



# KEITH OF THE BORDER

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

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### The Ford of the Arkansas.

They were still in the midst of the yellow featureless plain, but the weary horses had slowed down to a walk, the heavy sand retarding progress. It was a gloomy, depressing scene in the spectral gray light, a wide circle of intense loneliness, unbroken by either dwarfed shrub or bunch of grass, a barren expanse stretching to the sky. Vague cloud shadows seemed to fit across the level surface, assuming fantastic shapes, but all of the same dull coloring, imperfect and unfinished. Nothing seemed tangible or real, but rather some grotesque picture of delirium, ever merging into another yet more hideous. The very silence of those surrounding wastes seemed burdensome, adding immeasurably to the horror. They were but specks crawling underneath the sky—the only living, moving objects in all that immense circle of desolation and death.

Keith turned in his saddle, looking back past Neb—who swayed in his seat, with his head on his breast as though asleep, his horse plodding after the others—along the slight trail they had made across the desert. So far as eye could reach nothing moved, nothing apparently existed. Fronting again to the north he looked upon the same grim barrenness, only that far off, against the lighter background of distant sky, there was visible a faint blur, a bluish haze, which he believed to be the distant sand dunes bordering the Arkansas. The intense dreariness of it all left a feeling of depression. His eyes turned and regarded the girl riding silently beside him. The same look of depression was visible upon her face, and she was gazing off into the dull distance with lack-luster eyes, her slender form leaning forward, her hands clasped across the pommel. The long weariness of the night had left traces on her young face, robbing it of some of its freshness, yet Keith found it more attractive in the growing daylight than amid the lamp shadows of the evening before. He had not previously realized the peculiar clearness of her complexion, the rose tint showing through the olive skin, or the soft and silky fineness of her hair, which, disarranged, was strangely becoming under the broad brim of the hat she wore, drawn low until it shadowed her eyes. It was not a face to be easily associated with frontier concert halls, or any surrender to evil; the chin round and firm, the lips full, yet sufficiently compressed; the whole expression that of pure and dignified womanhood. She puzzled him, and he scarcely knew what to believe, or exactly how to act toward her.

"Our friends back yonder should be turning out from the corral by now," he said finally, anxious to break the silence, for she had not spoken since he ended his tale. "It will not be long until they discover Hawley's predicament, and perhaps the welkin already rings with profanity. That may even account for the blue haze out yonder."

She turned her eyes toward him, and the slightest trace of a smile appeared from out of the depths of their weariness.

"If they would only remain satisfied with that. Will they follow us, do you think? And are we far enough away by this time to be safe?"

"It is hardly likely they will let us escape without a chase," he answered slowly. "We possess too much information now that we have their rendezvous located, and 'Black Bart' will have a private grudge to revenge. I wonder if he suspects who attacked him! But don't worry, Miss Hope; we have miles the start, and the wind has been strong enough to cover our trail. Do you see that dark irregularity ahead?"

"Yes; is it a cloud?"

"No; the Arkansas sand dunes. I am going to try to keep the horses moving until we arrive there. Then we will halt and eat whatever Neb has packed behind him, and rest for an hour or two. You took very tired, but I hope you can keep up for that distance. We shall be safely out of sight then."

"Indeed, I am tired; the strain of waiting alone in that cabin, and all that happened last night, have tried me severely. But—but I can go through."

Her voice proved her weakness, although it was determined enough, and Keith, yielding to sudden impulse, put out his hand, and permitted it to rest upon hers, clasped across the pommel. Her eyes drooped, but there was no change of posture.

"Your nerve is all right," he said, admiringly, "you have shown yourself a brave girl."

"I could not be a coward, and be my father's daughter," she replied, with an odd accent of pride in her choking voice, "but I have been afraid, and—and I am still."

"Of what? Surely, not that those fellows will ever catch up with us?"

"No, I hardly know what, only there is a dread I cannot seem to shake off, as if some evil impended, the coming of which I can feel, but not see. Have you ever experienced any such premonition?"

He laughed, withdrawing his hand. "I think not. I am far too prosaic a mortal to allow dreams to worry me. So far I have discovered sufficient trouble in real life to keep my brain active. Even now I cannot forget how hungry I am."

She did not answer, comprehending how useless it would be to explain, and a little ashamed of her own ill-defined fears, and thus they rode on in silence. He did not notice that she glanced aside at him shyly, marking the outline of his clear-cut features. It was a manly face, strong, alive, full of character, the well-shaped head firmly poised, the broad shoulders squared in spite of the long night of weary exertion. The depths of her eyes brightened with appreciation.

"I believe your story, Mr. Keith," she said at last softly.

"My story?" questioning, and turning instantly toward her.

"Yes; all that you have told me about what happened."

"Oh; I had almost forgotten having told it, but I never felt any doubt but what you would believe. I don't think I could lie to you."

