



# KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS  
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WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING, ETC.  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILL

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## CHAPTER VIII.

The Wilderess Cabin.  
The light was considerably farther away than they had at first supposed, and as they advanced steadily toward it, the nature of the ground rapidly changed, becoming irregular, and littered with low growing shrubs. In the darkness they stumbled over outcroppings of rock, and after a fall or two were compelled to move forward with extreme caution. But the mysterious yellow glow continually beckoned, and with new hope animating the hearts of both men, they staggered on, striving themselves to the effort, and following closely along the bank of the stream.

At last they arrived where they could perceive dimly something of the nature of this unexpected desert oasis. The light shone forth, piercing the night through the uncurtained window of a log cabin, which would otherwise have been completely concealed from view by a group of low growing cottonwoods. This was all the black, enshrouding night revealed, and even this was merely made apparent by the yellow illumination of the window. The cabin stood upon an island, a strip of sand, partially covered by water, separating it from the north shore on which they stood. There was no sign of life about the hut, other than the burning lamp, but that alone was sufficient evidence of occupancy. In spite of hunger, and urgent need, Keith hesitated, uncertain as to what they might be called upon to face. Who could be living in this out-of-the-way spot, in the heart of this inhospitable desert? It would be no cattle out-post surely, for there was no surrounding grazing land, while surely no professional hunter would choose such a barren spot for headquarters. Either a hermit, anxious to escape all intercourse with humanity, or some outlaw hidden from arrest, would be likely to select so isolated a place in which to live. To them it would be ideal. Away from all trails, where not even widely roving cattlemen would penetrate, in midst of a desert avoided by Indians because of lack of game—a man might hide here year after year without danger of discovery. Yet such a one would not be likely to welcome their coming, and they were without arms. But Keith was not a man to hesitate long because of possible danger, and he stepped down into the shallow water.

"Come on, Neb," he commanded, "and we'll find out who lives here."  
The window faced the west, and he came up the low bank to where the door fronted the north in intense darkness. Under the shadow of the cottonwoods he could see nothing, groping his way, with hands extended. His foot struck a flat stone, and he plunged forward, striking the unlatched door so heavily as to swing it open, and fell partially forward into the room. As he struggled to his knees, Neb's black face peering past him into the lighted interior, he seemed to perceive in one swift, comprehensive glance, every revealed detail. A lamp burned on a rudely constructed set of drawers near the window, and a wood fire blazed redly in a stone fireplace opposite, the yellow and red lights blending in a peculiar glow of color. Under this radiance were revealed the rough log walls plastered with yellow clay, and hung about with the skins of wild animals, a roughly made table, bare except for a book lying upon it, and a few ordinary appearing boxes, evidently utilized as seats, together with a barrel cut so as to make a comfortable chair. In the back wall was a door, partially open, apparently leading into a second room. That was all, except the woman.

Keith must have perceived all these in that first hurried glance, for they were ever after closely associated together in his mind, yet at the moment he possessed no other thought of anything except her. She stood directly behind the table, where she must have sprung hastily at the first sound of their approach, clutching at the ruda mantle above the fireplace, and staring toward him, her face white, her breath coming in sobs. At first he thought the vision a dream, a delirium born from his long struggle; he could not conceive the possibility of such a presence in this lonely place, and staggering to his feet, gazed wildly, dumbly at the slender, gray clad figure, the almost girlish face under the shadowing dark hair, expecting the marvellous vision to vanish. Surely this could not be real! A woman, and such a woman as this here, and alone, of all places! He staggered from weakness, almost terror, and grasped the table to hold himself erect. The rising wind came swirling in through the open door, causing the fire to send forth spirals of smoke, and he turned, dragging the dazed negro within, and snapping the latch behind him. When he glanced around again he fully believed the vision confronting him would have vanished. But no! there she yet remained, those wide-open, frightened brown eyes, with long lashes half hiding their depths, looking di-

rectly into his own; only now she had slightly changed her posture, leaning toward him across the table. Like a flash he comprehended that this was reality—flesh and blood—and, with the swift instinct of a gentleman, his numbed, nerveless fingers jerked off his hat, and he bowed bareheaded before her.

"Pardon me," he said, finding his voice with difficulty. "I fell over the step, but—but I didn't expect to find a woman here."

He heard her quick breathing, marked a slight change in the expression of the dark eyes, and caught the glitter of the firelight on a revolver in her lowered hand.

"What a'd you expect to find?"  
"I hardly knew," he explained lamely; "we stumbled on this hut by accident. I didn't know there was a cabin in all this valley."

