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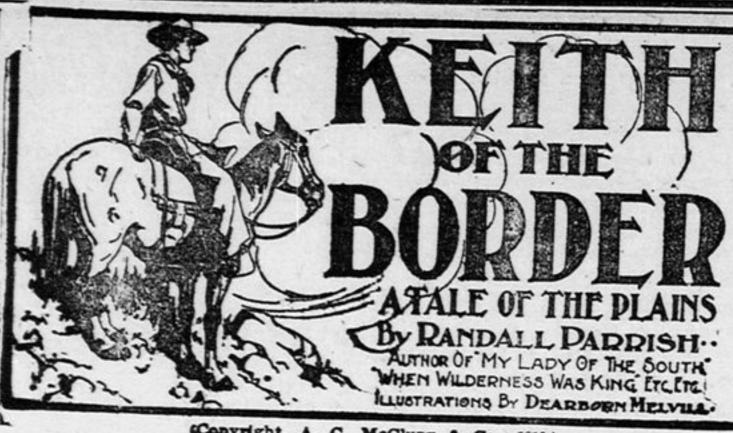
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ing in the rear room. Whether sud-

den death, or financial reverses, bad

been the cause, the community had in

some manner become possessed of the

property, and had at once dedicated

it to the commonweal. For the pur-

pose thus selected it was rather well

adapted, being strongly built, easily

guarded, and on the outskirts of the

town. With iron grating over the

windows, the back door heavily spiked,

and the front secured by iron bars,

before a local fustice and make an-

swer for various misdeeds. Some were

pacing the floor, others sat moodily

on benches ranged against the wall

while a few were still peacefully slum-

bering upon the floor. It was a frowsy,

disreputable crowd, evincing but mile

curiosity at the arrival of a new pris-

oner. Keith had barely time to glance

about, recognizing no familiarity o

face amid the mass peering at him, as

He was alone, with only the faint

of his arrest, he sank down upon the

seat, leaned his head on his hands,

and endeavored to think. It was dif-

ficult to get the facts marshalled into

any order or to comprehend clearly

the situation, yet little by little his

brain grasped the main details, and

he awoke to a full realization of his

condition, of the forces he must war

against. The actual murderers of

those two men on the trail had had

their suspicions aroused by his ac-

tions; they believed he guessed some-

thing of their foul deed, and had de-

termined to clear themselves by

charging the crime directly against

him. It was a shrewd trick, and if

they only stuck to their story, ought

to succeed. He had no evidence, oth-

er than his own word, and the marshal

knowledged but one duty-to get the

The dust of their passing still in the

air, Keith rode on, the noise dying

ed, his horse wearied and had to be

away in his rear. As the hours pass-

spurred into the swifter stride, but

the man seemed tireless. The sun was

an hour high when they climbed the

long hill, and loped into Carson City

The cantonment was to the right, but

Keith, having no report to make, rode

directly shead down the one long

street to a livery corral, leaving his

horse there, and sought the nearest

Exhausted by a night of high play

and deep drinking, the border town

was sleeping off its debauch, salcons

and gambling dens silent, the streets

mer acquaintance with the place had

been entirely after nightfall, the view

of it now was almost a shock-the

miserable shacks, the gaudy saloon

fronts, the littered streets, the dingy,

vas, the unoccupied road, the dull

prairie sweeping away to the horizon,

all composed a hideous picture be-

neath the sun glare. He could scarce-

ly find a man to attend his horse, and

at the restaurant a drowsy Chinaman

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WARIERS FOR DIZZINESS.

almost deserted. To Keith, whose for-

mail through on time.

of a spring lock.

