

KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS
By RANDALL DARRISH
AUTHOR OF MY LADY OF THE SOUTH
WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILLE

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ver number.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Hawley Reveals Himself.

A fragment of candle, stuck tightly into the neck of an empty bottle, appeared on a low shelf, and Keith lit it. The girl returning the lamp to its former position on the front room table. Investigation revealed a dozen cartridges fitting the revolver, but no ammunition was discovered adapted to the sawed-off gun, which Neb had already appropriated, and was dragging about with him, peering into each black corner in anxious search. The two were still busily employed at this, when to their ears, through the stillness of the night, there came the unexpected noise of splashing in the water without, and then the sound of a horse stumbling as he struck the bank. Quick as a flash Keith closed the intervening door, extinguished the dim flame of the candle, and grasping the startled negro's arm, hushed him into silence.

Crouching close behind the door, through a crack of which the light streamed, yielding slight view of the interior, the plainsman anxiously awaited developments. These arrivals must certainly be some of those connected with the house; there could be little doubt as to that. Nevertheless, they might prove the posse following them, who had chanced to stumble accidentally on their retreat. In either case they could merely wait, and learn. Some one swore without, and was sharply rebuked by another voice, which added an order gruffly. Then the outer latch clicked, and a single man stepped within, immediately closing the door. Keith could not see the girl through the small aperture, but he heard her quick exclamation, startled, yet full of relief.

"Oh, is it you? I am so glad!" The man laughed lightly. "It is nice to be welcomed, although, perhaps, after your time of loneliness any arrival would prove a relief. Did you think I was never coming, Christie?"

"I could not understand," she replied, evidently with much less enthusiasm, and to Keith's thinking, a shade resentful of the familiarity, "but naturally supposed you must be unexpectedly delayed."

"Well, I was," and he apparently flung both coat and hat on a bench, with the intention of remaining. "The marshal arrested a fellow for a murder committed out on the Santa Fe Trail, and required me as a witness. But the man got away before we had any chance to try him, and I have been on his trail ever since."

"A murder! Did you imagine he came this way?" "Not very likely; fact of it is, the sand storm yesterday destroyed all traces, and, as a result, we've lost him. So I headed a few of the boys over in this direction, as I wanted to relieve you of anxiety."

She was silent an instant, and the man crossed to the fireplace, where Keith could gain a glimpse of him. Already suspicious from the familiar sound of his voice, he was not surprised to recognize "Black Bart." The plainsman's fingers gripped the negro's arm, his eyes burning. So this gambler and blackleg was the gentlemanly Mr. Hawley, was he; well, what could be his little game? Why had he inveigled the girl into this lonely spot? And what did he now propose doing with her? As he crouched there, peering through that convenient crack in the door, Keith completely forgot his own peril, intent only upon this new discovery. She came slowly around the end of the table, and stood leaning against it, her face clearly revealed in the light of the lamp. For the first time Keith really perceived its beauty, its fresh charm. Could such as she be singer and dancer in a frontier concert hall? And if so, what strange conditions ever drove her into that sort of life?

"Is—la Fred with you?" she questioned, doubtfully. "No; he's with another party riding farther west," the man's eyes surveying her with manifest approval. "You are certainly looking fine to-night, my girl. It's difficult to understand how I ever managed to keep away from you so long."

She flushed to the hair, her lips trembling at the open boldness of his tone. "I—I prefer you would not speak like that," she protested. "And why not?" with a light laugh. "Come, Christie, such fine airs are a trifle out of place. If I didn't know you were a concert hall artist, I might be more deeply impressed. As it is, I reckon you've heard love words before now."

"Mr. Hawley, I have trusted you as a gentleman. I never came here except on your promise to bring me to my brother," and she stood erect before him. "You have no right to even assume that I am Christie MacLaird." "Sure not, I don't assume. I have seen that lady too often to be mistaken. Don't try on that sort of thing with me—I don't take it kindly. Perhaps a kiss might put you in bet-

ter number. He took a step forward, as though proposing to carry out his threat, but the girl stopped him, her eyes burning with indignation.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed passionately, all fear leaving her in sudden resentment. "You think me alone here and helpless; that you can insult me at your pleasure. Don't go too far, Mr. Hawley. I know what you are now, and it makes no difference what you may think of me, or call me; you'll find me perfectly able to defend myself."

"Oh, indeed!" sneeringly, "you are melodramatic; you should have been an actress instead of a singer. But you waste your talent out here on me. Do you imagine I fear either you, or your precious brother? Why, I could have him hung to-morrow."

She was staring at him with wide open eyes, her face white.

"What—what do you mean? What has Fred done?"

