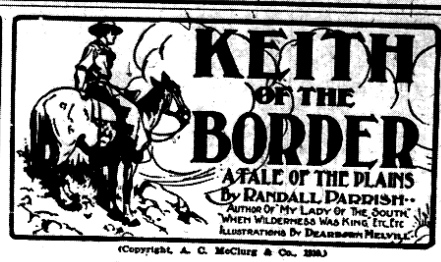

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SYNOPSIS.

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 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, departs. General 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 Gale 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. They find Hope has been taken back to the old cabin.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Continued.)

"Eight hosses in thar," he announced soberly; then turned to Keith. "Say, Jack, what do you figure this shebang to be, anyhow? You don't reckon it's old Sanchez's outfit, do yer?"

"Likely as not, Joe, though I never saw him around here."

Joe filled his cheek with tobacco, staring about through the darkness.

"Well, if that ol' cuss is yere now we'uns is sure in fer a fight," he commented positively.

They rounded the corral fence on hands and knees, crawled into a bunch of bushes somewhat to the rear of the silent, desolate-appearing cabin, and lay down flat behind a pile of saddles, from which position they could plainly discern the rear door.

"Had their camp over there in the corner of the corral when I was here before," he said in a whisper. "Where do you suppose they can be now?"

The wary scout lifted his head, sniffing into the darkness like a pointer dog.

"West o' ther cabin thar, out o' ther wind, most likely. I smell tobacco."

Even as the words left his lips a man came sauntering slowly around the eastern corner, his outlines barely visible, but the red glow of a pipe bowl showing plainly! He stopped, directly facing them, yawning sleepily, and then turned the other corner. Another moment and they distinctly heard a voice:

"Hustle up thar now, Manuel, an' turn out; it's your watch; wake up, dam yer—maybe that'll bring yer ter life."

The remedy applied to the sleeper must have been efficacious, as, an instant later, another figure slouched into view, and, now seated, rubbed his eyes with one hand, the other clutching a short-barrelled gun. From the high peak of his hat it was evident this new guard was a Mexican. He walked to the corner, glanced along the east side wall toward the front of the cabin, and then, apparently satisfied the coast was clear, started toward the other corner, shuffling along within a foot of where Keith lay flat on the ground. A moment later the men heard him splashing softly in the water, and Keith rolled over, his lips at Bristoe's ear.

"Slip down there, Ben," he whispered, "and quiet-like, fellow, I'll find out how many are on the west side. Do the job without any noise."

He waited until the scout had disappeared like a snake, not even a rustling leaf telling of his passage, and then silently crept forward himself, yet with less caution, until he was able to peer down the corner of the cabin and dimly distinguish the blankets forms of several men lying close to against the side wall. They seemed so nearly together it was difficult to separate them in that dark spot, yet, by giving the body light, he felt finally satisfied of their number. Yes, Five, the Mexican would make six, and Mike was surely to another group, probably not far from Hawley, for there were eight men there in the corral. Then the eighth man—Hawley, without doubt—must be in the cabin. At the thought Keith's teeth clinched, and he had to struggle to control his passion. But no; that would never do; he must discover first exactly where the girl was located; after that they would attend to the curs. Before creeping back to the others, he made quick examination along the rear of the cabin, but could find no visible point of weakness. He tried to recall from memory the nature of the lock on that back door, but could remember nothing except an ordinary wooden latch. If he could insert a knife into the crack that might very easily be dislodged. He drew his hunting knife for the attempt, and, first glancing about, perceived a man creeping toward him. It proved to be Bristoe.

"Fixed the greasers all right, cap, and I reckon he'll be quiet for an hour or two. Look whar he slashed me; struck a pack o' playin' keerds, er I'd a got my ticket." The front of his blouse was cut wide open, and Keith thought he perceived a stain of blood.

"Pricked you as it was, didn't he?"

"Opened the skin. Thought the cuss had given up, an' got careless. What's 'round to the west?"

Keith's lips closed, his hand shutting hard on the knife.

"Five, and another out in front; that leaves the eighth man inside. Bring our fellows up closer, and post them where they can cover those fellows asleep, while I make an effort at breaking in here."

