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CHAPTER III

An Arrest

The Santa Fe trail was far too exposed to be safely traveled alone and in broad daylight, but Keith considered it better to put sufficient space between himself and those whom he felt confident were still watching his movements from across the river.

The trail, continually skirting the high bluff and bearing farther away from the river, turned sharply into a narrow ravine. There was a considerable break in the rocky barrier here, leading back for perhaps a hundred yards, and the plainsman turned his horse that way, dismounting when out of sight among the boulders.



A Bullet Chugged Into the Ground at His Feet.

to permit sleeping. Finally he drew the letters from out his pocket, and began examining them. They yielded very little information, those taken from the older man having no envelopes to show to whom they had been addressed. The single document found in the pocket of the other was a memorandum of account at the Pioneer Store at Topeka, charged to John Sibley, and marked paid. This then must have been the younger man's name, as the letters to the other began occasionally "Dear Will."

The sun had disappeared, and even the gray of twilight was fading out of the sky, when Keith returned again to consciousness, aroused by his horse rolling on the soft turf. He awoke thoroughly refreshed, and eager to get away on his long night's ride.

and he sauntered up and was on, trotting out of the narrow ravine and into the broad trail, which could be followed without difficulty under the dull gleam of the stars. Horse and rider were soon at their best, the animal swinging unurged into the long, easy lunge of prairie travel, the fresh air fanning the man's face as he leaned forward. Once they halted to drink from a narrow stream, and then pushed on, hour after hour, through the deserted night. Keith had little fear of Indian raiders in that darkness, and every stride of his horse brought him closer to the settlements and further removed from danger. Yet eyes and ears were alert to every shadow and sound. Once, it must have been after midnight, he drew his pony sharply back into a rock shadow at the noise of something approaching from the east. The stage to Santa Fe rattled past, the four mules trotting swiftly, a squad of troopers riding hard behind. It was merely a lumpy shadow sweeping swiftly past; he could perceive the dim outlines of driver and guard, the soldiers swaying in their saddles, heard the pounding of hoofs, the creak of axles, and then the apparition disappeared into the black void. He had not called out—what was the use? Those people would never pause to hunt down prairie outlaws, and their guard was sufficient to prevent attack. They acknowledged but one duty—to get the mail through on time.

The dust of their passing still in the air, Keith rode on, the noise dying away in his rear. As the hours passed, his horse wearied and had to be spurred into the swifter stride, but the man seemed tireless. The sun was an hour high when they climbed the long hill, and loped into Carson City. The cantonment was to the right, but Keith, having no report to make, rode directly ahead down the one long street to a livery corral, leaving his horse there, and sought the nearest restaurant.

Exhausted by a night of high play and deep drinking, the border town was sleeping off its debauch, saloons and gambling dens silent, the streets almost deserted. To Keith, whose former acquaintance with the place had been entirely after nightfall, the view of it now was almost a shock—the miserable shacks, the gaudy saloon fronts, the littered streets, the dingy, unpainted hotel, the dirty flap of canvas, the unoccupied road, the dull prairie sweeping away to the horizon, all composed a hideous picture beneath the sun glare. He could scarcely find a man to attend his horse, and at the restaurant a drowsy Chinaman had to be shaken awake, and frightened into serving him. He sat down to the miserable meal oppressed with disgust—never before had his life seemed so mean, useless, utterly with out excuse.

He possessed the appetite of the open, of the normal man in perfect physical health, and he ate heartily, his eyes wandering out of the open window down the long, dismal street. A drunken man lay in front of the "Red Light" saloon sleeping undisturbed; two cur dogs were snarling at each other just beyond over a bone; a movers' wagon was slowly coming in across the open through a cloud of yellow dust. That was all within the radius of vision. For the first time in years the East called him—the old life of cleanliness and respectability. He swore to himself as he tossed the Chinaman pay for his breakfast, and strode out onto the steps. Two men were coming up the street together from the opposite direction—one lean, dark-skinned, with black goatee, the other heavily set with closely trimmed gray beard. Keith knew the latter, and waited, leaning against the door, one hand on his hip.

"Hallo, Bob," he said genially; "they must have routed you out pretty early today."

"They shore did, Jack," was the response. He came up the steps somewhat heavily, his companion stopping below. "The boys raise hell all night, an' them come ter me ter straighten it out in the mawnin'. When did ye git in?"

"An hour ago; had to wake the 'chink' up to get any chuck. Towa looks dead."

"Tain't over lively at this time o' day," permitting his blue eyes to wander up the silent street, but instantly bringing them back to Keith's face, "but I reckon it'll wake up later on."

"He stood squarely on both feet, and one hand rested on the butt of a revolver. Keith noticed this, wondering vaguely.

