



KEITH OF THE BORDER

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

(Copyright, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1910.)

CHAPTER XIX.

A Glimpse at Conspiracy.
Leaning against the inside of his own door, startled by the rapid sequence of events, Keith was able, from different sounds reaching him, to mentally picture most of what occurred in the next room. He heard Bill sink down into the convenient chair, and drink from the bottle, while the gambler apparently advanced toward the bed, where he stood looking down on its unconscious occupant.

"The fool is dead drunk," he declared disgustedly. "We can't do anything with him tonight."
"I say—throw bucket water over him," hiccoughed the other genially, "allers sobers me off."
Hawley made no response, evidently finding a seat on one end of the washstand.
"Hardly worth while, Scott," he returned finally. "Perhaps I better have some understanding with Christie, anyhow, before I pump the boy any further. If we can once get her working with us, Willoughby won't have much hand in the play—we shan't need him. Thought I told you to keep sober!"
"Am sober," solemnly, "ain't had but six drinks; just nat'rly tired out."
"Oh, indeed; well, such a room as this would drive any man to drink. Did you get what I sent you here after?"
"I sure did, Bart," and Keith heard the fellow get to his feet unsteadily. "Here's the picture, an' some letters. I didn't take only what he had in the grip."
Hawley shuffled the letters over in his hands, apparently hastily reading them with some difficulty in the dim light.



"Let Up! Damn Yer! He Called Himself Jack Keith."

Photograph is a peach. Just look here, Bill! What did I tell you? Ain't Christie a dead ringer for this girl?"
"You bet she is, Bart," admitted the other in maudlin admiration, "only, I reckon, maybe some older."
"Well, she ought to be accordin' to Willoughby's story, an' them papers bear him out all right, so I reckon he's told it straight—this Phyllis would be twenty-six now, and that's just about what Christie is. It wouldn't have fit better if he had made it on purpose. If the girl will only play up to the part we won't need any other evidence—her face would be enough."

Keith could hear the beating of his own heart in the silence that followed. Here was a new thought, a new understanding, a complete new turn to affairs. Christie MacLaire, then, was not Willoughby's sister Hope. The girl he rescued on the desert—the girl with the pleading brown eyes, and the soft blur of the South on her lips—was not the music hall singer. He could hardly grasp the truth at first, it antagonized so sharply with all he had previously believed. Yet, if this were true his own duty became clearer than ever; aye, and would be more willingly performed. But what did Hawley know? Did he already realize that the girl he had first met on the stage coach, and later inveigled into the desert, was Hope, and not the music hall artist? He, of course, fully believed her to be Christie MacLaire at that time, but something might have occurred since to change that belief. Anyhow, the man was not now seeking Hope, but the other. Apparently the latter was either already here in Sheridan or expected soon. And exactly what was it the gambler desired this MacLaire woman to do? This was the important matter, and for its solution Keith possessed merely a few hints, a few vague suggestions. She was expected to represent herself

as Phyllis—Phyllis who? Some Phyllis surely whose physical resemblance to Hope must be sufficiently marked to be at once noticeable. Willoughby had evidently revealed to Hawley some hidden family secret, having money involved, no doubt, and in which the discovery of this mysterious Phyllis figured. She might, perhaps, be a sister, or half-sister, who had disappeared, and remained ignorant as to any inheritance. Hope's picture shown by the boy, and reminding Hawley at once of Christie MacLaire, had been the basis of the whole plot. Exactly what the details of that plot might be Keith could not figure out, but one thing was reasonably certain—it was proposed to defraud Hope. And who in the very truth was Hope? It suddenly occurred to him as a remarkably strange fact that he possessed not the slightest inkling as to the girl's name. Her brother had assumed to be called Willoughby when he enlisted in the army, and his companions continued to call him this. If he could interview the girl now for only five minutes he should be able probably to straighten out the whole intricate tangle. But where was she? Would she have remained until this time at Fort Larned with Kate Murphy?

There was a noise of movement in the next room. Apparently as Hawley arose carelessly from his edge of the washstand he had dislodged the glass, which fell shivering on the floor. Scott swore audibly at the loss.
"Shut up, Bill," snapped the gambler, irritated, "you've got the bottle left. I'm going; there's nothing for any of us to do now, until after I see Christie. You remain here! Do you understand?—remain here. Damn me, if that drunken fool isn't waking up!"
There was a rattling of the rickety bed, and then the sound of Willoughby's voice, thick from liquor.

"Almighty glad to see you, Bart—am, indeed. Want money—Bill an' I both want money—can't drink without money—can't eat without money—shay, when you goin' stake us?"
"I'll see you again in the morning, Fred," returned the other briefly. "Go on back to sleep."
"Will when I git good an' ready—no sleep, stay wake, just as I please—don't care damn what yer do—got new frien' now."