Bristoe crawled back like a snail, and confident the others would do their part, Keith thrust his knife blade deep into the narrow crack and began probing after the latch. In spite of all caution this effort caused a slight noise, and suddenly he started back at the sound of a woman's voice:

"What do you want? I am armed, and will fire through the door if you do not go away!"

His heart leaping with exultation, Keith put his lips close to the crack.

"Hope," he exclaimed as loudly as he dared. "This is Keith; open the door."

He could hear a little smothered cry break from her lips, and then the sound of a bar being hastily removed. An instant, and the door opened silently, just wide enough to permit her slender figure to slip through. She grasped him with her hands, turning his face to the light of the stars, and he could feel her form tremble.

"Oh, I knew you would come! I knew you would come!" she sobbed, the words barely audible.

The man's lips set firmly, yet he held her close to him, begging her not to break down now.

"It's all right, little girl," he said plaintively, "we're not yet safe, but there is a debt to be attended to. Child, tell me: I must ask you a question or two."

He drew her back into the fringe of bushes, placing her safely behind the stack of saddles. She was not crying any more, just clinging to him, as though she could never again bear to let him go.

"Oh, Jack, it is so good just to feel you near again."

"Yes, dear," soothingly, "and it is good to hear you say Jack, but tell me one thing—is any one else in the cabin? is Hawley here?"

"No, no! He left us early the first morning. I haven't either seen or heard of him since. The men have left me alone since we got here; have had the cabin all to myself until tonight. I have not suffered, only mentally—from dread of what they intended doing with me—until tonight. Three men rode in here just before sundown—two Mexicans and an Indian. One of them was an awful looking old man, with a scar on his cheek, and a face that made me shudder. He didn't see me, but I saw him through the window, and he had such strange eyes. All the men acted as though they were afraid of him, and I heard him say he didn't care what Hawley's orders were, he was going to sleep inside; if the girl didn't like it she could take the other room. I didn't know what to do—oh, I was so afraid of him; but what he said gave me an idea, and I went into the back room, and put up a bar across the door. When he came in he tried the door; then he spoke through it, but I never answered; and finally he lay down and went to sleep. I sat there in the dark so long, and when I heard you—I—I thought it must be some of the others."

He stroked her hair, whispering words of encouragement.

"That is all done with now, Hope, and we'll have those fellows at our mercy in another half-hour. I can trust you to remain right here?"

"Yes." He was bending over, and her eyes were upon his face. Suddenly he clasped her to him.

"Sweetheart," he whispered softly. He could not hear her answer, but her arms were about his neck.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Cabin Taken.

His heart beating with new happiness, yet conscious of the stern duty still confronting him, Keith joined the others, giving them, in a whisper, a hurried account of Hope's release from the cabin, and of what she had to report.

"It's old Juan Sanchez in the front room, boys," he added soberly, "and there is ten thousand dollars reward out for him, dead or alive."

Joe of the "Bar X" drew in his breath sharply.

"It'll sure be dead thar," he muttered, "that cuss will never be got no other way."

"They want it in the grim above," chanced the West, wanting Nate Chase to hear. "Now, Keith, what is the business, almost every one out, each walking to find a good horse pressing against his forehead, and to hear a stern voice say ominously, "Not a move, Johnny; yes, that's a gun; now get up quietly, and step out here." Resistance was useless, and the five, rendered weaponless, were herded back toward the corral. They all belonged to Hawley's outfit; one, a black-whiskered surly brute Bristoe remembered having seen in Sheridan. There was no time to deal with these then, and a "Bar X" man was placed on guard, with orders to shoot at the slightest suspicious movement.

The Indian, then, would be guarding the front of the house, and Sanchez sleeping inside. Well, the former could be left alone; his chance of escape would be small enough with Fairbain and Neb on the opposite bank. Old Sanchez was the villain they wanted—dead or alive. With this in view, and anxious to make a quick job of it, the three entered the back room, and, revolvers in hand, groped their way across to the connecting door. As Hope had described, this had been securely fastened by a stout wooden bar. Bristoe forced it from the sockets, not without some slight noise, and Keith, crouching down at one side, lifted the latch.

"Keep down low, boys," he cautioned, "where he can't hit you."

