



KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of MY LADY OF THE SOUTH WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING ETC.

Illustrations by DEARBORN MELVILLE

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CHAPTER XII.

Through the Night Shadows.

Keith had very little to guide him, as he could not determine whether this mysterious cabin on the Salt Fork lay to east or west of the usual cattle trail leading down to the Canadian. Yet he felt reasonably assured that the general trend of the country lying between the smaller stream and the valley of the Arkansas would be similar to that with which he was already acquainted. It was merely a wild stretch of sandy desolation, across which their horses would leave scarcely any trail, and even that little would be quickly obliterated by the first puff of wind. As they drew in toward the river valley this plain would change into sand dunes, baffling and confusing, but no matter how hard they pressed forward, it must be daylight long before they could hope to reach these, and this would give him opportunity to spy out some familiar landmark which would guide them to the ford. Meanwhile, he must head as directly north as possible, trusting the horses to find footing.

It was plain instinct, or rather long training in the open, which enabled him to retain any true sense of direction, for beyond the narrow fringe of cottonwoods along the stream, nothing was visible, the eyes scarcely able even to distinguish where earth and sky met. They advanced across a bare level, without elevation or depression, yet the sand appeared sufficiently solid, so that their horses were forced into a swinging lope, and they seemed to fairly press aside the black curtain, which



The Easy Manner in Which She Rode Relieved Him of Anxiety.

as instantly swung shut once more, and closed them in. The pounding hoofs made little noise, and they pressed steadily onward, closely bunched together, so as not to lose each other, dim, spectral shadows flitting through the night, a very part of that grim desolation surrounding them. No one of the three felt like speaking; the gloomy, brooding desert oppressed them, and fragments of thoughts assuming the tinge of their surroundings; their hope centered on escape. Keith rode, grasping the rein of the woman's horse in his left hand, and bending low in vain effort at picking a path. He had nothing to aim toward, yet sturdy confidence in his expert plainscraft yielded him sufficient sense of direction. He had noted the bark of the cottonwoods, the direction of the wind, and steered a course accordingly straight northward, alert to avert any variation.

The girl rode easily, although in a man's saddle, the stirrups much too long. Keith glanced aside with swift approval at the earnestness with which she sat, the loosened rein in her hand, the slight swaying of her form. He could appreciate horsemanship, and the easy manner in which she rode relieved him of one anxiety. It even caused him to break the silence.

"You are evidently accustomed to riding, Miss Hope."

She glanced across at him through the darkness, as though suddenly surprised from thought, her words not coming quickly.

"I cannot remember when I first mounted a horse; in earliest childhood, surely, although I have not ridden much of late. This one is like a rocking chair."

"He belonged to your friend, Mr. Hawley?"

She drew a quick breath, her face again turned forward.

"Who—who is that man? Do you know?"

"I possess a passing acquaintance," he answered, uncertain yet how much to tell her, but tempted to reveal all in test of her real character. "Few do not who live along the Kansas border."

"Do you mean he is a notoriously bad character?"

"I have never heard of his being

held up as a model to the young, Miss Miss Hope," he returned more soberly, convinced that she truly possessed no real knowledge regarding the man, and was not merely pretending innocence. "I had never heard him called Hawley before, and, therefore, failed to recognize him under that respectable name. But I knew his voice the moment he entered the cabin, and realized that some devilment was afoot. Every town along this frontier has his record, and I've met him maybe a dozen times in the past three years. He is known as 'Black Bart'; is a gambler by profession, a desperado by reputation, and a cur by nature. Just now I suspect him of being even deeper in the mire than this."

He could tell by the quick clasp of her hands on the pommel of the saddle the effect of his words, but waited until the silence compelled her to speak.

"Oh, I didn't know! You do not believe that I ever suspected such a thing? That I ever met him there under-standing who he was?"

"No, I do not," he answered. "What I overheard between you convinced me you were the victim of deceit. But your going to that place alone was a most reckless act."

She lifted her hand to her eyes, her head drooping forward.

"Wasn't it what he told me—the outstation of a ranch?"

"No; I have ridden this country for years, and there is no ranch pasturing cattle along the Salt Fork. Miss Hope, I want you to comprehend what it is you have escaped from; what you are now fleeing from. Within the last two years an apparently organized body of outlaws have been operating throughout this entire region. Oftentimes disguised as Indians, they have terrorized the Santa Fe trail for two hundred miles, killing travelers in small parties, and driving off stock. There are few ranches as far west as this, but these have all suffered from raids. These fellows have done more to precipitate the present Indian war than any act of the savages. They have endeavored to make the authorities believe that Indians were guilty of their deeds of murder and robbery. Both troops and volunteers have tried to hold the gang up, but they scatter and disappear, as though swallowed by the desert. I have been out twice, hard on their trail, only to come back baffled. Now, I think accident has given me the clue."

She straightened up; glancing questioningly at him through the darkness.

"This is what I mean, Miss Hope. I suspect that cabin to be the rendezvous of those fellows, and I half believe Hawley to be their leader."

"Then you will report all this to the authorities?"

