



KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS
By RANDALL DADSHIP
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Illustrations by DEANSON McNEIL



Jack Keith, a Virginian, on a border-plainman, is looking for roaming parties of savages. He sees a wagon team full of negroes, but they are not his. When Keith reaches the wagon the negroes have massacred two men and departed. He searches the vicinity finding papers and a pocket with a woman's portrait. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder. His accuser is a ruffian named Black Bart. A negro companion in his cell named Tom tells him that he knew the real Keith. Tom says one of the murdered men was John Wiley, the other, the Virginian, formerly a Confederate officer. The plainman and Tom escape. Tom later tells Keith that he came upon a cabin and found it occupied by a young girl, whom Keith thinks he saw at the murder. Keith explains that she is in search of a brother, who had deserted from the army. Keith tells her that she is the daughter of General Waite, Keith and Tom draw the girl back to the hotel. Keith meets the brother of Hope, and becomes convinced that Black Bart has some knowledge of the girl's whereabouts. Keith and Tom go to the house where she is, but she has fled. Keith and Tom go to the theater where she meets Black Bart. The plainman tells Keith that she is going to turn to her advantage. Keith and Tom go to the house where she is, but she has fled. Keith and Tom go to the theater where she meets Black Bart. The plainman tells Keith that she is going to turn to her advantage. Keith and Tom go to the house where she is, but she has fled. Keith and Tom go to the theater where she meets Black Bart. The plainman tells Keith that she is going to turn to her advantage.

and if you say another word I'll smash you, sheriff or no sheriff." Waiter glared at him. "You old fool," he snorted, "what have you got to do with this?" "I've got this to do with you, and if the woman is to be treated with respect or I'll blow your damned obdurate head off." The sheriff laid his hand on Waiter's shoulder. "Come," he said, "this is no way to get at it. We want to know certain facts, and then we can proceed 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. "You may ask me anything you please," she announced, quietly. "I am sure these gentlemen will not fight in my room." "Very well, Miss Maclaire. It will require only a moment. 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 demeanor of the sheriff seemed to yield the girl confidence and courage. "Yes, he had written me two or three letters."

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 it to forget for an instant the stern purpose of their gathering. Fairbain 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 questioningly upon Waiter. The sheriff was first to recover speech, and a sense of duty. "Then this Miss Maclaire out of the conspiracy," he said, gravely, "but it doesn't make it any brighter for Hawley so far as catching her. The doctor says she is not here. What difference can that make?" He stepped forward, one hand hung out, and Fairbain sprang instantly between them, mistaking the action. "Hands off there, Waiter," he commanded, sternly. "Whatever she says goes." "You plundering 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

CHAPTER XXXII. Keith straightened 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 passed through the crowd of men around the theater entrance, and hastened 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, looking wildly and staring blindly about, falling utterly to comprehend this mysterious vanishing. What could it mean? What had happened? How could they have disappeared so completely during that sinister 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 street, 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, but without result. He found himself totally baffled, and Hope had vanished as he was, only followed by the earth. He explored dark passage-ways between the scattered buildings, rummaging about recklessly, but came back to the street again without result.



Keith Straightened Up, Looking Directly into the Fierce Questioning Eyes. "You met him here then by appointment?" "Yes, to come to Sheridan, and explain to me more fully what his letters had only hinted at." "You possessed no previous knowledge of his purpose?" "Only the brief outline—details were given me later." "Will you tell us briefly exactly what Hawley told you?" The girl's bewildered eyes wandered from face to face, then returned to the waiting sheriff. "As I may let down," she asked, "most certainly, and don't be afraid, for really we wish to be your friends." She sank down into the chair, and even Keith could see how her slender form trembled. There was a moment's silence. "Believe me, gentlemen," she began, falteringly, "I have no fraud, no conspiracy, I have borne no conscious part in it. Mr. Hawley came to me saying a dying man had left with him certain papers, naming one Phyllis Galt, as the name of a very large estate in North Carolina, left by her grandfather in trust. He said the girl had been taken West, when scarcely two years old, by her father in a fit of drunken rage, and then deserted by him in St. Louis." "You—you saw the papers?" Waiter broke in. "Yes, those that Hawley had; he gave them to me to keep for him." She crossed to her trunk, and came back, a manila envelope in her hand. Waiter opened it hastily, running his eyes over the contents. "The infernal scoundrel!" he exclaimed, hotly. "These were stolen from me at Carson City." "Let me see them," the sheriff ran them over, merely glancing at the endorsement. "Just as you represented, Waiter," 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 half-