"Then you are not here for any purpose? To meet with any one?"  
"No; we were lost, and had gone into camp up above, when we discovered your light."

"Where do you come from?"  
Keith hesitated just an instant, yet falsehood was never easy for him, and he saw no occasion for any deceit now.

"Carson City."

"What brought you here?"  
"We started for the 'Bar X' ranch down below, on the Canadian; got caught in a sand-storm, and then just drifted. I do not know within twenty miles of where we are."

She drew a deep breath of uncooled relief.

"Are you alone?"

"The negro and I—yes; and you haven't the slightest reason to be afraid of us—we're square."

She looked at him searchingly, and something in Keith's clean-cut face seemed to bring reassurance, confidence in the man.

"I am not afraid," she answered, coming toward him around the short table. "Only it is so lonely here, and you startled me, bursting in without warning. But you look all right, and I am going to believe your story. What is your name?"

"Keith—Jack Keith."

"A cowman?"

"A little of everything, I reckon," a touch of returning bitterness in the tone. "A plainsman, who has punched cattle, but my last job was government scout."

"You look as though you might be more than that," she said slowly.

The man flushed, his lips pressing tightly together.

"Well, I—I may have been," he confessed unwillingly. "I started out all right, but somehow I reckon I just went drift. It's a habit in this country."

Apparently those first words of comment had left her lips unthinkingly, for she made no attempt to reply; merely stood there directly facing him, her clear eyes gazing frankly into his own. He seemed to actually see her now for the first time, fairly—a supple, slender figure, simply dressed, with wonderfully expressive brown eyes, a perfect wealth of dark hair, a clear complexion with slight olive tinge to it, a strong, intelligent face, not strictly beautiful, yet strangely attractive, the forehead low and broad, the nose straight, the lips full and inclined to smile. Suddenly a vague remembrance brought recognition.

"Why, I know you now."

"Indeed!" the single word a note of undisguised surprise.

"Yes; I thought you looked oddly familiar all the time, but couldn't for the life of me connect up. You're Christie Maclaire."

"Am I?" her eyes filled with curiosity.

"Of course you are. You needn't be afraid of me if you want it kept secret, but I know you just the same. Saw you at the 'Galety' in Independence, maybe two months ago. I went three times, mostly on your account. You've got a great act, and you can sing too."

She stood in silence, still looking fixedly at him, her bosom rising and falling, her lips parted as if to speak. Apparently she did not know what to do, how to act, and was thinking swiftly.

"Mr. Keith," she said, at last in decision, "I am going to ask you to blot that all out—to forget that you even suspect me of being Christie Maclaire, of the Galety."

"Why, certainly; but would you explain?"

"There is little enough to explain. It is sufficient that I am here alone with you. Whether I wish to or not, I am compelled to trust myself to your protection. You may call me Christie Maclaire, or anything else you please; you may even think me unworthy respect, but you possess the face of a gentleman, and as such I am going to trust you—I must trust you. Will you accept my confidence on these terms?"

Keith did not smile, nor move. Weak from hunger and fatigue, he leaned wearily against the wall. Nevertheless that simple, womanly ap-

peal awoke all that was strong and sacrificing within him, although her words were so unexpected that, for the moment he failed to realize their full purport. Finally he straightened up.

"I—I accept any terms you desire," he gasped weakly, "if—if you will only give one return."

"One return?—what?"

"Food; we have eaten nothing for sixty hours."

Her face, which had been so white, flushed to the hair, her dark eyes softening.

"Why, of course; sit down. I ought to have known from your face. There is plenty here—such as it is—only you must wait a moment."

(To Be Continued.)

## CERTAIN RESULTS

Many a Plattsmouth Citizen Knows How Sure They Are.

Nothing uncertain about the work of Doan's Kidney Pills in Plattsmouth. There is plenty of positive proof of this in the testimony of citizens. Such evidence should convince the most skeptical doubter. Read the following statement:

Mrs. James Hodgert, 1102 Main street, Plattsmouth, Neb., says: "I suffered a great deal from dull, heavy pains across the small of my back, especially severe when I stooped or brought any strain on the muscles of my loins. About two years ago I learned of Doan's Kidney Pills and they brought me such prompt and positive relief that I have since used them whenever I have felt in need of a kidney remedy. I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Rynot & Co.'s Drug Store and do not hesitate to recommend them."

