"  
 "Only the barest outline—details were given me later."  
 "Will you tell us briefly exactly what Hawley told you?"  
 The girl's bewildered eyes wandered from face to face, then returned to the waiting sheriff.  
 "May—may I sit down?" she asked.  
 "Most certainly; and don't be afraid, for really we wish to be your friends."  
 She sank down into the chair, and even Keith could see how her slender form trembled. There was a moment's silence.  
 "Believe me, gentlemen," she began, falteringly, "if there is any fraud, any conspiracy, I have borne no conscious part in it. Mr. Hawley came to me saying a dying man had left with him certain papers, naming one, Phyllis Gale, as heiress to a very large estate in North Carolina, left by her grandfather in trust. He said the girl had been taken West, when scarcely two years old, by her father in a fit of drunken rage, and then deserted by him in St. Louis."  
 "You—you saw the papers?" Waite broke in.  
 "Yes, those that Hawley had; he gave them to me to keep for him." She crossed to her trunk, and came back, a manilla envelope in her hand. Waite opened it hastily, running his eyes over the contents.  
 "The infernal scoundrel!" he exclaimed, hotly. "These were stolen from me at Carson City."  
 "Let me see them." The sheriff ran them over, merely glancing at the endorsements.  
 "Just as you represented, Waite," he said, slowly. "A copy of the will, your commission as guardian, and memoranda of identification. Well, Miss Maclaire, how did you happen to be so easily convinced that you were the lost girl?"  
 "Mr. Hawley brought me a picture which he said was of this girl's half-sister; the resemblance was most startling. This, with the fact that I have never known either father or mother or my real name, and that my earlier life was passed in St. Louis, sufficed to make me believe he must be right."  
 "You—you—" Waite choked, leaning forward. "You don't know your real name?"  
 "No, I do not," her lips barely forming the words. "The woman who brought me up never told me."  
 "Who—who was the woman?"  
 "A Mrs. Raymond—Sue Raymond—she was on the stage, and died in Texas—San Antonio, I think."  
 Waite swore audibly, his eyes never once deserting the girl's face.  
 "Hawley told you to say that?"  
 "No, he did not," she protested warmly. "It was never even mentioned between us—at least, not Sue Raymond's name. What difference can that make?"  
 He stepped forward, one hand flung out, and Fairbain sprang instantly between them, mistaking the action.  
 "Hands off there, Waite," he commanded, sternly. "Whatever she says goes."  
 "You blundering old idiot," the other exploded. "I'm not going to hurt her; stand aside, will you!"  
 He reached the startled girl, thrust aside the dark hair combed low over the neck, swung her about toward the light, and stared at a birthmark behind her ear. No one spoke, old



Keith Straightened Up, Looking Directly Into the Fierce Questioning Eyes.

Waite seemingly stricken dumb, the woman shrinking away from him as though she feared he was crazed.  
 "What is it?" asked the sheriff, sternly.

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Slowly Waite turned about and faced him, running the sleeve of his coat across his eyes. He appeared dazed, confounded.  
 "My God, it's all right," he said, with a choke in the throat. "She—she's the girl."  
 Christie stared at him, her lips parted, unable to grasp what it all meant.  
 "You mean I—I am actually Phyllis Gale? That—that there is no mistake?"  
 He nodded, not yet able to put it more clearly into words. She swayed as though about to faint, and Fairbain caught her, but she slipped through his arms, and fell upon her knees, her face buried in her hands upon the chair.  
 "Oh, thank God," she sobbed, "thank God! I know who I am! I know who I am!"  
 (To Be Continued.)

**Farms For Sale.**  
 160 acres of Cass county land, located 3 miles south of Nehawka. This place is in excellent condition with 100 acres sowed to fall wheat, 4 acres of alfalfa, 30 acres of meadow and remainder in pasture, 7 acres being fenced hog tight. Improved with 8 room house, fine new large barn with accommodations for ten head of horses and fifty cattle; cribs and granary, 4 acres orchard and a splendid well with good spring. Beside the well there is a new bridge and two small running streams. Would make a fine proposition for stock of diversified farming.  
 Also 160 acres rich Otoe county land adjoining the above farm; 135 acres under cultivation, most of which is bottom land and produces bumper crops; and 20 acres is in meadow. This is a good buy for somebody. For further information communicate with  
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 The frame business house just west of the postoffice in Murray. Size, 16x24, and in good condition. Apply to Holmes or Smith.

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Hair is certainly most necessary to woman. Who could love and marry a bald-headed woman? What charms could one array to offset such a disfigurement?  
 A woman's goal is usually love and marriage. Her crowning glory is her hair. The loss of her hair mars her beauty, happiness and success. Yet, right here in Plattsmouth, there are thousands of women who are neglecting or injuring their hair to such an extent that it is only a matter of time when it will be utterly ruined.  
 Many women destroy the beauty of their hair through thoughtlessness or ignorance of certain facts. They use curling irons overheated, or to excess, which destroys the natural oil of the hair, causing it to split, break and come out. They do not shampoo their hair often enough, or too often. They use soaps, or preparations which contain ingredients positively harmful to the scalp and hair.  
 As a result of such treatment, dandruff is created, the hair loosens, loses color, falls out, and baldness commences, unless proper and prompt precautions are taken in time. Then again, microbes and certain diseases bring about unhealthy scalp and hair conditions.  
 Almost any woman may rid herself of dandruff and diseased scalp and hair if she will but use the right remedy. We have that remedy, and we will positively guarantee that it will either cure dandruff and baldness or it will not cost the user anything.  
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 We want you to try Rexall "93" Hair Tonic at our risk. You surely cannot lose anything by doing so, while you have everything to gain. You had better think this over, and then come in and see us about this offer. You will be well repaid for your visit to our store. Remember, you can get Rexall Remedies in this community only at our store—The Rexall Store, F. G. Fricke & Co.

**A Father's Vengeance**  
 would have fallen on any one who attacked the son of Peter Bondy of South Rockwell, Mich., but he was powerless before attacks of Kidney trouble. "Doctors could not help him," he wrote, "so at last we gave him Electric Bitters and he improved wonderfully from taking six bottles. It's the best Kidney medicine I ever saw." Backache, Tired Feeling, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, warn of Kidney trouble that may end in dropsy, diabetes or Bright's disease. Beware! Take Electric Bitters and be safe. Every bottle guaranteed. 50c, at F. G. Fricke

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**A Word of Appreciation.**  
 The Journal is in receipt of a communication from Harry Rolfe of Nebraska City expressing the thanks of the Good Roads Minister company for appreciated tribute as to the merits of the performance the company gave, and stating that "the cordial treatment received at the hands of the Plattsmouth citizens will long be remembered by all of us."

Fred Lutz and Henry Gensemeir of Eight Mile Grove precinct were in the city today and took out two four-horse loads of chopped feed purchased of the J. VV. Egenberger feed store.