"A new friend? Who?" Hawley spoke with aroused interest.
"Oh, he's all right—he's mighty fine fellow—come in wisout in—invitation—called her Hope—you fool, Bart Hawley, think my sister Christie—Christie—damfino the name—my sister, Hope—don't want yer money—my—my new friend, he'll stake me—he knows my sister—Hope."
The gambler grasped the speaker, shaking him into some slight semblance of sobriety.
"Now, look here, Willoughby, I want the truth, and mean to have it," he insisted. "Has some one been in here while Scott was gone?"
"Sure—didn't I just tell yer?—friend o' Hope's."
"Who was he? Speak up! I want the name!"

There was a faint gurgling sound, as though the gambler's vice-like fingers were at the boy's throat; a slight struggle, and then the choked voice gasped out:
"Let up! damn yer! He called himself Jack Keith."
The dead silence which ensued was broken only by heavy breathing. Then Scott swore, bringing his fist down with a crash on the washstand.
"That rather stumps yer, don't it, Bart? Well, it don't me. I tell yer it's just as I said from the first. It was Keith an' that nigger what jumped yer in the cabin. They was hidin' there when we rode in. He just nat'rly pumped the gal, an' now he's up here trallin' you. Blame it all, it makes me laugh."

"I don't see what you see to laugh at. This Keith isn't an easy man to play with, let me tell you. He may have got on to our game."
"Oh, hell, Bart, don't lose your nerve. He can't do anything, because we've got the under hold. He's a fugitive; all we got to do is locate him, an' have him flung back inter jail—there's murder an' hoss-stealing agin him."
Hawley seemed to be thinking swiftly, while his companion took another drink.
"Well, pard, ain't that so?"
"No, that trick won't work, Scott. We could do it easily enough if we were down in Carson, where the boys would help us out. The trouble up here is that 'Wild Bill' Hickock is Marshal of Sheridan, and he and I never did hitch. Besides, Keith was one of his deputies down at Dodge two years ago—you remember when Dutch Charlie's place was cleaned out? Well, Hickock and Keith did that job all alone, and 'Wild Bill' isn't going back on that kind of a pal, is he? I tell you we've got to fight this affair alone, and on the quiet. Maybe the fellow don't know much yet, but he's sure on the trail, or else he wouldn't have been in here talking to Willoughby."

by. We've got to get him, Scott, somehow. Lord, man, there's a clean million dollars waiting for us in this deal, and I'm ready to fight for it. But I'm damned sleepy, and I'm going to bed. You locate Keith tomorrow, and then, when you're sober, we'll figure out how we can get to him best; I've got to get Christie right. Good-night, Bill."
He went out into the hall and down the creaking stairs, the man he wanted so badly listening to his descending footsteps, half tempted to follow. Scott did not move, perhaps had already fallen drunkenly asleep on his chair, and finally Keith crossed his own room and lay down. The din outside continued unabated, but the man's intense weariness overcame it all, and he fell asleep, his last conscious thought a memory of Hope.
(To Be Continued.)

by. We've got to get him, Scott, somehow. Lord, man, there's a clean million dollars waiting for us in this deal, and I'm ready to fight for it. But I'm damned sleepy, and I'm going to bed. You locate Keith tomorrow, and then, when you're sober, we'll figure out how we can get to him best; I've got to get Christie right. Good-night, Bill."
He went out into the hall and down the creaking stairs, the man he wanted so badly listening to his descending footsteps, half tempted to follow. Scott did not move, perhaps had already fallen drunkenly asleep on his chair, and finally Keith crossed his own room and lay down. The din outside continued unabated, but the man's intense weariness overcame it all, and he fell asleep, his last conscious thought a memory of Hope.
(To Be Continued.)

PACIFIC JUNCTION.

Glenwood Tribune.
Elmer Anderson, night ticket agent at the depot, left Wednesday for a month's visit with relatives in California.
A big bunch of Odd Fellows will join the Glenwood lodge and go to Council Bluffs for the parade next Wednesday.
H. H. McCartney is in charge of affairs in the freight office and H. C. McClure in the yards during the absence of Agent Jungquist.

Mrs. C. F. Davis has gone for a visit with her parents at Cedar Rapids, and on her return will visit at Burlington with Mrs. Halverson.
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jungquist left Sunday for a visit of two weeks with his sister in New York City and with Rev. Mr. Hanson at Jamestown, N. Y.
"Aunt Fanny's Quilting Party" is the name of a home talent play which the Methodist Ladies' Aid will give on Friday evening, October 20, at the K. P. hall.