"I reckon yer know, Jack, as how I generally git what I goes after," said the slow, drawing voice, "an' that I draw 'bout as quick as any o' the boys. They tell me ye're a gun-slinger, but it won't do ye no good ter make a play yer, fer one o' us is sure to git yer—do yer sabs?"

"Get me?" Keith's voice and face expressed astonishment, but not a muscle of his body moved. "What do you mean, Bob—are you fellows after me?"

"Sure thing; got the warrant here," and he tapped the breast of his shirt with his left hand. The color mounted into the cheeks of the other, his lips grew set and white, and his gray eyes darkened. "Let it all out, Marshal," he said sternly, "you've got me roped and tied. Now what's the charge?" Neither man moved, but the one below swung about so as to face them, one hand thrust out of sight beneath the tail of his long coat. "Make him throw up his hands, Bob," he said sharply. "Oh, I reckon thar ain't goin' ter be no trouble," returned the marshal genially, yet with no relaxation of attention. "Keith knows me, an' expects a fair deal. Still, maybe I better ask yer to unhitch yer belt, Jack."

A moment Keith seemed to hesitate, plainly puzzled by the situation and endeavoring to see some way of escape; then his lips smiled, and he silently unhooked the belt, handing it over.



"Are You Goin' to Raise a Row, or Come Along Quietly?"

"Sure, I know you're square, Hicks," he said, coolly. "And now I've unlimbered, kindly inform me what this is all about."

"I reckon yer don't know."

"No more than an unborn babe. I have been here but an hour."

"That's it: if yer had been longer thar wouldn't be no trouble. Ye're wanted for killin' a couple o' men out at Cimmaron Crossin' early yesterday mornin'."

Keith stared at him too completely astounded for the instant to even speak. Then he gasped.

"For God's sake, Hicks, do you believe that?"

"I'm damned if I know," returned the marshal, doubtfully. "Don't seem like ye'd do it, but the evidence is straight 'nough, an' thar ain't nothin' fer me ter do but take ye in. I ain't no judge an' jury."

"No, but you ought to have ordinary sense, an' you've known me for three years."

"Sure I have, Jack, but if yee've gone wrong, you won't be the first good man I've seen do it. Anyhow, the evidence is dead agin you, an' I'd arrest my own grand-dad if they give me a warrant agin him."

"What evidence is there?"

"Five men swear they saw ye haulin' the bodies about, and lootin' the pockets."

Then Keith understood, his heart beating rapidly, his teeth clenched to keep back an outburst of passion. So that was their game, was it?—some act of his had awakened the cowardly suspicions of those watching him across the river. They were afraid that he knew them as white men. And they had found a way to safely muzzle him. They must have ridden hard over those sand dunes to have reached Carson City and sworn out this warrant. It was a good trick, likely enough to hang him, if the fellows only stuck to their story. All this flashed through his brain, yet somehow he could not clearly comprehend the full meaning, his mind confused and dazed by this sudden realization of danger. His eyes wandered from the steady gaze of the marshal, who had half drawn his gun fearing resistance, to the man at the bottom of the steps. Suddenly it dawned upon him where he had seen that dark-skinned face, with the black goatee, before—at the fare table of the "Red Light." He gripped his hands together, instantly connecting that sneering, sinister face with the plot.

"Who swore out that warrant?"

"I did, if you need to know," a sarcastic smile revealing a gleam of white teeth. "On the affidavits of others, friends of mine."

"Why are you?"

"I'm mostly called 'Black Bart.'"

That was it; he had the name now—"Black Bart." He straightened up so quickly, his eyes blazing, that the marshal jerked his gun clear.

"See here, Jack," shortly, "are yer goin' to raise a row, or come along quiet?"

As though the words had aroused him from a bad dream, Keith turned to front the stern, bearded face.

"There'll be no row, Bob," he said, quietly. "I'll go with you."

(To Be Continued.)

D. E. Hall went to Council Bluffs this afternoon to spend Sunday there. He is superintendent of the construction company putting up the federal building here.

FOR SALE—One Ross hand hay cutter, almost new; cuts hay in quarter-inch lengths. See Dunbar at the Riley hotel.

BRITISH CITIES ARMED CAMPS

Railroads Trying to Move Trains Under Protection of Troops.

TRAFFIC BADLY DEMORALIZED.

Many Thousand Men Remain at Work but They Are Unable to Handle the Business—Riots Reported in Four Cities.

Progress of Labor War. Scores of thousands of railway men in the United Kingdom are on strike. The movement threatens to cripple 23,000 miles of steam railways. Neither managers or employees seem disposed to deviate from their ultimatum. Passenger traffic in London and other centers is demoralized; freight traffic throughout the kingdom is hampered. Liverpool's steamship service is at a standstill. Sporadic rioting occurred in various English cities and in Wales. Troops everywhere are ready to quell disturbances. Parliament remains in session because of the strike. Scarcity of food is causing prices to advance. The railways employ 500,000 men whose average weekly wage is less than \$5.

