

KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL FARRISH
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"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING," etc.

Illustrations by HARRISON MELWELL

CHAPTER XXX

In Christie's Room.

Keith swept his glance up and down the street without result. Surety 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 to overtake—nowhere along that stretch of street, dimly lit by window lights, was there any sign of a man and woman walking together. He stopped, bewildered, 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 single 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 way, 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 sharply, only to find himself totally baffled—Hawley and Hope had vanished as though enveloped by the earth. He explored dark passage-ways between the scattered buildings, rummaging about recklessly, but came back to the street again without reward.

Could they have gone down the other side, in the deeper shadows, and then reached the hotel more quickly than it seemed to him possible? There was barely a chance that this could be true, and yet Keith grasped at it desperately, cursing himself for having wasted time. Five minutes later, breathless, almost speechless with anxiety, he started the clerk.

"Has Miss Waite come in? Has Hope Waite?"

"Blamed if I know," returned the other, indifferently. "Can't for the life of me tell those two females apart. One of them passed through 'bout ten minutes ago; Doc Fairbain was with her. Another party just went up stairs hunting Miss MacLaire, and as they haven't come down, I reckon it must have been her—anything wrong?"

"I'm not sure yet," shortly. "Who was this other person?"

"Old fellow with white hair and whiskers—swore like a pirate—had the sheriff along with him."

It came to Keith in a flash—it was Waite. Perhaps Christie knew. Perhaps the General knew. Certainly something of importance was crystallizing in the actress' room which might help to explain all else. He rushed up the stairs, barely waiting to rap once at the closed door before he pressed it open. The slight within held him silent, waiting opportunity to burst out his news. Here, also, was tragedy, intense, compelling, which for the instant seemed to even overshadow the fate of the girl he loved. There were three men present, and the woman. She stood clutching the back of a chair, white-faced and open-eyed, with Fairbain slightly behind her, one hand grasping her arm, the other clinched, his jaw set pugnaciously. Facing these two was Waite, and a heavily built man wearing a brown beard, closely trimmed.

"You'd better acknowledge it," Waite snapped out, with a quick glance at the newcomer. "It will make it all the easier for you. I tell you this is the sheriff, and we've got you both dead to rights."

"But," she urged, "why should I be arrested? I have done nothing."

"You're an adventuress—a damn adventuress—Hawley's mistress, probably—"

"Now, see here, Waite," and Fairbain swung himself forward, "you drop that, Miss MacLaire is my friend, and if you say another word I'll smash you, sheriff or no sheriff."

Waite glared 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."

The sheriff laid his hand on Waite's shoulder.

"Come," he said, firmly, "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."

"You met him here then by appointment?"

"He was 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 barest 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.

"May—may I sit 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, "if there is any fraud, any 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 Gale, as heiress to 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?" Waite 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 manilla envelope in her hand. Waite 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 endorsements.

"Just as you represented, Waite," 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-sister; the resemblance was most startling. This, with the fact that I have never known either father or mother or my real name, and that my earlier life was passed in St. Louis, sufficed to make me believe he must be right."

"You—you—" Waite choked, leaning forward. "You don't know your real name?"

"No, I do not," her lips barely forming the words. "The woman who brought me up never told me."

"Who—who was the woman?"

"A Mrs. Raymond—Sue Raymond—she was on the stage, and died in Texas—San Antonio, I think."

Waite swore audibly, his eyes never once deserting the girl's face.

"Hawley told you to say that?"

"No, he did not," she protested warmly. "It was never even mentioned between us—at least, not Sue Raymond's name. What difference can that make?"

He stepped forward, one hand flung out, and Fairbain sprang instantly between them, mistaking the action.

"Hands off there, Waite," he commanded, sternly. "Whatever she says goes."

"You blundering 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 the neck, swung her about toward the light, and stared at a birthmark behind her ear. No one spoke, old

Keith straightened up, looking directly into the fierce questioning eyes.

Waite seemingly stricken dumb, the woman shrinking away from him as though she feared he was crazed.

"What is it?" asked the sheriff, sternly.

Slowly Waite turned about and faced him, running the sleeve of his coat across his eyes. He appeared dazed, confounded.

"My God, it's all right," he said, with a choke in the throat. "She's—she's the girl."