He smiled grimly, his lips compressed.

"I hardly think so; at least, not for the present. I am not blood-thirsty, or enamored of man-hunting, but I happen to have a personal interest in this particular affair which I should prefer to settle alone." He paused, swiftly reviewing the circumstances of their short acquaintance, and as suddenly determined to trust her discretion. Deep down in his heart he rather wanted her to know. "The fact of the matter is, that Neb and I here were the ones that particular posse were trailing."

"You?" her voice faltered. "He said those men were under arrest for murder, and had broken jail."

"He also said it was easy to convict men in this country if you only knew how. It is true we broke jail, but only in order to save our lives; it was the only way. Technically, we are outlaws, and now run the risk of immediate re-arrest by returning north of the Arkansas. We came to you fugitives; I was charged with murder, the negro with assault. So, you see, Miss Hope, the desperate class of men you are now associating with."

The slight bitterness in his tone stung the girl into resentment. She was looking straight at him, but in the gloom he could not discern the expression of her eyes.

"I don't believe it," she exclaimed decisively, "you—you do not look like that!"

"My appearance may be sufficient to convince you," he returned, rather dryly, "but would weigh little before a Western court. Unfortunately, the evidence was strong against me; or would have been had the case ever come to a trial. The strange thing about it was that both warrants were sworn out by the same complainant and apparently for a similar purpose—'Black Bart' Hawley."

"What purpose?"

"To keep us from telling what we knew regarding a certain crime, in which either he, or some of his intimate friends, were deeply interested."

"But it would all come out at the trial, wouldn't it?"

"There was to be no trial; Judge Lynch settles the majority of such cases out here at present. It is ex-

tremely simple. Listen, and I will tell you the story."

He reviewed briefly those occurrences leading directly up to his arrest, saying little regarding the horrors of that scene witnessed near the Cimmaron Crossing, but making sufficiently clear his very slight connection with it, and the reason those who were guilty of the crime were so anxious to get him out of the way. She listened intently, asking few questions, until he ended. Then they both looked up, conscious that dawn was becoming gray in the east. Keith's first thought was one of relief—the bright sky showed him they were riding straight north.

(To Be Continued.)

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.

Watch the Book Agent.

A special from Lincoln says that State Superintendent Crabtree has issued a circular to all teachers, principals and superintendents of the state warning them against the book agents who would give presents, pay hotel bills and give railroad trips to influence purchases. Mr. Crabtree gives this warning particularly with reference to the forthcoming state meeting of teachers at Omaha. He believes teachers will be approached and offered tickets to Omaha gratis. Mr. Crabtree says he knows of instances of Nebraska teachers accepting favors from book agents.

Not a Word of Scandal

murred 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.

Greeder's New Car.

Dr. Herman Greeder has just received a new Buick 5-passenger car, a 1912 model. It is a beauty in every respect. He had it out in the country for a spin today, and was greatly pleased with the trial.

PROGRESS OF THE NEW PLATTE BRIDGE

Most of the Wooden Piling Is in and Steel Piling Will Be in in a Few Days.

In a few days or a week the Duff-Pollock Platte river bridge, which is being built just east of the Missouri Pacific and Burlington bridges, will begin to take on the appearance of a real bridge. The forces at the bridge have been putting in the false trestle work, which is necessary in the construction of the bridge. Workmen are now putting in the temporary piling across the main channel. As soon as this work is finished, which will be in a day or two, the steel piling will be sunk for the permanent structure. I-beams made of steel and about forty-five feet long will be used for piling in the main channel. Two sections of the bridge will be of steel, with a wooden section between. The steel sections will be over the main channel and the north channel. The bridge will be one that will compare favorably with the Burlington bridge in appearance. It will be heavy enough to support trolley traffic.

Plattsmouth people do not seem to appreciate what this bridge means to the town. It opens up to Plattsmouth a trading territory of considerable extent. At the same time there will be no loss to merchants here because of people trading in Omaha. The distance will be too far to drive except in automobiles, and people who own automobiles trade where they want to regardless of obstacles or inconveniences.

This bridge will put Plattsmouth on the main road of all travel between Omaha and points north, east and west to Nebraska City, Falls City, St. Joseph and all Kansas and Missouri points. The automobile industry, as everybody knows, is still in its infancy. Where there is one car now there will be half a dozen in a few years, as cars are getting cheaper and more reliable. Farmers are buying them as fast as city people. A north and south road from Omaha is demanded, and if Plattsmouth did not avail itself of the opportunity to get on this main road, some other place would. Thanks to the foresight of men like Mr. Duff and Mr. Pollock, Plattsmouth will be on this road.

The county commissioners of this county should do their part in making a good road to the bridge. When private capital comes along and builds such a convenience as the bridge over the Platte will be, the county commissioners should do their part. The bridge will be of great value to farmers in getting their stock to the South Omaha market, and the commissioners ought to furnish good roads for the farmers, if not for the automobilists.

With the coming of good roads and powerful, reliable and at the same time reasonable-priced automobiles, many people who have their business in the cities will live in towns twenty or thirty miles away. In the near future many people will live in Plattsmouth who will have their business at Omaha.