The sun had disappeared, and even, street, the front apartment at one the gray of twilight was fading out of time a low groggery, the keeper sleepthe sky, when Keith returned again to consciousness, aroused by his horse rolling on the soft turf. He awoke thoroughly refreshed, and eager to get away on his long night's ride. A cold lunch, hastily eaten, for a fire would have been dangerous, { and he saddled up and was off, trotting out of the narrow ravine and into the broad trail, which could be followed without difficulty under the dull gleam of the stars. Horse and rider were soon at their best, the animal swinging unurged into the long, easy lope of prairie travel, the fresh air fanning the man's face as he leaned portion abutting upon the street was forward. Once they halted to drink occupied by a rather miscellaneous from a narrow stream, and then pushed on, hour after hour, through the deserted night. Keith had little fear of Indian raiders in that darkness, and every stride of his horse brought him closer to the settlements and further removed from danger. Yet eyes and ears were alert to every shadow and sound. Once, it must have been after midnight, he drew his pony sharply back into a rock shadow at the noise of something approaching from the east. The stage to Santa Fe rattled past, the four mules trotting swiftly, a squad of troopers ridhe was hustled briskly forward and ing hard behind. It was merely a thrust into the rear room, the heavy lumping shadow sweeping swiftly door closing behind him with the snap past; he could perceive the dim outlines of driver and guard, the soldiers swaying in their saddles, heard the est murmur of voices eming to him pounding of hoofs, the creak of axles, through the thick partition. It was a and then the apparition disappeared room some twelve feet square, open into the black void. He had not callto the roof, with bare walls, and coned out-what was the use? Those peotaining no furniture except a rude ple would never pause to hunt down bench. Still dazed by the suddenness prairie outlaws, and their guard was

sufficient to prevent attack. They ac-"Sure, I know you're square, Hicks," he said, coolly. "And now I've unlimbered, kindly inform me what this is all about."

"I reckon yer don't know." "No more than an unborn babe. I have been here but an hour." "That's it: if yer had been longer

thar wouldn't be no trouble. Yo're wanted for killin' a couple o' men out at Cimmaron Crossin' early yesterday mornin'." Keith stared at him too completely

astounded for the instant to even speak. Then he gasped. "For God's sake, Hicks, do you believe that?"

"I'm damned if I know," returned the marshal, doubtfully. "Don't seem like ye'd do it, but the evidence is straight 'nough, an' thar ain't nothin' fer me ter do but take ye in. I ain't no jedge an' jury."

"No, but you ought to have ordinary sense, an' you've known me for three years."

"Sure I have, Jack, but if yee've gone wrong, you won't be the first good man I've seen do it. Anyhow, the evidence is dead agin you, an' I'd arrest my own grand-dad if they give me a warrant agin him."

"What evidence is there?" "Five men swear they saw ye haulin' the bodies about, and lootin' the

Then Keith understood, his heart beating rapidly, his teeth clenched to keep back an outburst of passion. So that was their game, was it?-some act of his had awakened the cowardly suspicions of those watching him across the river. They were afraid that he knew them as white men. And they had found a way to safely muzzle him. They must have ridden hard over those sand dunes to have reached Carson City and sworn out this warrant. It was a good trick, likely enough to hang him, if the fellows only stuck to their story. Al this flashed through his brain, yet somehow he could not clearly comprebend the full meaning, his mind confused and dazed by this sudden realization of danger. His eyes wandered from the steady gaze of the marshal, who had half drawn his gun fearing resistance, to the man at the bottom of the steps. Suddenly it dawned upon him where he had seen that dark-skinned face, with the black goatee, before-at the faro table of the "Red Light." He gripped his hands together, instantly connecting that

sneering, sinister face with the plot. "Who swore out that warrant?" "I did, if you need to know," a sarcastic smile revealing a gleam of white teeth. "on the affidavit of others, friends of mine."

"Why are you?" "I'm mostly called 'Black Bart." That was it; he had the name now -"Black Bart." He straightened up

so quickly, his eyes blazing, that the marshal jerked his gun clear. "See here, Jack," shortly, "are yer goin' to raise a row, or come along

As though the words had aroused him from a bad dream, Keith turned to front the stern, bearded face. "There'll be no row, Bob," he said, quietly. "I'll go with you."

CHAPTER IV. "----

An Old Acquaintance. The Carson City lock-up was an improvised affair, although a decidedly popular resort. It was originally a two-room cabin with gable to the

nad to be shaken awake, and Iright- !I ened into serving him. He sat down to the miserable meal oppressed with disgust-never before had his life seemed so mean, useless, utterly without excuse.

