KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

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Illustrations By Dearborn Melvill.

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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 train 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' pockets for 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 Keith 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 terrific battle in the darkened room in which Keith is victor. Horses are approached, 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, Jo 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 unfold. 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, believes Hope that General Waite has suspected his plans and that they must fly. Hope, greatly alarmed, demurs. Gen. Waite appears and says Black Bart has stolen papers from him regarding an inheritance. Keith is informed that Christie Maclaire's real name is Phyllis Lee, and that she is the half sister of Hope. The latter has been carried away by Black Bart and his gang. Dr. Fairbain avows his love for Phyllis and she accepts him. Keith and his friends strike the trail of Black Bart.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued.)

By this time Keith had reached a definite decision as to his course. If the fugitives received a fresh relay of horses down there somewhere, and crossed the Arkansas, he felt positively sure as to their destination. But it would be useless pushing on after them in the present shape of his party—their horses worn out, and Waite reeling piteously in the saddle. If Hawley's outfit crossed the upper ford, looking ward which they were evidently heading, and struck through the sand hills, then they were making for the refuge of that lone cabin on Salt Fork. Should this prove true, then it was probable the gambler had not as yet discovered the identity of Hope, for if he had, he would scarcely venture upon taking her there, knowing that Keith would naturally suspect the ruse. But Keith would not be likely to personally take up the trail in search for Christie Maclaire. It must have been Hawley then who had left the party and ridden east, and up to that time he had not found out his mistake. Yet if he brought out the fresh animals the chances were that Hope's identity would be revealed. Bristoe, who had turned aside to examine the straying horse, came trotting up.

"Belonged to their outfit all right, Cap," he reported, "carries the double cross brand and that shebang is on the Smokey; saddle galls still bleeding."

Waite was now suffering so acutely they were obliged to halt before gaining sight of the river; finding, fortunately, a water-hole fed by a spring. As soon as the sick man could be made comfortable, Keith gave to the others his conclusions, and listened to what they had to say. Bristoe favored clinging to the trail, even though they must travel slowly, but Fairbain insisted that Waite must be taken to some town where he could be given necessary care. Keith finally decided the matter.

"None can be more anxious to reach those fellows that I am," he declared, but I know that country out south, and we'll never get through to the Salt Fork without fresh horses. Besides, as the doctor says, we've got to take care of Waite. If we find things as I expect we'll ride for Carson City and re-outfit there. What's more, we won't lost much time—it's a shorter ride from there to the cabin than from here."

By morning the General was able to sit his saddle again, and leaving him with Neb to follow slowly, the others spurred forward, discovered an outlet through the bluff into the valley, and crossed the Santa Fe Trail. It was not easy to discover where those in advance had passed this point, but they found evidence of a late camp in a little grove of cottonwoods beside the river. There were traces of two trails leading to the spot, one being that of the same five horses they had been following so long, the other not so easily read, as it had been traversed in both directions, the different hoof marks obliterating each other. Bristoe, creeping about on hands and knees, studied the signs with the eyes of an Indian.

"You kin see the difference yere what the ground is soft, Cap," he said, pointing to some tracks plainer than the others. "This yere hoss had a rider, but the rest of 'em was led; that's why they've bungled up their trail so. An' it wa'n't ther' same bunch that went back east what come from that—see that split hoof? that ain't no split hoof p'inting ther other way—but yere is the mark of the critter that puts her foot down so fur outside ther' we've been a trailin' from Sheridan, an' she's p'inting east, an' being led. Now, let's see what the bunch went from yere with that split hoof."

This was not so easily accomplished owing to the nature of the ground, but at last the searchers stumbled onto tracks close in under the bank, and one of these revealed the split hoof.

"That makes it clear, Ben," exclaimed Keith, decidedly, staring out across the river at the white sand-hills. "They have kept on the edge of the water, making for the ford, which is yonder at the bend. They are out in the sand desert by this time riding for the Salt Fork. Whoever he was, the fellow brought them five horses, and the five old ones were taken east again on the trail. The girl is still with the party, and we'll go into Carson City and recruit."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Again at the Cabin.

They were two weary days reaching Carson City, traveling along the open trail yet meeting with no one, not even a mail coach passing them. Evidently the Indians were so troublesome as to interrupt all traffic with Santa Fe and the more western forts. The slowness of their progress was on account of the General, whose condition became worse in spite of Fairbain's assiduous attentions. With no medicine the doctor could do but little to relieve the sufferings of the older man, although he declared that his illness was not a serious one, and would yield quickly to proper medical treatment. They constructed a rude travois from limbs of the cottonwood, and securely strapped him thereon, one man leading the horse, while the doctor tramped behind.