He was cold and sarcastic. "That makes no difference; it is what I could induce men to swear he had done. It's easy enough to convict in this country, if you only know how. I simply tell you this, so you won't press me too hard. Puritanism is out of place west of the Missouri, especially among ladies of your profession. Oh, come, now, Christie, don't try to put such airs on with me. I know who you are, all right, and can guess why you are hunting after Fred Willoughby. I pumped the boy, and got most of the truth out of him."

"You—you have seen him, then, since you left me," she faltered, bewildered, "and didn't bring him here with you?"

"Why should I?" and the man stepped forward, his eyes on her, his hands twitching with a desire to clasp her to him, yet restrained by some undefinable power. "While I believed your brother story, I could have played the good Samaritan most beautifully, but after I talked with Willoughby I prefer him at a distance."

"My brother story! Do you mean to insinuate you doubt his being my brother? He told you that?"

"He gave up the whole trick. You can't trust a kid like that, Christie. A couple of drinks will loosen his tongue, and put you in wrong. Come, now, I know it all; be reasonable."

Apparently the girl had lost her power of speech, staring blindly at the face of the man before her, as a bird meets the slow approach of a snake. Keith could see her lips move, but making no sound. Hawley evidently interpreted her silence as hesitation, doubt as to his real meaning.

"You see where you are at now, Christie," he went on swiftly. "But you don't need to be afraid. I'm going to be a friend to you, and you can be mighty glad you got rid of Willoughby so easily. Why, I can buy you diamonds where he couldn't give you a calico dress. Come on, let's stop this foolishness. I took a liking to you back there in the stage, and the more I've thought about you since the crazier I've got. When I succeeded in pumping Willoughby dry, and discovered you wasn't his sister at all, why that settled the matter. I came down here after you. I love you, do you understand that? And, what's more, I intend to have you!"

He reached out, and actually grasped her, but, in some manner, she tore loose, and sprang back around the end of the table, her cheeks flushed, her eyes burning.

"Don't touch me! don't dare touch me!" she panted. "You lie; Fred Willoughby never told you that. If you come one step nearer, I'll scream; I'll call your men here; I'll tell them the kind of a cur you are."

He laughed, leaning over toward her, yet hesitating, his eyes full of admiration. Her very fierceness appealed to him, urged him on.

"Oh, I wouldn't! In the first place they probably wouldn't hear, for they are camped down in the corral. I suspected you might be something of a tigress, and preferred to fight it out with you alone. Then, even if they did hear, there would be no interference—I've got those fellows trained too well for that. Come on, Christie; you're helpless here."

"Am I?"

"Yes, you are."

He took a step toward her, his hands flung out. With one quick movement she sprang aside and extinguished the lamp, plunging the room into instant darkness. A few red coals glowed dully in the fireplace, but all else was dense blackness. Keith heard the movements of Hawley, as he felt his was uncertainly along the table, swearing as he failed to find the girl. Then, like a shadow, he glided through the partly open door into the room.

(To Be Continued.)

"I have a world of confidence in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for I have used it with perfect success," writes Mrs. M. I. Basford, Poolesville, Md. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

POST OFFICE WORK DELAYED BY MATERIAL

There Will Be Key Boxes Instead of Combination Kind at the New Postoffice.

The postoffice building will not be ready for occupancy before December 1, it is said by persons connected with the local postoffice. The building could be completed if the material needed could be secured, but the contractor will have to wait on the material.

The contract calls for the entire completion of the building by November 1. There would have been no difficulty in getting the building finished by that time had material been available.

The Journal learned this morning that the new postoffice would be equipped with key boxes instead of the combination style that is used at the present postoffice. This will cause joy to some and sorrow to others. The government does not install combination boxes any more, using the key boxes exclusively. Only three keys can be used to one box, so families of six and eight will be inconvenienced, as all of the members of a large family cannot have keys.

Others will prefer to have a key, as oftentimes a combination will not work and a person, especially if in haste, will have to work the combination several times to open the box.

A deposit will have to be put up for each key taken out. This will be returned upon surrender of the key.

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.

The Harvest Moon.

As some of us middle-aged people look at the fat and jocund face of the harvest moon and absorb the gorgeous beauty of a clear September night, most of us have to admit that our capacity for sensuous pleasure has been a bit dulled by the years that have flown. What a glamor of romance used to surround a moonlight night when we were just grown up enough to feel the witchery of it. How it seemed as if one never could do anything so absolutely prosaic as going home and going to bed. What an affront to the joy of living, to turn the cold eye of sleep on Mr. Man in the Moon before the pale light of dawn should dismiss the mystic visions by a summons to the cold realities of life. Our shallow human nature thus grinds away on its dull round of toil, throwing the mantle of the commonplace over the sweetest visions of earth and heaven. Something has gone that can't come back. But would we want it back, if we had to travel over the same dusty road again? Ay, there's the rub.

