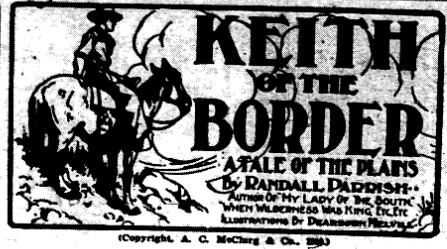

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SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is looking for roaming war parties of savages. He sees a wagon team 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 finding 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 him 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 appropriated 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, Dr. 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 turn to her advantage. 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, tells Hope that General Waite has suspected his plans and that they must fly. Hope, greatly alarmed, demurs. General Waite appears and says Black Bart has stolen papers from him regarding an inheritance.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

"I have told you my name—Jack Keith," he replied, quietly. "Doctor Fairbain knows something of me, but for your further information I will add that when we met before I was Captain Keith, Third Virginia Cavalry, and bearing dispatches from Long street to Stonewall Jackson."

The gruff old soldier, half-crazed by the news of his daughter's peril, the gleam of his eyes still revealing uncontrolled temper, stared at the younger face fronting him; then slowly he held out his hand.

"Keith—Keith," he repeated, as though bringing back the name with an effort. "By God, that's so—old Jefferson Keith's boy—killed at Antietam. And you know Hope?"

"Yes, General."

He looked about as though dazed, and the sheriff broke in not unkindly.

"Well, Waite, if we are going to search for your daughter we better be at it. Come on, all of you; Miss Maclaire will be safe enough here alone."

He took hold of Keith's arm, questioning him briefly as they passed down the hall. On the stairs the latter took his turn, still confused by what he had just heard.

"Who is Miss Maclaire?" he asked.

"Phyllis Gale."

"Of course, but who is Phyllis Gale? What has she to do with General Waite? His daughter has told me she never heard of any one by that name."

"Well, Keith, the old man has never told me very much; he's pretty close-mouthed, except for swearing, but I've read his papers, and picked up a point or two. I reckon the daughter, Miss Hope—maybe never heard a word about it—but the boy—the one that was shot—must have stumbled onto the story and repeated it to Hawley. That's what set that fellow going. It seems Mrs. Waite's maiden name was Pierpont, and when she was seventeen years old she was married to the son of a rich North Carolina planter. The fellow was a drunken, dissolute, good-for-nothing. They had a daughter born—this Phyllis—and when the child was three years old her father, in a fit of drunken rage, ran away, and to spite his wife took the little girl with him. All efforts to trace them failed, and the mother finally secured a divorce and, two years later, married Willis Waite. Waite, of course, knew these facts, but probably they were never told the children. When the father of Mrs. Waite's first husband died, he left all his large property to his grandchild, providing she could be found and identified within a certain time, failing which the property was to be distributed among certain designated charities. Waite was executor, sole administrator. Well, the old man never took interest in it so though it was his own grandchild, he naughty little prig—he did discover that the father had taken the child to St. Louis and had been there with a woman named Bartstedt, but every trace vanished the girl completely disappeared. Waite, in Hope Waite's presence, told this to Hawley—

"Thank the way it happens time."

"Well, Hawley, I guess I'm going to unburden myself to the right person."

"Sure; it's clear enough how that came about. The boy told him about the lost heiress his father was searching after, and showed him his sister's picture. 'Black Bart' instantly recognized her resemblance to Christie Maclaire, and thought he saw a good chance for some easy money. He needed the papers, however, to ascertain exactly the terms of the will, and what would be necessary for the identification. He never intended to go into court, but hoped to either get Waite out of the way, or else convince him that Christie was the girl, relying on her gratitude for his profits. When Waite played into his hands by coming to Carson City the chance was too good to be lost. I'm not sure he meant to kill him, but he did mean to have those papers at any cost. Probably you know the rest—the girl was easy, because she was so ignorant of her parentage, and nothing prevented Hawley from winning except that Waite got mad and decided to fight. That knocked over the whole thing."

They were outside now, and the first touch of the cool night air, the first glance up and down the noisy street, brought Keith to himself, his mind ready to grapple with the problem of Hope's disappearance. It seemed to him he had already looked everywhere, yet there was nothing to do except to continue the search, only more systematically. The sheriff assumed control—clear headed, and accustomed to that sort of thing—calling in Hickock and his deputies to assist, and fairly combing the town from one end to the other. Not a rat could have slipped unobserved through the net he dragged down that long street, or its intersecting alleys—but it was without result; nowhere was there found a trace of either the gambler or his companion.

