



CHAPTER XXXV.

The Cabin Taken.

His heart beating with new happiness, yet conscious of the stern duty still confronting him, Keith joined the others, giving them, in a whisper, a hurried account of Hope's release from the cabin, and of what she had to report.

"It's old Juan Sanchez in the front room, boys," he added soberly, "and there is ten thousand dollars reward out for him, dead or alive."

Joe of the "Bar X" drew in his breath sharply.

"It'll sure be dead then," he muttered, "that cuss will never be got no other way."

They went at it in the grim silent manner of the West, wasting little time, feeling no mercy. One by one the unconscious sleepers were aroused, each waiting to find a steel barrel pressing against his forehead, and to hear a stern voice say ominously, "Not a move, Johnny; yes, that's a gun; now get up quietly, and step out here." Resistance was useless, and the five, rendered weaponless, were herded back toward the corral. They all belonged to Hawley's outfit; one, a black-whiskered surly brute Bristol remembered having seen in Sheridan. There was no time to deal with them then, and a "Bar X" man was placed on guard, with orders to shoot at the slightest suspicious movement.

The Indian, then, would be guarding the front of the house, and Sanchez sleeping inside. Well, the former could be left alone; his chance of escape would be small enough with Fairbain and Neb on the opposite bank. Old Sanchez was the villain they wanted—dead or alive. With this in view, and anxious to make a quick job of it, the three entered the back room, and, revolvers in hand, groped their way across to the connecting door. As Hope had described, this had been securely fastened by a stout wooden bar. Bristol forced it to the sockets, not without some slight noise, and Keith, crouching down at one side, lifted the latch.

"Keep down low, boys," he cautioned, "where he can't hit you."

With one quick push he flung the door wide open, and a red flash lit the room. There were two sharp reports, the bullets crashing into the wall behind them, the sudden blaze of flame revealing the front door open, and with it the black outline of a man's figure. Two of the men fired in instant response, leaping recklessly forward, but were as quickly left behind in the darkness, the outer door slammed in their faces. Outside there was a snarl of rage, another shot, a fierce curse in Spanish; then Keith flung the door wide open, and leaped down the step. As he did so he did so he struck a body and fell forward, his revolver knocked from his hand. Rising to his knees, the dim light of the stars revealed a man already half across the stream. Suddenly two sparks of fire leaped forth from the blackness of the opposite bank; the man flung up his hand, staggered, then went stumbling up the stream, knee deep in water. He made a dozen yards, reeling as though drunk, and fell forward, face down across a spit of sand. Keith stared out at the black, motionless shape, felt along the ground for his lost gun, and arose to his feet. Bristol had turned over the dead body at the foot of the steps, and was peering down into the upturned face.

"It's the Indian," he said grimly. "Sanchez must 'a' mistook him for one of us, and shot the poor devil."

And Sanchez himself is out yonder on that sand-pit, and Keith pointed, then lifted his voice to make it carry across the stream. "Come on over, Doctor, you and Neb. We've got the gang. Bring that body out there along with you."

The "Bar X" man waded out to help, and the three together laid the dead Mexican outlaw on the bank, beside the Indian he had shot down in his effort to escape. Keith stood for a moment bending low to look curiously into the dead face—wrinkled, scarred, still featuring cruelty, the thin lips drawn back in a snarl. What scenes of horror those eyes had gazed upon during fifty years of crime; what suffering of men, women, children; what deeds of rapine; what examples of merciless hate. Juan Sanchez!—the very sound of the name made the blood run cold. "Dead or alive!" Well, they had him at last—dead; and the platoon shuddered, as he turned away.

Taking Fairbain with him and hastily reviewing late occurrences to him, Keith crossed over to the corral, realizing that their work—his work—was not wholly done until Hawley had been located. With this quest in mind he strode straight to the black-bearded giant who had guarded Hope from Sheridan.

"What is your name?" he asked sharply.

The man looked up scowling.

"Hatchett," he answered gruffly.