With one quick push he flung the door wide open, and a red flash lit the room. There were two sharp reports, the bullets crashing into the wall behind them, the sudden blaze of flame revealing the front door open, and with it the black outline of a man's figure. Two of the men fired in instant response, leaping recklessly forward, but were as quickly left behind in the darkness, the outer door slammed in their faces. Outside there was a snarl of rage, another shot, a fierce curse in Spanish; then Keith flung the door wide open, and leaped down the step. As he did so he did so he struck a body and fell forward, his revolver knocked from his hand. Rising to his knees, the dim light of the stars revealed a man already half across the stream. Suddenly two sparks of fire leaped forth from the blackness of the opposite bank; the man flung up his hand, staggered, then went stumbling up the stream, knee deep in water. He made a dozen yards, reeling as though drunk, and fell forward, face down across a spit of sand. Keith stared out at the black, motionless shape, felt along the ground for his lost gun, and arose to his feet. Bristoe had turned over the dead body at the foot of the steps, and was peering down into the upturned face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rising to His Knees, he Saw a Man Already Half Across the Stream.

An Anti-Suicide Fence.

One of the strangest fences on record is that which the common council of Yonkers, N. Y., has just ordered built. It will be a fence to keep suicides away.

Several times in recent years despondent persons have shuffled off the mortal coil by leaping into the Fort Field reservoir, one of the reservoirs supplying Yonkers with water. Sometimes the bodies have been recovered quickly, but on a few occasions the corpses were in the water for a day or so. The loss of water is drawing the reservoir is a big item and is especially to be guarded against since the city found it necessary to husband every drop of its supply. So the council has appropriated $4,000 to build a wire netting fence around the reservoir. When it is completed any one on suicide bent will find a barrier nine feet high between him and eternity.

When is an Old Maid?

"Some day the marriageable age for women will be advanced from 20 to 30, and the old maid line will be changed from 30 to 40. When that time comes there will be surprisingly few divorces. The husband of whom we dream at 20 is not at all the type of man who attracts us at 30. The man I married at 20 was a brilliant, morbid, handsome, abnormal creature, with magnificent eyes and very white teeth and no particular appetite at meal time. The man whom I could care for would be the normal, safe and substantial sort who would come in at 6 o'clock, kiss me once, sniff the air twice, and say, 'Mm! What's that smells so good, old girl? I'm as hungry as a bear. Trot it out. Where are the kids?'"—From "Dawn O'Hara," by Edna Ferber.

Cold Comfort.

Douglas Jerrold's wit made it difficult for him to be the "melancholy merger" that a man of less humor might have been to friends in trouble. The writer, George Hoddle, went to Jerrold one day to tell him of difficulties into which he had fallen. "I want you to help me," he said. "The Morning Gazette has discussed me." "You don't say, my dear Geoff, they've had a gleam of intelligence in her." "Don't joke," returned Hoddle. "I really want your advice. I'm thinking of going into the coal trade." "Capital!" said Jerrold. "You've got the face to begin pretty!"—Youth's Companion.

HOW TO ARRANGE GOOD MENU

Recorded Study of Food Elements is Best Way for Housewife to Avoid Errors.

Every housekeeper should be perfectly familiar with the three food products. This is the foundation of menu-making. Proteids, carbohydrates and fats are the three divisions into which all foods are classed. Proteids are the muscle-builders and are found in meat, beans, peas, eggs and nuts. Carbohydrates are the starches and are found in cereals, sugar and starchy foods. These foods produce fat and energy. Fats, such as oils, butter, lard, etc., give heat to the body. A general knowledge of these food properties as they are found in various foods underlies successful cooking as well as menu-making.

A good menu is a well-balanced menu in regard to these three food principles. A practical study of these foods is the best way to avoid errors in diet.

Do not serve several foods of the same composition at the same meal, such as potatoes, rice and macaroni.

Do not serve bean or pea soup with roast meat, salmon salad and custard.

Try to vary the regular diet. If a heavy meal is served use a light, easily digested dessert.

Do not eat too much food out of season. It is expensive. If meat is left out of the dinner menu, plan to serve soup made of peas, nuts or beans and a dessert made of eggs.

To avoid serving several foods of the same composition have in mind small groups of foods alike in composition. The first and most important group to consider is that of proteid food: Group one—meats, cheese, eggs, nuts, dried peas, beans.