London, Aug. 19.—The fight between the railroad companies and the striking union employees is on in dead earnest. Thousands have obeyed the strike order and other thousands have continued at work. The companies are operating their principal trains under modified schedules.

The government and the board of trade are continuing their efforts toward peace, but the old deadlock between the unions and the managers appears to have reasserted itself. The managers had a prolonged meeting with members of the board of trade, but as far as it is learned the railroad companies declined to budge from their stand of making no further concession beyond submitting the dispute to the royal commission suggested by the government.

The cities of England are armed camps. The stations, workshops, signal posts, tunnels and bridges are guarded by soldiers. Clerks have been pressed into service to aid the non-strikers in moving the trains. Despite the efforts of the companies freight traffic is demoralized and the shortage of food supplies threatens a famine at some points.

There has been rioting at Birmingham, Derby, Sheffield and at Llanelly, Wales.

The government views the industrial war as so grave that Parliament did not adjourn as has been expected, but will continue prepared to adopt any emergency legislation the moment it is necessary.

The trains in London were moving occasionally, but had scarcely any effect in reducing the mass of would-be travelers. Thousands living outside were unable to get home. The strike committee has decided to pay the strikers \$2.50 a week.

NEW ALTITUDE MARK

Aviator Brindley Soars 11,700 Feet in Air at Chicago.

Chicago, Aug. 19.—Oscar A. Brindley soared higher in the air than any airplane ever has been and set a new world's record of 11,786 feet. Philip O. Parmelee followed him, passing the former American record and reached 10,837 feet before he was forced to descend.

James Ward and Earle Ovington, flying at comparatively low levels, both had narrow escapes from death. The propeller of Ward's machine broke into a hundred pieces as he flew before the grand stand and pieces of wood tore the canvas, but the aviator held tight and brought his machine wobbling to the ground. Ovington with his engine stopped, not quite able to reach shore, found a landing place in five feet of water, from which he escaped with no other injury than a ducking.

PRISONER OF HATE RELEASED

Woman Serves Twenty-Nine Days to Save Money for Willow Plume.

St. Louis, Aug. 19.—After being a voluntary prisoner of hate in the Clayton jail for twenty-nine days rather than pay \$1 fine and \$28.95 costs for pulling another woman's hair, Mrs. Ethel Marik was released.

"I'll get that willow plume in time to wear it Sunday," Mrs. Marik said to the other women prisoners as she bade them good-by.

Throughout her term of imprisonment, which separated her from her husband and her two small children, she was sustained by the thought of "that willow plume." When the judge gave her the alternative of going to jail or paying the fine, she said: "I'll go to jail and save the money for a willow plume."

She would not let her mother or her husband pay the fine.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD. Noted Englishman Who, With Wife, Has Arrived For Visit in America.



Photo by American Press Association.

LORD BERESFORD ARRIVES

Noted Englishman Comes to America With Wife for Visit.

New York, Aug. 19.—Lord Charles Beresford and Lady Beresford have arrived here on the White Star liner Olympic for a visit to America.

MERRITT'S FUNERAL HELD AT RED OAK

Services Conducted Over Remains of Lieutenant's Body.

Red Oak, Ia., Aug. 19.—Seven thousand people participated in an impressive memorial service in honor of the memory of Lieutenant Darwin R. Merritt, who lost his life on the battleship Maine, Feb. 15, 1898, and whose remains were recovered from the wreck on Aug. 3.

The body has been here since Monday, lying in state at the armory of company M. Services were held in the Chautauqua park, the principal address being delivered by Judge H. E. Deemer of the Iowa supreme court.

Governor B. F. Carroll, who with his entire military staff was in attendance, delivered a short address also, as did Judge Walter I. Smith of Council Bluffs, and Rev. E. A. Moulton of Des Moines.

Full military and Masonic honors were bestowed, and in spite of the oppressive weather and a storm, which began during the meeting, the crowd showed its respect to the dead man's memory by remaining until the close. The military service at the grave was performed during an electrical and wind storm, but over 1,000 people stood with bared heads.

Lieutenant Merritt's father, Rev. W. W. Merritt, a pioneer of this county, resides here. Darwin was born in Red Oak, and appointed to the naval academy from this district in 1891. Four years later he graduated at the head of his class, and at the time of the blowing up of the Maine was an assistant engineer on the ship.

COUNTY OFFICERS MEET

Supervisors, Auditors, Treasurers and Poor Farm Stewards Talk Shop.

Mason City, Ia., Aug. 19.—Clear Lake entertained the state association of supervisors, auditors, treasurers and poor farm stewards.