Keith, fretting more and more over his necessary delay, and now obsessed with the thought that Hawley must have rejoined his party on the Arkansas and gone south with them, finally broke away from the others and rode ahead, to gather together the necessary horses and supplies in advance of their arrival. He could not drive from his mind the remembrance of the gambler's attempted familiarity with Hope, when he had her, as he then supposed, safe in his power once before in that lonely cabin on the Salt Fork. Now, angry with baffled ambition, and a victim of her trickery, there was no guessing to what extremes the desperado might resort. The possibilities of such a situation made the slightest delay in rescue an agony almost unbearable. Reaching Carson City, and perfectly reckless as to his own safety there from arrest, the plainsman lost no time in perfecting arrangements for pushing forward. Horses and provisions were procured, and he very fortunately discovered in town two cowboys belonging to the "Bar X" outfit, their work there accomplished and about ready to return to the ranch on the Canadian, who gladly allied themselves with his party, looking forward to the possibilities of a fight with keen anticipation. Keith was more than ever delighted with adding these to his outfit, when, on the final arrival of the others, the extra man brought from Sheridan announced that he had had enough, and was going to remain there. No efforts made revealed any knowledge of Hawley's presence in Carson City; either he had not been there, or else his friends were very carefully concealing the fact. The utter absence of any trace, however, led Keith to believe that the gambler had gone elsewhere—probably to Fort Larned—for his new outfit, and this belief left him more fully convinced than ever of the fellow's efforts to conceal his trail.

The party escorting Waite reached the town in the evening, and in the following gray dawn the adventurers forded the river, and mounted on fresh horses and fully equipped, headed forth into the sand hills. The little company now consisted of Keith, Fairbain, who, in spite of his rotundity of form had proven himself hard and fit, Neb, having charge of the single pack-horse, the scout Bristoe, and the two cowboys of the "Bar X," rough, wiry fellow, accustomed to exposure and peril. It was emphatically a fighting outfit, and to be trusted in emergency.

They followed the cattle trail south toward the Salt Fork, as this course would afford them a camp at the only water-hole in all that wide desert lying between. With this certainty of water, they ventured to press their animals to swifter pace, although the sand made traveling heavy, and the trail itself was scarcely discernible. It was a hard, wearisome ride, hour after hour through the same dull, dreary landscape of desolation, the hot, remorseless sun beating down upon them, reflecting up into their blistered faces from the hot surface of sand. There was scarcely a breath of air, and the bodies of men and horses were bathed in perspiration. Not a cloud lying in the blue sky; no wing of a bird broke the monotony of distance, no living animal crept across the blazing surface of the desert. Occasionally a distant mirage attracted the eye, making the dead reality even more horrible by its semblance to water, yet never tempting them to stray aside. After the first mile conversation ceased, the men riding grimly, silently forward, intent only on covering all the distance possible. Late that night they camped at the water-hole, sleeping as best they could, scourged by the chill wind which swept over them and lashed grit into exposed faces. With the first gray of dawn they swung stiffened forms into the saddles and rode on, straight as the crow flies, for the Salt Fork. They attained that stream at sundown, gray with sand dust, their faces streaked from perspiration, feeling as though the sun rays had burned their brains, with horses fairly reeling under them. According to Keith's calculation this cattle-ford must be fully ten miles below where the cabin sought was situated; two hours' rest, with water and food, would put both horses and men again in condition, and the traveling was easier along the bank of the Fork. With this in mind, cinches were loosened, the animals turned out to graze, and the men, snatching a hasty bite, flung themselves wearily on the ground.

All but Fairbain were asleep when Keith aroused them once more, a little before nine, unable in his impatience to brook longer delay. Within ten minutes horses were saddled, weapons looked to carefully, and the little party began their advance through the darkness, moving cautiously over the uneven ground, assisted greatly by the bright desert stars gleaming down upon them from the cloudless sky overhead. The distance proved somewhat less than had been anticipated, and Keith's watch was not yet at eleven. when his eyes revealed the fact that they had reached the near vicinity of the sandy island on which the cabin stood. Reining in his horse sharply, he swung to the ground, the others instantly following his example, realizing they had reached the end of the route. Hands instinctively loosened revolvers in readiness for action, the younger of the "Bar X" men whistling softly in an effort to appear unconcerned. Keith, with a gesture, gathered them more closely about him.