He possessed the appetite of the physical health, and he ate beartily, his eyes wandering out of the open window down the long, dismal street. A drunken man lay in front of the "Red Light" saloon sleeping undisturbed; two cur dogs were snarling at each other just beyond over a bone; a movers' wagon was slowly coming in across the open through a cloud of yellow dust. That was all within the radius of vision. For the first time in years the East called him-the old life of cleanliness and respectability. He swore to himself as he tossed the Chinaman pay for his breakfast, and strode out onto the steps. Two men were coming up the street together from the opposite direction-one lean, dark-skinned, with black goatee, the other heavily set with closely trimmed gray beard. Keith know the latter, and waited, leaning against the door, one hand on his hip.

"Hullo, Bob," he said genially; "they must have routed you out pretty early today."

any prisoner once locked within could "They shore did, Jack," wes the response. He came up the steps someprobably be found when wanted. On what heavily, his companion stopping the occasion of Keith's arrival, the assembly-the drunk and disorderly It out in the mawnin'. When did ye elements conspicuous-who were awaiting their several calls to appear

"An hour ago; had to wake the 'chink' up to get any chuck. Town looks dead."

"Tain't over lively at this time o' day," permitting his blue eyes to wander up the silent street, but instantly bringing them back to Keith's face, "but I reckon it'll wake up later on." He stood squarely on both feet, and one hand rested on the butt of a revolver. Keith noticed this, wonder-

ing vaguely. "I reckon yer know, Jack, as now I ginerally git what I goes after," said the slow, drawling voice, "an' that I draw 'bout as quick as any o' the boys. They tell me yo're a gun-fighter, but it won't do ye no good ter make a play yere, fer one o' us is sure to git yer-do yer sabe?"



"Are You Goin' to Raise a Row, or Come Along Quietly?"

expressed astonishment, but not a muscle of his body moved. "What do you mean, Bob-are you fellows after

"Sure thing; got the warrant here." and he tapped the breast of his shirt with his left hand.

The color mounted into the cheeks of the other, his lips grew set and white, and his gray eyes darkened. "Let it all out, Marshal," he said sternly, "you've got me roped and

tled. Now what's the charge?" Neither man moved, but the one below swung about so as to face them one hand thrust out of sight beneath the tail of his long coat. "Make him throw up his hands

unpainted hotel, the dirty flap of can- | Bob," he said sharply. "Oh, I reckon thar ain't goin' ter be no trouble," returned the marshal genially, yet with no relaxation of attention. "Keith knows me, an' expects a fair deal. Still, maybe I betfer ask yer to unhitch yer belt, Jack."

A moment Keith seemed to hesitate, rush of memory-the drizzling rain in the little cemetery, the few neighbors standing about, a narrow fringe of slaves back of them, the lowering of the coffin, and the hollow sound of earth falling on the box; and Neb, his Aunt Caton's house servant, a black imp of good humor, who begged so hard to be taken back with him to the war. Why, the boy had held his stir rup the next morning when he rode away. The sudden rush of recollect tion seemed to bridge the years, and that black face became familiar,

memory of home. "Of course, I remember, Neb," he exclaimed, eagerly, "but that's all years ago and I never expected to see you again. What brought you West and got you into this hole?"

The negro hitched up onto the bench, the whites of his eyes conspicnous as he stared uneasily about-he had a short, squatty figure, with excessively broad shoulders, and a face of intense good humor.

"I reck'n dat am consider'ble ob story, Massa Jack, de circumlocution ob which would take a heap ob time tellin'," he began soberly. "But it Yankees come snoopin' long de East Sho'-I reck'n maybe it des a yeah after dat time when we done buried de of Co'nel—dey burned Missus Caton's house clah to de groun'; de ol' Missus was in Richmond den, an' de few niggers left jest natchally took to de woods. I went into Richmond huntin'

crowd. Den an' officer man done got me an' put me diggin' in de trenches. Ef dat's what wah am, I sho' don' want no mo' wah. Den after dat I jest inatchally drifted. I reckon I libbed bout eberywhar yo' ebber heard ob, open, of the normal man in perfect fo' dar want no use ob me goin' back to de East Sho'. Somebody said dat de West am de right place fo' a nigger, an' so I done headed west."

