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SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is looking for roaming war parties of savages. He sees a wagon team at full gallop pursued by men on ponies When Kelth reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. Keith is arrested at Carson City. charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. A negro companion in his cell named Neb tells him that he knew the Keiths in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly a Confederate officer. The plainsman and Neb escape, and later the fugitives come upon a cabin and find its occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith thinks he saw at Carson City. The girl explains that she is in search of a brother, who had deserted from the army, and that a Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sought her brother. Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as Black Bart. There is a ter rific battle in the darkened room in which Keith is victor. Horses are appropriated. and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape. Keith explains his situation and the fugitives make for Fort Larned, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady. Miss Hope tells that she is the daughter of General Waite. Keith and Neb drift into Sheridan, where Keith meets an old friend, Dr. Fairbain. Kelth meets the brother of Hope Waite, under the assumed name of Fred Willoughby, and becomes convinced that Black Bart has some plot involving the two. Hope learns that Gen. Waite, who was thought murdered, is at Sheridan, and goes there, where she is mistaken for Christie Maclaire, the Carson City singer. Kelth meets the real Christie Maclaire and finds that Black Bart has convinced her that there is a mystery in her life which he is going to turn to her advantage. The plainsman tells Hope Waite of her resemblance to Christie Maclaire. They decide that Fred Willoughby may hold the key to the situation. Keith finds Willoughby shot dead. Hope is told of the death of her brother. Keith fails to has made to Christie Maclaire, Hope suggests that in order to learn the secret she must briefly impersonate the stage Dr. Fairbain is in love with Christie Maclaire and Keith induces him to detain her from the stage while Hope goes to the theater where she meets Black Bart, who, thus deceived, tells Hope that General Waite has suspected his plans and that they must fly. Hope,

## CHAPTER XXX.

greatly alarmed, demurs.

In Christie's Room.

Keith swept his glance up and down the street without results. Surely Hawley and his companion could not have disappeared so suddenly. They had turned to the right, he was certain as to that, and he pushed through the crowd of men around the theater entrance, and hastened to overtake them. He found nothing to overtake -nowhere along that stretch of street. illumined by window lights, was there any sign of a man and woman walking together. He stopped, bewildered, staring blindly about, failing utterly to comprehend this mysterious vanishing. What could it mean? What had happened? How could they have disappeared so completely during that single moment he had waited to speak to Fairbain? The man's heart beat like a trip-hammer with apprehension, a sudden fear for Hope taking possession of him. Surely the girl would never consent to enter any of those dens along the way, and Hawley would not dare resort to force in the open street. The very thought seemed preposterous, and yet, with no other supposition possible, he entered these one after the other in hasty search, questioning the inmates sharply, only to find himself totally baffled-Hawley and Hope had vanished as though swallowed by the earth. He explored dark passage-ways between the scattered buildings, rummaging about recklessly, but came back to the street again without reward.

Could they have gone down the other side, in the deeper shadows, and thus reached the hotel more quickly than it seemed to him possible? There was barely a chance that this could be true, and yet Keith grasped at it desperately, cursing himself for having wasted time. Five minutes later, breathless, almost speechless with anxiety, he startled the clerk

"Has Miss Waite come in? Miss

Hope Waite?" "Blamed if I know," retorted the other, indifferently. "Can't for the life of me tell those two females apart. One of them passed through 'bout ten minutes ago; Doc Fairbain was with her. Another party just went upstairs hunting Miss Maclaire, and as they haven't come down, I reckon it must have been her-anything the girl confidence and courage. wrong?"

"I'm not sure yet," shortly. "Who three letters." was this other person?"

"Old fellow with white hair and

whiskers-swore like a pirate-had the sheriff along with him.'

