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**KEITH  
OF THE  
BORDER**  
A TALE OF THE PLAINS  
By RANDALL DARRISH  
AUTHOR OF MY LADY OF THE SOUTH  
WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING ETC. ETC.  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILL.



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CHAPTER XII.

Through the Night Shadows.  
Keith had very little to guide him,  
as he could not determine whether  
this mysterious cabin on the Salt Fork  
lay to east or west of the usual cattle

trail leading down to the Canadian.  
Yet he felt reasonably assured that  
the general trend of the country lying  
between the smaller stream and the  
valley of the Arkansas would be simi-  
lar to that with which he was already  
acquainted. It was merely a wild  
stretch of sandy desolation, across  
which their horses would leave scarce-  
ly any trail, and even that little would  
be quickly obliterated by the first puff  
of wind. As they drew in toward the  
river valley this plain would change  
into sand dunes, baffling and confus-  
ing, but no matter how hard they  
pressed forward, it must be daylight  
long before they could hope to reach  
these, and this would give him oppor-  
tunity to spy out some familiar land-  
mark which would guide them to the  
ford. Meanwhile, he must head as di-  
rectly north as possible, trusting the  
horses to find footing.

It was plains instinct, or rather  
long training in the open, which en-  
abled him to retain any true sense of  
direction, for beyond the narrow  
fringe of cottonwoods along the  
stream, nothing was visible, the eyes  
scarcely able even to distinguish  
where earth and sky met. They ad-  
vanced across a bare level, without  
elevation or depression, yet the sand  
appeared sufficiently solid, so that  
their horses were forced into a swing-  
ing lunge, and they seemed to fairly  
press aside the black curtain, which

convinced that she truly possessed no  
real knowledge regarding the man,  
and was not merely pretending inno-  
cence. "I had never heard him called  
Hawley before, and, therefore, failed  
to recognize him under that respect-  
able name. But I knew his voice the  
moment he entered the cabin, and real-  
ized that some devilment was afoot.  
Every town along this frontier has his  
record, and I've met him maybe a  
dozen times in the past three years.  
He is known as 'Black Bart'; is a  
gambler by profession, a desperado by  
reputation, and a cur by nature. Just  
now I suspect him of being even deeper  
in the mire than this."

He could tell by the quick clasp-  
ing of her hands on the pommel of the  
saddle the effect of his words, but  
waited until the silence compelled her  
to speak.  
"Oh, I didn't know! You do not be-  
lieve that I ever suspected such a  
thing? That I ever met him there  
understanding who he was?"

"No, I do not," he answered. "What  
I overheard when you convinced  
me you were the victim of deceit. But  
your going to that place alone was a  
most reckless act."

She lifted her hand to her eyes, her  
head drooping forward.  
"Wasn't it what he told me—the  
out-station of a ranch?"

"No; I have ridden this country for  
years, and there is no ranch pasturing  
cattle along the Salt Fork. Miss Hope,  
I want you to comprehend what it is  
you have escaped from; what you are  
now fleeing from. Within the last two  
years an apparently organized body  
of outlaws have been operating  
throughout this entire region. Often-  
times disguised as Indians, they have  
terrorized the Santa Fe trail for two  
hundred miles, killing travelers in  
small parties, and driving off stock.  
There are few ranches as far west as  
this, but these have all suffered from  
raids. These fellows have done more  
to precipitate the present Indian war  
than any act of the savages. They  
have endeavored to make the authori-  
ties believe that Indians were guilty  
of their deeds of murder and robbery.  
Both troops and volunteers have tried  
to hold the gang up, but they scatter  
and disappear, as though swallowed  
by the desert. I have been out twice,  
hard on their trail, only to come back  
baffled. Now, I think accident has  
given me the clue."

She straightened up; glancing ques-  
tioningly at him through the dark-  
ness.

"This is what I mean, Miss Hope.  
I suspect that cabin to be the head-  
quarters of those fellows, and I shall  
believe Hawley to be their leader."

"Then you will report all this to the  
authorities?"

He smiled grimly, his lips com-  
pressed.  
"I hardly think so; at least, not for  
the present. I am not blood-thirsty  
or enamored of man-hunting, but I  
happen to have a personal interest in  
this particular affair which I should  
prefer to settle alone." He paused,  
swiftly reviewing the circumstances  
of their short acquaintance, and as  
suddenly determined to trust her dis-  
cretion. Deep down in his heart he  
rather wanted her to know. "The fact  
of the matter is, that Neb and I here  
were the ones that particular posse  
were trailing."

"You!" her voice faltered. "He  
said those men were under arrest  
for murder, and had broken jail."