Christie stared at him, her lips parted, unable to grasp what it all meant.

"You mean I—I am actually Phyllis Gale? That—that there is no mistake?"

He nodded, not yet able to put it more clearly into words. She swayed 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!"

(To be Continued.)



Keith Straightened Up, Looking Directly into the Fierce Questioning Eyes.

OLD TESTAMENT TIMES BROOKLYN TABERNACLE BIBLE STUDIES

THE WISDOM FROM ABOVE

Daniel, 19-20—Sept. 10

"It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth."—Romans xiv, 21.

AMONGST the earlier captives brought by Nebuchadnezzar from Jerusalem some twenty years before its destruction, were four young men of evidently noble birth and religious training, Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah. These captives were not maltreated nor enslaved, in the ordinary sense of the term. Their intellectual qualities were discerned, and they were put into a superior school that they, with others, might be fitted to constitute a board of wise men, counselors of the king. So different is all this from the nepotism, "graft" and "pull" of our day that it seems almost incomprehensible.

We may here learn a lesson of how God is able to make even the disasters of life work out blessings for those who are truly loyal to Him, even as faithful Daniel and his companions were blessed and prospered in the enemies' land.

Advantages of Abstemiousness

The young Hebrews were attached to the king's household and were provided with extraordinary delicacies, including spirituous liquors. The policy of the king in providing sumptuously for all the students was that, being well nourished, they might be in their best physical and mental condition. This lesson shows that it is a mistake to suppose that high living is specially conducive to intellectual—not to mention spiritual—ability.

From the beginning, under God's providence, the department of Daniel brought him into special favor with the prince of the eunuchs, who had in charge the temporalities of these students. There is something in a meek and quiet spirit that is impressive; and as a rule such a spirit comes only from a proper, religious training. To



Daniel and Three Companions.

this eunuch Daniel, and his associates through him, appealed, requesting that instead of the fine food and liquors provided they might have a plain vegetable diet. Their request was granted.

At the end of the period of their preparation, the king communed with the students and among them all was found none like Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah: . . . and in every matter of wisdom and understanding concerning which the king inquired of them he found them ten times better than all the magicians and enchanters that were in his realm.

The Secret of Daniel's Success

What was the secret of this wisdom and understanding? Did not the secret lie in the blessing of God and in the fact that these young men sought to devote their lives to the doing of the Divine will—to the doing of righteousness? Such minds anywhere, at any time, are scarce. Such minds always bespeak wisdom. On the other hand, sensuality, selfishness, the grinding of personal axes, always becloud the judgment.

What we need today in every walk of life, is consecrated men of the stamp of Daniel and his companions—whole hearted men—who will give their best for the service of their fellow men in whatever sphere their lives may be cast.

Dare to Be a Daniel

Although few of us today can be Daniels or have his high position and wonderful opportunity, and though few are leading spirits as was Daniel, yet all may have the same spirit of devotion to the principles of righteousness, which devotion will be tested, under Divine providence, step by step, through the "narrow way," as they seek to walk in the footsteps of Him who set us an example—our Daniel, our Leader, our Lord Jesus. Let all, then, who have named the name of Christ, depart from iniquity. Let all such be faithful. What is really needed is the Daniel spirit; and that is a possibility with every man and every woman—young or old. "Dare to be a Daniel!" Alas! how few appreciate the privilege, how few are emulating the Daniel spirit!

Christians, throughout this Age, are in a position very similar to that of Daniel. The great King of Glory has them in the School of Christ. He wishes to select a few to be joint-heirs in the Messianic Kingdom when it shall be established. The test of examination will come in the end of this Age. Those who will then be found worthy will be such as have the Daniel spirit of devotion to God and to the principles of righteousness—will ingness to lay down their lives in the service of the truth—followers in the footsteps of Jesus. Of these the Lord speaks, saying, "They shall be Mine, saith the Lord, in that Day when I make up My jewels."—Malachi iii, 17.

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MATERIAL LOSS IN COTTON.

CONDITION OF CROP REPORTED AS 72.6 PER CENT.

Feterioration of 14.3 Points Since Last Month and Greatest During August in Past Ten Years—Figures Based on 1,900 Special Reports, of Average Date August 23, 24, to Journal of Commerce—Compared with Other Years.