"Well, Hatchett, I am going to ask you a question or two, and advise you to reply just about as straight as you know how. I am in no mood tonight for any foolishness. Where is 'Black Bart' Hawley?"

"How in hell should I know?"

"You do know, just the same. Perhaps not to an inch, or a mile, but you know near enough where he is, and where he has been since you left Sheridan."

"If I do, I'm damned if I'll tell you."

"No? Well now, Hatchett, listen to me," and Keith's voice had in it the click of a steel trap. "You'll either answer, and answer straight, or we'll hang you to that cottonwood in about five minutes. If you want a chance for your miserable life you answer me. We have our way of treating your kind out in this country. Sit up, you brute! Now where did Hawley go off, or he left you?"

"To Fort Larned."

"After those fresh horses?"

"Yes."

"He didn't bring them to you; I know that. Where has he been since?"

"Topeka and Leavenworth."

"How do you know?"

"He writ me a note the boss herder brought."

"Hand it over."

Keith took the dirty slip of paper the man reluctantly extracted from his belt, and Fairbain lit matches while he ran his eyes hastily over the lines. As he ended he crushed the paper between his fingers, and walked away to the end of the corral. He wanted to be alone, to think, to decide definitely upon what he ought to do. Hawley, according to the schedule just read, must have left Larned about early the day before; this night he would be camped at the water-hole; with daybreak he expected to resume his lonely journey across the desert to the Salt Fork. For years Keith had lived a primitive life, and in some ways his thought had grown primitive. His code of honor was that of the border, tinged by that of the South before the war. The antagonism existing between him and this gambler was personal, private, deadly—not an affair for any others—outsiders—to meddle with. He could wait here, and permit Hawley to be made captive; could watch him ride unsuspectingly into the power of these armed men, and then turn him over to the law to be dealt with. The very thought nauseated him. That would be a coward's act, leaving a stain never to be eradicated. No, he must meet this as became a man, and now, now before Hope so much as dreamed of his purpose—aye, and before he spoke another word of love to Hope. He wheeled about fully decided on his course, his duty, and met Fairbain face to face.

"Jack," the latter said earnestly, "I read the note over your shoulder, and of course I know what you mean to do. A Southern gentleman could not choose otherwise. But I've come here to beg you to let me have the chance."

"You?" surprised and curious. "What greater claim on that fellow's life have you than I?"

The pudgy hands of the doctor grasped the plainsman's shoulders.

"It's for Christie," he explained brokenly. "She was the one he tried to run away with. You—you know how I feel."

"Sure, I know," shaking the other off, yet not roughly. "But it happened to be Miss Waite he took, and so this is my job, Fairbain. Besides, I've got another score to settle with him."

He wasted little time upon preparations—a few brief words of instruction to Bristol; a request to the doctor not to leave Hope alone; the extracting of a promise from the two "Bar X" men to return to Larned with the prisoners. Then he roped the best horse in the corral, saddled and bridled him, and went into the cabin. She had a light burning, and met him at the door.

"I thought you would never come, but they told me you were un hurt."

"Not a scratch, little girl; we have been a lucky bunch. But I have had a great deal to look after. Now I shall be obliged to ride ahead as far as the water-hole, and let you come on with the others a little later, after you get breakfast. You can spare me a few hours, can't you?"

His tone was full of good humor, and his lips smiling, yet somehow she felt her heart sink, an inexplicable fear finding expression in her eyes.

"But—why do you need to go? Couldn't some of the others?"

"There is a reason which I will explain later," he said, more gravely.

"Surely you can trust me, Hope, and feel that I am only doing what it seems absolutely necessary for me to do?" He bent down and kissed her.

"It will be only for a few hours, and no cause for worry. Good-bye now, until we meet to-night at the water-hole."

The onset was gray with coming daylight as he rode splashing across the stream and up the opposite bank. She watched him, rubbing the blinding

mist from her eyes, until horse and man became a mere dark speck, finally fading away completely into the dull plain of the desert.

(To Be Continued.)

