CHAPTER XXXVII.

. At the Water-Hole.

Up from the far, dim southwest they rode slowly, silently, wearled still by the exertions of the past night, and burned by the fierce rays of the desert sun. No wind of sufficient force had blown since Keith passed that way, and they could easily follow the hoof prints of his horse across the sand waste. Bristoe was ahead, hat brim drawn low, scanning the horizon line unceasingly. Somewhere out in the midst of that mystery was hidden tragedy, and he dreaded the knowledge of its truth. Behind him Fairbain and Hope rode together, their ups long since grown silent, the man ever giancing uneasily aside at her, the girl drooping slightly in the saddle, with pale face and heavy eyes. Five mrinness lighed together the bind-

ing rope fastened to the pommels of the two "Bar X" men's saddles, were bunched together, and behind all came Neb, his black face glistening in the

Suddenly Bristoe drew rein, and rose to the full length in the stirrups, shading his eyes from the sun's glare, as he stared ahead. Two motionless black spects were visible-yet were they motionless? or was it the heat waves which seemed to yield them movement? He drove in his spurs, driving his startled horse to the summit of a low sand ridge, and again halted, gazing intently forward. He was not mistaken—they were horses. Knowing instantly what it meantthose riderless animals drifting derelict in the heart of the desert-his throat dry with fear, the scout wheeled, and spurred back to his party, quickly resolving on a course of action. Hawley and Keith had met; both had fallen, either dead or wounded. A moment's delay now might cost a life; he would need Fairbain, but he must keep the girl back, if possible. But could he? She straightened up in the saddle as he came spurring toward them; her eyes wide open, one hand clutching at her throat.

"Doctor," he called as soon as he was near enough, his horse circling, "thar is somethin' showin' out yonder I'd like ter take a look at, an' l reckon you better go 'long. The nigger kin com' up ahead yere with Miss Waite."

She struck her horse, and he plunged forward, bringing her face to face with Bristoe.

What is it? Tell me, what is it?"

"Nothin' but a loose hoss, Miss." "A horse! here on the desert?" looking about, her eyes dark with horror. "But how could that be? Could

-could it be Captain Keith's?" Bristoe cast an appealing glance at Fairbain, mopping his face vigorously, not knowing what to say, and the other attempted to turn the tide.

"Not likely-not likely at all-no reason why it should be-probably just a stray horse-you stay back here, Miss Hope-Ben and I will find out, and let you know.'

"No, I'm going," she cried, stifling a sob in her throat. "It would kill me to wait here."

She was off before either might raise hand or voice in protest, and they could only urge their horses in effort to overtake her, the three ra-



cing forward fetlock deep in sand. Mounted upon a swifter animal Fairbain forged ahead; he could see the two horses now plainly, their heads uplifted, their reins dangling. Without perceiving more he knew already what was waiting there on the sand, and swore flercely, spurring his horse mercilessly, forgetful of all else, even the girl, in his intense desire to reach and touch the bodies. He had begged to do this himself, to be privi red to seek this man Hawley, to kill himbut now he was the physician, with no other thought except a hope to save. Refore his borne had even stopped be

flung himself from the saddle, ran forward and dropped on his knees beside Keith, bending his ear to the chest, grasping the wrist in his fin-As the others approached, he glanced up, no conception now of

ight save his own professional work. "Water, Bristoe," he exclaimed sharply. "Dash some brandy in it. buick now. There, that's it; hold his nead up-higher. Yes, you do it, Miss

Dun falsa this and nev ter'h or en-well, he got a swallow and him just as he is-can a stand it? I've got to find where te was hit."

"Yes-yes," she answered, "don'tdon't mind me."

He tore open the woolen shirt, soaked with blood arready hardening, felt within with skilled fingers, his eyes keen, his lips muttering uncon-

"Quarter of an inch-quarter of an inch too high-scrause the line-Lord, if I can only get it out-got to do it now-can't walt-here. Bristoe, that leather case on my saddle-run, damn you-we'll save him yet, girlthere, drop his head in your lap-yes, cry if you want to-only hold stillopen the case, will you-down here, where I can reach it-now water-all our canteens-Hope, tear me off a strip of your under-skirt-what am I going to do?--extract the ball-got to do it-blood poison in this sun."