"He also said it was easy to con-  
vict men in this country if you only  
knew how. It is true we broke jail,  
but only in order to save our lives; it  
was the only way. Technically, we  
are outlaws, and now run the risk of  
immediate re-arrest by returning  
north of the Arkansas. We came to  
you fugitives; I was charged with  
murder, the negro with assault. So,  
you see, Miss Hope, the desperate  
class of men you are now associating  
with."

The slight bitterness in his tone  
stung the girl into resentment. She  
was looking straight at him, but in  
the gloom he could not discern the  
expression of her eyes.

"I don't believe it," she exclaimed  
decisively, "you—you do not look like  
that!"

"My appearance may be sufficient to  
convince you," he returned, rather dry-  
ly, "but would weigh little before a  
Western court. Unfortunately, the  
evidence was strong against me; or  
would have been had the case ever  
come to a trial. The strange thing  
about it was that both warrants were  
sworn out by the same complainant,  
and apparently for a similar purpose—  
'Black Bart' Hawley."

"What purpose?"  
"To keep us from telling what we  
knew regarding a certain crime, in  
which either he, or some of his inti-  
mate friends, were deeply interested."

"But it would all come out at the  
trial, wouldn't it?"

"There was to be no trial; Judge  
Lynch settles the majority of such  
cases out here at present. It is ex-  
tremely simple. Listen, and I will tell  
you the story."

He reviewed briefly those occur-  
rences leading directly up to his ar-  
rest, saying little regarding the hor-  
rors of the night.

Continued on page 7.

GENTLE BEES THAT ARE GOOD HONEY GATHERERS

Of all the species of bees, the  
Caucasian is said to be the most  
amiable, for while it is provided  
with a sting, it is difficult to  
make this insect sting a human  
being. These bees, explains Har-  
per's Weekly, were introduced into  
the United States several years  
ago under the auspices of the de-  
partment of agriculture. They  
have been carefully studied by the  
government experts, who found  
that almost nothing a human be-  
ing could do would persuade them  
to attack him. They are practi-  
cally the equal of any other bees in  
the gathering of honey.

The experts state that it will  
take a long time to eradicate  
from the American mind the wear-  
ing of the bee. Long experience with  
the stinging varieties has deeply  
impressed upon the average rural-  
ite the wisdom of giving the  
busy bee a wide berth.

The first bees imported into this  
country were the brown, or Ger-  
man ones. They were brought  
hither in the seventeenth century,  
and for two hundred years held  
their own, being distributed from  
the Atlantic to the Pacific. Com-  
pared with the other species now  
known, the brown bee has little to  
recommend it, for it is a spiteful  
creature, poorly defends its sup-  
plies of honey against other bees,  
and, as bees go, is lazy.

Just as soon as the supply of  
nectar begins to decrease, and a  
little energy is required to find  
more, the bee gives up the effort.  
It does not multiply rapidly, so  
the result is that at the beginning  
of the harvest, the hives are like  
farms in the middle west, apt to  
be short-handed. Therefore, when  
in 1890, the comparatively gentle  
prolific and industrious Italian  
bees were imported, the American  
bee-keepers became greatly inter-  
ested, almost excited. Fabulous  
prices were paid for the queens.

Then twenty years later came  
the Cyprian bees. These bees  
were real hustlers in the matter of  
gathering honey. One colony had  
a record of no fewer than 4000  
pounds in a season. The Cyprian  
bee, however, proved a veritable  
devil—nothing could subdue it.  
Smoke merely irritated the Cy-  
prian. Then, too, an occasional  
group would actually go hunting  
for trouble. There is on record  
one instance in which a swarm  
of Cyprians drove an entire family  
into the cellar and stung every  
living animal in the neighborhood.

ONTARIO BETTER THAN WEST - FOR LABORERS ON FARMS.

A despatch from Toronto last  
week says: The impression that  
has generally existed that the im-  
migration season from Great Brit-  
ain to Canada, and especially to  
Ontario, closes with the end of  
spring, is effectually put down  
by the figures for this season.  
Not only is the immigration far  
from over for this year, but so far  
this month 3,414 British immi-  
grants have been distributed  
among the farmers of  
Ontario. This is practically dou-  
ble the number for the same pe-  
riod of any previous year, and the  
tide of immigration is still pour-  
ing in, on some occasions during  
the month nearly four hundred  
coming in on one day.

The number of British immi-  
grants distributed throughout the  
province so far this season, has  
now reached the 25,000 mark, and  
easily establishes a record.  
Discussing the situation yester-  
day, the Dominion immigration  
agent for Ontario, George L. Ste-  
wart, said the main difficulty they  
had now to contend with was the  
migration of immigrants to the  
west after they had spent a few  
months in Ontario. This was to  
be deplored, as it was proving  
not only a hardship for the On-  
tario farmers, but to the British  
settlers themselves. With the  
exception of the western harvest  
season, the farm laborer averag-  
ed far better in Ontario than in  
the west. Not only did he receive  
practically as high a wage, but  
expenses being less in Ontario, he  
was able to save more.