as though about to faint, and Fairbain caught her, but she slipped through his arms, and fell upon her knees, her face buried in her hands upon the chair. "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 of relief in the woman's voice rang through the room, stilling all else, and causing those who heard it to forget for an instant the stern purpose of their gathering. Fairbain 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 questioningly upon Waiter. The sheriff was first to recover speech, and a sense of duty. "Then this Miss Maclaire out of the conspiracy," he said, gravely, "but it doesn't make it any brighter for Hawley so far as catching her. The doctor says she is not here. What difference can that make?" He stepped forward, one hand hung out, and Fairbain sprang instantly between them, mistaking the action. "Hands off there, Waiter," he commanded, sternly. "Whatever she says goes." "You plundering 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

Big Advance. Native—Yes, sir, property round here has went up a lot in the last few years. Afore I was born my father bought land here for ten dollars an acre that we couldn't touch near Jess's twelve-fifty—Century Magazine.

Natural Indignation. Thief (who has snatched a lady's bag)—Two trawlers, a powder puff, a recipe for headwax, and a sample of silk. An I'll see you—Puck.

Good Remedy for Hiccough. Reflex action. The sugar certainly plays no specific role in this case, it is probable that any inert powder would have the same effect. Dr. Pettit has made use of this remedy for some years, and it has rarely failed. Accordingly he recommends recourse to it even when the case of hiccoughs may have resisted all the standard remedies. One Deposits Near Surface. Men sometimes dream of enormous wealth stored in the earth, below the reach of miners, but experts aver that there is little or no ground to believe that valuable metallic deposits lie very deep in the earth's crust. Such deposits, it is said, are made by underground waters, and owing to the pressure on the rocks at great depths, the waters are confined to a shell near the surface. With few exceptions, ore deposits become too lean to repay working below three thousand feet. Nine mines in ten, taking the world as a whole, are poorer in the second thousand feet than in the first, and poorer yet in the third thousand.

Professional Nurse as Wife. Sir James Crichton-Brown of London, England, says a nurse makes an ideal wife, and he urges young men in selecting helpmates to consider first the quality and character of the nurses whom they know. He says that a training in a hospital is a woman's finest for home life. She is taught the nutritive value of foods,

called his monumental work the "Divine Comedy." Pope de Vega, whose name comes first to mind when one turns to Spanish writing—barring Don Quixote—was a dramatist. Goethe's great work was "Faust"; Corneille, Racine and Moliere are the great names of French literature, and of the volumes of William Shakespeare many a writer avers that they leave nothing for any other English speak-

GUARDIAN OF GAME

Dr. Theodore S. Palmer Protects Uncle Sam's Preserves. ADVISER OF LEGISLATURES

Amusing Story of How A. Allen Parker and Allen Parker Obtained Their Lieutenant's Commissions in the Regular Army. By GEORGE CLINTON. Washington.—Dr. Theodore S. Palmer of the government's biological survey is the guardian of all the game of the United States. He knows every quail covert in the country, he can number the herds of elk in the western mountains, and he knows every runway of the deer of the Adirondacks. This physician-naturalist provides for the protection of the game in Uncle Sam's preserves, and sees to it that no poacher shall escape punishment. To doctrine of states' rights bars government action in the matter of law-making for any section of the country save territories, the national parks and the forest reserves, but this does not prevent Dr. Palmer from being the guardian of nearly every body of legislators in the land when the game laws stand in need of revision. There is much game left in the United States, notwithstanding repeating firearms and the ease of access to the wilds made possible by the rapid railroad extension of recent years. The Audubon societies, by arousing public sentiment, have done more than all the laws on the statute books for the preservation of the birds, but the law alone, with strong men to enforce it, is responsible for the continued presence of the deer in the forest and the antelope on the plain.