Forced to Leave Home.

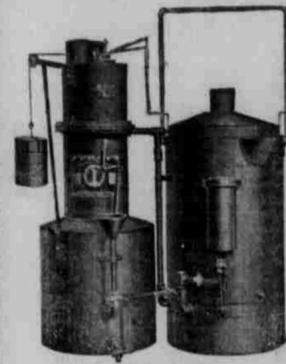
Every year a large number of poor sufferers, whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs, are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. There's a better way. Let Dr. King's New Discovery cure you at home. "It cured me of lung trouble," writes W. R. Nelson, of Calamine, Ark., "when all else failed and I gained 47 pounds in weight. It's surely the king of all cough and lung cures." Thousands owe their lives and health to it. It's positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Asthma, Croup—all Throat and Lung troubles. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at F. G. Fricke & Co.

Pollock Parmele left yesterday for Alton, Ill., where he will enter the Western Military academy. Miss Hallie Parmele will leave for Monticello college, near St. Louis, in two weeks.

C. A. RAWLS LAWYER

Office—First National Bank Building

GAS LIGHTING FOR COUNTRY HOMES!



This style of lighting makes gas just as you use it at the jets or stove and no faster.

The entire machine is automatic in operation and requires no attention whatever except to occasionally put in carbide and water, and that takes only a few minutes of your time and will last from two to three weeks at one filling.

JOHN BAUER,

Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

THE HARDWARE MAN

TWO CHILDREN KIDNAPED OVER AT GLENWOOD, IOWA

Lincoln Woman Slips Into Glenwood in Absence of Mother and Takes the Children.

A kidnaping case is on the tapis for Glenwood, with a possibility that Mrs. Juda (Ed) Howard may be brought here from Lincoln, Neb., to answer to the charge of taking little Carl and Johnnie Howard from the home of their mother, Mrs. Stella Howard Hooker, in Glenwood, forcibly and without authority, says the Tribune.

Three years ago Stella Howard was granted a divorce from Ed Howard, and the custody of their four children. Later she married Ben Hooker and they now live in Glenwood. Ed also married again, and is now said to be living at Lincoln.

Last Saturday this second Mrs. Howard appeared in Glenwood, went to the Hooker home, and (Mr. and Mrs. Hooker both being absent) decoyed and took little Carl and Johnnie, aged 7 and 9, to the railway station. There they were overhauled by an older sister who learned of the action and who undertook to stop the Howard woman from getting away with the children. She appealed to Sheriff Bushnell to stop the woman from taking them away, but he declined to interfere without a warrant and the woman was allowed to take the children aboard the train and leave.

Now, if Mrs. Hooker wants her children back, an action of some sort will be necessary in the courts, and this, it is said, will be commenced.

Deputy Sheriff Edwards went to Lincoln Monday morning with a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Howard and to secure the children. If Mrs. Howard refuses to come a requisition will be made on the Nebraska governor for her surrender.

Off for Conference.

The annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal church opened this morning at University Place church in Lincoln. Rev. W. L. Austin, pastor of the Methodist church in Plattsmouth for the past two years, departed for Lincoln this morning to be in attendance, and it is the hope of not only the members of his congregation, but it is also the wish of the entire city that he will be returned to this charge. Brother Austin's relations with the church and the people in general have been of that nature as to make him very popular. The Journal also joins his numerous friends in the hope that he will be returned, for he is an able, conscientious and genuine good man.

Not a Word of Scandal

marred the call of a neighbor on Mrs. W. P. Spangh, of Manville, Wyo., who said: "She told me Dr. King's New Life Pills had cured her of obstinate kidney trouble, and made her feel like a new woman." Easy, but sure remedy for stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Only 25c at F. G. Fricke & Co.

Mrs. Peter Perry and daughter, Miss Manota Perry, went to Omaha this morning to spend the day there.

NEHAWKA News.

E. M. Pollard motored to Kansas City last week, going down Tuesday and back Thursday.

C. D. St. John left on the 11 o'clock train Thursday for Bellingham, Wash., where he was called on account of the serious illness of his father, H. F. St. John.

Charles Heebner was touched for a \$5 bill and some odd change at the fair Wednesday. Fortunately he had given his wife the most of his money just before.

Carl Stone and family moved in Wednesday from the farm to Henry Pollard's residence which he purchased several months ago. Mr. Pollard on the same day moved out to his farm, where he had just completed a dwelling.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kropp and son, Ernest, returned last Thursday from a ten days' outing near Newcastle, Wyoming. Henry reports a splendid time and admits having ridden on the hurricane deck of a broncho until he felt like a clothespin.