Another important factor to be  
remembered by the Ontario farm  
laborer considering leaving Ontar-  
io for the west was that the grain  
crop of the west only employed  
the labor men certain periods of  
the year, while in Ontario the  
mixed farming gave steady em-  
ployment for about eight months  
of the year, and rather than let  
a good man go, the farmer will re-  
tain him the year around.

An improved system of record  
keeping which has this season  
been put into successful opera-  
tion, keeps a record of where  
every British immigrant coming to  
Ontario is placed, and whether or  
not he is making good. This is a  
great relief to relatives in the  
old country of those who have  
come over here and have not writ-  
ten home to say how they are  
getting along, as with the record,  
all enquiries of this nature can be  
immediately handled. In some few  
cases it has also proved success-  
ful in locating a man wanted by  
the British police.

Although the tide of immigra-  
tion excels all previous years, the  
demand for help from the Ontario  
farmer still remains at practically  
the same extent unanswered as  
last year—about 25 per cent.  
greater than the supply of help.  
This is explained by the fact that  
while the number of immigrants  
brought over has greatly increased  
the wants of the farmers have in-  
creased in proportion.

IMITATIONS WHICH ARE JUST AS GOOD.

Art has made another gain upon  
nature, and is now able to pro-  
duce rubies and sapphires that  
only the most expert jewelers can  
distinguish from the real thing. In  
Germany, the process of manufac-  
ture has gone so far that the jew-  
elry trade has asked for legal pro-  
tection against the imitations.

MAN AND THE SOIL.

Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, author of the Common Sense  
Medical Adviser, says "why does not the farmer treat his own  
body as he treats the land he cultivates. He puts back in phos-  
phate what he takes out in crops, or the land would grow poor."  
The farmer should put back into his body the vital elements  
exhausted by labor, or by ill-health induced by some chronic  
disease." Further, he says, "the great value of my Doctor  
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is in its vitalizing power. It gives strength  
to the stomach and purity to the blood. It is like the phosphates which supply  
nature with the substances that build up the crops. The far-reaching action of  
Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

is due to its effect on the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. Dis-  
eases that begin in the stomach are cured through the stomach. A bilious spell  
is simply the result of an effort made by the liver to catch up when over-worked  
and exhausted. I have found the 'Discovery' to be unsurpassed as a liver regu-  
lator and rich blood-maker."

Miss LOTTIE KNISLEY of Perth, Kansas, says: "I will here add my testimony  
of the effectiveness of your remedy upon myself. I was troubled with indigestion  
for two years or more. Doctored with three different doctors besides taking numer-  
ous kinds of so-called 'stomach cures' but received no permanent relief. I was run  
down, could not sleep at night with the pain in my chest, caused by gas on the stom-  
ach. Was weak, could eat scarcely anything although I was hungry nearly all the  
time. About one year and a half ago I began taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery,'  
and after having taken several bottles am nearly cured of stomach trouble.  
Can now eat without distress and have gained fifteen pounds in weight.  
I thank you for your remedy and wish you all success in your good work."

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**BLYTH'S CORNERS.**  
Each month appears to be  
making a distinct record of its  
own, and certainly July, 1912 will  
go down as being one of the cool-  
est in a long number of years.  
Knox church Women's Auxiliary  
picnicked at Hamilton's Lake on  
Saturday afternoon last.  
Quite a number of farmers in  
this locality are through haying  
now, and their attention is direct-  
ed towards the fall wheat, which  
is ready to cut, and a good aver-  
age crop.  
The Y. P. S. C. E. of Knox church  
intend holding an evening picnic  
in the yard of S. S. No. 1, on  
Friday evening, August 2nd. By  
the way, we are reminded that the  
date set bumps into the Grange  
meeting at Varney, at which all  
members of the same were ur-  
gently requested to attend.  
Really, Mr. Editor, we didn't  
think your scribes were so stingy  
as to begrudge the news crumbs  
that fell from their pen. Of course  
your Orchard scribe is young at  
the business and has to learn the  
spirit of give and take.  
While assisting his father-in-law  
Mr. David Leith, to put up a hay-  
fork track on Wednesday last, Mr.  
Samuel Koenig fell a distance of  
sixteen feet, lighting on his feet,  
and receiving a very severe shak-  
ing up. We hope to see Sam up,  
and around soon, fully recovered,  
and intended for last week.