New York, Aug. 30.—According to 1,900 special correspondents of the Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin, bearing an average mail date of August 23-24, percentage condition of growing cotton was on that date 72.6 as compared with 86.9 a month ago, a deterioration for the period under review of 14.3 points. This compares with 70.7 per cent last year; 66 per cent in 1909; 78.1 per cent in 1908, and 73.9 in 1907. The ten-year average is 73 per cent and the loss of 14.3 points during August is the greatest in that month in the past ten years.

The most important declines occurred in Texas and Oklahoma, respectively, 21.4 points and 19.1 points, where severe droughts and hot winds and worms caused heavy shedding.

Well informed and conservative correspondents incline to the belief that the deterioration shown in this month's crop reports has been unduly exaggerated, consciously or unconsciously, by the active agitation in the cotton belt against large crop estimates. These returns must, therefore, be accepted accordingly, and due allowance made for popular lies.

In 1905 the August condition reported in these columns was 72.4 per cent, or about the same as this year. In 1905 the crop was 10,726,000 bales, or a yield of .41 bales per acre. Should the same rate of yield be realized this year, it would suggest a crop of not less than 14,300,000 bales.

Since the date of these mail advices general rains have greatly relieved conditions and considerable improvement is expected. Other heavy losses occurred in Georgia, 10.9 points; Alabama, 12.8 points; Mississippi, 12.3 points; Louisiana, 14.8 points, and Arkansas, 15.6 points.

No Need to Stop Work.

When your doctor orders you to stop work, it staggers you. "I can't," you say. You know you are weak, run-down and failing in health, day by day, but you must work as long as you can stand. What you need is Electric Bitters to give tone, strength and vigor to your system, to prevent breakdown and build you up. Don't be weak, sickly or ailing when Electric Bitters will benefit you from the first dose. Thousands bless them for their glorious health and strength. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50c at Sibert's Drug Store.

In The Magistrate's Court.

On Saturday a warrant was sworn out before Judge Wells by Alva Keels charging W. J. Stafford, a young white man living a few miles west of the city, with cursing and using profane language in the public highway in the presence of ladies.

From what could be learned about the case it was ascertained that there was some trouble between the two parties about passing each other on the road and in the dispute that followed Stafford was alleged to have done the cursing. Mr. Stafford claims not to have known that any ladies were in the car. The occurrence took place after dark Friday night.

Communication was secured with Mr. Stafford later who stated that he would come to town Monday at noon to answer the charges in Magistrate Wells' office.

Not a Word of Scandal.

marred the call of a neighbor on Mrs. W. P. Spangh, of Manville, Wyo., who said: "She told me Dr. King's New Life Pills had cured her of obstinate kidney trouble, and made her feel like a new woman." Easy, but sure remedy for stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Only 25 cents at Sibert's Drug Store.

Before You Reach the Limit.

of physical endurance and while your condition is still curable, take Foley Kidney Pills. Their quick action and positive results will delight you. For backache, nervousness, rheumatism, and all kidney, bladder and urinary troubles.

The season for marketing cotton has commenced in earnest and every day quite a number of bales are brought into town and sold on the local market.

Forced to Leave Home.

Every year a large number of poor sufferers, whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs, are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. There is a better way. Let Dr. King's New Discovery cure you at home. "It cured me of lung trouble," writes W. R. Nelson, of Calumet, Ark., "when all else failed and I gained 47 pounds in weight. It's surely the king of all cough and lung cures." Thousands owe their lives and health to it. It's positively guaranteed for coughs, colds, grippe, asthma, croup—all throat and lung troubles. 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at Sibert's Drug Store.

FARMERS NEED DOVES.

Back New Move to Save Weed Eaters—Birds Beat Best Farmhand—Southern Shoots Hurt Crops.

Backed by almost every agricultural organization in the country, special efforts to check the slaughter of turtle doves, that destroys thousands of weed seeds at one meal, have been begun at the headquarters of the National Association of Audubon Societies in this city. Before these beautiful birds fly South after a summer of wholesale extermination of the weeds that menace every crop on the continent, it is planned to try to avert the murderous fustillade that always butchers millions of them across the southern and southwestern States. As a most important step in this direction the Audubon workers have just succeeded in having a State game commission, supporting a strong force of wardens, established in Georgia.

