



# KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS  
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILLE



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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 Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims' papers and finds a pocket with a woman's portrait. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder of a man 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. Miss Hope 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 terrific 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. Keith 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. Keith 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 learn what representations Black Bart has made to Christie Maclaire. Hope suggests that in order to learn the secret she must briefly impersonate the stage singer. 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 appears and says Black Bart has stolen papers from him regarding an inheritance.

## CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

"I have told you my name—Jack Keith," he replied, quietly. "Doctor Fairbain knows something of me, but for your further information I will add that when we met before I was Captain Keith, Third Virginia Cavalry, and bearing dispatches from Long street to Stonewall Jackson."

The gruff old soldier, half-crazed by the news of his daughter's peril, the gleam of his eyes still revealing uncontrolled temper, stared at the younger man, then slowly he held out his hand.

"Keith—Keith," he repeated, as though bringing back the name with an effort. "By God, that's so—old Jefferson Keith's boy—killed at Antietam. And you know Hope?"

"Yes, General."

He looked about as though dazed, and the sheriff broke in not unkindly.

"Well, Waite, if we are going to search for your daughter we better be at it. Come on, all of you; Miss Maclaire will be safe enough here alone."

He took hold of Keith's arm, questioning him briefly as they passed down the hall. On the stairs the latter took his turn, still confused by what he had just heard.

"Who is Miss Maclaire?" he asked.

"Phyllis Gale."

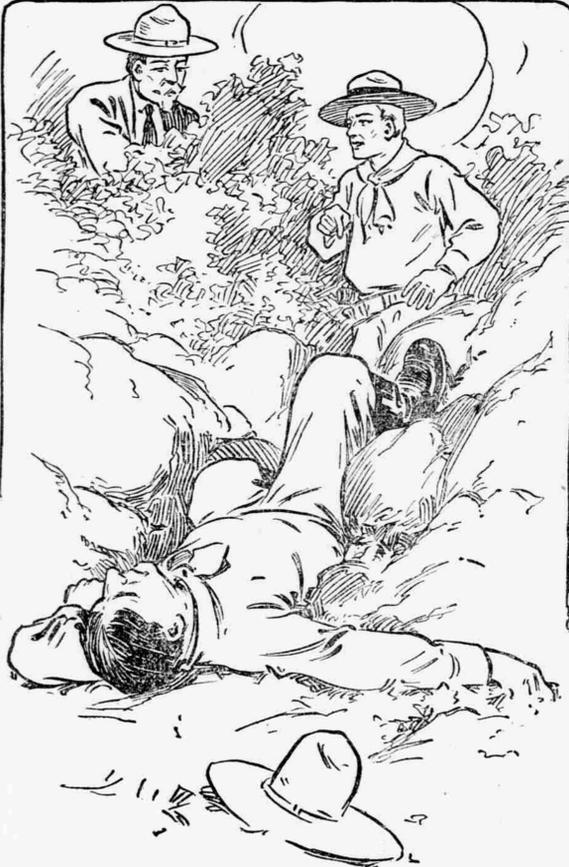
"Of course, but who is Phyllis Gale? What has she to do with General Waite? His daughter has told me she never heard of any one by that name."

"Well, Keith, the old man has never told me very much; he's pretty close-mouthed, except for swearing, but I've read his papers, and picked up a point or two. I reckon the daughter, Miss Hope, maybe never heard a word about it, but the boy—the one that was shot—must have stumbled onto the story and repeated it to Hawley. That's what set that fellow going. It seems Mrs. Waite's maiden name was Pierpont, and when she was seventeen years old she was married to the son of a rich North Carolina planter. The fellow was a drunken, dissolute, good-for-nothing. They had a daughter born—this Phyllis—and when the child was three years old her father, in a fit of drunken rage, ran away, and to spite his wife took the little girl with him. All efforts to trace them failed, and the mother finally secured a divorce and, two years later, married Willis Waite. Waite, of course, knew these facts, but probably they were never told the children. When the father of Mrs. Waite's first husband died, he left all his large property to his grandchild, providing she could be found and identified within a certain time, failing which the property was to be distributed among certain designated charities. Waite was named sole administrator. Well, the old man took as much interest in it as though it was his own girl, but made mighty little progress. He did discover that the father had taken the child to St. Louis and left her there with a woman named Raymond, but after the woman died the girl completely disappeared."

"Then Miss Maclaire is Hope Waite's half-sister?"

"That's the way it looks now."

"And Hawley merely happened to stumble on to the right party?"



"Here, Sheriff! This is One of Hawley's Men!"

"Sure; it's clear enough how that came about. The boy told him about the lost heiress his father was searching after, and showed him his sister's picture. 'Black Bart' instantly recognized her resemblance to Christie Maclaire, and thought he saw a good chance for some easy money. He needed the papers, however, to ascertain exactly the terms of the will, and what would be necessary for the identification. He never intended to go into court, but hoped to either get Waite out of the way, or else convince him that Christie was the girl, relying on her gratitude for his profits. When Waite played into his hands by coming to Carson City the chance was too good to be lost. I'm not sure he meant to kill him, but he did mean to have those papers at any cost. Probably you know the rest—the girl was easy, because she was so ignorant of her parentage, and nothing prevented Hawley from winning except that Waite got mad and decided to fight. That knocked over the whole thing."