She ripped her skirt, handing it to him without a word; then dropped her white face in her hands, bending, with closed eyes, over the whiter face resting on her lap, her lips trembling with the one prayer, "Oh, God! Oh, God!" How long he was at it, or what he did, she scarcely knew-she heard the splash of water; caught the half conscious shudder of the wounded man, whose head was in her lap. the deft, quick movements of Fairflash of the sun on the probe; felt the bain, and then-

"That's it-I've got it-missed the lung by a hair-damn me I'm proud of that job-you're a good girl."

see, her eyes blinded with tears.

but a hole to close up-nature'll do that, with a bit of nursing-here, now don't you keel over-give me the rest of that skirt."

He bandaged the wound, glanced about suddenly

'How's the other fellow?" "Dead," returned Bristoe, "shot

through the heart." "Thought so-have seen Keith shoot

before-I wonder how the cuss ever managed to get him."

As he arose to his feet, his red face glistening with perspiration, and began strapping his leather case, the others rode up, and Bristoe, explaining the situation, set the men to making preparations for pushing on to the water-hole. Blankets were swung between ponies, and the bodies of the dead and wounded deposited therein, firm hands on the bridles. Hope rode close beside Keith, struggling to keep back the tears, as she watched him lying motionless, unconscious, scarce of the desert stars, they came to the water-hole, and halted.

then he saw the stars overhead, and a breath of air fanned the near-by fire, the ruddy glow of flame flashing across his face. He heard voices felt the stock of a gun-yet that was at 9 o'clock A. M. all over-he was not there-but he was somewhere-and alive, alive. It hurt him to move, to breathe even, and after one effort to turn over, he lay perfectly still, staring up into the black arch of sky, endeavoring to think, to understand-where was he? How had he come there? Was Hawley alive also? A face bent over him, the features faintly visible in the flash of firelight. His dull eyes lit up in at 10:30, sudden recollection.

'Doc! is that you?" "Sure, old man," the pudgy fingers at 7:30. feeling his pulse, the gray eyes twink ling. "Narrow squeak you had-go held on Christmas morning (Moning to pull through all right, thoughno sign of fever.'

"Where am I?" "At the water-hole; sling you in a blanket, and get you into Larned to

morrow. There was a moment's silence Kelth finding it hard to speak.

"Hawley-?" he whispered at last. "Oh, don't worry; you got him all right. Say," his voice sobering, "maybe it was just as well you took that job. If it had been me I would have been in bad."

The wounded man's eyes questioned "It's a bad mix-up, Keith. Waite ever told us all of it. I reckon he didn't want her to know, and she never shall, if I can help it. I've been looking over some papers in his pock-

trip-and his name ain't Hawley. He's Bartlett Gale, Christie's father.'

Keith could not seem to grasp the thought his eyes half-closed,

"Her-her father?" he questioned. weakly. "Do you suppose he knew?" "No; not at first, anyhow; not at Sheridan. He was too interested in his scheme to even suspicion he had actually stumbled onto the real girl. I think he just found out."

A coyote howled somewhere in the darkness, a melancholy chorus joining in the with long-drawn cadence. A shadow swept into the radius of dano ing firelight.

"Is he conscious, Doctor?" Fairbain drew back sl'ently, and she

dropped on her knees at Keith's side, bending low to look into his face. "Hope-Hope."

"Yes, dear, and you are going to live now-live for me." He found her hand and held it, clasped within his own, his eyes wide

"I have never told you," he said, softly, "how much I love you." She bent lower until her cheek touched his

"No. Jack, but you may now." THE TIND

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

THE DISTRICT COURT OF CASS County, Nebraska.
In the Matter of the Estate of Lena

In the Matter of the Estate of Lena Weishelt, Deceased.