That each member of this popular species of wild dove can destroy more weeds in a day than the most vigorous farmhand equipped with a hoe, is being demonstrated to the farmers in every section by recent investigations of the government Biological Survey. In the stomachs of three turtle doves alone, 23,100 seeds of hawkweed, foxtail, wood-sorrel, paspalum and other damaging growths have been discovered, plucked from the fields as one dinner by the persistent feathered weeders. Every day in the year these doves are shown to take 64 per cent of their food in weed seeds from farm land, and with each stroke of their nimble bills the ripening germ of a rank weed is forever killed.

A considerable amount of the half-billion dollars that the farmers of America pay each year for labor might have been saved by the natural increase of the dove weed killers, which is heavily offset by their widespread shooting, according to reports that are being received at Audubon headquarters here. Over the peanut

and wheat fields of the South as many as 4,000 turtle doves are known to have been butchered at a single shooting, where the birds were lured oftentimes by illegal baiting. In Texas, Kansas and Oklahoma, a fight is already being made by the farmers to have these weed seed eaters protected, while the people of California have just defeated an attempt to abolish a close season on shooting them.

"We believe we count upon the support of everyone interested in the crops, the whole country over, in our efforts to save the economically invaluable turtle doves from destruction," said T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the National Association of Audubon Societies. "When the people of the South and southwest come to realize the damage that this bird butchery does to the country's crops, I feel sure they will join with every agricultural interest to help us preserve a bird that is beautiful and generally beloved by all Americans, as it is financially helpful to every farmer."

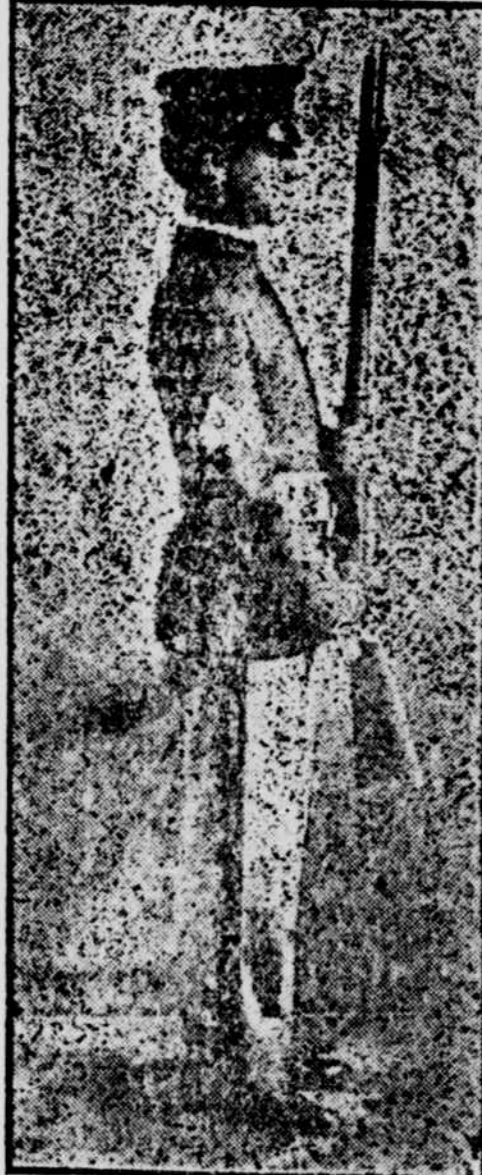
A fat man can never hope to cultivate an "aviation neck."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Just Boys.

"I inquired once," says Mr. Arthur D. Deen in the World's Work, "of a group of teachers what they taught. One said 'mathematics,' another replied 'English,' still another, 'science,' but the fourth—God bless the little prophetic—merely said: 'Please, sir; just boys.'"

A Great Advantage to Working Men.

J. A. Maple, 125 S. 7th St., Steubenville, O., says: "For years I suffered from weak kidneys and a severe bladder trouble. I learned of Foley Kidney Pills and their wonderful cures so I began taking them and sure enough I had as good results as any I heard about. My backache left me and to one of my business, expressman, that alone is a great advantage. My kidneys acted free and normal, and that saved me a lot of misery. It is now a pleasure to work where it used to be a misery. Foley Kidney Pills have cured me and have my highest praise."



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