The above statement was given in June, 1906, and on December 30, 1908, Mrs. Hodgert said: "I still hold a high opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills. I am glad to confirm all I have previously said about this remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

### No Need to Stop Work.

When your doctor orders you to stop work, it staggers you. "I can't," you say. You know you are weak, run-down and failing in health, day by day, but you must work as long as you can stand. What you need is Electric Bitters to give tone, strength, and vigor to your system, to prevent breakdown and build you up. Don't be weak, sickly or ailing when Electric Bitters will benefit you from the first dose. Thousands bless them for their glorious health and strength. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50c at F. G. Fricke & Co.

## FLYERS SOON TO START FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Omaha and Lincoln Favored Points for Stopping Places by the Aviators.

Plattsmouth is much interested in the possibility of seeing one or more of the transcontinental aviators in their flight from ocean to ocean. From the number of entries and the preparations that are being made it will be no surprise to see this great feat accomplished by one or more of the aviators.

Ward, a member of the Curtiss team of flyers; Fowler, a successful aviator; Phil Parmelee of the Wright team; Rogers, another Wright flyer, and Atwood, the St. Louis to New York flyer have so far entered for the contest.

Parmelee will have a special train to follow him, and will have material on the train for four aeroplanes. He will also have four mechanics, so it appears as if the only way to keep him from making the trip is a serious injury or a lack of time. The trip must be made inside of thirty days.

Atwood will have Boston backing on his trip, and the other aviators will likely have arrangements somewhat similar to Parmelee's.

On account of the winds most of the flights will be from the Pacific coast to the east. Lincoln and Omaha are favored points for stopping places along the route, and for that reason Plattsmouth stands a show of getting a glimpse or two of the aviators.

George W. Hild is taking in the fair today.

## A SOCIAL SENSATION AT ASHLAND, NEBRASKA

Plans of Wilbur F. St. Clair, a Printer in the Gazette Office, Nipped in the Bud.

A sensation at Ashland is nothing uncommon, and the latest real sensation has just come to light. Ashland gossips are busy with a genuine domestic sensation these days which, but for the arrival of the wife of a man who was posing as a single, might have had a tragic ending.

A couple of years ago Wilbur F. St. Clair, a printer, aged 50 years, came there from Omaha and went to work in the office of the Ashland Gazette. He was known to be a married man and he made weekly visits to his home in Omaha. The visits became less frequent as time went on and they almost ceased. He finally gave out that he had been divorced on the grounds of infidelity, and a notice to that effect was printed in the Gazette, on which he was foreman. About this time he began paying marked attention to a 19-year-old girl in that city, taking her to and from church, to amusements and ice cream parlors. Shortly after both St. Clair and the young woman made announcement that they were to be married as soon as the necessary six months following his divorce had expired.

But somewhere in the carefully laid plan a burr dropped off a bolt and the machine began to wobble. It was becoming loose in its bearings, when Mrs. Paxton, a sister of St. Clair's wife, a bookkeeper at the Omaha Printing company, Omaha, came here with an officer and confronted St. Clair with evidence of his escapades. But the foreman bluffed his sister-in-law and the officer who accompanied her, and they returned to Omaha that same day. Mrs. Paxton said she was afraid to let her sister know anything of the matter as the news would kill her.

Monday, Mrs. Paxton, accompanied by Mrs. W. F. St. Clair, came here and finding that St. Clair was in Greenwood, they hired an auto and hid over to that place, taking with them the Ashland girl, where they confronted St. Clair in a restaurant. His wife accused St. Clair of recent acts and it is said, he confessed before at least a score of people, begging his wife not to send him to the penitentiary for wife desertion and neglect of her and his four children. As a side issue St. Clair was in the land business and he said he was about to start out with a party of land buyers and that he would send his wife plenty of money.

The three women returned to Ashland in a hysterical condition. Mrs. St. Clair and her sister returned to Omaha, where she said she would at once bring suit for divorce against her husband, who, it is said here, has skipped for greener fields.

W. N. Becker, owner of the Gazette, has something to say to St. Clair if he catches up with him, and possibly Uncle Sam may get into the game likewise, but that is another story.

It is said that St. Clair received \$20 per week and that he sent his wife, who lives with her four children at 616 South Thirtieth street, Omaha, from \$5 to \$7 per week, retaining the rest for his "personal" expenses. St. Clair formerly lived at Glenwood, Iowa. His father, who is 85 years of age, is pastor of a Methodist church at Exeter, Mo.

William Starkjohn went to Custer county this afternoon to look after his land there.