Last Friday evening Miss Isadore Sheldon entertained a number of her girl friends in honor of her out-of-town guests, Miss Ellen Pollock and Miss Lucile Gass of Plattsmouth, and Mary Hungeat of Weeping Water. At 5:30 the guests repaired to the woods, where they were treated to an elaborate supper.

John Doughty and wife returned Monday evening from a ten days' visit to friends and relatives in Dixon county. While up there they visited M. C. Whitehead and John Reed, former residents of this place. Mr. Doughty says they have us beat up that way when it comes to corn, but their small grain is a complete failure. They returned by way of Sioux City.

A deal has been consummated whereby William Williams, who has been living in one of Louis Todd's houses this summer and working for him, becomes proprietor of the restaurant recently conducted by William Davidson. Mr. Davidson has been troubled with an obscure ailment for some time and expects to seek relief in a hospital. Other than this he has not decided what he will do.

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." Heals Burns, Boils, Eczema, Cuts, Bruises, Swellings, Corns and Piles like magic. Only 25c at F. G. Fricke & Co.

Big Dance.

There will be a dance at the T. J. Sokol hall on Saturday night, September 23. The public is invited to attend. A good time is assured to all. The admission will be 50 cents to men. Ladies will be admitted free. The music will be by the M. W. A. orchestra.

Miss Myrtle Stewart passed through here yesterday on her way to Ainsworth, Iowa, from Union, where she visited the family of A. E. Stites.

HELPFUL WORDS

From a Plattsmouth Citizen.

Is your back lame and painful? Does it ache especially after exertion?

Is there a soreness in the kidney region?

These symptoms indicate weak kidneys.

There is danger in delay. Weak kidneys fast get weaker. Give your trouble prompt attention.

Doan's Kidney Pills act quickly. They strengthen weak kidneys. Read this Plattsmouth testimony.

C. Tyler, Rock street, Plattsmouth, Neb., says: "About two years ago, when suffering from lameness across my loins and acute pains through my back when I moved, I procured Doan's Kidney Pills from Rynott & Co.'s Drug Store and used them. They benefited me so greatly that I publicly recommended them. I have been so free from kidney trouble since that I do not hesitate to verify my former testimonial."

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.

Ford Auto for Sale.

Ford runabout, in good condition, thoroughly overhauled and repaired. Price \$225.00; cash or good bankable note. Apply to J. E. Mason.

Apples Wanted.

At Murray, Nebraska. All varieties. Will pay highest market price in cash. By Bunch & Nauman.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE COUNTY OF CASS, NEBRASKA.

In the Matter of the Application of The Plattsmouth Auto and Wagon Bridge Company of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, for an Order of Court Prescribing the Rates of Toll to be Charged by Said Company for Crossing Its Bridge.

Notice of Hearing on Application for Schedule of Maximum Rates of Toll for Crossing Said Bridge.

TO ALL PERSONS INTERESTED: Notice is hereby given that on the 25th day of August, A. D. 1911, The Plattsmouth Auto and Wagon Bridge Company of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, filed its petition in the District Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska, requesting said Court to enter an order and decree prescribing the maximum rates of toll charges for crossing its said bridge, erected across the Platte river, near Plattsmouth, between the Counties of Cass and Sarpy, in the State of Nebraska, alleging the following schedule of toll rates to be reasonable, to-wit:

Steam or Gasoline Traction Engines not to be allowed to cross said bridge.	
Each person on foot, on bicycle or in vehicle.	.05
Children under two years of age, when accompanied by parents or guardian.	Free
Horse and rider.	.15
Motor cycle and rider.	.15
One-horse vehicle and driver.	.20
Two-horse vehicle and driver.	.25
Three-horse vehicle and driver.	.35
Four-horse vehicle and driver.	.50
Horses and cattle, led or driven, each.	.10
Cattle, sheep, goats or hogs, led or driven, each.	.05
Huckster, live poultry, patent medicine and grocery peddler, each, wagon and driver.	\$1.00
Emigrant wagon with driver.	\$1.00
For each additional person.	.05
Automobiles and chauffeur.	.50
Treasurer separator, team and driver.	\$2.50
Corn sheller, team and driver.	\$1.50

For each additional vehicle or implement drawn by team or person. .10
and an order of Court was entered fixing the 25th day of October, A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock A. M., and district court room in the City of Plattsmouth, County of Cass, Nebraska, as the time and place of hearing upon said petition and that at said time and place such orders will be made and entered prescribing maximum rates of toll charges for the use of said bridge, as to the Court may appear proper and just. All objections to said schedule above presented must be filed before said hour of said day of hearing, of all of which you will take due notice.
By the Court, Harvey D. Travis, Judge of the District Court in and for the County of Cass, Nebraska.
Byron Clark and Wm. A. Roberston, Attorneys.