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CROP COMPETITION

In the standing field crop com- to break forth in open violence. And petition for South Grey, the grain in this case would there be any lack chosen for competition is oats. of leadership? Like a flash his mind The points upon which judgment is based is shown in the following score card:

1. General appearance, consider-

A .- Stand of crop B .- Type of plant, vigor and uniformity of growth 10

C.-Method of seeding, absence of lodging Freedom from weeds... 25

Freedom from -smut, rust blight and insects..... 10 4. Freedom from other varieties and other kinds of grain... 20 Yield and quality of grain

considering: A.—Proportion of well-filled heads of plump grain of

good quality 20 B .- Uniformity of maturity ...

Totai..... 100 The following are the names of the competitors, with the varieties grown:

Dan Edge, Wm. Weir, Jos Atkinson. Jas. Atkinson, W. J. Davis, "Siberian": W. Ritchie, W. Scarf, "Abundance": Thos. Ritchie, A. J. Greenwood, "Mammoth Cluster"; Thos. McGirr, Arch. Park, T. H. Binnie, W. L. Dixon, "Banner" Wm. Smith & Sons, R. Barber, T. B. Tucker, "Canada Pride": H. W. Hunt, W. A. Livingston, "Prince Royal": A. -D. Edge, "Sheffield Standard": J. W. Blyth, "New Sensation": Wm. Paylor and R. T. Edwards, unknown.

The judge will be D. Smith. Smithdale, Nottawasaga.

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CHAPTER IV.

some manner become possessed of the

portion abutting upon the street was

occupied by a rather miscellaneous

assembly-the drunk and disorderly

elements conspicuous-who were

awaiting their several calls to appear

before a local justice 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 mild

curiosity at the arrival of a new pris-

oner. Keith had barely time to glance

about, recognizing no familiarity of

face amid the mass peering at him, as

he was hustled briskly forward and

thrust into the rear room, the heavy

door closing behind him with the snap

He was alone, with only the faint

est murmur of voices coming to him

through the thick partition. It was a

room some twelve feet square, open

to the roof, with bare walls, and con-

taining no furniture except a rude

bench. Still dazed by the suddenness

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 arcused by his ac-

tions; they believed he guessed some-

thing of their foul deed, and had de-

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

had already taken from his pockets

the papers belonging to the slain

man. He had not found the locket

hidden under his shirt, yet a more

thorough search would doubtless re-

Even should the case come to trial.

how would it be possible for him to

establish innocence, and-would i

ever come to trial? Keith knew the

character of the frontier, and of Car-

son City. The inclination of its citi-

zens in such cases was to act first,

and reflect ater. The law had but

slender hold, being respected only

when backed by the strong hand, and

primitive instincts were always in the

ascendency, requiring merely a leader

reverted to "Black Bart." There was

the man capable of inciting a mob. If

for some unknown reason, he had suf

ficient interest to swear out the war

rant and assist in the arrest, he would

have equal cause to serve those fel-

lows behind him in other ways. Nat-

urally, they would dread a trial, with

its possibility of exposure, and eagerly

grasp any opportunity for wiping the

slate clean. Their real security from

discovery undoubtedly lay in his

"Oh, De Good Lawd, Dat Am Massa

Waite an' John Sibley."

crowd behind them they would ex-

veal that also.

termined to clear themselves by

of a spring lock.

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 street, the front apartment at one time a low groggery, the keeper sleeping in the rear room. Whether sudden death, or financial reverses, had been the cause, the community had in

property, and had at once dedicated in defence of his prisoner. He was an' I ben here ebber sence. I wan't it to the commonweal. For the purpose thus selected it was rather well had found means of using. adapted, being strongly built, easily Keith was essentially a man of acguarded, and on the outskirts of the tion, a fighter by instinct, and so long town. With iron grating over the accustomed to danger that the excitewindows, the back door heavily spiked, ment of it merely put new fire into his and the front secured by iron bars, any prisoner once locked within could ly what threatened, all numbing feelprobably be found when wanted. On the occasion of Keith's arrival, the and he became instantly alive. He