He dropped his face in his black hands and was silent for some minutes, but Keith said nothing, and finally the thick voice continued:

"I tell you', Massa Jack, it was mighty lonely fo' Neb dem days. didn't know whar any ob yo' all was, an' it wan't no fun to' dis nigger bein' free dat away. I got out ter Independence, Missouri, an' was roustaboutin' on de ribber, when a couple ob men come along what wanted a cook to of leadership? Like a flash his mind trabbel wid 'em. I took de job, an' dat's what fetched me here ter Carson Dut what caused your arrest?

"A conjunction ob circumstances, Massa Jack; yes, sah, a conjunction ob circumstances. I got playin' pokah ober in dat 'Red Light,' an' I was doin' fine. I reckon I'd cleaned up mo'n its possibility of exposure, and eagerly a hundred dollars when I got sleepy, grasp any opportunity for wiping the an' started fo' camp. I'd most got slate clean. Their real security from dar w'en a bunch ob low white trash jumped me. It made me mad it did fo' a fact, an' I reckon I carved some crowd behind them they would exbelow. "The boys raise hell all night, ob 'em up befo' I got away. Enny- perience no trouble in getting a folan' then come ter me ter straighten how, de marshal come down, took me out ob de tent, an' fetched me here, pose an' I ben here ebber sence. I wan't goin' ter let no low down white trash git all dat money."

working for?"

had 'portent business, an' wouldn't likely wait 'round here jest ter help a nigger. Ain't ennybody ben here ter see me, nohow, an' I 'spects I'se eradicated from dey mem'ry-I 'spects I

CHAPTER V.

Keith said nothing for some moments, staring up at the light stealing in through the window grating, his mind once again active. The eyes of the black man had the patient look of a dog as they watched; evidently he had cast aside all responsibility. now that this other had come. Final-

The One Way.

ly Keith spoke slowly: "We are in much the same position, Neb, and the fate of one is liable to be the fate of both. This is my story" -and briefly as possible, he ran over the circumstances which had brought him there, putting the situation clear enough for the negro's understanding, without wasting any time upon detail. Neb followed his recital with bulging eyes, and an occasional excla-

mation. At the end he burst forth: "Yo' say dar was two ob dem white men murdered-one an of man wid a gray beard, an' de odder bout thirty? Am dat it, Massa Jack, an' dey had fo' span ob mules, an' a runnin' hoss?" "Yes."

"An' how far out was at?" "About sixty miles."

"Oh, de good Lawd!" and the negro threw up his hands dramatically. "Dat sutt'nly am my outfit! Dat am Massa Waite an' John Sibley."

"You mean the same men with whom you came here from Indepen-

Neb nedded, overcome by the dis But what caused them to run such a risk?" Keith insisted. "Didn't they

know the Indians were on the war path?" "Sho'; I heard 'em talkin' bout dat, but Massa Waite was jest boun' foh to git movin'. He didn't 'pear to be 'fraid ob no Injuns: reck'ned dev'd nebber stop him, dat he knowed eb-

ibery chief on de plains. I reck'n dat he did. too." "But what was he so anxious to get

away for?" "I dunno, Massa, I done heerd 'em talk some 'bout dey plans, an' 'bout some gal dey wanted ter fin', but I didn't git no right sense to it. De Gin'ral he was a might still man." "The General? Whom do you mean? Not Watte?"

"John Sibley done called him dat." Then Keith remembered-just a dim, misty thread at first, changing



"Oh, De Good Lawd, Dat Am Massa Walte an' John Sibley."

had already taken from his pockets the papers belonging to the slain man. He had not found the locket happened bout dis way. When de hidden under his shirt, yet a more thorough search would doubtless reveal that also.

