

KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARSONS

CHAPTER XXIX

By Force of Arms

With her heart throbbing ferociously, she clung to the outer door of the vestibule endeavoring to see a little of what was transpiring without.

She drew back from him. "Sheeny Joe's?" You mean the seelon near the depot?

"Sure; what's the use of being so squeamish? You sing and dance to a saloon crowd, don't you? Oh, I know you're a good girl, Christie, and all that."

"Oh, I can dress in a jiffy when there is any cause for hurry. Hope responded, permitting herself to drift under his guidance.

"Well, I should say not," drawing her hand through his arm, and then getting it with his own. "I have seen about all I care to of nature, but not of Christie MacLaire."

"You may learn to feel the same regarding her," Hope answered, afraid to encourage the man, yet eagerly fearful lest she fail to play her part aright.

"Not the slightest danger," laughing lightly, and pressing her arm more closely against his body. "Although I must confess you exhibited some temper when I was late to-night."

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"Yes; thought I had got him off on a false scent and out of the way, the first time, but he turned up again like a bad penny."

"What have I done to be frightened over?" He laughed, but not pleasantly. "Oh, hell, Christie, can't you understand? Old Waite is after you the same way he is me."

"All right, Christie," his voice regarding its pleasant tone. "You shall have your way this time. There is too much at stake for us to quarrel over this."

"You are afraid, just the same," he said, pressing her to him lover-like. "Darkness always gets on a woman's nerves."

"Only a few steps; the ravine is yonder, and we can sit down on the rocks. I want to smoke, and we will be entirely out of sight there."

"I reckon, Christie," he said slowly, between puffs on his cigar, the lighted end of which faintly illumined his face.

"I-I don't think I understand." "No, of course, you don't. You imagine all we've got to do in a matter of this kind is to step into the nearest court, and draw the money."

"Yes," he went on, apparently satisfied with her exclamation. "Of course, I know she's dead, or at least, you say so, but we haven't got enough proof without her—not the way old Waite promises to fight your claim—"

"No, I know no one. But what do you mean? I thought everything was straight? That there was no question

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AUTO DEATH TOLL

Racer Buck and Mechanician Receive Fatal Injuries when Car, Going at Terrific Rate, Turns Somersault.

Elgin, Aug. 26.—The 305-mile road race today, won by Lon Zengel, in a National, with Harry Grant second, and Hugh Hughes third, was not accomplished without its toll of death and injuries.

Dave Buck, the veteran Chicago automobile racer, and his mechanic were killed, as the result of an accident to his Pope-Hartford. Buck had his back broken, but lived until tonight. Sam Jacobs, mechanic, died instantly, his neck being broken.

That is the amount of human toll exacted by an inexcusable panic at a moving picture show in the Canonsburg opera house Saturday night. The moving picture machine developed a slight defect. It sputtered a bit.

The bodies clogged the way. The men walked over them and fought for positions of safety until overwhelmed by the height of the moving mass behind, they too were crushed down to death.

It was all ended in a few minutes. Firemen, policemen and coolheaded citizens untangled the human mass. The unhurt and those slightly injured were pulled from the top of the pile.

Of the 26 dead, 13 were children, seven of them pupils in the public schools. Today it was decided to postpone for a week the opening of the schools.

Arthur McPeake was passing the building when the bodies began to pile up at the door. The young man rushed to the rescue and was in the act of dragging a body from the pile when a man came shooting down the stairs.

Manager Ferguson endeavored to stop the panic. Accompanied by his wife he went to the stage. Calling loudly to the frightened people to follow, he led fully 300 to safety.

This year Young Men's Christian Associations are likely, it is said, to break all records in amount of money raised for new buildings. The success at Philadelphia, when \$1,030,000 was secured in twelve days, has given stimulus both to Young Men's and Young Women's associations.

RATE COMPLAINTS FILED

Greenville Concerns Lodge Protests with I. C. Commission.

