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SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of savages. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to a wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on pories. When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have mass-acred two men and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderers. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. He goes to jail fully realiz-ing the peril of swift border justice. A companion in his cell is a negro, who tells him he is Neb and that he knew the Keith family back in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly an officer in the Confederate army. The plainsman and Neb escape from the and later the two fugitives become lost in the sand desert. They come upon a cabin and find its lone occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith recognizes as a singer he saw at Carson City. The girl explains that she came there in search of a brother who had deserted from the army. A Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sought to lo-cate her brother. Hawley appears and Keith in hiding recognizes him as Black Bart. Hawley tries to make love to the girl. There is a terrine battle overcomes darkened room in which Keith overcomes There is a terrific battle in the Black Bart. Horses are appropriated, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape. Keith explains his situation and the fugitives make for Fort Larned, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady. Miss Hope tells that she is the daughter of General Waite.

entire apartment.

CHAPTER XVI.-(Continued.)

It was a grim picture of depravity and desolation, the environment dull, gloomy, forlorn; all hat was worthy the eye or thought Loing 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 quicklythe center of the grim picture, a mere cluster of rude, unpainted houses, poorly erected shacks, grimy tents flapping 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 flitting female forms in plenty, the saloon lights revealing powdered cheeks and painted eyebrows. It was a strange, restfless populace, the majority here today, disappearing tomorrow-cowboys, half-breeds, 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, derelicts 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 bagnios and dance halls were ablaze; the barrooms crowded with hilarious or 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, shrewd and full of a grim humor. spurred recklessly through the street Keith observed all this in a glance, firing into the air, or the crowd, as becoming aware at the same time that their whim led; bands played popular his neighbor was apparently studying airs on balconies, and innumerable him also. The latter broke silence "ba 'ers" added their honeyed inviwith a quick, jerky utterance, which tations to the perpetual din. From end seemed to peculiarly fit his personal to end it was a saturnalia of vice, a appearance. babel of sound, a glimpse of the in-'Damn it all-know you, sir-sure ferno. Money flowed like water; every I do-but for life of me can't tell man was his own law, and the gun where." the arbiter of destiny. The town Keith stared across at him more marshal, and a few cool-headed depusearchingly, and replied, rather inties moved here and there amid the differently: chaos, patient, tireless, undaunted, "Probably a mistake then, as I have

here and there, most of the former in shirt-sleeves, all eating silently. A tion, yet realizing the friendliness of out on the Santa Fe trail." few smaller tables at the back of the the man, Keith grasped the pudgy fin-

room were distinguished from the othgers extended with some cordiality. ers by white coverings in place of oil-"Don't remember me I s'pose-don't cloth, evidently reserved for the more think you ever saw me-delirious when I came - hate to tell you distinguished guests. Disdaining ceremony, the new comer wormed his way what you was talking about-gave through, finally discovering a vacant you hypodermic first thing-behaved seat where his back would be to the well enough though when I dug out wall, thus enabling him to survey the the lead-Minie bullet, badly blunted hitting the rib-thought you might

It was not of great interest, save die with blood poison-couldn't stay for its constant change and the primito see-to damn much to do-evidenttive manner in which the majority atly didn't though-remember me now?" "No, only from what you say. You tacked their food supply, which was piled helter-skelter upon the long must have been at General Waite's tables, yet he ran his eyes searchingly headquarters."

over the numerous faces, seeking im-"That's it-charge of Stonewall's partially for either friend or enemy. field hospital-just happened to ride No countenance present, as revealed into Waite's camp that night-damn in the dim light of the few swinging lucky for you I did-young snip there lamps, appeared familiar, and satiswanted to saw the bone-I stopped fied that he remained unknown. Keith that-liked your face-imagined you began devoting his attention to the might be worth saving-ain't so sure dishes before him, mentally expressof it now, or you wouldn't be out in ing his opinion as to their attractive- this God forsaken country, eating ness. Chancing finally to again lift such grub-my name's Fairbain-Johis eyes, he met the gaze of a man seph Wright Fairbain, M. D.-contract sitting directly opposite, a man who surgeon for the railroad-working on somehow did not seem exactly in harthe line?"

mony with his surroundings. He was Keith shook his head, feeling awakshort and stockily built, with round ening interest in his peculiar comrosy face, and a perfect shock of wiry panion.

hair brushed back from a broad fore-"No; just drifted in here from down

Puzzled at the unexpected recogni- | just this side the Cimmaron Crossing

"But do you know it was General tomer as 10 coupons. 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."