Tale of the Two Parkers. In the United States army there are two officers, one named A. Allen Parker and the other named Allen Parker. These two men are not Dromios in appearance, though their names escape the fate by the bare breath of one initial letter, thereby hangs a war department story. When the Spanish war broke out A. Allen Parker was a senior at Purdue university in Indiana. He volunteered for service against the Spaniards, went to the front as a captain of Company A, One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Indiana Infantry, and served out his enlistment with credit. After the war was over, A. Allen Parker felt a desire to enter the regular army, but a commission in the Uncle Sam's forces were being increased and the government had vacancies for young men who had served against the Spaniards, who could get the proper recommendations, and who had been recommended for a regular commission, and mental examination. There were more young men who desired the positions than there were vacancies, and so, feeling qualified both by military education and by his record to become a second lieutenant, Corporal A. Allen Parker asked the member of congress from his district to recommend him for a commission in the regulars. The obliging congressman went to the war department and stated his case for the young man. The war department looked up the Spanish war records and found that Corporal A. Allen Parker had a most creditable record and the congressman was told that before long A. Allen Parker would be before a board of officers at Fort Sheridan for examination for his commission. Wrong Man Was Notified. Back in Indiana Corporal A. Allen Parker had a brother, Allen Parker, who had also served in the war, but that he had passed his examination and was now a full-fledged second lieutenant of infantry stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco. The congressman was as dumbfounded as the war department when he heard that the brother of the congressman, who was home on a visit, and told him that he feared that the war department had been forgetful. The congressman went back to Washington that night, and, going to the war department, asked why his constituent, A. Allen Parker, had not received orders to take his examination. The military secretary told the congressman that Parker had not only been ordered to take his examination, but that he had passed his examination and was now a full-fledged second lieutenant of infantry stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco.

China Rulers Quit. In Solution It is Better Than as Commonly Used. BEST WAY OF USING SOAP. Soap solution is the best way of using soap for laundry purposes. This is a good and well tried solution: A bar of ordinary laundry soap may be cut up and dissolved in three or four quarts of hot water. This may be used at once while hot or may be kept in glass jars until needed. White clothes may be boiled. Bring slowly to boiling point with boiler full of water. If clothes appear yellow, use a little kerosene or paraffin. The yellow tinge can be obliterated by use of white soap. The question of starching is a complex one. Perhaps the following will interest the inquirer: Mix starch with a small quantity of cold water to a creamy consistency, add a little more cold water, and then the desired amount of absolutely boiling water, stirring constantly. Put the starch over the fire and boil it for several minutes to insure complete cooking, and stir it all the time it is cooking. Cool or dilute for use. If oil, borax, or wax be used, they should be cooked with the starch, but bluing is added later. The proportion of starch to starched articles should be eight to sixteen of boiling water, for thick starch, and one measurement of starch to sixteen of boiling water, for thin starch. Uncooked or partly cooked starch will stick and make trouble for the ironer. (From many ways be hot for starched clothes.) The amount of starch needed is regulated by the number of clothes to be starched. Starch can be made thinner by adding water, and it always grows thinner with use. Starched clothes must never be stiff enough to rattle—Good Housekeeping Magazine.

CHINA RULERS QUIT

EDICT OF ABDICATION IS SIGNED AND MANCHU DYNASTY ENDED. COURT BESIEGED IN PALACE

Martial Law Proclaimed in Tientsin.—War is Resumed—Rebels Defeat Imperialists and Begin March on Suchow. Tientsin.—The edict of abdication has been signed. The court will remain in Peking indefinitely, or until the Manchu rulers are able to make their escape. The troops of the Manchu garrison have sworn vengeance on the emperor and the princes for their act and have declared they will shoot them on sight. Every precaution is being taken to guard against treachery within the palace. The abdication has precipitated chaotic conditions here. The officials are in a panic, the mayor has resigned and fled with his family to the French concession. Martial law has been proclaimed in the native city. The formal statement given by the imperial throne at a conference between the emperor and the cabinet was to the effect that a peaceful solution of the situation had been reached. The edict grants the request of Yuan Shi Kai that the bestowal of the throne be postponed until the throne has been proposed, be deferred until after peace has been restored. This request of the premier is taken to indicate that he has transferred his allegiance to the republicans, but will remain in Peking to prevent a Manchu outbreak. The republican army is disregarding the extension of the armistice, having resumed hostilities. Several skirmishes have been fought in the vicinity of Kueiping, but the imperial force of General Shang Hsun was overwhelmingly defeated, and the rebels have begun an advance on Suchow, in the Tientsin-Pukow railroad. Private dispatches describe the situation in Peking as bordering on an uprising. Hundreds of Chinese are flocking to the foreign legations for protection and the wealthy residents are storing their treasures within the foreign concessions.