It was no compliment, but spoken with such evident honesty that her eyes met his with frankness.

"There could be no necessity; only I wanted you to know that I trust you, and am grateful."

She extended her hand this time, and he took it within his own, holding it firmly, yet without knowing what to answer. There was strong impulse within him to question her, to learn then and there her own life story. Yet, somehow, the reticence of the girl restrained him; he could not deliberately probe beneath the veil she kept lowered between them. Until she chose to lift it herself voluntarily, he possessed no right to intrude. The gentlemanly instincts of younger years held him silent, realizing clearly that whatever secret might dominate her life, it was hers to conceal just so long as she pleased. Out of this swift struggle of repression he managed to say:

"I appreciate your confidence, and mean to prove worthy. Perhaps some day I can bring you the proofs."

"I need none other than your own word."

"Oh, but possibly you are too easily convinced; you believed in Hawley." She looked at him searchingly, her eyes glowing, her cheeks flushed.

"Yes," she said slowly, convincingly. "I know I did; I—I was so anxious to be helped, but—but this is different."

It was noon, the sun pitiless and hot above them, before they straggled within the partial shelter of the sand dunes, and sank wearily down to their meager lunch. Their supply of water was limited, and the exhausted ponies must wait until they reached the river to quench their thirst. Yet this was very far off now, and Keith had seen enough of their surroundings to locate the position of the ford. Slow as they must proceed, three hours more would surely bring them to the bank of the stream. They discussed their plans briefly as the three sat together on the warm sand, revived both by the food and the brief rest. There was not a great deal to be determined, only where the girl should be left, and how the two men had better proceed to escape observation.

Fort Larned was the nearest and safest place for their charge, none of the party expressing any desire to adventure themselves within the immediate neighborhood of Carson City. What her future plans might be were not revealed, and Keith forbore any direct questioning. His duty plainly ended with placing her in a safe environment, and he felt convinced that Mrs. Murphy, of the Occidental Hotel, would furnish room, and, if necessary, companionship. The sole problem remaining—after she had rather listlessly agreed to such an arrangement—was to plan the details as to permit the negro and himself to slip through the small town clustered about the post without attracting undue attention. No doubt, the story of their escape had already reached there, embellished by telling, and serious trouble might result from discovery. Keith was surprised at the slight interest she exhibited in these arrangements, merely signifying her acquiescence by a word, but he charged it to physical weariness, and the reaction from her night of peril; yet he took pains to explain fully his plan, and to gain her consent.

This finally settled, they mounted again and rode on through the lanes traversing the sand dunes, keeping headed as straight as possible toward the river. The ford sought was some miles down stream, but with the horses' thirst mitigated, they made excellent progress, and arrived at the spot early in the evening. Not in all

one day had they encountered a living object, or seen a moving thing amid the surrounding desolation. Now, looking across to the north, a few gleaming lights told of Fort Larned perched upon the opposite bluffs.

(To Be Continued.)

## GOOD WOMEN CAN DO FOR SCHOOLS

Supt. Abbott Addresses the P. E. O. Society at Its Meeting Yesterday.

From Saturday's Daily.

Superintendent N. C. Abbott talked on the question, "What Women Can Do for the Good of the Schools," at the meeting of the P. E. O. society at the time of Mrs. C. A. Rawls yesterday afternoon. This subject was suggested by the members of the society.

Superintendent Abbott first talked of the good of being loyal to the school system, to the teachers, to the superintendent and to the board. He explained the need of parents turning over the discipline of the children to the school during school hours. So many parents hate to see anyone else discipline their children, but it is necessary for the welfare of the pupils and the schools. Parents often have too much misplaced sympathy for their children. The mother does not like to see her children suffer temporary pain or inconvenience, although it may be for the child's own good.

Mr. Abbott said that parents should be sure to let teachers know of peculiarities of physical defect of the child. If the teacher knows that a child has defective hearing or eyesight she can aid the student by seating him properly and in other ways. He said that every effort should be made to keep the pupils in school every day and for the full session; that it led the students into bad habits to allow them to be irregular in attendance and to be continually bringing in excuses.

The superintendent said he could see no objection to women voting or serving on school boards. As members of school boards or as voters, they could have use of a better knowledge of school conditions, as many of them are teachers and all have more time for visiting the schools. Superintendent Abbott said that it was especially valuable for the parents to visit the rooms where their own children attend, and get acquainted with the teachers. He said that he had found that teachers do better work where they mix in the social life of the community, and the ladies of every school district should see to it that the teachers have this opportunity.

The speaker finally took up the question of the Cretaceous plan of teaching domestic science in the high schools. He gave each of the ladies a pamphlet which he had received from the state department of education relative to the plan of study used in that town. Briefly, the plan is for the superintendent to arrange with ten or twelve women of the town to give the girls of the domestic science class their recipes and to allow them to come into their kitchens and see how the work of preparing and cooking the food is done. The girls receive regular credit for this work. Mr. Abbott has promised the Journal a complete account of this plan, and he may discuss the plan with the board of education with the view of trying it here.