FUNERAL OF FORMER PLATTSMOUTH CITIZEN

Friends of the Deceased and Family Gather to Pay Their Last Sad Tributes.

From Wednesday's Daily.

The funeral of John Murray, familiarly called "Jack," was held at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the home of his father-in-law, L. H. Karnes. The services were largely attended by the former neighbors and friends of the deceased and was conducted by Rev. W. L. Austin of the Methodist church, who spoke words of comfort to the bereaved relatives.

The music consisted of the familiar hymns, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" and "Rock of Ages," which were sweetly sung by Misses Alice Tuoy and Lillian Thompson, accompanied by Miss Balsew with the organ. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful, bearing silent witness of the esteem and respect of the donors for the deceased and his estimable family.

The pall-bearers were selected from the M. W. A. lodge, of which the deceased was a member, and were: John Corey, Gus Kopp, P. A. McGrary, William Hassler, Phil Kinnemon and Henry Rothmann. Interment was made in Oak Hill cemetery.

The out-of-town relatives attending the funeral were: Mrs. John Murray of Stanton, and daughter, Miss Blanche, of Omaha; Miles McGord and wife of Osawatimie, Kas.; Henry Murray of the same place, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ech of Omaha.

Card of Thanks.

The undersigned take this method of extending their most sincere thanks to those friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted at the funeral of our dear departed husband, father and brother. Also for the many floral tributes. Also to the Woodmen, who so kindly aided us.

Mrs. John Murray and Family,
Mrs. E. M. Eck,
Mrs. Miles McGord,
Henry Murray,
Earnest Murray.

We also desire to extend thanks to those friends and neighbors who so materially aided us during the hours in which the remains of our son and brother lay in state, and during the funeral, and also for the many floral tokens of tribute.

L. H. Karnes, Wife and Daughter, Mrs. Newell.

A Snap for the Stockman.

440 acres in southeast Greenwood county, Kansas; fenced and cross-fenced; 80 acres of rich creek bottom land in cultivation, balance finest native prairie grass (limesoil). Fair 5-room house stabling, etc. Some bearing orchard. Lots of fine living water, which is furnished by a large creek which runs through north side of ranch. Creek is skirted with timber; cattle come off grass into deep water. This is considered to be one of the best little stock ranches in the county. School close by; fine smooth road to town. Just 5 1/2 miles from ranch to town; a nice well improved country all the way. For quick sale \$18 per acre buys this 440 acres; no trade taken on this. Has a mortgage of \$3500 that has yet three years to run. \$4200 buys the equity. Nothing better for the money. Give me to your friend if you don't want me, I must sell.

W. A. Nelson, Real Estate Broker, Fall River, Greenwood County, Kansas.

Saved His Wife's Life.

"My wife would have been in her grave today," writes O. H. Brown, of Muscadine, Ala., "if it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery. She was down in her bed, not able to get up without help. She had a severe bronchial trouble and a dreadful cough. I got her a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, and she soon began to mend, and was well in a short time." Infallible for coughs and colds, it's the most reliable remedy on earth for desperate lung trouble, hemorrhages, lagrippe, asthma, hay fever, croup and whooping cough. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by F. G. Fricke & Co.

When in need of typewriter supplies Call at the Journal office.

Christmas Suggestions!

A for Axminster, of which we have Rugs of many sizes and patterns, prices \$1.15 up to \$32.40.

B for Brussels, which we have in Tapestry Brussel Rugs, room sizes; prices \$9.50 to \$22.00.

B for Bissels Sweepers from \$2.70 up to \$4.75.

C for Carpets of excellent grade; **C** also Chairs—Morris chairs, Dining chairs, Youth chairs, High chairs—many different styles on my floors, and the prices are right.

D for Divans of different styles and grades in stock, at \$19.50 up to \$24.00.

D for Dressers of many styles and designs, at \$10.50 up to \$27.

E for Everything in my store you will find to be of excellent quality.

F for Furniture of up-to-date styles always in stock.

G for Go-Carts—large and small, many to select from, at \$1.25 up to \$14.50.