The supervisors met at the White Pier and discussed "Bridges." It was the exceedingly practical the association wanted and got it right from the field. Five-minute addresses were made by Messrs. Dunlay of Kalona, Meyer of Calmar, Holden of Scranton, Mally of Berwick, Jamison of Dows, Swanson of Hartley, McDuff of Cedar Rapids, Verden of Waterloo, Backman of Des Moines, McQuillen of Cascade, Hauke of Clinton, Thompson of Marengo, Cleveland of Oskaloosa, Fisher of Des Moines and Saunders of Montezuma.

The county treasurers met at Holverson's opera house, where the report of the legislative committee was received. C. C. Hunt, secretary of the association, made the set address of the occasion.

The county auditors found their meeting place at the city hall. Col. J. H. McCongue, former Democratic candidate for governor, and at present a member of the Iowa tax commission, made an address on "Taxation."

The poor farm stewards went fishing.

Tornado in South Dakota.

Pierre, S. D., Aug. 19.—A telephone message from Wendte, twenty miles west of here, tells of a tornado which scattered the buildings on the Holm, Bentsch, Decker, Montoe and Ellis farms, some of them being large two-story structures.

SUMNER BEFORE PAROLE BOARD

Tells of Investigation of Health Conditions at Fort Madison.

START PROBE IN SEPTEMBER.

Des Moines Street Car Men and Officials Report Progress in Negotiations—Grain Improvement Day at Iowa State Fair.

Des Moines, Aug. 19.—Secretary Sumner of the state board of health, who recently conducted an investigation into health conditions in the Fort Madison penitentiary, appeared before the state parole board.

While the purpose of Secretary Sumner's conference with the board is not known definitely, it is understood that he gave the board a general idea of the report he intends to make to the governor. It is generally believed that this report will be a criticism of the health conditions in the penitentiary.

Secretary Sumner and President Elker of the health board conducted the investigation at the instance of Governor Carroll.

The commission appointed by Attorney General Cosson to probe and investigate the charges made against Warden Sanders and the state penitentiary at Fort Madison, will probably hold its first hearing at the state house the first week in September.

Move Toward Settlement.

Though no new contract was signed at the conference of street car men and traction system officials, representatives of both sides declared that "some progress" was made in negotiations looking toward a final settlement of the present controversy. Another conference will be held.

It appears that the principal sections of the proposed agreement which the union men have submitted to the company were discussed at the meeting, though none was agreed to. Union men, it is understood, see some progress made in the negotiations because of the disposition shown by company officials to meet the union half way.

Grain Day at State Fair.

Commercial clubs of the state of Iowa have been asked to assist in making a success of grain improvement day at the state fair on Thursday, Aug. 31. Geis Botoford, secretary of the Commercial club, has received a letter from Bert Ball, secretary of the crop improvement committee of the National Council of Grain Exchanges, asking the local boosters to join the movement for better crops in Iowa. It is the purpose of the campaign to obtain a larger yield of better grain in Iowa. The national council wishes to restore Iowa to its former prominence as a wheat growing state.

BANDITS NEAR MONDAMIN

Two Men Steal Team and Buggy From Barn at Modale.

Logan, Ia., Aug. 19.—A team and buggy were stolen from the barn of Frank Matthews, near Modale, at midnight by two men supposed to be members of the band who shot Marshal Butcher at Missouri Valley.

Sheriff Rock, who is at Council Bluffs, and Mayor Warner of Missouri Valley were at once notified and a large posse was sent north in a special car on the Sioux City road and in ten automobiles. The stolen team was found near Mondamin and about three miles from the Missouri river. It had been driven about nine miles.

Officers in Monona and Woodbury counties, Iowa, and Washington and Burt counties, Nebraska, have been notified and the bottoms on both sides of the river will be searched thoroughly.

SUIT FILED AGAINST MAYOR

Marshalltown Attempts to Make Ingledeu Settle Court Case Costs.

Marshalltown, Ia., Aug. 19.—Charging that he is indebted to the municipality for \$1,311.96, and refuses to pay it, the city of Marshalltown filed suit for that amount against former Mayor O. L. Ingledeu. The money in question represents the amount of the four warrants held by the former mayor, issued him by the city council to pay the expenses incurred by him and three of his police officers, for their attorneys' hire in the federal court case in which Mayor Ingledeu and his officers were charged with interfering with a federal officer in the discharge of his duty.

The city maintains that the city was under no obligation to pay for the mayor's and policemen's attorneys' costs.

Equal Number Boys and Girls.

Jefferson, Ia., Aug. 19.—County Superintendent Oblinger in making out his report which he must forward to State Superintendent Deyoe, finds that there are 4,720 children in the county of the school age. That is nothing strange, but when he discovered that the number of boys and the number of girls were exactly the same there was surprise depicted on every part of his countenance. Two thousand three hundred and sixty boys and the same number of girls.