## CATARRH



## HAY FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM  
Applied to the nostrils is quickly absorbed.  
GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE.  
It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. It is easy to use. Contains no injurious drugs. No mercury, no cocaine, no morphine. The household remedy. Price, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York

**\$15**

Do you know that this week we are selling choice of any odd Summer suit in our store for \$15? Positively no reservation. This is an exceptional offer as it means suits as high as \$30 for \$15. Its worth your time to investigate. Look in our corner window.

It's never too late to do good. We bought last week of a prominent manufacturer a lot of fine soft dress shirts, with soft collar and cuffs attached at 1/2 price. You can see them in our west window. The price is **39c**

**C. E. Wescott's Sons**  
THE HOME OF SATISFACTION

## ROBBERIES PRETTY NUMEROUS ACROSS RIVER IN MILLS COUNTY--ONE HERE

Man Hunts Are All the Rage Across the River—Two Men Injured in Automobile Accident While Chasing Robbers—People Should Be Careful Here.

Recent robberies at Glenwood, at Emerson was entered and at Hastings, Iowa, in Mills county, across the Missouri river, and the robbery here last night may have been done by the same men.

Burglars entered the store of Miller & Phipps at Glenwood a few nights ago and carried away goods to the amount of \$200. Entrance was effected by forcing a back transom, and then the door was removed by uncoupling the hinges.

Bloodhounds were secured from Norfolk, Neb., and put to work. They followed a trail to Pacific Junction, but lost it at that place. Just a day or two before a store

at Emerson was entered and goods to the amount of \$150 taken. This rapidly followed the burglarizing of the Martin store at Hastings and a store at Red Oak.

While on the hunt for the two robbers of the Glenwood store Monday Deputy Sheriff Stevens of Mills county and L. D. Stevens, owner of one of the dogs, were injured when an automobile went off a bridge and fell twenty feet. The car was badly smashed.

The numerous burglaries in Mills county and the one at the Scott home last night should make local people a little careful for the next few days.

## TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLAR DAMAGE SUIT

Anson A. Hubbard of Arkansas Asks This Amount From the Missouri Pacific Railway.

According to the Nebraska City News a suit filed in the district court by Anson A. Hubbard of Salado, Ark., through his attorneys, Pitzer, Hayward & Zimmerman, asks for \$20,000 damages for injuries received in a wreck supposed to have occurred at Union, Neb., on October 10, 1910.

According to the petition the plaintiff was en route from Omaha to his southern home and while asleep in one of the chair cars another train butted into the car and so seriously injured him that he was unconscious for a long time and does not remember anything until he reached Kansas City. In first looking up the case it was found that the man got onto the cars at Omaha and lay down to sleep in one of the chair cars and was slightly aroused when the train stopped at Union and the accident occurred a short time after the stop and he was so seriously injured that he was unconscious for many hours and for a long time after he reached his home could remember but little about the trip or how he was injured. He claims to be a farmer and had been up north to look after some land and was injured while en route home. The accident occurred at night and happened while the Lincoln branch train was being switched onto the main line to be attached to the main line train. The man is still unable to work and asks the court to award him the amount of damages asked for.

## A Dreadful Sight

to H. J. Barnum, of Freeville, N. Y., was the fever-sore that had plagued his life for years in spite of many remedies he tried. At last he used Bucklen's Arnica Salve and wrote: "It has entirely healed with scarcely a scar left." Boils Burns, Boils, Eczema, Cuts, Bruises, Swellings, Corns and Piles like magic. Only 25c at F. G. Fricke & Co.

## Candidate for Clerk.

The chairman and secretary of the republican county central committee filed the name of Raymond Mayfield of Eight Mile Grove precinct today as a candidate for county clerk on the republican ticket. There is a question as to whether this procedure is legal, but County Clerk Morgan accepted it just the same. It will be remembered that George Swartz, who was nominated for this position, filed his declination some time ago with the county clerk, but it is claimed by the chairman and secretary that he declined something he had not received. Mr. Morgan, however, feeling that there was a question as to its legality, filed the name, and it will appear on the regular ballots. Mr. Morgan is a man who believes in being fair in all things.

As usually treated, a sprained ankle will disable a man for three or four weeks, but by applying Chamberlain's Liniment freely as soon as the injury is received, and observing the directions with each bottle, a cure can be effected in from two to four days. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

## New Girl Arrives.

The stork stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Egenberger last night and left a bouncing ten-pound baby girl. Both mother and child are getting along fine, and, of course, Fred is wearing that broad smile that won't come off.

C. H. Wedemeyer went to Adair, Iowa, after a business trip here.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*