They dug into saloons, beginning, dance-halls, searching back rooms and questioning inmates; they routed out every occupant of the hotel, invaded boarding houses, and explored shacks and tents, indifferent to the protests of those disturbed—but without result. They found several who knew Hawley, others who had seen the two together passing by the lighted windows of the Trocadero, but beyond that—nothing. Convinced, at last, that the parties sought were not alive in Sheridan, and beginning to fear the worst, the searchers separated, and began spreading forth over the black surrounding prairie, and by the light of lanterns seeking any semblance of trail. There was no lack of volunteers for this work, but it was only light before the slightest clue presented itself. Keith, with the sheriff and two or three others, had grouped their way outward until, with the first flush of dawn, they found themselves at the opening of a small rocky canyon, near the foot of "Boots Hill." Peering down into its still shadowed depths, they discovered what appeared like a body lying huddled at its base. Keith, spurring down beside it, and leaning on the right horse over until the dawn light was revealed to the man beneath, it was that of the lost bookkeeper Scott. He staggered back at the recognition, barely able to ejaculate.

"Here, Sheriff! This is one of Hawley's men!"

The sheriff was bending instantly above the corpse, searching for the truth.

"You know the fellow?"

"Yes, his name was Scott."

"Well, he's been dead some hours, at least six I should say; shot just above the eye, and good Heavens! look here, Keith, at the size of this bullet wound; that's no man's gun in this country—no more than a '32' I'd say."

"Miss Waite had a small revolver. She must have shot the fellow. But why did they leave the body here to be discovered?"

The sheriff arose to his feet, prowling about in the brightening glow of the dawn.

"They were in a hurry to get away, and knew he wouldn't be found before morning. A six hours' start means a good deal. They did drag him back out of sight—look here. This was where the struggle took place, and here is where the man fell," tracing it out upon the ground. "The girl put up a stiff fight, too—see where they dragged her up the path. From the footprints there must have been half a dozen in the party. Get back out of the way, Sims, while I follow their trail."

It was plain enough, now they had daylight to assist them, and led around the edge of the hill. A hundred feet away they came to where horses had been standing, the trampled sod evidencing they must have been there for some considerable time. Keith and the sheriff circled out until they finally struck the trail of the party, which led forth southwest across the prairie.

"Seven horses, one being led light," said the former. "That was Scott's, probably."

"That's the whole story," replied the sheriff, staring off toward the bare horizon, "and the cusses have at least six hours the start with fresh horses." He turned around. "Well, boys, that takes 'em out of my bailiwick, I reckon. Some of the rest of you will have to run that gang down."

"Here, Sheriff! This is One of Hawley's Men!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

Fairbain and Christie.

Dr. Fairbain had originally joined the searching party, fully as eager as Keith himself to run down the renegade Hawley, but after an hour of resultless effort, his entire thought shifted to the woman they had left alone at the hotel. He could not, as yet, fully grasp the situation, but he remained loyal to the one overpowering truth that he loved Christie Maclaire. Fairbain's nature was rough, original, yet loyal to the core. He had lived all his life long in army camps, and upon the frontier, and his code of honor was extremely simple. It never once occurred to him that Christie's profession was not of the highest, or that her life and associations in any way unfitted her for the future. To his mind she was the one and only woman. His last memory of her, as the little party of men filed out of that room, haunted him until he finally dropped out of the search and drifted back toward the hotel.

It was a late hour, yet it was hardly likely the woman had retired. Her excitement, her interest in the pursuit, would surely prevent that; moreover, he was certain he saw a light still burning in her room, as he looked up from the black street below. Nevertheless he hesitated, uncertain of his reception. Blunt, emphatic, never afraid to face a man in his life, his heart now beat fiercely as he endeavored to muster the necessary courage. Far down the dark street some roysterer fired a shot, and sudden fear lest he might be sought after professionally sent the doctor hurriedly within, and up the stairs. He stood, just outside her door, quaking like a child, the perspiration beading his forehead, but a light streamed through the transom, and he could plainly hear movements within. At last, in a sudden spasm of courage, he knocked softly. Even in that noisy spot she heard instantly, opening the door without hesitation, and standing fully dressed within. She was no longer a discouraged, sobbing girl, but an aroused, intent woman, into whose pathetic, lonely life there had come a new hope. She appeared younger, fairer, with the light shimmering in her hair and her eyes smiling welcome.