Business is booming these days in the railroad yards, and on Saturday, Sunday and Monday night's traffic was considerably delayed by the blocking of tracks by long freight trains.
H. H. McCartney reports light frosts on Sunday and Monday mornings, when the mercury stood at 33 and 34 respectively. He believes that damage would have been done but for the hazy atmosphere and heavy dew.
John J. Marrin had a close call this (Thursday) morning while attending to his duties in the yards as a switchman. His left arm was caught between the draw-bars of two cars, which he was coupling and quite badly crushed. Dr. Bacon was called.

Hotel Changes Owners.

A deal was made several days ago in which the ownership of the Ed Leach hotel property passed to J. B. Roddy, but on account of the disposition of so many people to "nose in" when a trade is on, the Ledger did not see fit to publish the fact until every detail was definitely settled. Mr. Roddy has made the deal simply as an investment, so we are informed, having no intention of ever engaging in the hotel business. Under the present arrangement Mr. Leach is to continue as proprietor.—Union Ledger.

Only Been Here a Week.

A very pretty young lady of this city dropped into a certain place where they keep sheet music, and where a new clerk was assorting music, and asked: "Have you 'Put Your Arms Around Me' and 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?" The lobbyist turned around and said: "It must have been the man at the other counter, as I've only been here a week."

Docket Called Today.

Judge Travis made a further call of the law and equity dockets this morning and marked cases for trial. There will be a week of equity work before the end of the month. The jury will come in December.

La Platte Takes on Boom.

F. B. Marks, the La Platte pool hall proprietor, was in Platts-mouth for a few hours today. He reports La Platte as taking on a boomlet. Our friend, O'Leary, has built an addition to his store in the form of a new porch, while a new residence is going up on the lots owned by Mr. Barr.

Rev. Burgess Not So Well.

From Friday's Daily.
Rev. H. B. Burgess, who has been quite ill for several days, was not feeling so well this morning as formerly. Rev. Burgess' legion of friends in the city extend sincere sympathy and hope for his early recovery.
Mrs. W. A. Barnhart and children were passengers to Omaha this morning.

CHINA FACES A GRAVE CRISIS

Peking and Tien Tsin Threatened by Disaffection in Army.

FATE OF DYNASTY IN BALANCE

Movement Spreads to Several Provinces—Garrison at Peking Honeymooned with Revolutionary Sentiment—Insurgents Name President.

San Francisco, Oct. 14.—A telegram dated New York and signed by Dr. Sun Yat Sen was received at the headquarters here of the Young China association, directing that mass meetings be held throughout the country tomorrow afternoon. The message said that the great success of the revolutionary army in China should be celebrated. The supreme headquarters in this city was directed to send word to all cities to hold simultaneous meetings and parades tomorrow.

London, Oct. 14.—A special dispatch received from Shanghai says: A republic has been proclaimed at Wu Chang. A strong force of rebels has left Hankow with the object of engaging the imperial troops coming from the north, and a big battle is expected.

It is reported that a conflagration has broken out in the native city of Hankow and that the government buildings and banks have been destroyed.

San Francisco, Oct. 14.—Advices were received here by the Chung Hai Yat (the Chinese Daily World) that the revolutionists in China have declared a republic, electing Li Yuan Hing, lieutenant commander of the imperial new army, president.

Peking, Oct. 14.—China faces an unprecedented crisis. With the spread of revolutionary activity the opinion is gaining ground that the fate of the ruling dynasty hangs in the balance.

The revolution is no longer confined to the central provinces, a thousand miles away from the capital. Peking itself is threatened.

Members of the cabinet admitted that the garrison here is known to be honeycombed with the revolutionary sentiment. The same condition exists in the two great military posts which guard the capital, Pao Ting Fu and Tien Tsin.

There are still official attempts to minimize the gravity of the situation, but the reports reaching the capital gives little basis for hope.

The day's news included reports that Chung King was in danger, that I Chang had been taken, that Yo Chow had fallen and that communication between Hankow and Changsha, the capital of Hunan province, was interrupted.

An edict published here offers pardon to all revolution members "who were coerced into joining the rebellion."

The pardon is conditional, however, on their expressing suitable repentance for their defection.

AEOPLANES AT TRIPOLI

Italians Will Try to Drop Bombs into Enemy's Encampment.

Rome, Oct. 14.—Although the government considers that the present condition of 40,000 men will be sufficient for the complete occupation of Tripoli, the ministry of war has prepared for an additional expedition in case of need. Four aeroplanes have arrived from France. They will be sent to Tripoli, where they will be piloted by Italian officers, who will undertake to drop bombs into the enemy's encampment.