It came to Keith in a flash-it was Waite. Perhaps Christie knew. Perhaps the General knew. Certainly something of importance was crystallizing in the actress' room which might help to explain all else. He rushed up the stairs, barely waiting to | what Hawley told you?" rap once at the closed door before he pressed it open. The sight within from face to face, then returned to held him silent, waiting opportunity the waiting sheriff. to blurt out his news. Here, also, was tragedy, intense, compelling, which for the instant seemed to even overshadow the fate of the girl he loved. There were three men present, and the woman. She stood clutch- form trembled. There was a moing the back of a chair, white-faced ment's silence. and open-eyed, with Fairbain slightly behind her, one hand grasping her falteringly, "if there is any fraud, any arm, the other clinched, his jaw set conspiracy, I have borne no conscious sternly.

ing a brown beard, closely trimmed.

"You'd better acknowledge it," both dead to rights."

"But," she urged, "why should I be arrested? I have done nothing." "You're an adventuress-a damn adventuress-Hawley's mistress, prob-

ably-a-" "Now, see here, Waite," and Fairbain swung himself forward, "you drop that. Miss Maclaire is my friend, and if you say another word I'll smash you, sheriff or no sheriff."

Waite glared at him. "You old fool," he snorted, "what

have you got to do with this?" "I've got this to do with, you'll find -the woman is to be treated with respect or I'll blow your damned obstinate head off."

The sheriff laid his hand on Waite's shoulder.

"Come," he said, firmly, "this is no way to get at it. We want to know certain facts, and then we can proeed lawfully. Let me question the woman."

The two older men still faced one another belligerently, but Keith saw Christie draw the doctor back from between her and the sheriff.

Waite, and a heavily built man wear- | saying a dying man had left with him | faced him, running the sleeve of his certain papers, naming one, Phyllis coat across his eyes. He appeared Gale, as heiress to a very large estate dazed, confounded Waite snapped out, with a quick in North Carolina, left by her grandglance at the newcomer. "It will make father in trust. He said the girl had with a choke in the throat. "She'sit all the easier for you. I tell you been taken West, when scarcely two she's the girl." this is the sheriff, and we've got you years old, by her father in a fit of drunken rage, and then deserted by parted, unable to grasp what it all him in St. Louis."

"You-you saw the papers?" Waite broke in.

"Yes, those that Hawley had; he take?" gave them to me to keep for him." She crossed to her trunk, and came back, a manilla envelope in her hand. Waite opened it hastily, running his caught her, but she slipped through eyes over the contents.

claimed, hotly. "These were stolen chair, from me at Carson City."

"Let me see them." The sheriff ran them over, merely glancing at the endorsements.

"Just as you represented, Waite." he said, slowly. "A copy of the will. your commission as guardian, and memoranda of identification. Well, Miss Maclaire, how did you happen to be so easily convinced that you were the lost girl?"

"Mr. Hawley brought me a picture which he said was of this girl's halfsister; the resemblance was most startling. This, with the fact that I have never known either father or mother or my real name, and that my



"My God, it's all right," he said,

Christie stared at him, her lips

"You mean I-I am actually Phyllis Gale? That-that there is no mis-

He nodded, not yet able to put it more clearly into words. She swayed as though about to faint, and Fairbain his arms, and fell upon her knees, her "The infernal scoundrel!" he ex- face buried in her hands upon the

> "Oh, thank God," she sobbed, "thank God! I know who I am! I know who

### CHAPTER XXXI.

The Search for the Missing.

The note of unrestrained joy of relief in the woman's voice rang through the room, stilling all else, and causing those who heard to forget for an instant the sterner purpose of their gathering. Fairbain bent over her, like a fat guardian angel, patting her shoulder, her eves so blurred with tears as to be practically sightless, yet still turned questioningly upon Waite. The sheriff was first to recover speech, and a sense of duty.

"Then this lets Miss Maclaire out of the conspiracy charge," he said, gravely, "but it doesn't make it any brighter for Hawley so far as I can see-there's a robbery charge against him if nothing else. Any one here know where the fellow is?"

For a moment no one answered, although Keith took a step forward, reminded instantly of Hope's predicament. Before he could speak, however, Christie looked up, with swift gesture pushing back her loosened hair.

"He was to have met me at the theater to-night," she said, her voice trembling, "but was not there when I came out; he-he said he had important news for me."