"Oh, Doctor," and her hands were thrust out towards him, "I am glad you have come. Somehow, I thought you would, and I have wanted so to talk to some one—to you."

"To me! Do you really mean that, Miss Christie?"

"Yes, I really mean that, you great bear of a man," and the girl laughed lightly, dragging him into the room and closing the door. "Why, who else could I expect to come to-night? You were the only one really good to me. You—you acted as if you believed in me all the time—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Lagged Superfluous.

Pittsfield, in the Berkshire Hills, had in the old days, like many another New England town, a number of men and women who were called "characters." One of these was "Bill" Brown, a man unfortunately addicted to drink, and frequently intoxicated for days at a time. On one occasion he went into the shop of the local hatter, Mr. Smith, and asked for the best beaver in the store. Mr. Smith produced the desired article, saying as he took the money: "That beaver will last a man a lifetime." Bill went proudly down the main street with his fine beaver on his head, and immediately celebrated the event with a protracted debauch. When he recovered he returned to the shop with a very disrupt shiner hat. "Look here, I thought you said this here beaver would last me a lifetime." "So it would," growled Mr. Smith, "if you had died when you ought to!"—Youth's Companion.

Is a Lucky Kid.

Distinction of a million dollars was in a lucky kid, says the Cleveland Leader. Every one of her wishes bears fulfillment. If she finishes up as she began there is no telling what the gods may have in store for her. When the news got about that there was a brand new baby in the family a friend made inquiries and learned that the newcomer was a little boy, named Robert. "Robert?" inquired the friend. "I can't think of anyone in the family after whom the baby is named. I never heard of a Robert on either side of the house." "No," spoke up Beatrice. "I had a little dog that died and I asked papa to name my brother after my doggie. And he did."

The Choice of Vocation.

This year the Harvard summer school will have for the first time a vocational guide, which it is hoped will give teachers an idea of the way in which to guide their pupils in the choice of a vocation. The courses of the summer are open to both men and women, and no doubt both will take advantage of the course, as the reputation of the teacher in this direction is claiming to be unequaled more and more.

Greater Farm Efficiency

Cows That Make Most Money

By PROF. G. C. HUMPHREY, Wisconsin College of Agriculture

The Dairy Cow Must Have a Tendency to Produce Milk Rather Than to Lay on Fat.

A dairy cow is one of the specific dairy type and breed capable of making a large and economical production of milk and butter fat. A careful study and analysis of this definition and its application to cows whenever one has opportunity to apply it will greatly aid in getting in mind the correct ideal of the dairy cow and in judging and buying cows.

"Type" refers to the conformation of an animal and is indicative of utility. "Specific dairy type" refers to an animal having a large, deep barrel, a prominent, well developed udder, and sharp, clean cut features about the head, neck, shoulders, back, hips and rump, due to the absence of thick flesh. Such a type indicates dairy utility and that she is of little value except for milk production.

The dairy cow must be of distinct dairy breed as well as of dairy type; otherwise she may convert her feed into flesh rather than milk and thus result in a beef animal. The National and International dairy shows of this country recognize the Holstein, Guernsey, Jersey, Ayrshire, Brown Swiss, and Dutch Belted breeds of cattle as distinct dairy breeds. High grade and pure bred animals of these breeds are found in this state and rank in number in the order named. Pure bred animals possess 100 per cent. of the blood of their respective breeds while the grade animals have a predominance of the blood of a given breed but less than 100 per cent. Grade cows are generally by pure bred sires and out of native or grade dams.

A large production of milk and butter fat is a necessary requisite for a dairy cow. The production for at least a year should be taken into consideration because some cows make a large production during the early part of their lactation and then dry off soon. It is characteristic of beef cows and of many poor cows of the dairy breeds to dry off soon. A strictly dairy cow tends to make a large and economical production of butter fat throughout her life time which means that she converts a comparatively large amount of the feed that she eats into milk and butter fat, and only a small portion of it into building up the tissues of her body. A dairy cow shows marks of dairy breeding and constitution; and not only produces milk and butter fat in large and economical quantities but also at regular intervals progeny which tends to be satisfactory for dairy purposes.

Essential Features of the Dairy Cow.