H for Housefurnishings our main line.

I for Iron Beds, many styles and colors to make your selection from, should you be in need of one at \$2.00 up to \$23.60.

J for Jardinier stands; we have them both large and small, in Golden Oak and Early English at low prices.

K for Kitchen Cabinets; of which we have a large line, from \$5.75 up to \$25.50.

L for Lounges or rather Couches in Leather, Plush and Velour, at prices from \$9.00 up to \$54.00.

M for Mattresses—The Dixie Felt & Spring, The Stearns & Foster Cotton Felt, and others; also, Sanitary Couch Pads, at from \$2.95 up to \$16.20.

N for New up-to-date furniture in stock.

O for Other furniture, such as Sideboards, Buffets, China Closets, Combination Book Case and desk, and Globe-Wernicke Sectional Book Cases.

P for Parlor Suits, of which we have a nice line to select from at \$18.00 up to \$43.00.

Q for Quality, always found in our lines.

R for Rockers of many styles and sizes, always found on our floors.

S for Sanitary Couches, Spring Beds, Sewing Machines, Sewing Machine Needles, Shuttles and other supplies, and Oil; also Sewing Needles in stock.

T for Tables, Dining Tables, all styles and sizes; Library Tables and Parlor Tables. We have many styles to select from.

U for Uniform, and that is what our prices are to all cash customers, no matter whether your purchase be large or small.

V for Volume of money invested in an up-to-date Furniture Store, therefore a volume of business we would like to do.

W for Wardrobe, which we have to show; also the Chiffo-Wardrobe, something quite new.

X for Xmas Toys and Furniture, which you certainly could select from our excellent lines.

Y for Yes we have as complete a line of Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, etc., etc., as you can find, no matter where, far or near.

Z the last letter in the Alphabet, so I must close, but sincerely hope that we may have the pleasure of seeing many of you who read these lines, and wishing you in advance a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Respectfully Yours,

Plattsmouth, Nebraska. **M. HILD,** Furniture and Undertaking.

Horses and Mules for Sale.

Twenty-three head of extra good horses and mules for sale. All are good bone, well broke and ready for immediate service. I wish to sell them at private sale, and they may be seen at the farm of Glen Valley, one and one-half miles west of Mynard. If you are needing any good horses or mules call early, for they are going to be sold at a right price and will find ready buyers. Frank Vallery.

George Fitzpatrick, wife and two daughters, and Miss Bertha Johnson, from near Murray, were county seat visitors last Saturday, coming up to do some trading and visit with friends. Miss Adel Fitzpatrick and Miss Johnson went on to Omaha to spend the day, returning here in the evening and all driving home. Mr. Fitzpatrick paid this office a pleasant call.

Quick Returns.

Every business man hope that the capital he invested in his business will quickly return to him, with a good profit. In a sense everybody is, or should be, a business man, expecting his money's worth from every purchase and some profit. In buying a medicine, for instance, you will select one which always gives full satisfaction, in a certain kind of sickness, like Triner's American Elixir of Bitter Wine in cases of indigestion, nervousness, constipation and weakness. We know from our own or from other people's experience how promptly it acts in diseases of the stomach, the liver, the bowels and the nerves. It is a dependable purifier of the intestines and a splendid tonic. You will receive more than full value of your money. It relieves pains, both rheumatic and neuralgic, cramps and colic, female discomfort, distress after

meals, flatulency. At drug stores, Jos. Triner, 1333-1339 So. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Through Service.

The Northwestern and Missouri Pacific have about completed arrangements by which they will give through train service between St. Paul and Kansas City, via Omaha. This move precedes the Rock Island's construction of a new Kansas City short-line from St. Paul and Des Moines to Kansas City, by the purchase and building of two short links in Iowa.

Hogs Wanted.

I wish to buy a few hogs, weighing not less than 60 pounds. Inquire at the restaurant rear of Donat's saloon. Frank Zetopek.

For Sale.

Pedigreed Duroc-Jersey male pigs. V. E. Perry, Mynard, Neb.