"And failed to show up-did he send no message?" 'Doctor Fairbain was waiting for

me instead. He said that Mr. Hawley was called suddenly out of town." The eyes of the sheriff turned to

Fairbain, whose face grew redder than usual, as he shifted his gaze toward Keith

"That was a lie," he confessed, lamely. "I-I was told to say that." "Just a moment, Sheriff," and Keith stood before them, his voice clear and convincing. "My name is Keith, and I have unavoidably been mixed up in this affair from the beginning. Just now I can relieve the doctor of his embarrassment., Miss Hope Waite and I have been associated together in an effort to solve this mystery. This evening, taking advantage of the remarkable resemblance existing between herself and Miss Maclaire, Miss

Hope decided upon a mask-" "What's that," Waite broke in excitedly. "Is Hope here?"

"Yes, has been for a week; we've had all the police force of Sheridan hunting you.'

The old man stared at the speaker. open-mouthed, and muttered something about Fort Hays, but Keith, paying little attention to him, hurried on with his story.

"As I say, she decided upon imperonating Christie here, hoping in this way to learn more regarding Hawley's plans. We had discovered that the two were to meet after the evening performance at the stage door of the Trocadero. I escorted Hope there, dressed as near like Miss Maclaire as possible, and left her inside the vestibule waiting for 'Black Bart' to appear. At the head of the alley I ran into Fairbain, told him something of the circumstances, and persuaded him ing the words. "The woman who to escort Miss Christie back to the hotel. He was not very hard to persuade. Well, Hawley came, and Hope met him; they went out of the alleyway together arm in arm, talking pleasantly, and turned this way toward the hotel. The doctor and I both saw and heard them. I was delayed not to exceed two minutes. speaking a final word to Fairbain, and when I reached the street they had disappeared. I have hunted them everywhere without finding a trace-I have even been through the resorts. He stepped forward, one hand flung | She has not returned to the hotel, and I burst in upon you here hoping that Miss Maclaire might have some infor-

mation." She shook her head, and Waite, glaring impotently at the two of them. swore sharply.

"Good God, man! my girl! Hope, alone with that damn villain. Come on Sheriff: we've got to find her. Wait, though!" and he strode almost the neck, swung her about toward the menacingly across the room. "First, She sank down into the chair, and light, and stared at a birthmark be- I want to know who the devil you

Keith straightened up, looking directly into the fierce questioning eyes. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Thoughts are things that men with

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Years ago in a stock performance of a famous old melodrama, the villain. For RHEUMATISM, CATARRH, and all disor-Charles Wolcott, suddenly discovered that he had left his revolver in the dressing room. In much confusion, he fumbled in his pocked and found a penknife which, he figured, would do just as well for the bloody deed. Imagine his consternation when, after plunging the blade into the hero's breast, that player failed to change his lines and screamed at the top of his voice: "Heaven forgive you! I'm

FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY Where the Winters Are Cold and the Snows Deep.

Writing from the vicinity David Harum made famous, a man says that he was an habitual coffee drinker, and, although he knew it was doing him harm, was too obstinate to give it up, till all at once he went to pieces with nervousness and insomnia, loss of appetite, weakness, and a generally AUTO TIRE REPAIR CO., 621 Pearl St., Sioux City, la. used-up feeling, which practically unfitted him for his arduous occupation, and kept him on a couch at home

when his duty did not call him out. Nuts food was suggested to me, and I To sell groceries and supplies at began to use it. Although it was in wholesale to consumers. Write the middle of winter, and the thermometer was often below zero, almost my entire living for about six weeks of severe exposure was on Grape-Nuts food with a little bread and butter and a cup of hot water, till I was wise enough to make Postum my table bev-

"After the first two weeks I began to feel better and during the whole winter I never lost a trip on my mail route, frequently being on the road 7 or 8 hours at a time.

how a person could do the amount of work and endure the fatigue and hard- for new 1912 catalogue. It's interesting. ship as I did, on so small an amount WM. WARNOCK COMPANY, Sioux City, Iowa of food. But I found my new rations so perfectly satisfactory that I have continued them-using both Postum and Grape-Nuts at every meal, and often they comprise my entire meal.