Even should the case come to trial, how would it be possible for him to establish innocence, and-would it ever come to trial? Keith knew the character of the frontier, and of Carson City. The inclination of its citide of Missus, but, Lawd, Massa Jack, | zens in such cases was to act first,

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and reflect later. The law had uslender hold, being respected only when backed by the strong hand, and primitive instincts were always in the ascendency, requiring merely a leader to break forth in open violence. And in this case would there be any lack reverted to "Black Bart." There was the man capable of inciting a mob. for some unknown reason, he had sufficient interest to swear out the warrant and assist in the arrest, he would of the Christian church, in the I.O. have equal cause to serve those fellows behind him in other ways. Naturally, they would dread a trial, with discovery undoubtedly lay in hir death, and with the "Red Light"

The longer Keith thought the less he doubted the result. It was not then a problem of defence, but of escape, "What became of the men you were for he believed now that no opportunity to defend himself would ever "I reckon dey went on, sah. Dey be allowed. The arrest was merely part of the plot intended to leave him helpless in the hands of the mob. In this Hicks was in no way blamablehe had merely performed his sworn duty, and would still die, if need be, in defence of his prisoner. He was no tool, but only an instrument they had found means of using.

lowing desperate enough for any pur-

Keith was essentially a man of action, a fighter by instinct, and so long accustomed to danger that the excitement of it merely put new fire into his veins. Now that he understood exactly what threatened, all numbing feeling of hesitancy and doubt vanished and he became instantly alive. He would not lie there in that hole waiting for the formation of a mob; nor would he trust in the ability of the marshal to defend him.

He had some friends without-not many, for he was but an occasional visitor at Carson-who would rally to Hick's assistance, but there would not be enough on the side of law and order to overcome the "Red Light" outfit, if once they scented blood. If he was to be saved from their clutches. he must save himself; if his innocence was ever established it would be by his own exertions-and he could accomplish this only out yonder, free under the arch of sky.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE BRITAIN

(Special to the Post.) Mr. Maurice Connor, of Kirkfield,

spent Sunday the guest of his brother, Mr. Wilmot Connor. Miss Mabel Irwin returned home on Saturday evening, after spending

some time in Toronto. Mr. John Davidson intends holding a sale of his stock, implements, etc.

on Wednesday of last week. Mr. Horace Metnerely and lady friend, of Lindsay, spent Sunday at

his home here. Mrs. Frank Netherton spent a few days at Linden Valley during the past week with her mother, Mrs. O.

Mr. Wilmot Connor held a very successful shooting match in our village last Friday.

Messrs. Brown, Ransley and Brown of Lindsay attended Wilmot Connor's shooting match last Friday and also the one at Salem on Saturday. The handkerchief bazaar which was held on Wednesday of last week under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid

O.F. hall, was a decided success. The sum of \$125 was realized. Announcements have been made for the marriage of Mr. Ernest Webber and Mildred King, to take place on

Wednesday of this week. Mr. Charlie Sweetman, of Port Hope, intends holding a pigeon match here in the near future.

Mr. Bert Jarvis has rented Mr. Dan McLean's house and will take possession shortly. Mr. Howard Lapp of the Standard Bank staff, Sunderland, spent a cou-

ple of days at his home here last week, before returning to Bowmanville, where he has been transferred to the branch of the Standard Bank in that place. The Sunday school scholars of the

Christian and Methodist churches are busy practicing for their Christmas

Dr. Walker Davidson has returned after a pleasant tour through England, Ireland, Scotland and France. Messrs. William and George Heatlie were fortunate in bringing home four geese and a duck from the shooting match last Saturday. Mr. Garfield Heatlie spent Sunday with friends in Peterboro.

Local Option Fight in Peterboro

Rev. Ben H. Spence, and the various other Dominion Alliance officials are very busy completing arrangements for the local option contests which take place next month, and they anticipate success in the majority of places. Prospects are especially bright in Peterboro, the only city voting on the bylaw. There are at present 16 licenses there, or one for every 1,147 residents. A campaign was conducted there three years ago, resulting in a majority of 500 for local option, but on this occasion the three-fifths clause prevented the law coming into force. Mr. Spence is most optimistic concerning the outlook

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