

THE DREAMER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

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and "The Wanderer of the West"
Illustrations by DEBBIE HENNING

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"Are You Goin' to Raise a Row, or Come Along Quietly?"

He possessed the appetite of the open, of the normal man in perfect physical health, and he ate heartily. His eyes wandered out of the open window down the long, diurnal street. A drunken man lay in front of the "Red Light" saloon, sleeping undisturbed; two cur dogs were snarling at each other just beyond over a bone; a movers' wagon was slowly coming in across the open through a cloud of yellow dust. That was all within the radius of vision. For the first time in years the East called him—the old life of cleanliness and respectability. He swore to himself as he tossed the Chinaman pay for his breakfast, and strode out onto the steps. Two men were coming up the street together from the opposite direction—one lean, dark-skinned, with black goatee, the other heavily set with closely trimmed gray beard. Keith knew the latter, and waited, leaning against the door, one hand on his hip, until they were close.

"Hello, Bob," he said genially; "they have routed you out pretty early today."

"They were did, Jack," was the response. He came up the steps some what heavily, his companion stopping below. "The boys raise hell 'nigh' an' then come to watch me ter strangle 'em out in the maw'nin'. When did ye get in?"

"An hour ago; had to waken the 'chink' up to get any chink. Town looks dead."

"'Tain't over lively at this time of day," he said, peering his blue eyes to wander up the silent street, but instantly bringing them back to Keith's face. "But I reckon 'll wake up later on."

He stood squarely on both feet, and one hand rested on the butt of a revolver. Keith noticed this, wondering.

"They were did, Jack, as how I generally git what I goes after," said the slow, drawing voice, "an' that I draw 'em out 'nigh' me, 'nigh' the boys. They tell me ye're a gun-fighter, but it won't do ye no good ter get out—what ye use? 'nigh' as I sure to git yer—yer sabel?"

"Get me!" Keith's voice and face expressed astonishment, but not a muscle of his body moved. "What do ye mean, Bob—are you fellows after me?"

"Sure thing; got the warrant here," he said, holding the treat of his shirt with his left hand.

The color mottled into the cheeks of the other, his lips grew set, and he said, "Let it all out, Marshall," he said steadily, "you've got me roped and tied, an' a play yer out 'nigh' me. Neither was moved, but the one below swung about so as to face them, one hand thrust out of sight beneath the tail of his long coat.

"Make him throw up his hands, Bob," he said steadily.

"Bob, I reckon that ain't 'nigh' ter do it," Keith said, looking at the man genially, yet with no relaxation of attention. "Keith knows me, an' expects a fair deal. Still, maybe I better say ter watch yer back, Jack."

A moment Keith seemed to hesitate, plainly puzzled by the situation and the man's behavior. "What do ye mean, then his hip smiled, and he gently unhooked the belt, handing it to the other.

"Sure, I know you've square, Hender," he said, coolly. "An' now I've unbuttoned, kindly inform me what this is all about, an' I'll see ye done."

"No more than an unborn babe. I have been here but an hour."

"I reckon yer don't know," he said. "No more than an unborn babe. I have been here but an hour."

upon him where he had seen that dark-skinned face, with the black goatee, before—at the fare table of the "Red Light." He gripped his hands together, instantly connecting that sneering, sinister face with the plot.

"Who swore out that warrant?"

"I did, if you need to know," a sarcastic smile revealing a gleam of white teeth, "on the affidavit of others, friends of mine."

"Who are you?"

"I'm mostly called 'Black Bart,'" that was it; he had the name now—"Black Bart." He straightened up so quickly, his eyes gleamed, that the marshal jerked his gun clear.

"See how 'Black Bart' shortly, 'are ye goin' to raise a row, or come along quietly?"

As though the words had aroused him from a bad dream, Keith turned to the stern, bearded face.

"There'll be no row, Bob," he said, quietly. "I'll go with you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NEW IN PLACE OF POWER

As Governor of Egypt, Sir Matthew Nathan Would Occupy Position Once Held by Joseph.

Should Sir Matthew Nathan, former of the Egyptian government, be appointed to succeed Sir Eldon Goss, governor of Egypt, history will have taken one of those curious turns that set ages ago. It is a country that is pending would place in supreme administrative control of Egypt the second Jew in four thousand years.

Sir Matthew Nathan was the successor to Joseph of his race in the administration of a country that in the time of Pharaoh, who befriended Joseph, was the granary of the world, and in these later days is becoming a world of significant countries of modern times.

"Those who can the sacred scriptures for cues for the turns history may make will seize upon this incident as a fulfilling one or another prediction of fancied prediction of the past and much may be made upon the fact that it will be but a coincidence, or of unusual interest, however. The practical import will be that Sir Matthew Nathan is to succeed the administrator and worthy of all honor.

Universal Race Congress.