Fairbain'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 know? Because I saw him, and talked with him yesterday-damn me, if I didn't, right here in this town."

CHAPTER XVII.

In the Next Room. Keith, his eyes filled with undisguised doubt, studied the face of the man opposite, almost convinced that

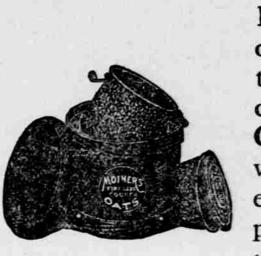
he was, in some way, connected with

Your grocer is authorized to give you a free

MOTHER'S OATS Fireless Cooker

How to get the cooker free-

This advertisement is good for 10 coupons-cut it out and you have a big start. Then in every package of Mother's Oats you will find a coupon. Save the coupons and get the cooker free in a hurry. Only one advertisement will be accepted from each cus-



Let us tell you our plan of distributing these cookers, Mr. Grocer. You will be interested. Send a postal to

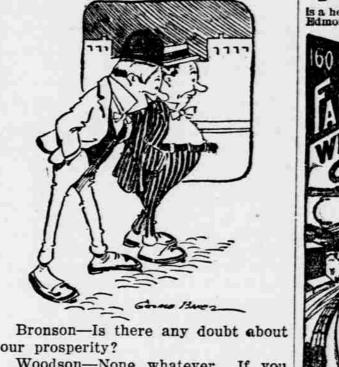
"Mother's Oats" Chicago

Buy a package of Mother's Oats TODAY, and send a postal for complete premium book.

Address

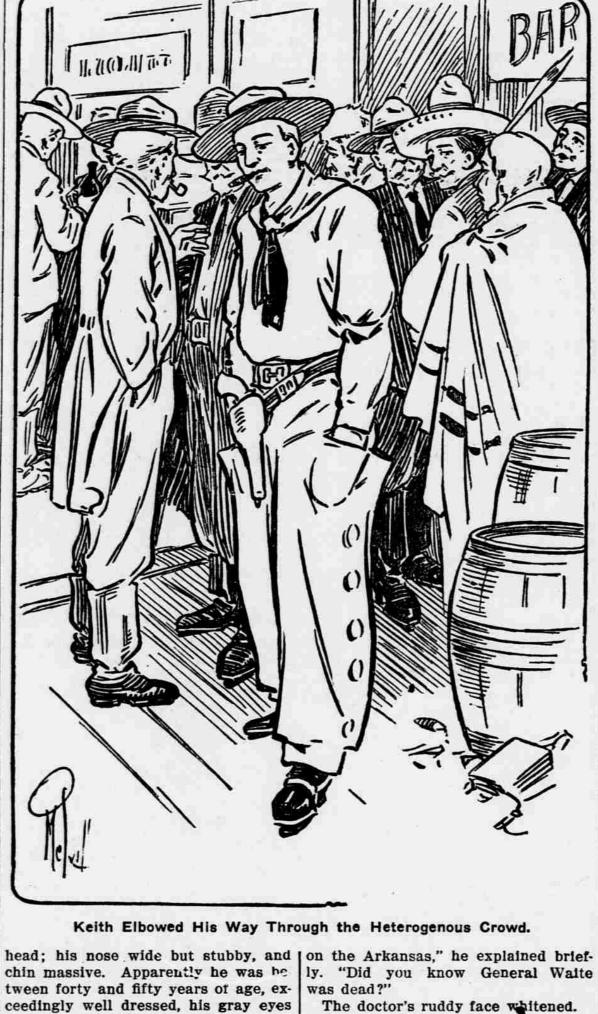
"MOTHER'S OATS," CHICAGO

A SURE SIGN.



Woodson-None whatever. If you don't believe we have money to burn. look at the way we celebrate the Fourth of July.





the puzzling mystery. But the honesty of the rugged face only added to his perplexity. "Are you certain your are not mis-

taken?"