perience no trouble in getting a toi-

lowing desperate enough for any pur-

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

ing for the formation of a mob; nor

under the arch of sky. He lifted his head, every nerve tingling with desperate determination. The low growl of voices was audible through the partition, but there was no other sound. Carson City was still resting, and there would be no crowd nor excitement until much later. Not until nightfall would any attack be attempted; he had six or eight hours yet in which to perfect his plans. He ran his eyes about the room searching for some spot of weakness. It was dark back of the bench, and he turned in that direction. Leaning over, he looked down on the figure of a man curled up, sound asleep on the floor. The fellow's limbs twitched as if in a dream, otherwise he might have deemed him dead, as his face was buried in his arms. A moment Keith hesitated: then he reached down and shook the sleeper, until he aroused sufficiently to look up. It was the face of a coal-black negro. An instant the fellow stared at the man towering over him, his thick lips parted, his eyes full of sudden terror Then he sat up, with hands held be

"Fo' de Lawd's sake," he managed Massa Jack?"

Keith, to whom all colored people were much alike, laughed at the expression on the negro's face.

"I reckon yer guessed the name, all right, boy. Were you the cook of the Diamond L?"

"No, sah, I nebber cooked no di'onds. I'se ol' Neb. sah." "What?"

"Yes, sah, I'se de boy dat libbed wid ol' Missus Caton durin' de wah. ain't seen yo', Massa Jack, sence de day we buried yo' daddy, ol' Massa Keith. But I knowed yo' de berry minute I woke up. Sho' yo' 'members

Neb. sah?" It came to Keith now in sudden 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 stirrup the next morning when he rode away. The sudden rush of recollection seemed to bridge the years, and that black face became familiar, a

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 conspicuous 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 a story, Massa Jack, de circumlocution ob which would take a heap ob time tellin'." he began soberly. "But it happened 'bout dis way. When de Yankees come snoopin' long de East Sho'-I reck'n maybe it des a yeah after dat time when we done buried de 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' de ol' Missus, but, Lawd, Massa Jack, I nebber foun' nuthin' ob her in dat 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 fest

natchally drifted. I reckon I liboed 'bout eberywhar yo' ebber heard ob, 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 dropp d his face in his black hands, and was silent for some minutes, but Ke'th said nothing, and finally the thick voice continued:

"I tell you', Massa Jack, it was mighty lonely fo' Neb dem days. I didn't know whar any ob yo' all was, an' it wan't no fun fo' 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 trabbel wid 'em. I took de job, an' dat's what fitched me here ter Carson

"But what caused your arrest?" "A conjunction ob circumstances, Massa Jach; yes, sah, a conjunction The longer Keith thought the less ob circumstances. I got playin' pokah he doubted the result. It was not then ober in dat 'Red Light,' an' I was doin' a problem of defence, but of escape, fine. I reckon I'd cleaned up mo'n for he believed now that no oppor- a hundred dollars when I got sleepy, tunity to defend himself would ever an started for camp. I'd most got be allowed. The arrest was merely dar w'en a bunch ob low white trash part of the plot intended to leave him | jumped me. It made me mad, it did helpless in the hands of the mob. In | fo' a fact, an' I reckon I carved some this Hicks was in no way blamable- ob 'em up befo' I got away. Ennyhe had merely performed his sworn how, de marshal come down, took me duty, and would still die, if need be, out ob de tent, an' fetched me here, no tool, but only an instrument they goin' ter let no low down white trash git all dat money."

> "What became of the men you were working for?"

"I reckon dey went on, sah. Dey had 'portent business, an' wouldn't veins. Now that he understood exact. likely wait 'round here jest ter help a nigger. Ain't ennybody ben here ter ing of hesitancy and doubt vanished. see me, nohow, an' I 'spects I'se eradicated from dey mem'ry-I 'spects would not lie there in that hole wait- is."