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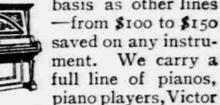
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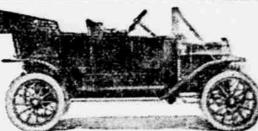
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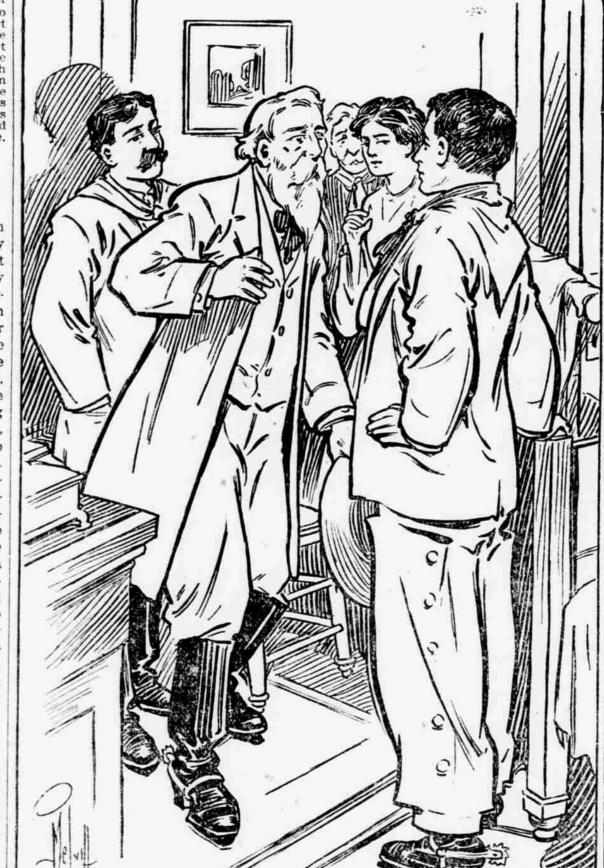
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Keith Straightened Up, Looking Directly Into the Fierce Question-

please," she announced, quietly. "I sufficed to make me believe he must am sure these gentlemen will not fight be right." in my room.'

require only a mcment. How long have you known this man Hawley?" "Merely a few days-since I arrived in Sheridan.'

"But you were in communication with him before that?" The 'pleasant voice and quiet de-

"Yes, he had written me two or once deserting the girl's face. "You met him here then by appoint-

ment?"

explain to me more fully what his letters had only hinted at." "You possessed no previous knowledge of his purpose?"

"Only the barest outline-details were given me later." "Will you tell us briefly exactly

The girl's bewildered eyes wandered "May-may I sit down?" she asked. "Most certainly; and don't be afraid, for really we wish to be your friends." even Keith could see how her slender

"Believe me, gentlemen," she began, though she feared he was crazed. pugnaciously. Facing these two was part in it. Mr. Hawley came to me

"You may ask me anything you earlier life was passed in St. Louis,

"You-you-" Waite choked, lean-"Very well, Miss Maclaire. It will ing forward. "You don't know your real name?" "No, I do not," her lips barely form-

"A Mrs. Raymond-Sue Raymondshe was on the stage, and died in meanor of the sheriff seemed to yield | Texas-San Antonio, I think." Waite swore audibly, his eyes never

brought me up never told me."

"Who-who was the woman?"

"Hawley told you to say that?" "No. he did not," she protested warmly. "It was never even mention-"He was to come to Sheridan, and ed between us-at least, not Sue Raymond's name. What difference can

> that make?" out, and Fairbain sprang instantly between them, mistaking the action. "Hands off there, Waite," he com-

manded, sternly. "Whatever she says goes." "You blundering old idiot," the other exploded. "I'm not going to hurt her; stand aside, will you!"

He reached the startled girl, thrust aside the dark hair combed low over hind her ear. No one spoke, old are?" Waite seemingly stricken dumb, the woman shrinking away from him as

"What is it?" asked the sheriff, Slowly Waite turned about and brains work with