MAIL AROUND THE HOUSE

To take the smell of fish from hands wash them in water which contains a few drops of ammonia. If you get too much salt into your tomato soup, add a little sugar. It seems to make salty soup taste all right. But better still is to add a few slices of raw potato. To mend linen tablecloths, remove the frayed foot from your machine. Insert the piece to be darned under it and stitch back and forth. It is much quicker and neater than when done by hand. The best way to singe the hairs and pin feathers from a fowl is to put it in a pan and pour alcohol over it and instantly set this on fire. The black removes the hairs and pin feathers without injuring the flesh. Instead of frying mackerel in a spider place it in a baking pan on a piece of old cotton cloth or thick brown paper. Sprinkle over a little lard and add several pieces of salt pork or butter, if preferred. Bake in a hot oven. If colored cottons are washed in bran or starch water instead of soap suds they will keep their color. If bran is used put it in a bag of loosely woven cheesecloth and wash with either is enough for a small tub of water. Beef Broth. Use four pounds of beef, or other thick roasting piece. Rear quickly on a hot frying pan or in a very hot oven. Put into a stew kettle with one and one-half cups of boiling water. Cover closely and put where it will just boil. Watch that the water does not boil away or the meat will burn. Cook until tender, probably about three hours. Add salt a few minutes before taking up. Remove the meat carefully to a hot platter. Add more water to the gravy, if necessary, and thicken with one tablespoon flour smoothed in butter. Serve the gravy in a boat. Baked Quinces. Pare and quarter; extract seeds and stew the fruit in clear water until a straw will pierce them; put them in a baking dish with half a cupful of sugar; bake about two hours; pour over them the liquor in which they were boiled, cover closely and steam in the oven one hour. Take out the quinces, lay them in a covered bowl to keep warm, return the syrup to the saucepan, boil about 20 minutes, pour over the quinces and set away, covered, to cool. Eat cold. Delicious White Cake. Put into a mixing bowl one cup sugar, 1/4 cup sifted flour, into which blend the members of the Yomanite that if they didn't stop the attorney from making insulting remarks he would do it himself. Bad feeling was displayed on all sides. Mr. Haney was constantly in a wrangle either with Mr. Burns or with John J. Healy, attorney for the committee. Pure "Away From Home." Washington.—Anything branded "maple sugar" or "maple sirup" is the genuine article, if it is sold outside the state in which it is made, according to statements made before the house committee of agriculture by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley. Psyehylovlvki No More. Philadelphia.—Andreopolvitch Psyehylovlvki petitioned court to change his name. The court granted the request after attempting to pronounce it. Pass Borah's Child's Bill. Washington.—The senate, after a four-hour debate, passed Senator Borah's bill creating a children's bureau in the department of commerce and labor. A similar bill is now pending in the house and there is no doubt it will pass. German Squadron Comes. Berlin.—A German squadron will be sent to American waters this year to return the visit to Kiel of the second division of the United States North Atlantic squadron last June. Fall 200 Feet in Shaft. Danville, Ill.—Eight men were injured, four severely, by the falling of a mine cage crowded with men going to work in the Electric mine, which is six miles west of Danville. The cage dropped 200 feet. British Ship Sunk in Collision. Dover.—The British ship Glendower was run down and sunk by the British steamer Cambrian King, which left Savannah January 9 for Hamburg. The captain of the Glendower was drowned.

That the great treasures of a national literature are so often found in the drama arises from the essentially popular character of the theater. Here the picture and the action drive home the meaning of the words to people who would be bored if they had to read the play and thus furnish the pictures and action out of their imagination. The great Greek writers were dramatists, and Dante

The Theater and Literature. Trial Up to Date. Breef was accused of bribery. He admitted the charge. "What, sir?" the judge thundered. "What you, a practicing lawyer, admit without shame that you bribed the witness?" "Yes, your honor," said Breef, hastily. "But I bribed him to tell the truth. He had been bribed by the other side to lie."

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