CHAPTER V. .

The One Way.

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. Finally 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 exclamation. At the end he burst forth:

"Yo' say dar was two ob dem white men murdered-one an ol' 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?"

"An' how far out was it?" "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 nodded, 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 fore him as though warding off a

"Sho': I heard 'em talkin' 'bout dat. but Massa Waite was jest boun' foh to articulate finally, "am dis sho' yo'. to git movin'. He didn't 'pear to be 'fraid ob no Injuns; reck'ned dev'd nebber stop him, dat he knowed ebbery 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 Waite?" "John Sibley done called him dat." Then Keith remembered-just a dim, misty thread at first, changing slowly into a clear recollection. He was riding with despatches from Longstreet to Stonewall Jackson, and had been shot through the side. The first of Jackson's troops he reached was a brigade of North Carolinians. commanded by General Waite-General Willis Waite. He had fallen from his horse at the outposts, was brought helpless to the General's tent, and another sent on with the papers. And Mrs. Waite had dressed and bandaged drift, Neb?"

his wound. That was where he had seen that woman's face before, with its haunting familiarity. He drew the locket from beneath his shirt, and gazed at the countenance revealed, with new intelligence. There could be no doubt-it was the face of her who had cared for him so tenderly in that tent at Manassas before the fever came and he had lost consciousness. And that, then, was Willis Waite lying in that shallow grave near the Cimmaron Crossing, and for whose death he had been arrested. 'Twas a strange world, and a small one. What a miserable ending to a life like hisa division commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, a Lieutenant-Gov ernor of his state. What strange combination of circumstances could ever have brought such a man to this place, and sent him forth across those Indian-scouted plains? Surely nothing ordinary. And why should those borol' Co'nel-dey burned Missus Caton's der desperadoes have followed through sixty miles of desolation, to strike him down? It was not robbery at least in the ordinary sense. What then? And how was "Black Bart" involved? Why should he be sufficiently interested to swear out a warrant. and then assist in his arrest? There must be something to all this not apparent upon the surface some object.

some purpose shrouded in mystery.

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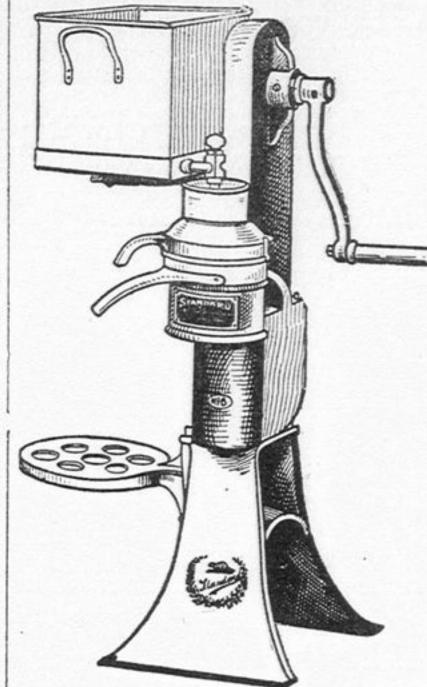
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accident of meeting, no Theory of commonplace robbery, would account for the deed, or for the desperate efforts now being made to conceal it.

surging upon him, became a call to lamb chops. live, to fight, to unravel their mystery. The memory of that sweet-faced womhim now with the opportunity of service. He might be able to clear this, bring to her the truth, save her from despair, and hand over to justice the murderers of her husband. It was up to him alone to accomplish this-no one else knew what he knew, suspectmain there in weak surrender to fate the place sweet. could have but one ending, and that Scratches in polished wood, if as desired. The whole plan was clearly evident, and there would be no delay in execution-all they were waiting for was night, and a lax guard. He glanced about at the walls of the room, his eyes grown hard, his teeth

were not killed by Indians. They ally works like a charm. were run down by a gang from this you and me in here. I don't kno what they were after-that's to b found out later .- but the fight you put up at the camp spoiled their game for once, and led to your arrest. The failed to get what was wanted in Carson, and so they trailed the parly which she rolls the oysters before to the Cimmaron Crossing. Then I frying. got on their track, and fearing the result, they've landed me also. Now they'll get rid of us both as best they can. These fellows won't want any trial-that would be liable to give the whole trick away-but they have got

The whites of the negro's eyes were oning. very much in evidence, his hands grip ping at the bench on which he sat.