"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 caravanafraid 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 seen 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 Ben Levy's safe. Then, he went out one night to play poker with his driver and a friend-had a drink or twodoped, 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-them,

IT WEARS YOU OUT.

Kidney Troubles Lower the Vitality of the Whole Body.

Don't wait for serious illness; begin using Doan's Kidney Pills when you first feel backache or notice urinary disorders. John L. Perry, Columbus, Texas, says: "I was

> taken sick about a year ago. My limbs and feet began to swell and my doctor said I had Bright's disease. I then consulted a doctor who said I had dropsy and could not live. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me promptly and I owe my life to them."

"When Your Back Is Lame, Rememberthe Name-DOAN'S." 50c, all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

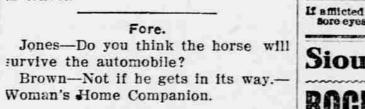
Practical Suggestion.

A new association proposes to have all American railroads lined with flowers and hedges, but what our railroad rights of way really need is to be lined with feather beds. What good would it do anybody to fall on a pansy when trains collide?-Detroit Free Press.

Accurately Informed.

"How is it that woman eeems to know so much more about Europe than most of us?" said the frank and outspoken lady.

"Because," replied Miss Cayenne, 'she stayed at home and read guide books instead of squandering her time in travel."



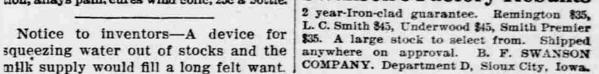
Stiff neck! Doesn't amount to much, but mighty disagreeable. You will be surprised to see how quickly Hamlins Wizard Oil will drive that stiffness out. One night, that's all.

If thought photography ever becomes practical the world will learn some astonishing secrets.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottie.

Notice to inventors-A device for





Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription true he no longer ejaculates "By

Ethel-Why did you change your mind? Madge-I didn't. I was merely seeing if he would change his. The Worst. He-I shouldn't marry unless the woman was my exact opposite.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Test.

before finally saying "yes."

Madge-I refused Jack eight times

and the mules."

She-You'll never find so perfect a "I ought 'to be sure; I buried him being as that!



Caricatures on the Stage

Appeal to Playwrights to Make Their a gentleman nor an American. It is Characters a Little More True to Nature.

"Dead?-Willis Waite dead?" he re-

peated. "What do you mean, sir? Are

you sure? When?"

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 accommoda- tions for himself as he could achieve, Keith shouldered his way on foot through the heterogeneous mass to- ward the only hotel, a long two-storied wooden structure, unpainted, fronting the glitter of the Pinoeer 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 simi- lar scenes and sounds elsewhere,	"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 for- ward. "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 in- quiring glance across the table. The other sat and stared at him, his heavy eyebrows wrinkled as he strug- gled 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-	At the anniversary festival of the Royal General Theatrical Fund J. L. Griffiths, United States consul gen- eral, spoke a word of appeal for some improvements in the drama. He would like, he said, to see a play in which there was a really spiritual clergyman, an honest barrister, a straightforward diplomatist and an American gentleman. Mr. Griffiths' views have been generally indorsed by the press. It is acknowledged that diplomatists are presented on the stage too con- sistently as creatures of preternatural cunning, never as men with human limitations. The popular dramatic type of clergyman, the muscular, is more tiring still; every curate is not	Classified Mail. "Good morning," the young woman said as she stepped to the window at the post office. "Is there a letter for me today?" "I'll look," the clerk answered. The young woman blutled a little, and she added, "It's a business latter." The man inside the window took up a handful of letters and looked them over hastily. Then he informed the customer that there was nothing for her; and with great disappointment depicted on her lovely features, she went away. In five minutes she was back again—this time blushing more furiously than before.	<text><text><text><text></text></text></text></text>
strode through the open door of the hotel, and guided by the noisy, contin- uous clatter of dishes, easily found his	bedded under third rib—ordinary case —that's why I forgot—clear as mud now—get the name in a minute—Cap- tain—Captain Keith—that's it—shake	the physical equal of a prizefighter. An American gentleman would be very welcome on the English stage.	"I-I deceived you," she stammered. "It-it wasn't a business letter 1 was expecting. Will you please see if there is something for me among the	THORPE & COMPANY Sioux City's Leading Jewellers, 511 Fourth Street