This cause came on for hearing upon the petition of Herman Luetchens, executor of the estate of Lena Weishelt, deceased, praying for a license to sell the northeast quarter of Section 12. Township 19, Range 19, East of the 6th P. M., in Cass County, Nebraska, or a sufficient amount of the same to bring the sum of \$1,200,00, for the payments of debts allowed against said estate and cost of administration and special devises in the will of said deceased there not being sufficient personal property to pay such debts, expenses and devises.

It is therefore ordered that all per-It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before me at my office in the Court House at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, on the 20th day of January, 1912, at 10 o'clock A. M., to show cause why a license should not be granted to said executor to sell said real estate as above described of said deceased or as much thereof as may be necessary to pay such devises, debts and expenses.

It is directed that this order be published four weeks prior to said date in

It is directed that this order be published four weeks prior to said date in the Plattsmouth Journal, a newspaper published semi-weekly at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, and of general circulation in said Cass County.

Dated this 5th day of December, 1911.

HARVEY D. TRAVIS, Judge of the District Court.
D. O. DWYER Attorney,
C. S. ALDRICH, Attorney.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

THE DISTRICT COURT OF CASS County, Nebraska:

strator of the estate of Adam Ingram, accessed, praying for a license to sell the west half of the northwest quarter and the southeast quarter of the north-She looked at him, scarce able to bring the sum of \$250.00 for the payments of debts allowed against said estate and the cost of administration and also to pay the expenses of these but a hole to close up—nature'll do beta and expenses of these but a hole to close up—nature'll do beta and expenses of these but a hole to close up—nature'll do beta and expenses.

described real estate, or all of the same of said deceased as shall be necessary to may said debts and expenses.

It is further directed that this order be published for four successive weeks prior to said day in the Plattsmouth Sami-Wookly Journal, a newspaper published at Plattsmouth, Nebraska and of general circulation in said Cassecounty.

Dated this 4th day of December, 1911.,
HARVEY D. TRAVIS,
Judge of the District Court,
D. O. DWYER, Attorney

LEGAL NOTICE.

Frank Swoboda will take notice that on the 9th day of November, 1911, M. Archer, a justice of the peace for Cass County, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of 865.35, in an action ly breathing. So, under the early glow pending before him, wherein the Omaha Iron Store Company is plaintiff and Frank Swoboda, de-The wounded man opened his eyes, fendant, that property of the deand looked about him unable to come fendant, consisting of wagon prehend. At first all was dark, silent; tongue, fellows, spokes, rims, singletrees, painted and plain, neckyokes, doubletrees, bolsters, buggy tongues, horseshoes, buggy faintly, and thus, little by little, con spokes, plow handles and numersclousness asserted itself and memory ous other articles of merchandise struggled back into his bewildered have been attached under said brain. The desert—the lonely leagues order. Said cause was continued of sand-his fingers gripped as if they until the 4th day of January, 1912,

Omaha Iron Store Company, By D. O. Dwyer, Its Attorney.

German St. Paul's Church.

No Sunday school will be held

next Sunday morning.

Divine service in the morning

The program of the Sunday school will be held in the evening lighted with electricity, which is since been going on. They have build on his lots on the avenue in

The Christmas service will be board. day) at the usual time, 10:30.

-The O. K. Restaurantand Short Order House

Rear of Ed. Donat's Building

Regular Meals at All Hours Short Orders

We solicit a share of your patron age and will try to please you.

KRHUT & ZATOPEK, Proprietors

- A for Axminster, of which we have Rugs of many sizes and patterns, prices \$1.15 up to \$32.40.
- for Brussels, which we have in Tapestry Brussel Rugs, room sizes; prices \$9.50 to \$22.00.

B for Bissels Sweepers from \$2.70 up to \$4.75.