The beautiful rains we are hav-  
ing the past week, are counting  
much on the root and grain crops.  
Everything is looking lovely, but  
a trifle slower for hay-making,  
which is considerably below an  
average crop.  
Mr. Geo. Scim had a number of  
lambs and sheep worried by dogs  
on Thursday last, in broad day-  
light. Five of the lambs were  
killed outright, and several others  
badly mutilated. George caught  
three dogs in the act, and suc-  
ceeded in shooting one, but of  
course nobody will own it.  
While by no means jubilant over  
the failure of the Mount Forest  
Sun, the general welfare of the  
Dominion at large will be well  
looked after in the future, as in  
the past, so long as the Toronto  
Weekly Sun continues to shine.  
If the general principles it always  
practised for and advocates were  
practised by our politicians, it  
certainly would go a long way  
towards more economical and bet-  
ter Government. Long may it  
shine.  
Mr. Wm. Marshall, sr., we are  
sorry to report, is not any im-  
proved, and is quite low.  
Mr. James Marshall intends go-  
ing west on the first harvest ex-  
cursion, to give his son Tommy a  
hand with his big harvest. Few  
there will be indeed go west bet-

BRUSSO TO FIGHT AGAIN.

The promoters of fistic encount-  
ers and prize fights, driven by  
developing public sentiment and  
steadily increasing rigor in legisla-  
tive enactment from many of  
the States where they have been  
hitherto permitted to operate  
with impunity, will endeavor  
to open up a new field for their  
enterprises in western Canada,  
is the information which has  
reached the Social and Moral Re-  
form Council of Canada from its  
correspondents in both countries.  
Canada as a field for the pugilist-  
is deemed more advantageous  
from a geographical and mon-  
etary position than is Mexico,  
the other alternative for North Amer-  
ica, and efforts have already been  
made in the Provinces of Alberta  
and Saskatchewan, to "sound" the  
authorities and test public senti-  
ment. The former, however, have  
so far proved obdurate. It is pro-  
posed to try out the law, how-  
ever, by what is innocently termed  
a "boxing match," but which the  
officers of the Council believe to be  
a prize-fight, at Saskatoon, on  
August 6, when Tommy Burns, former  
champion heavyweight of the  
world, is billed to meet Tex Rickard  
in a contest for physical super-  
pancy in the arena. Burns is a  
Canadian whose baptismal name is  
Noah Brusso, and who held the  
championship of the world from  
the time of the retirement of Jim  
Jeffries until his defeat by John-  
son, the present colored holder of  
the title. He is matched against  
Rickard for the Canadian cham-  
pionship, at a "boxing match" in  
which the number of rounds is  
said not to be limited, and the  
scene of the encounter is set for  
the western Canadian city on the  
day mentioned.

Wm. Black, Durham.

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The Easy Manner in Which She Rode Relieved Him of Anxiety.

as instantly swung shut once more,  
and closed them in. The pounding  
hoofs made little noise, and they  
pressed steadily onward, closely  
bunched together, so as not to lose  
each other, dim, spectral shadows flit-  
ting through the night, a very part  
of that grim desolation surrounding  
them. No one of the three felt like  
speaking; the gloomy, brooding desert  
oppressed them, their vagrant  
thoughts assuming the tinge of their  
surroundings; their hope centered on  
escape. Keith rode, grasping the rein  
of the woman's horse in his left hand,  
and bending low in vain effort at pick-  
ing a path. He had nothing to aim  
toward, yet sturdy confidence in his  
expert pliancy yielded him sufficient  
sense of direction. He had noted the  
bark of the cottonwoods, the direc-  
tion of the wind, and steered a course  
accordingly straight northward, alert  
to avert any variation.  
The girl rode easily, although in a  
man's saddle, the stirrups much too  
long. Keith glanced aside with swift  
approval at the erectness with which  
she sat, the loosened rein in her hand,  
the slight swaying of her form. He  
could appreciate horsemanship, and  
the easy manner in which she rode  
relieved him of one anxiety. It even  
caused him to break the silence.  
"You are evidently accustomed to  
riding, Miss Hope."  
She glanced across at him through  
the darkness, as though suddenly sur-  
prised from thought, her words not  
coming quickly.  
"I cannot remember when I first  
mounted a horse; in earliest child-  
hood, surely, although I have not rid-  
den much of late. This one is like a  
rocking chair."  
"He belonged to your friend, Mr.  
Hawley."  
She drew a quick breath, her face  
again turned forward.  
"Who—who is that man? Do you  
know?"  
"I possess a passing acquaintance,"  
he answered, uncertain yet how much  
to tell her, but tempted to reveal all  
in test of her real character. "Few do  
not who live along the Kansas bor-  
der."  
"Do you mean he is a notoriously  
bad character?"  
"I have never heard of his being  
held up as a model to the young, Miss  
Miss Hope," he returned more soberly,