TURKEY EXPELS ITALIAN CORRESPONDENTS.

Constantinople, Oct. 14.—The government ordered the expulsion within twenty-four hours of all Italian correspondents in Constantinople. A society has been organized to wage an economic war against Italy. All Ottomans are asked to sign a declaration to cease all dealings with Italians. The newspapers endorsing this campaign advise Ottomans to influence the young to incur hatred of Italy.

BATTLE IN PORTUGAL

Foyallists Make Foray Toward Vinhais, but Are Driven Back by Soldiers.

Lisbon, Oct. 14.—The royalists, taking advantage of a storm, made a foray from their mountain stronghold in the direction of Vinhais. Republican troops intercepted and engaged the enemy at close quarters.

The firing from both sides was intense for some time in the darkness. Then the royalists gave up their attempt and retired to their positions in Sierra da Corda, within half a mile of the Spanish frontier. They left several dead and wounded on the field.

TABON ON WASHED GLASSES.

Philadelphia, Oct. 14.—The tanks where glasses are washed in saloons and at soda fountains were condemned by the members of the Schuylkill County Medical Society at its meeting and a demand was made for their abolition.

RACING SHIP WITH CREW MISSING.

Kiel, Germany, Oct. 14.—The racing schooner Nordstern, owned by Dr. G. Harries of Kiel, which sailed from Gibraltar on Sept. 25 for Kiel, with a crew of twenty-four men, is missing.



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!

ELEVATOR CASES UP

Supreme Court Hears Government's Point of View.

Washington, Oct. 14.—Forewarned that the interstate commerce commission had found the problem so difficult that it had changed its position thereon three or four times, the supreme court of the United States undertook the task of deciding the "grain elevator cases."

It listened for an hour to P. J. Farrell, solicitor for the interstate commerce commission, while he explained the controversy from the government's point of view. Monday the court will listen to the other side of the question.

The cases challenge the power of the interstate commerce commission to prohibit railroads from paying to operators of elevators compensation for "elevating grain in transit."

The outcome of the controversy is said to concern the bulk of grain transported through the Mississippi basin.

Mr. Farrell explained to the court that shippers of grain from Kansas and other western states to points on the Mississippi pay exactly the same rate of freight, whether their grain is "elevated" at Missouri river points or not. He contended that, with rates the same, the allowance to shippers having the elevation service performed was a discrimination against those not having it performed.

Denial was made that the Hepburn rate law authorized the payment for the service.

POTATOES PULL OUT WELL.

West Point, Neb., Oct. 14.—The local potato crop, for which grave fears were entertained earlier in the season, has made good to the extent of about 60 per cent of a normal yield.

Farms For Sale.

160 acres of Cass county land, located 3 miles south of Nehawka. This place is in excellent condition with 100 acres sowed to fall wheat, 4 acres of alfalfa, 30 acres of meadow and remainder in pasture, 7 acres being fenced hog tight. Improved with 8 room house, fine new large barn with accommodations for ten head of horses and fifty cattle; cribs and granary, 4 acres orchard and a splendid well with new mill. Beside the well there is a good spring and two small running streams. Would make a fine proposition for stock of diversified farming.

Also 160 acres rich Otoe county land adjoining the above farm; 135 acres under cultivation, most of which is bottom land and produces bumper crops; and 20 acres is in meadow. This is a good buy for somebody. For further information communicate with C. Beadon Hall, Nehawka, Neb.

Mrs. M. C. Frank, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Julia Thomas, and brother, Alvin Thomas, at Glenwood, Iowa, and her brother, G. B. Thomas, of Omaha and friends in this vicinity for the past two months, departed for her home at Opal, S. D., this afternoon.

10 BEAUTIFUL XMAS POSTCARDS FREE

I will send you 10 of the prettiest postcards you ever saw if you cut out this advertisement and send it to me with two 2-cent stamps to pay for the cost of assorting and mailing. I will distribute 50,000 sets of these high-grade, embossed Christmas cards to quickly introduce my new and effective Postcard offers. Do not miss this opportunity to get so of the finest cards ever sent out. Send at once. W. I. LOFTUS, Mgr. 1701 Jackson St. Omaha, Neb.

OMAHA Land Show

COLISEUM OMAHA, OCT. 16-28

See the whole west under one roof

Something doing all the time. It is a show that will interest you. Big Machinery Exhibit, with everything in action. Traction Plowing demonstrations. Fine entertainments, music and specialties. Moving pictures and illustrated lectures. Displays from every state in the west, showing Irrigation, Dry Farming, Fruit Growing, Alfalfa Raising and all kinds of Farm Work. 25 CENTS ADMISSION TO ALL.