"If Hawley is here himself," he said quietly, watching their faces in the starlight, "he will certainly have a guard set, and there may be one anyhow. We can't afford to take chances, for there will be five men, at least, on the island, and possibly several more. If they are looking for trouble they will naturally expect it to come from the north—consequently we'll make our attack from the opposite direction, and creep in on them under the shadow of the corral. The first thing I want to do is to locate Miss Waite so she will be in no danger of getting hurt in the melee. You boys hold your fire until I let loose or give the word. Now, Doctor, I want you and Neb to creep up this bank until you are directly opposite the cabin—he'll know the spot—and then there cut sight until we begin the shooting. Then both sail in as fast as you can. I'll take Bristoe and you two "Bar X" men along with me, and when we turn loose with our shooting irons you can all reckon the fight is on. Any of you got questions to ask?"

No one said anything, the silence accented by the desert wind howling mournfully in the branches of near-by cottonwood.

"All right then, boys, don't get excited and go off half cocked; be easy on your trigger fingers. Come along, you fellows who are traveling with me."

The four crossed the stream, wading to their waists in the water, their horses left to graze, clutched on the south bank, and finally crawled out into a bunch of mesquite. As they crept along through the darkness, whatever doubts Keith might have previously felt regarding the presence on the island of the party sought were dissipated by the unmistakable noise made by numerous horses in the corral. Slowly, testing each step as they advanced, so no sound should betray them, the four men reached the shelter of the stockade. The older of the "Bar X" men lifted himself by his hands, and peered cautiously over.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Four Crossed the Stream, Wading to Their Waists in the Water.

Long Voyage for Submarines.

The British submarines C 36, C 37 and C 38 arrived in Hongkong on April 20 after a voyage of 9,000 miles from Portsmouth, which they left on February 8.

After the vessels left Spithead it was expected that they would hug the shore, but they carried right through the dreaded Bay of Biscay and proceeded under their own power as far as Gibraltar without any untoward event.

Life in the small compass of a submarine is not very entertaining, but the men, with the true spirit of the sailorman, made the most of things. All the cooking was done on board by electricity.

It was customary for some of the men to enter a compartment on the upper portion of the vessel and to enjoy a bath as the submarine drove through the water. If she dipped the bather got more than he wanted, but all the same the sensation was cooling and pleasant.

A Popular Expression.

The Boston Globe says that the earliest mention of the expression, "I'm from Missouri, you'll have to show me," is found at the time of the great march across the plains to California in 1849 and 1850, many of the argonauts procuring their outfits at St. Joe. It was a matter of comment that the Missourians engaged as teamsters disbelieved the stories of the gold found in California and returned light to their starting point to get another chance to earn teamsters' wages. Later the same spirit of doubt was expressed in the phrase, "I'm from Missouri, show me," and remains in frequent use. Like most of such sayings, it is impossible to trace the exact origin of the expression, for such rise in a day and are spread broadcast, their origin never being inquired into until they have become well known.

He Trailed Behind.

An Episcopal bishop in a New England state was the guest of a friend. The bishop conducted the services Sunday morning, and seemed much irritated by the fact that his friend in the body of the church was always about five words behind the rest of the congregation during the recital of the Apostles' Creed. At dinner that afternoon the enlisted divine turned suddenly to his host and asked, with some asperity: "John, why can't you descend into hell with the rest of the congregation?"

Test for Water.

To test drinking water, put one teaspoonful of granulated sugar in a pint of the water you want to test. Cork tightly, place on the kitchen mantel shelf. If pure the water will remain clear, if not it will cloud densely, and ought to be analyzed.

Test of Eligibility.

Man's right to vote does not rest on respectability or intelligence, but on the very fact that he has been wearing a pair of pants for twenty-one years, and, in all probability, eating or burning up a ton of cheap tobacco.

Lasting Hatred.

"There is a sort of hatred which never is extinguished; it is the hatred that superiority inspires in mediocrity.—Paul Bourget.

FLAX GROWING IS PROFITABLE

WESTERN CANADA FARMERS BECOMING RICH IN ITS PRODUCTION.