- Gfor Carpets of excellent grade; C also Chairs-Morris chairs, Dining chairs, Youth chairs, High chairs-many different styles on my floors, and the prices are right.
- for Divans of different styles and grades in stock, at \$19.50 up to \$24.00. D for Dressers of many styles and designs, at \$10.50 up to \$27.
- for Everything in my store you will find to be of excellent quality.
- for Furniture of up-to-date styles always in stock
- for Go-Carts—large and small, many to select from, at \$1.25 up to \$14.50.
- for Housefurnishings our main line.
- for Iron Beds, many styles and colors to make your selection from, should you be in need of one at \$2.00 up to \$23.60.
- for Jardinier stands; we have them both large and small, in Golden Oak and Early English at low prices.
- K for Kitchen Cabinets; of which we have a large line, from \$5.75 up to \$25.50.
- for Lounges or rather Couches in Leather, Plush and Velour, at prices from \$9.00 up to \$54,00.
- or Mattresses—The Dixie Felt & Spring, The Stearns & Foster Cotton Felt, and others; also, Sanitary Couch Pads, at from \$2.95 up to \$16.20.
- for New up-to-date furniture in stock.
- for Other furniture, such as Sideboards, Buffets, China Closets, Combinanation Book Case and desk, and Globe-Wernicke Sectional Book Cases.
- for Parlor Suits, of which we have a nice line to select from at \$18.00 up to \$43.00.
- Q for Quality, always found in our lines.
- R for Rockers of many styles and sizes, always found on our floors.
- for Sanitary Couches, Spring Beds, Sewing Machines, Sewing Machine Needles, Shuttles and other supplies, and Oil; also Sewing Needles in stock.
- To r Tables, Dining Tables, all styles and sizes; Library Tables and Parlor Tables. We have many styles to select from.
- for Uniform, and that is what our prices are to all cash customers, no matter whether your purchase be large or small.
- for Volume of money invested in an up-to-date Furniture Store, therefore a volume of business we would like to do.
- for Wardrobe, which we have to show; also the Chiffo-Wardrobe, some-
- thing quite new. X for Xmas Toys and Furniture, which you certainly could select from our
- excellent lines. for Yes we have as complete a line of Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, etc., etc., as you can find, no matter where, far or near.
- Let the last letter in the Alphabet, so I must close, but sincerely hope that we may have the pleasure of seeing many of you who read these lines, and wishing you in advance a Merry Choistmas and a Happy New Year.

Respectfully Yours,

Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Furniture and Undertaking.

partner, Attorney D. O. Dwyer, in Purchases Mr. Harrison's Eldora WEEPING WATER. Republican.

Miss May Kirkpatrick, one of conveniences it offers. our former good principals in the Wash.

Carroll Colbert went to Omaha Monday, expecting to attend Boyles college and learn telegraphy.

Mrs. P. A. Wade is very sick at the home of J. A. Schwab, southwest of town. Her niece, Mrs. L. G. Wisner, of Fredericksburg, Ia., Maxwell car is so well and favoris with her helping to care for her.

up his belongings and departed last Saturday. Just where he went we are not prepared to state, but down last Friday to close up a the city, the guest of her parents, from heresay, he has joined his deal with Louis Lorenson, who J. N. Wise and wife.

+ Plattsmouth.

good judgment on the part of the a beautiful home, and will no the spring. doubt take great comfort in the

High school, is now in Puyallup, Saturday morning on the early metallic cough of croup. No mistrain to visit a few days with an taking it, and fortunate then the old army comrade he has not seen lucky parents who keep Foley's since the war. tI is a Mr. Lyle, Honey and Tar Compound on president of the Citizens' State hand. H. W. Casselman, Canton, bank of Wahoo.

order for a carload of "Maxwell troubled with croup and hoarse-Specials." direct from the factory, to be unloaded by March 1. The ably known that their sale is easy Attorney Paul Topping packed for they hold the world's record.

John Harrison of Lincoln was

avenue house. The consideration W. H. Poll's new house was was \$1,300. t is now occupied by completed and ready for oc- Hans Johnson. It is reported The public school house will be cupancy Monday and moving has that Mr. Johnson expects to

AN ALARM AT NIGHT

That strikes terror to the entire Dave E. Jones went to Wahoo household is the loud, hourse and N. ., says: "It is worth its weight Bert Philpot has placed his in gold. Our little children are ness, and all we give them is Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. I always have a bottle of it in the house." For sale by F. G. Fricke

Mrs. J. L. Root of Lincoln is in