Washington, Aug. 26.—Alleging that the Southern Railway and Dominion Steamship Company charged \$1.14 per 100 pounds on a shipment of lamp goods from New York to Greenville, S. C., the Gilreath-Durham Company, of the latter place, today filed complaint with the Interstate commerce commission on the ground that the published rate on such goods from New York to Atlanta is \$1.05 per 100 pounds, and that the higher charge to Greenville than to Atlanta is a violation of the long and short haul statute, as Greenville is nearer New York by the foregoing routes than is Atlanta.

The Lipscomb-Russell Company, of Greenville, enters a similar complaint against the same defendants for charging 60 cents per 100 pounds on shipments of coffee from New York to Greenville whereas the published rate from New York to Atlanta is 56 cents per 100 pounds.

MECHANICS COP SECOND GAME

Bishopville Boys Unable to Find Mechanics Pitcher.

Bishopville, Aug. 25.—The second game of the three game series was played today between the Mechanics of Columbia, and the locals, and was lost to the Mechanics by a score of 9 to 1.

The Greenville Piedmont says that, for a wonder, none of the northern papers have claimed that the mob which lynched a negro in Pennsylvania last week was composed of Southerners.

REV. J. B. WILSON IN ANDERSON.

Former Presiding Elder of the Anderson District.

Rev. J. B. Wilson, formerly of this city, but now of Sumter, has been spending a while here with the family of Mr. C. F. Jones. He is on his vacation, and left yesterday afternoon for Spartanburg for a short visit before returning home.

Rev. Mr. Wilson was formerly presiding elder of the Methodist churches in the Anderson district, and has many warm friends here who were glad to see him again. He is now pastor of the Second Methodist church at Sumter.—Anderson Mail.

An Anecdote Handy.

The woman was the author of a cook book that had been published at her request with wide margins and occasional blank pages for notes and additional recipes. Often she had expressed a wish to see an old copy of the book and find out to what use the blank spaces had been put.

When he got a chance he looked through the book himself. Every note the book contained was a remedy for dyspepsia and stomach trouble.—New York Times.

Whom the Session Has Helped.

Springfield Republican. This session of congress has helped the Democrats and exalted the Republican President, whatever may be the effect of it upon the Republican party. Yet the party has no other possible chieftain, and the Nebraska Republicans have pointed the way for the Republicans of the entire nation in cordially accepting the President's leadership.



Have You a Boy to Educate?

Have you decided where to send him to school? Do you wish to place him in a Christian Military Institution?

Where his health will be carefully looked after, his mind thoroughly trained and where he will be taught habits of obedience, punctuality, and industry?

If so, send him to

The South Carolina Co-Educational Institute

Here the teachers take the place of the parents and students are at all times under the direct watch-care of the faculty from the time they enter school until they return to their homes.

This institution has splendid brick buildings with modern equipments, a faculty of fifteen experienced teachers, and a thorough course of study.

It has been in successful operation under the same management for twenty years.

Last year students were in attendance from all over South Carolina and from six other states.

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Mad With Terror, She Pulled the Trigger.

late on purpose to spite you." "Well, weren't you?" and the girl glanced inquiringly up into his face, as they passed out of the alley into the light of the Troadero's windows.

(To Be Continued.)

Stanley's Dog Knows His Route.

New York Herald. Representative Stanley, who as chairman of the Steel Investigating Committee, has opened the season on predatory wealth and trusts in general, employs a stenographer who delights in describing his extremely human character and general kindness to all men and beasts.

"Down in Henderson, Ky., where he lives, Mr. Stanley has an old dog," said the stenographer. "Every morning when at home Mr. Stanley takes a walk down town and stops in a little cafe before going to his office. The dog always waits outside for him. And do you know that Mr. Stanley's absence from home has made the dog so disconsolate that regularly every morning he goes to the same place and waits a little while for Mr. Stanley and then trots home."

The dog story was repeated to Mr. Stanley and he laughed heartily. "Yes, that darned dog does do that," he admitted. "The brute is disgracing me in Henderson. He not only goes to one saloon, but he spends the whole day visiting every barroom in Henderson looking for me."