After the speaker had finished Mr. Rawls added a few remarks, after which Mrs. H. D. Travis, on behalf of the club, thanked the two men for their remarks.

About thirty women were in attendance. Refreshments were served during the session.

## Great Alfalfa.

From Saturday's Daily.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Rhoden, from near Mynard, were in the city today, spending the day with Mr. Rhoden's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Rhoden. Galen brought to the Journal office a sample of his last crop of alfalfa that is just developing into seed, and is certainly bearing in great quantities. Mr. Rhoden says it is the heaviest seed laden stalk that he ever saw, and he is confident that the entire acreage will average five bushels. At the present price of \$12 per bushel we would think that alfalfa is about the proper stuff to grow right now.

Pauline, Margaret and Florence Buttery went to Omaha this morning to visit there a day or two.

## ENFORCING ANTI-TRUST LAWS

Statement of Position of Government Toward Combines.

## RESTRAINT OF TRADE TO STOP

Department Will Not Undertake to Act as Universal Counsel for the Trusts—May Consider Reorganization Plans.

Washington, Sept. 23.—Recent reports to the effect that attorneys for large combinations or corporations and their principals also were hoping for some general understanding with the government authorities concerning the application of the anti-trust law and that some of them had gone to the attorney general to ascertain what action, if any, may be necessary to make them stand right in the eyes of the government was the subject of much discussion here.

The following is said to be the attitude of the department of justice:

"The position of the attorney general is that since the decisions of the supreme court in the oil and tobacco cases, to quote the language employed by him in his speech at Battle Creek, Mich., 'the area of uncertainty in the law' has been greatly reduced and the meaning of the statute in its application to great monopolistic corporations made clear, and this makes it necessary for those combinations to resolve themselves into a number of distinct, separate entities, no one of which will be in itself a combination in restraint of trade or threaten monopoly. How this shall be done is, of course, a separate problem in each case—a problem which, in the first instance, those in control of the combinations and their counsel must work out."

## Not Adviser of Trusts

"The law department of the government cannot undertake to act as universal counsel for the trusts. It is preparing to bring before the court all the combinations which appear in clear violation of the law. If the courts agree with the government's views they will doubtless follow the precedents set by the supreme court in the tobacco case, and by the United States circuit court in the Third circuit in the powder case, and decree the combination to be illegal and give to it a reasonable time to reorganize in conformity with the law, under penalty of injunction or receiver-ship if it should fail to do so."

"The plan of reorganization must be such as the government may acquiesce in; or it would be compelled to oppose its approval by the court. But the final approval is for the court to make."

## Harvester Case Cited.

"In the case of the Harvester company, that corporation voluntarily submitted to the government its plan of reorganization before suit was brought, and while not going so far as the officials of the department of justice considered it should go, the representatives of the Harvester company evinced a willingness to conform, if possible, to the views of the department and to make such changes as it should deem necessary to comply with the law."

## RECIPROCITY PACT IS DEAD

Not Likely to Be Heard of Again Soon in Canadian House.

Montreal, Sept. 23.—Canada is confronted by a startling new situation, developed from the fact that reciprocity with the United States has been rejected, that the Laurier government has been defeated and that R. L. Borden will shortly be called on to form a Conservative ministry. That the changes enacted by the registration of the will of the electorate are radical is shown by the overwhelming majority whereby the voters turned down the agreement which Laurier had made with the United States for the mutual removal of duties on food and other natural products, by the defeat of seven cabinet ministers out of thirteen who went to the polls, and by the political landslide which will retire to private life Sir Wilfrid Laurier, one of the biggest figures in the British empire.

As for the reciprocity agreement, it is not likely to be heard of again soon in the Canadian house. Any measure of this kind must be introduced from the government side and it is not likely that Mr. Borden and his followers will make any move in the matter. There is considerable interest manifested in the view which the people of the United States will take of the overwhelming rejection of reciprocity.

## Ready for Stephenson Case.

Milwaukee, Sept. 23.—Henry Weber, secret service assistant of the United States senate sergeant-at-arms, has completed his efforts to serve subpoenas on those who are to appear in the Stephenson investigation by a senate committee. The investigation begins in October.

Frank W. Waterstreet, sixty years old, and his son, Fred, twenty-five years old, who lived near Kent, N. Y., are dead, the father a suicide and the son on the street at Tipton, Okla.

Sherman Parks, a farmer, was killed and Henry Weaver, the town marshal, was wounded in a battle with pistols between the marshal and Parks and his son on the street at Tipton, Okla.