There seems to be a general demand for a big celebration to mark the opening of this bridge. It is a big thing for the town, and should be celebrated accordingly.

Plattsmouth People Protest.

So much opposition has been evinced against the proposed city ordinance to prohibit moving picture shows on Sunday and to so curtail the amusement enterprises and the enjoyment of the people by cutting out a large majority of the films that the council of that city will undoubtedly refuse to pass the ordinance presented for their consideration.

A petition prepared by Earl Travis, reporter of the district court, and J. L. Ritchey of the town has been circulated freely and signed by nearly everyone approached. It is said that nothing in recent years has caused so much discussion.—Nebraska City Press.

Diarrhoea is always more or less prevalent during September. Be prepared for it. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is prompt and effective. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Mrs. F. D. Lehnhoff and daughter, Tillie, went to Omaha today to visit George and Fred Lehnhoff.



AMERICAN FENCE

Made of Hard, Stiff Wire, of Honest Quality

Woven-Wire Fences must be heavy, as they have to turn animals by the sheer strength of the wire. Why?

A fence with barbs is protected from excessive pressure because the animal fears the barbs. Remove the barbs and the greatest strength of the animal is thrown upon the fence. Hence its wires must be larger and stronger. Therefore, to have a longlife woven-wire fence you must have a heavy fence. Among the valuable features that distinguish American Fence is the Hinged-Joint (patented). We back this feature with all our experience as the largest makers of fence in the world. Under side stress and strain the resilient Hinged Joint yields to pressure and quickly returns to its old form without bending or breaking the stay wires, the strain being taken up by the heavy horizontal bars. The real test of a fence is the service you get out of it. Test, judge and compare American Fence under any and all conditions, and you will find that the steel, the structure and galvanizing are equal in durability, strength and efficiency to the hardest uses.

We have just received two carloads of fencing and can fill orders for almost any design fence you would want. Furthermore we figure our fence against any fence made, including the mail order houses. Bring your mail order catalogue along and we will show you that we sell fence cheaper than any mail order house in existence.

JOHN BAUER, PLUMBING! HEATING! HARDWARE!

WORSE SUMMERS THAN THAT JUST PASSED THROUGH

Summers When Streams Dried Up and People Perished From Thirst.

Those who have suffered from the trying heat and long drouths this summer may find a few grains of consolation in the knowledge that there have been far worse summers than 1911. Truly this has been a trying summer which began in early spring and waxed hotter and drier as the weeks advanced into months, and which resulted in the exclusion of potatoes from the average bill of fare and ice from the highball. But a glance into the past reveals the fact that it has not been so bad after all. At least we have had all the water we wanted to drink and our fish were not fried on the bottoms of evaporated rivers. The Paris newspaper, Excelsior, offers the following historical records of previous hot summers to prove that there have been times when people, animals and shrubs suffered more than they have done this year:

In the year 627 the springs dried up and people perished from thirst.

In 993 the trees withered and took fire from the sun's scorching rays.

In the year 1000 (the predicted end of the world) all the rivers ran dry.

In 1303, again, the Seine and the Rhine dwindled and disappeared.

In 1705 meat could be roasted by exposure to the sun.

In 1832, as a result of extreme heat and scarcity of water, a cholera epidemic broke out and claimed 22,000 victims. Finally, in August, 1846, the thermometer stood at 100 and upward for weeks at a time.

Photographs taken recently near Paris, show the effect of the unusual heat conditions upon the fish in the Seine. The fish died by thousands right in the water and floated to the surface where fishermen and others at first began gathering them in nets and pails for food consumption. Only after the most energetic efforts on the part of the authorities was the sale and consumption of the fish as food prevented.

Digestion and Assimilation.

It is not the quantity of food taken, but the amount digested and assimilated that gives strength and vitality to the system. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets invigorate the stomach and liver and enable them to perform their functions naturally. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Plattsmouth Will Celebrate.

A few days ago the editor of the News suggested that Plattsmouth have a big celebration on the opening of the auto and wagon bridge, being built by Ralph Duff and T. H. Pollock over the Platte river, and we are pleased to state that the suggestion is being acted upon. We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. Pollock, in which he says:

"I think the people of Plattsmouth will adopt your suggestion, and as soon as we can be sure of the exact date of the completion of the bridge we will inform you, and in the meantime the preliminary arrangements will be started."

If the "celebration" is advertised properly, there will be more visitors in Plattsmouth on that day than ever before in its history. The bridge will be turned over to the public for its free use on the day of the opening, and Plattsmouth and Nebraska City will be "on the map" from that day on.—Nebraska City News.

For bowel complaints in children always give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil. It is certain to effect a cure and when reduced with water and sweetened is pleasant to take. No physician can prescribe a better remedy. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Auto for Sale.

Two-passenger Ford Automobile, in good repair, just overhauled and repainted; will sell for \$175.00, if taken within the next week. This is a snap. J. E. Mason.

D. W. Foster of Union was in town today on business.

CATARRH



HAY FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Applied into 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.