Any of these foods can be used for meat, or if nuts, beans or peas are used for a puree, meat can safely be left out of the menu.

For every meal select food from each of the groups mentioned—proteid, carbohydrates, fats.

Add to this some fresh fruit or vegetable three times daily and a good beginning will be made toward producing a balanced menu.—Woman's World.

Copper Casseroles.

Among the novelties for the table are tiny individual copper casseroles. These are highly bronzed and have small, flat handles. Fish, eggs, etc., are some of the things that are served in them. They look well on a dinner table and commend themselves because of novelty.

The housekeeper of today is always looking for something new. It is her pride and her delight to set an original table and have something that interests her guests as well as the food does.

These little casseroles can be served at any meal. It is not necessary to keep them for a dinner entree. Shirred eggs go in them for breakfast and macaroni with cheese for luncheon.

Basket Pudding.

Make a spongecake with one tea cup sugar, one tea cup flour, a pinch of baking powder, three eggs and one tablespoonful of milk; beat eggs, add sugar, then flour, milk and baking powder; put in a well-greased oval cake tin and bake a nice brown; turn out to cool; then scoop out inside; brush outside over with two kinds of jelly and sprinkle grated cocoanut over it while damp; fill the inside with stewed fruit; pile whipped cream on top; decorate with cherries, then take two long strips of angelica twisted together and place over pudding to represent a handle.

Salad Dressing Without Oil.

One egg beaten, one-half cup vinegar, one-half teaspoon mustard, one-half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon sugar. Stir all together and cook in double boiler until thick as custard. Take off stove and stir in one-fourth cup cream.

Salad Dressing No. 2—Yolks of three eggs, one teaspoon of mustard, two teaspoons of salt, two tablespoons of sugar, two tablespoons of butter, one cup milk, one-half cup hot vinegar, cook in double boiler and add the beaten whites of three eggs last. Will keep for some time.

Raisin Puffs.

Three tablespoonfuls melted butter, three tablespoonfuls sugar, one beaten egg, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful baking powder, half cup chopped raisins, three large spoonfuls of flour. Divide in six cups and steam half an hour.

Sauce—One-half cup granulated sugar, one tablespoonful flour, stirred together, pour boiling water on and put in butter size of a walnut and vanilla to taste.

Quickly Made Apple Pone.

Pare and chop a quart of sweet apples and pour a pint of boiling water into a pint and a half of white cornmeal; when cool add two tablespoons of sugar, two tablespoons of shortening, and enough sweet milk to make a batter, stir two teaspoons of baking powder with a cup of flour, add a pinch of salt and stir into the mixture, add the chopped apples and turn into a greased shallow pan, bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven.

Butter Pressing.

Half pound of powdered sugar, butter size of an egg. Put sugar and butter together, then beat the white of an egg stiff and add to the sugar and butter; beat thoroughly. Flavor with vanilla. This will fruit two cakes.

COLD BROUGHT IT ON.

Terrible Pain and Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder.

Mrs. Carrie Sommer, 3432 N. Hamilton Ave., Chicago, Ill., says: "A severe cold settled on my kidneys and the pains through my back and limbs were so intense I could scarcely keep from screaming. My heart troubled me and I became so dizzy I could barely stoop. At last I took to my bed and was in agony for two weeks, the doctor failing to help me. Learning of Doan's Kidney Pills, I began using them and continued until entirely cured. For eight years I have had no sign of the old trouble."

"When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S." 50c all stores Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

And many a married woman thinks it's up to her to assert her independence by abusing her husband.

Garfield Tea, the incomparable laxative. Pleasant to take, pure, mild in action and wonderfully health-giving.

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There are imitations, don't be fooled. Ask for LEWIS' Single Binder cigar, 5c.

There are two kinds of ambition; one soars and the other crawls.

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

It's wonderful what large catalogues from small garden seeds will grow.

Coated tongue, vertigo, constipation are all relieved by Garfield Tea.

The more promises a man makes the more he doesn't keep.

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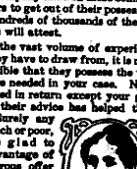
Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.



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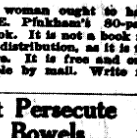

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