So much has been written regarding the great amount of money made out of growing wheat in the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, Western Canada, that many other products of the farms are overlooked. These provinces will always grow large areas of wheat—both spring and winter—and the yields will continue to be large, and the general average greater than in any other portion of the continent. Twenty, thirty, forty, and as high as fifty bushels per acre of wheat to the acre—yields unusual in other parts of the wheat growing portions of the continent—have attracted world-wide attention, but what of oats, which yield forty, fifty and as high as one hundred and ten bushels per acre and carry off the world's prize; which, by the way, was also done by wheat raised in Saskatchewan during last November at the New York Land Show. And then, there is the barley, with its big yields, and its excellent samples. Another money-maker, and a big one is flax. The growing of flax is extensively carried on in Western Canada. The writer has before him a circular issued by a prominent farmer at Saskatoon. The circular deals with the treatment of seed flax, the seeding and harvesting, and attributes yields of less than 20 bushels per acre, to later seeding, imperfect and filly-prepared seed. He sowed twenty-five pounds of seed per acre and had a yield of nine bushels per acre over. This will probably dispose of at $2.50 per acre. Speaking of proper preparation of seed and cultivation of soil and opportune sowing, in the circular spoken of there is cited the case of a Mr. White, living fourteen miles south of Rosetown, who had fifteen acres of summer fallow a year ago last summer, upon which he produced thirty-three bushels to the acre, when many in the district harvested for want of crop. Now, there can be no proper reason advanced why such a crop should not have been produced on all the lands of the same quality in the adjacent district, provided they had been worked and cared for in the same manner. This year (1911) the same man had one hundred acres of summer fallow, had something over 3,800 bushels of wheat. He also had 1,800 bushels of oats and 300 bushels of flax.".

There are the cattle, the horses, the roots and the vegetable products of Western Canada farms, all of which individually and collectively deserve special mention, and they are treated of in the literature sent out on application by the Government agents.

Touch Preventer.

Howell—Why do you call your dog "Strike Breaker?"

Powell—I have done it ever since he grabbed a fellow who was about to strike me for money.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

Too Far or Business.

"I see King George's uncle is in New York."

"Uh! That's bad for George."

"Why so?"

"What will he do if he has occasion to go and see his uncle?"

IF YOU ARE A TRIFLE SENSITIVE

About the size of your shoes, you can wear a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder, into them. Just the thing for Dancing Parties and for Breaking in New Shoes. Gives instant relief to Corns and Bunions. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Lose Either Way.

Reason—Remember, my boy, wealth does not bring happiness.

Rhyme—Maybe not, but fighting the wolf is no round of pleasure.

The Proportion.

Knicker—Did he speak at a dinner?

Bocker—No; he ate at a talk.

Cole's Carbollesalve quickly relieves and cures burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Cures without scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Feline.

Lou—I would rather a man would call me a fool than a knave.

She—Of course. It's truth that hurts.—Toledo Blade.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Absent-Minded.

"I want a dog-collar, please."

"Yes'm. What size shirt does he wear?"—Life.

Mrs. Whalow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Too often the man with the hoe gets the worst of an encounter with the man with the gold brick.

Some women are peculiar, and some others are more so.

Stomach Blood and Liver Troubles

Much sickness starts with weak stomach, and consequent poor, impoverished blood. Nervous and pale people lack good, rich, red blood. Their stomach is weak and inefficient for, after all, a man can be no stronger than his stomach. A remedy that makes the stomach strong and the liver active, makes rich red blood and overcomes and drives out disease-producing bacteria and cures a whole multitude of diseases.

Get rid of your Stomach Weakness and Liver Laziness by taking a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—the great Stomach Restorative, Liver Invigorator and Blood Cleanser.

You can't afford to accept any medicine of *unknown composition* as a substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a medicine of KNOWN COMPOSITION, having a complete list of its ingredients in plain English on its bottle-wrapper, same being attested as correct under oath.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Among the Ancients.

Democritus had just announced the theory, that the visible universe is merely the result of the fortuitous concourse of atoms.

"Subject, of course," he said, "to the approval of Mr. Gompers."

For he did not wish to be drawn into a magazine controversy over it.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for Infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Hadn't Brought It.

Teacher (disgustedly)—My boy, my boy, where is your intuition?

Boy—I ain't got any. I'm only here a few days, and I didn't know what I had to git.—Judge.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE."

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Mrs. Benham—Yes; it's a shame that a wife can't overdraw her husband's account!—Judge.

FREE

I want every person who is bilious, constipated or has any stomach or liver ailment to send for a free package of my Paw-Paw Pills. I want to prove that they positively cure indigestion, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Biliousness, Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness. They are an infallible cure for Constipation. I am so sure this I am willing to give millions of free packages. Take all the Flax. Sold by druggists for 25 cents a vial. For free package address Prof. Munyon, 53rd & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

ABSORBINE

Cures Strained, Puffy, Swollen, Throbbing Veins, Varicose Veins, Boils, Bruises, Wire Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Weeks Cuts, Bruises, Sores