

The following is a partial list of Farms, City and Village Lots, and Real Estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list.

OF THE

A TALE OF THE PLAINS BY RANDALL DARRISH

Author of "My Lady of the South" "When Wilderness was King" Etc. Illustrations by Deane Brown

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SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginia, now a hermit in a cabin on a mountain peak. When Keith reached the woman the rickety old horse, the woman's portrait. He searches the victim's things and finds the key to the door. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder. He is sent to a prison named Black Bar. A negro named Hope is the only inmate who has any friends in the prison. He is the brother of the woman who is the daughter of General Waite. Keith and Hope are in the same cell. Keith meets the brother of Hope Waite, who is the sheriff. Keith and Hope are in the same cell. Keith meets the brother of Hope Waite, who is the sheriff. Keith and Hope are in the same cell. Keith meets the brother of Hope Waite, who is the sheriff.

and if you say another word I'll smash you, sheriff or no sheriff." "Who dared 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."

as though about to faint, and Fairbank caught her, but she slipped through his arms and fell upon her knees, her face buried in her hands upon the floor. "Oh, thank God," she sobbed, "thank God I know who I am! I know who I am!"

CHAPTER XXXI. The Search for the Missing. The note of unrestrained joy through the room falling like a bomb, causing those who heard to forget for an instant the sterner purpose of their gathering. Fairbank bent over her, like a fat guardian angel, patting her shoulder, her eyes so blurred with tears as to be practically sightless, yet still turned questioning upon Waite. "The sheriff was first to recover speech, and a sense of duty."

301. Fine two-story residence on Maple Avenue, 1200 feet front and 125 feet deep, hot water heater, hot and cold water, city water, every convenience. 1200 feet front and 125 feet deep, hot water heater, hot and cold water, city water, every convenience. 1200 feet front and 125 feet deep, hot water heater, hot and cold water, city water, every convenience.

302. Fine two-story residence on Maple Avenue, 1200 feet front and 125 feet deep, hot water heater, hot and cold water, city water, every convenience. 1200 feet front and 125 feet deep, hot water heater, hot and cold water, city water, every convenience.

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Keith Straightened Up, Locking Directly Into the Fierce Questioning Eyes.

CHAPTER XXXII. In Christie's Room. Keith swept his glance up and down the street without result. 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. He was alone—nowhere along that stretch of street, illumined by window lights, was there any sign of the man and woman walking together. He stopped, his eyes staring blindly about, failing utterly to comprehend this mysterious vanishing. Who could it mean? What had happened? How could they have disappeared so completely during that single moment he had waited to speak to Keith? The man's heart thumped like a trip-hammer with apprehension, a sudden fear for Hope taking possession of him. Surely the girl would never consent to enter an establishment along the way, and Hawley would not dare resort to force in the open street. The very thought seemed monstrous, and yet, with a sudden opposition possible, he entered these two—the other in what search, questioning the inmates sharply, only to find himself totally baffled. He searched and Hope had vanished as though swallowed by the earth. He explored dark passages ways between the scattered buildings, rummaged through the recesses, but came back to the street again without reward.

Doctor Fairbank was waiting for me. He said that Mr. Hawley was called suddenly out of town. The eyes of the sheriff turned to Fairbank, whose face grew redder than usual, as he shifted his gaze toward Keith. "That was a lie," he confessed, lamely. "I was told to say that."

304. One of the best of the electric light plants on the city, 1200 feet front and 125 feet deep, hot water heater, hot and cold water, city water, every convenience. 1200 feet front and 125 feet deep, hot water heater, hot and cold water, city water, every convenience.

305. Fine two-story residence on Maple Avenue, 1200 feet front and 125 feet deep, hot water heater, hot and cold water, city water, every convenience. 1200 feet front and 125 feet deep, hot water heater, hot and cold water, city water, every convenience.

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Keith straightened up, locking directly into the fierce questioning eyes. "You met him here then by appointment?" "He was to come to Sheridan, and explain to me more fully what his letter meant. I have no previous knowledge of his purpose." "Only the latest, outline—details?" "Will you tell us briefly, exactly what the girl's bewildered eyes wandered from face to face, then returned to the waiting sheriff, she asked. "May—I may I sit down?" she asked. "Most certainly; and don't be afraid. I'm not here to trap what is all meant."

What is the action of the powdered sugar? Probably it sets up a kind of reflex action. The sugar certainly plays no specific role in this case, and it is probable that the powdered sugar would have the same effect. Dr. Pettit has made use of this remedy for some years, and it has proved to be accordingly a very successful recourse to it even when the case is complicated by various other conditions which may have resisted all the standard remedies.

307. Fine two-story residence on Maple Avenue, 1200 feet front and 125 feet deep, hot water heater, hot and cold water, city water, every convenience. 1200 feet front and 125 feet deep, hot water heater, hot and cold water, city water, every convenience.

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Catching Mrs. Jones's Eye. If Mrs. Jones buys her coffee at Smith's each week, she is left for the coffee in your store is better than Smith's and cheaper. Why, TELL MRS. JONES! Don't dash wildly across the street to tell her, though; she's laughing at you. Hear a good advertisement in this paper about your coffee.

Good Remedy for Hiccough

reflex action. The sugar certainly plays no specific role in this case, and it is probable that the powdered sugar would have the same effect. Dr. Pettit has made use of this remedy for some years, and it has proved to be accordingly a very successful recourse to it even when the case is complicated by various other conditions which may have resisted all the standard remedies.

Coax the Home folks

Native town patriotism is the mother of home success. Good things to sell, proper publicity in this paper and stick-tiveness among buyers in this vicinity—buyers money brings everything to your door.