In the official call for the first universal race congress, suggested by Prof. Felix Adler, at Elmhurst, in July, 1906, the president, Lord Wearmouth, said: "Great is the historic pride of London. Great also are its manifold traditions of equator and equity. This varied story will be distinguished in the summer of 1911 July 26-29, by an episode both brilliant and unexpected in London will assemble mankind in council. Representatives of all human groups will come from the four corners of the globe, and the Pole star and regions that lie under the southern cross will meet each other in friendly intercourse, in the East Universal Race Congress. The official congress languages will be English, German, Italian and French, with the working tongue of the day now and then announce the songs of Asia."

No Dust, No Light.

Diffusion of light through the atmosphere is due to thousands of millions of dust-particles floating in it. The finest dust is the biggest, and the finest tint of blue to the heavens. Were it not for dust the sky by day would appear black, and the moon and stars would be visible. All shadows would then be inky black. Everything would appear differently. It is not the light we see, but simply reflections caused by notes of dust, as when a ray of sunlight enters a dark room through a hole in the wall, and the rays of dust particles catch the light, reflecting it back and forth from one another, so making the atmosphere luminous.

He Prayed for Lucy Gray

Bashful Young Curate Didn't Know Object of Solicitude Was Entry in Steeplechase.

"How to win the hearts of his congregation was unconsciously solved by an innocent young curate. Dean Hole, in his 'Letters,' tells the following story:

"One day the clerk said to him: 'If you please, sir, the prayers of the church are desired for Lucy Gray.' 'Very well,' said the curate, and at every service in which the prayer for all sorts and conditions of men is said, he always asked to pray for Lucy Gray, till one morning the clerk rushed into the vestry and said:

"'You needn't pray for Lucy Gray any more; she's won the steeplechase.'"

"Have I been praying for a horse?" asked the curate. "I shall leave the place."

"But the clerk said: 'You'll do

MARQUEE CALIFORNIA. LAND FOR PROFITABLE FARMING.

Marquee Colony, located in Sutter County, which is in the heart of the Sacramento Valley, is fast coming to the front as a farming community in which nearly every agricultural product known may be successfully raised without irrigation.

The soil is a dark, sandy loam, admirably in character, level and well drained. It has the advantage over other soils in that it is loose in character and superior to heavy soils. With the wealth of soil, abundance of water, unexcelled climate and long growing season, Marquee Colony is the ideal place for the homeseeker with limited means, the worn out professional man, the young man looking for a small farm in a beautiful climate.

The proximity of Marquee Colony to Sacramento, furnishes a ready market for vegetables, poultry, eggs and dairy products. Alfalfa, timothy, alfalfa, grains and grasses and poultry yield large returns. The rainfall is certain and enough to grow crops.

Land is yet moderately priced, but crop failures in other sections of the United States will bring new settlers in rapidly. This, together with the holding of the Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco during 1915, is bound to raise the price, and whether for a home, or for an investment, now is the time to purchase. Land may be had in tracts suitable to the means of all and the results obtained are almost beyond belief. Further information will be gladly furnished by HOMESEKERS' INFORMATION BUREAU, C/O. Box 162, Omaha, Neb.

SH E WANTED FULL WEIGHT.

Butcher—Haven't seen you in my shop lately, man. I hope you haven't stopped trading with me entirely.

Mrs. Blue—Yes, entirely, sir. I'm a woman that doesn't believe in half-weight measures.

A Clew.

"How did the accident happen?" asked the reporter on the scene of the fiery horror, the Cleveland Plain Dealer records.

"Somebody stopped the train by pulling the airbrake cord," answered the conductor. "So the second section ran into us. It will take six hours to clear the track so that we can go ahead."

"Six hours?" shrieked a passenger. "And I was to be married today!"

"Have you any idea who pulled the cord?" continued the reporter, disregarding the interruption.

"I don't have until now," whispered the conductor. "But what do you think of that fellow that just hopped in? I'll sic the detectives on him."

Athletes Who Made Good.

Walter Harnes of Boston, who keeps a close watch on things athletic in New England, says:

"Hurl, Fish, and the other members of the successful Harvard football captain, have been notable examples of the scholar in athletics at Harvard. The whole team appointments as an instructor in government at Harvard is an index of his mental caliber."

Expert Advice.

"How long does it take to learn to run an automobile?"

"You'll need about three days to acquaint yourself with the working parts of the machine and a week to master the vocabulary."

The Egotist.

"Thinks he's in the same class with Abraham Lincoln, does he?"

"Yes, and confidently expects a promotion,"—Harper's Bazar.

Shortly after a romantic girl faces the parson with the man of her choice, her romance evaporates.

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and note what a difference they make in your condition. The stomach is the first to feel the good effects. Food tastes good, the digestion is strengthened; bowels and bile work regularly, the blood is cleaned, and the nerves rest. The whole system responds to the tonic action of Beecham's Pills. Soon there is the long-lying feeling of returning health.

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