They were outside now, and the first touch of the cool night air, his mind ready to grapple with the problem of Hope's disappearance. It seemed to him he had already looked everywhere, yet there was nothing to do except to continue the search, only more systematically. The sheriff assumed control—clear headed, and accustomed to that sort of thing—calling in Hickey and his deputies to assist, and fairly combing the town from one end to the other. Not a rat could have slipped unobserved through the net he dragged down that long street, or its intersecting alleys—but it was without result; nowhere was there found a trace of either the gambler or his companion.

They dug into saloons, bagnios, dance-halls, searching back rooms and questioning inmates; they routed out every occupant of the hotel, invaded boarding houses, and explored shacks and tents, indifferent to the protests of those disturbed—but without result. They found several who knew Hawley, others who had seen the two together passing by the lighted windows of the Trocadero, but beyond that—nothing. Convinced, at last, that the parties sought were not alive in Sheridan, and beginning to fear the worst, the searchers separated, and began spreading forth over the black surrounding prairie, and by the light of lanterns seeking any semblance of trail. There was no lack of volunteers for this work, but it was daylight before the slightest clue presented itself. Keith, with the sheriff and two or three others, had groped their way outward until, with the first flush of dawn, they found themselves at the opening of a small rocky ravine, near the foot of "Boots Hill."

Peering down into its still shadowed depths, they discerned what appeared like a body lying there motionless. Keith sprang down beside it, and turned the rigid form over until the dead face was revealed in the wan light—it was that of the red moustached—

Scott. He staggered back at the recognition, barely able to ejaculate.

"Here, Sheriff! This is one of Hawley's men!"

The sheriff was bending instantly above the corpse, searching for the truth.

"You know the fellow?"

"Yes, his name was Scott."

"Well, he's been dead some hours, at least six I should say; shot just above the eye, and good Heavens! look here, Keith, at the size of this bullet wound; that's no man's gun in this country—no more than a '32' I'd say."

"Miss Waite had a small revolver. She must have shot the fellow. But why did they leave the body here to be discovered?"

The sheriff arose to his feet, prowling about in the brightening glow of the dawn.

"They were in a hurry to get away, and knew he wouldn't be found before morning. A six hours' start means a good deal. They did drag him back out of sight—look here. This was where the struggle took place, and here is where the man fell," tracing it out upon the ground. "The girl put up a stiff fight, too—see where they dragged her up the path. From the footprints there must have been half a dozen in the party. Get back out of the way, Sims, while I follow their trail."

It was plain enough, now they had daylight to assist them, and led around the edge of the hill. A hundred feet away they came to where horses had

been standing, the trampled sod evidencing they must have been there for some considerable time. Keith and the sheriff circled out until they finally struck the trail of the party, which led forth southwest across the prairie. "Seven horses, one being led light," said the former. "That was Scott's, probably."

"That's the whole story," replied the sheriff, starting off toward the bare horizon, "and the cusses have at least six hours the start with fresh horses." He turned around. "Well, boys, that takes 'em out of my bailiwick, I reckon. Some of the rest of you will have to run that gang down."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Fairbain and Christie.

Dr. Fairbain had originally joined the searching party, fully as eager as Keith himself to run down the renegade Hawley, but after an hour of resultless effort, his entire thought shifted to the woman they had left alone at the hotel. He could not, as yet, fully grasp the situation, but he remained loyal to the one overpowering truth that he loved Christie Maclaire. Fairbain's nature was rough, original, yet loyal to the core. He had lived all his life long in army camps, and upon the frontier, and his code of honor was extremely simple. It never occurred to him that Christie's profession was not of the highest, or that her life and associations in any way unfitted her for the future. To his mind she was the one and only woman. His last memory of her, as the little party of men fled out of that room, haunted him until he finally dropped out of the search and drifted back toward the hotel.

It was a late hour, yet it was hardly likely the woman had retired. Her excitement, her interest in the pursuit, would surely prevent that; moreover, he was certain he saw a light still burning in her room, as he looked up from the black street below. Nevertheless he hesitated, uncertain of his reception. Bluff, emphatic, never afraid to face a man in his life, his heart now beat fiercely as he endeavored to muster the necessary courage. Far down the dark street some roysterer fired a shot, and sudden fear lest he might be sought after professionally sent the doctor hurriedly within, and up the stairs. He stood, just outside her door, quaking like a child, the perspiration beading his forehead, but a light streamed through the transom, and he could plainly hear movements within. At last, in a sudden spasm of courage, he knocked softly. Even in that noisy spot she heard instantly, opening the door without hesitation, and standing fully dressed within. She was no longer a discouraged, sobbing girl, but an aroused, intent woman, into whose pathetic, lonely life there had come a new hope. She appeared younger, fairer, with the light shimmering in her hair and her eyes smiling welcome.

"Oh, Doctor," and her hands were thrust out towards him, "I am glad you have come. Somehow, I thought you would, and I have wanted so to talk to some one—to you."