"Fo' de Lawd, yes, Massa Jack, thing."

"Then you are willing to take a chance with me?"

"Willin'! Why, Massa Jack, I'se What yo' gwine ter do?"

Keith ran his eyes over the walls. carefully noting every peculiarity.

"We'll remain here quietly just as earth into a paste, spread it over long as it is daylight, Neb." he replied finally, "but we'll try every board and every log to discover some way out. Then take a stiff brush, which will Just the moment it grows dark enough quickly remove the dried earth, to slip away without being seen we've and the result will be pleasing and got to hit the prairie. Once south of far more satisfactory than most the Arkansas we're safe, but not until other methods. then. Have you made any effort to get out?"

bent down.

pered hoarsely, "back ob de bench, but I couldn't jerk it out wid out something ter pry it up wid."

Continued on page 7.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

If mutton chops simmer in just little water on the back of the stove before being broiled or Some way, these questions, thus fried, the flavor will be quite like

Fasten a wire hook to the handle of a grape basket. Hang an who had bent above him when the over line when hanging out clothes fever began its mastery, appealed to and push along before you, thus saving much time.

To thicken gravies for pot roasts or stews, put a piece of brown bread in with the meat. When you go to make the gravy, rub it up for thickening.

If your cellar is damp, as it is apt to be in the early spring put ed what he suspected. And there was a piece of unslaked lime in it. It but one way-through escape. To re absorbs the moisture and keeps

swift and sudden. He had no doubt not too deep, can be removed by as to "Black Bart's" purpose, or of his rubbing gently with fine sandability to use the "Red Light" outfit paper, and then with a mixture of clive oil and vinegar. To simmer is to boil slowly, if

the liquor throws up bubbles above its surface it is boiling at a gallop, and will harden any meat that is cooking in it. If it seems difficult to clean the

seams or stitching on white gloves "Neb," he said shortly, "I guess that try rubbing with a soft brush was your outfit all right, but they dipped in the gasoline.; this usu-Paint stains that are dry and town-the same fellows who have put old may be removed from cotton or woollen goods with chloroform.

It is a good plan to first cover the spot with olive oil or butter. One woman who has a reputation for her cooking always adds just a pinch of baking powder to the cracker-not bread crumbs, in

One of the low stools, substantially made and costing about twenty-five cents is a great help in the kitchen or closet where there are high shelves just out of arm's reach.

Make two incisions on the top of to put us where we won't talk. There all meat pies to allow the steam is an easy way to do this, and that is to escape. Pies treated in this by a lynching bee. Do you get my manner will keep good for several days, and so avoid ptomaine pois-

To prevent potatoes becoming black when cooked, put them into cold water, and when brought to I the boil squeeze lemon and juice sho' does. I corroborates de whole in. They will then keep a good color and be of good flavor.

The zinc top to the kitchen table or the piece under the kitchen stove will always be bright if it is wiped off frequently with overjoyed; I ain't gwine leave yer no cloth dampened with kerosene, and mo'. I'se sho' gwine ter be yo' nigger. then rubbed dry with another soft

To remove grease or oil spots from clothing, mix a little fuller's the affected part and allow same to dry thoroughly. In doing so it draws and absorbs the grease.

During the summer months mothers of young children should The negro came over to mm, and watch for any unnatiral looseness of the bowels. When given prompt "I was layin' on a board what I'd attention at this time, serious worked loose at one end," he whis- trouble may be avoided. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon. For sale by all dealers.