The dairy cow is a living machine which, when in perfect health and form, has four prominent features. These are: a body indicating a large, strong digestive capacity, a dairy temperament which is nervous and results in milk production rather than flesh production, a large well developed udder of healthy gland tissue, and a strong circulatory system that distributes the blood actively to all parts of the body and gives vigor, health, and activity. A cow usually fails in the production of milk as she fails in one or more of these essential features. Each part of the body bears some relationship to one or more of these essential features and enables one to judge of their prominence. Where one is able to consider all the parts of the body and judge these essential features he is not likely to err seriously in his judgment.

Digestive Capacity.—A large body, more especially the barrel in proportion to the size of the animal, is indicative of capacity. The body of the dairy cow should be wedge shaped as viewed from front, side and top. That is, wider at the hip points and between the fore legs than at the withers, and deeper from the hip points to the lower line of the rear flank than at the fore quarters. This character of the body has led to the term, triple-wedge-shaped conformation, and in giving consideration to the digestive capacity of the cow one should remember that it is the base ends of the wedge, rather than the sharp ends which indicate her capacity. Long, well sprung ribs, openness of chine, width of back over loins, size of barrel, depth and width between the hips, and fullness of rear flanks all combine to indicate large digestive capacity. Wide forehead and a comparatively long face are indicative of the size and feed capacity of the body and likewise the broad muzzle, good sized mouth and strong, sinewy jaw. The tail is often measured in judging the cow and should reach to or below the hocks and carry a good switch. This renders it most useful in brushing flies, which appears to be its chief purpose.

In judging the quality and condition of the muscular tissue of the body one should remember to take into consideration the size, age, and stage of lactation of the animal. The bone and muscular tissues in a large cow are naturally heavier than in a small one and there is not the apparent refinement and spareness of form in the large breeds that is noted in the smaller ones. Marked coarseness, however, in any animal is usually accompanied by a sluggish disposition which in a dairy cow prevents her from performing satisfactorily. Young heifers with first calf usually carry more flesh than cows of mature form. All properly fed cows usually show a higher condition of flesh development toward the close of their lactation and prior to freshening than they do when four or five months advanced in lactation.

The Udder.—The udder is the milk secreting organ and its proper development is, therefore, essential. In many instances cows of large digestive capacity and of dairy breeding have failed in production apparently on account of poorly developed udders. The udder consists of two large glands, each of which is more or less distinctly divided to correspond with each of the four teats and form the quarters. The duct of each teat enters a small cavity termed the milk cistern. The milk cistern of each quarter is more or less surrounded by lobes of gland tissue held in position and closely together by connecting tissue. These lobes may be likened to thick bunches of grapes since each lobe has several lobules corresponding to the grapes. The lobules are made of small divisions called alveoli which correspond to the seeds of grapes. These alveoli are constructed of small cells surrounded by a fine network of blood vessels and nerves and it is by these cells that the milk is secreted.

The best cows have comparatively large udders with equally developed quarters extending well forward underneath the body and a good distance behind and between the thighs. Poor attachment giving a swinging or pendant type of udder and deficiency and irregularity in the development of the quarters are criticisms to be offered on many cows. The quality of the udder when examined by handling should reveal gland tissue of fine, plastic texture rather than fatty tissue or a texture that is coarse and hard.

The Circulatory System.—This system determines the activity of the cow with respect to all parts of the body. Only when in perfect health and all parts of the body are actively performing their respective functions can the dairy cow be expected to yield a large flow of milk. When the cow is sick or by virtue of her poor individuality is dull and morbid there is an inactivity of all the glands of the body resulting in a dry, harsh condition of the skin, a staring coat, and a low production of milk. The circulatory system includes the heart, lungs, arteries and veins since these organs respectively force, purify and carry blood to and from all parts of the body. When food becomes digested and assimilated the blood must carry it to the parts of the body demanding it and in the dairy cow the glands of the udder demand a large share of the nourishment of the blood for the secretion of milk. The size and character of the milk veins, more properly termed "mammary veins," and the milk wells on the underside of the body are the best indications of how much blood passes through the udder. These veins do not carry milk as some people believe, but carry a large portion of the blood away from the udder. The blood passes into the udder through arteries located deep on the inner side of the thighs. If one were standing below a mill propelled by a water wheel and noted the race filled with water from the mill he would have reason to believe that the mill was in operation and performing its work. Likewise when one observes large, branching mammary veins entering the body through wells of sufficient size to avoid a vein becoming gorged he has reason to believe that the udder is performing its work well.