## DANGEROUS FIRE LAST NIGHT DESTROYS BARN AND SHEDS

Henry Goos Arriving Home from St. Joseph on Missouri Pacific Sees Flames and Saves Horses from Destruction—Neighbors Fight Flames Hard to Keep them from Spreading.

From Saturday's Daily.

A stable and several sheds belonging to L. W. Lorenz, located at the home on West Eighth street, were destroyed by fire last night at midnight, and the house and several nearby barns were saved only by hard work on the part of neighbors and the fire department.

The fire was discovered by Henry Goos, who had been to Omaha and had returned on the Missouri Pacific. He saw a blaze in the Lorenz barn, and running over to investigate, saw that there were two horses tied inside. He gave the alarm by shouting fire, and then rushed in and saved the horses. He next pulled the buggy out of the shed adjoining the barn. By this time Mr. Lorenz and the neighbors had arrived on the scene and the work of saving nearby buildings began.

The roof of the Lorenz house caught fire, but the fire department arrived in time to keep it from spreading. The department arrived on the scene as soon as could be expected, but had to wait until another reel arrived in order to have sufficient hose.

The loss, besides the buildings, included 200 bushels of oats, several tons of hay and some other things. Mr. Lorenz thought it was insured, but he learned that it had expired in July. He estimates his loss at between \$400 and \$500.

The fire was considered a dangerous one, as there were many barns and sheds and residences nearby, and had there been more of a wind it would have been almost impossible to keep the flames from spreading to several of the residences in the neighborhood.

## Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our most heartfelt thanks to our kind neighbors and friends who so faithfully assisted us last night in extinguishing the fire on our premises, especially to Henry Goos, who gave the alarm and saved the horses and buggy. Also to the members of the fire department, who labored so strenuously to put out the flames and saved our home from destruction.

L. W. Lorenz and Family.  
E. A. Lorenz.

## Acquires More Land.

From Saturday's Daily.

Robert Probst made a deal this week with a gentleman by the name of Runyon, near Benkelman, Neb., whereby he trades his American Morris automobile for 160 acres of land near the town of Benkelman. The auto was driven to Lincoln on Wednesday of this week, where it was turned over to Mr. Runyon. Mr. Probst now owns 480 acres in the same section, having traded his Plattsmouth city property a few days ago to J. C. Lynch for the 320 acres. The city property traded was the five-acre tract known as the Calkins property in South Park. We are informed that Mr. and Mrs. Lynch will move to Plattsmouth in the spring, where they will make their home. They are mighty fine old people and have lived near Benkelman for a great many years, taking the 160 acres up as a homestead.

## Fine Apples and Pears.

Jacob Mason brought to the Journal office this morning a basket filled with apples and pears from the place of Robert Fitch, south of Plattsmouth. They are of a mighty fine variety, especially the pears. They are smooth, large and solid and will prove the finest fruit for canning. Mr. Fitch will have somewhere between 500 and 600 bushels of the pears and they will be placed on the Plattsmouth market when ready for picking.

## Lightning Strikes Cattle.

Henry Sturm had five head of yearling steers killed by lightning Sunday morning during the thunder shower. The cattle were huddled under a tree not far from the house and when the bolt struck the tree they were all killed instantly. Mr. Sturm carried insurance on them, so the loss will only be nominal.—Nebraska News.

Peter F. Rouen of Sioux City, who has been visiting his parents here, left for home today. He is foreman of the tinning department for Armour & Co. at Sioux City.

## Matthew McQuinn Not Improving.

From Saturday's Daily.

Matthew McQuinn, who accidentally drank poison in Union a few days ago, is not improving as rapidly as reported a few days ago. We are informed that his lungs have been somewhat affected during the past few days, and he has experienced several coughing spells from the effects of the poison. His condition at present is not critical, but his improvement is slow.

## Will Move to Colorado.

J. L. Burns has sold his residence property here and has purchased a farm in Colorado, where he expects to move in a short time. The Burns family are old residents of this part of Nebraska, and their many friends regret to see them leave.—Louisville Courier.

## A Swallow Roost.

Supt. Abbott says that every night hundreds of swallows circle around the chimney at the Central school building and fly into it. Chimneys are favorite roosting places for swallows, and a large one is usually chosen, as they seem to like to all roost together.

## Naturalization Cases.

Judge H. D. Travis has postponed the hearing in all naturalization cases set for the October and December terms of the district court to the first term in 1912, which will be in January. This is done at the request of the federal department having the naturalization cases in hand.

## Glen Perry Improving.

From Saturday's Daily.

Glen Perry, from near Murray, who was injured a few weeks ago while drenching a horse, and whose condition at one time was quite serious, was in the city today. He still suffers and is rather weak from the effects of the injury, but is improving slowly.

## For Sale.

Three male hogs, thoroughbred Poland-Chinas. For particulars see Julius Pitz, south of Plattsmouth.

9-14-3tw.

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