"To me! Do you really mean that, Miss Christie?"

"Yes, I really mean that, you great bear of a man," and the girl laughed lightly, dragging him into the room and closing the door. "Why, who else could I expect to come tonight? You were the only one really good to me. You—you acted as if you believed in me all the time—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## He Lagged Superfluous.

Pittsfield, in the Berkshire hills, had in the old days, like many another New England town, a number of men and women who were called "characters." One of these was "Bill" Brown, a man unfortunately addicted to drink, and frequently intoxicated for days at a time. On one occasion he went into the shop of the local hatter, Mr. Smith, and asked for the best beaver in the store. Mr. Smith produced the desired article, saying as he took the money: "That beaver will last a man a lifetime." Bill went proudly down the main street with his fine beaver on his head, and immediately celebrated the event with a protracted debauch. When he recovered he returned to the shop with a most disreputable hat. "Look! here, I thought you said this here beaver would last me a lifetime." "So it would," growled Mr. Smith, "if you had died when you ought to!"—Youth's companion.

## Is a Lucky Kid.

Beatrice Singletery of Miles avenue is a lucky kid, says the Cleveland Leader. Every one of her wishes

bears fulfillment. If she finishes up as she began there is no telling what the gods may have in store for her. When the news got about that there was a brand new baby in the family a friend made inquiries and learned that the newcomer was a little boy, named Robert. "Robert?" inquired the friend. "I can't think of anyone in the family after whom the baby is named. I never heard of a Robert on either side of the house." "No," spoke up Beatrice. "I had a little dog that died and I asked papa to name my brother after my doggie. And he did."

The Choice of Vocation.

This year the Harvard summer school will have for the first time a vocational course, which it is intended shall give teachers an idea of the way in which to guide their pupils in the choice of a vocation. The courses of the summer are open to both men and women, and no doubt both will take advantage of the course, as the responsibility of the teacher in this direction is coming to be recognized more and more.

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### NO OBJECTIONS FROM TONY

"Lovable Little Chap" Probably Would Not Have Minded a Succession of Tunnels.

Being Sunday evening, the races having taken place that afternoon, the trains were packed. In one compartment a little boy had been standing all the way, but before the journey had proceeded much farther Mrs. Jones kindly took him on her knee.

"Were you very frightened, dear, as we passed through the tunnel?" the gentle lady asked.

"Not much," replied the little boy, shyly.

"But I thought you trembled a little as I kissed you," remarked Mrs. Jones, who was not even middle-aged yet.

"And what's your name?"

"Tony," came the answer.

"Then you're a very lovable little chap! And how old are you?"

"Twenty-five, ma'am."

And Tony Spurs, the lightweight jockey, slid to the floor to the accompaniment of a piercing scream.—Answers.

As It Sounded to Him.

Young Fred was on his way to his grandmother's home. The train reached a small station.

"Bunker Hill!" shouted the brakeman, putting his head in at the door.

"Mamma, mamma!" demanded Fred. "What has she done that they treat her that way?"

"Why," explained Fred, "didn't the conductor say, 'Bump her heels?'"

Final Recourse.

"Do you want to get a hearing in this court?" shouted the magistrate.

"Sure, sir," replied the very deaf defendant.

"Then," yelled the magistrate, with a last mighty effort, "you will have to go to a specialist."

Many a man can't afford to dress well because his wife does.

HARD TO DROP  
But Many Drop It.

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee:

"It was hard to drop Mocha and Java and give Postum a trial, but my nerves were so shattered that I was a nervous wreck and of course that means all kinds of ills.

"At first I thought bicycle riding caused it and I gave it up, but my condition remained unchanged. I did not want to acknowledge coffee caused the trouble for I was very fond of it.

"About that time a friend came to live with us, and I noticed that after he had been with us a week he would not drink his coffee any more. I asked him the reason. He replied, 'I have not had a headache since I left off drinking coffee, some months ago, till last week, when I began again, here at your table. I don't see how anyone can like coffee, anyway, after drinking Postum!'

"I said nothing, but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have drank no coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so we returned to Postum, convinced that the coffee was an enemy, instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more by insomnia.

"I, myself, have gained 8 pounds in weight, and my nerves have ceased to quiver. It seems so easy now to quit the old coffee that caused our aches and ills and take up Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



MINIATURE PICTURE OF PACKAGE

### NOT AN OBJECTION.



Mr. Hardhead—I have called, sir, to ask for the hand of your daughter. Old Gentleman (with emotion)—She is the only child I have, and her mother is gone.

Mr. Hardhead (hastily)—Oh, that's no objection, I assure you.

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Curative Agent.

"Do you think an ice cold plunge is good for people?"

"Well," replied the indolent person, "I fell in while skating and I must admit that the fright cured me of hicoughs."

A long life and a merry one may be expected by those who use Garfield Tea, the natural herb regulator. For sale at all drug stores.

Save a Thing.

"I hear that Jim's going under."

"Yes, they're going up."

Some men try to avoid paying as they go because they don't expect to come back.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, 25c a bottle.

In every action, reflect upon the end, and in your undertaking it consider why you do it.—Jeremy Taylor.

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