

# THE DEMOCRAT.

W. H. KITCHIN, Owner.

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.50 PER YEAR.

VOLUME III.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1887.

NUMBER 50.

**To-day, To-night, To-morrow.**  
I know that in another room  
Shut out by folds of curtain'd gloom  
Awaits the strange, the over-sweet to-morrow.  
And that some gleam of brightness I may borrow,  
To cheer and lighten my to-day!  
I watch and wait the curtain's sway!  
But only see its upper darkness lit  
By gleaming points that seem at first to flit,  
Then steady glow and charm me into sleep,  
And when I waken at the curtain's sweep,  
Towards the fast-fading gleams I see it roll.  
To find its darkness lined with rosy gold,  
Shut out no longer by the gloom  
I pass the threshold of the room  
To chasp my glad, my strange, my sweet to-morrow.  
But with my arms around her, find in sorrow  
With curtains Night she fled away,  
And this is but the sad to-day.  
—Gora A. Minton in the Current.

## HIS BOY.

BY TOM PA. MORRAN.

The sun had long since dropped behind the scrubby "jack oaks" on Hicks' Knob. There was no moon in sight, but the dancing stars that, winking and blinking so merrily at each other, seemed mildly flitting the night hours away, shed a subtle gleam of light down upon the winding road. At either hand the dense forest of Southern Missouri stretched away, broken only by the knolls ("knobs") the squatters call them that reared their serpy heads at unexpected places. Far off to the right a sleepy rain-crow, that had been hustled off from his perch by his uneasy mate, gave utterance to his harsh, uncanny, squawking cry, which sounded much as if his vocal organs sadly needed oiling. The shadows at the foot of the great pebbled stem of the tall sycamore were dense and black, and, close to the roadside just opposite, the shades of the little clump of red-bud trees were inky and irregular in outline. Presently one of the patches of darkness moved a little and Boulson's hoarse voice whispered loudly:

"See anything yet?"  
"Dat blame it all, no!" answered Deputy Sheriff Hanks from the opposite shadow.

"Wall, sher'f, this is a picnic to be shored," philosophized Boulson. "Can't be helped, I reckon, but somehow I ain't mached on devin' spiders an' sich crawlin' up an' down my back like they've been doin' for the last hour. I'm mighty hungry for a smoke just now."  
"Abe, too, but it won't do."  
"Know that. Consarn that scoundrel! I'll feel like shakin' him just for lack when he comes, if he ever does."  
"Me, too," whispered the deputy sheriff again. "Only we musn't, 'hess we haffer. Had too long a chase to waste my noo, eh, Boulson?"  
"You bet," that worthy whispered loudly. "But of he hain't powerful careful we'll tunk him on the ground a time or two just kinder on general principles," added Hanks.

"That's what," answered Boulson. "More'n a month we've ben after him," went on the deputy, "and now we're not goin' to let him go to give us the slip. Haint got no requisition to take him back to Kansas. Don't need none, I reckon. This is as good a requisition as I want."  
Hanks thrust his hand out into the starlight, and the huge revolver he grasped gleamed balefully.  
"Plenty good enough," answered Boulson. "Won't be no trouble about no papers when we take him back, I reckon," went on Hanks. "The boys'll settle his case. Hoss stealin' don't call for no trial in Kansas."  
"Yu bet yer life!" replied Boulson.  
"That he comes now," whispered Deputy Sheriff Hanks, as a dark, galloping figure came in view, swiftly descending the winding road down the side of Hicks' Knob. Then the shadows at the foot of the sycamore and by the red-bud clump grew rigid and silent. For many long days these two determined men had been on the trail of the man who now now galloped toward them. At last the long hunt seemed about to end. What the rider's fate would be Hanks had expressed in the sentence, "Hoss stealin' don't call for no trial in Kansas."  
"Wonder if he's got Kit?" half whispered the deputy. Bay Kittie had been the pride and delight of Hanks' heart, and when, after many depredations, the night rider had stolen the bay pacer from the deputy, that worthy swore the most diabolical vengeance that he could conceive of, and in company with Boulson followed the trail with the vindictiveness of a bulldog.

The footfalls of the approaching horse beat musically upon the turf, and the rider could be seen peering keenly ahead. When the horse's head had almost reached the sycamore, a dark figure sprang from the red-bud shade, pointing one of the self-acting requisitions at the head of the rider. The horse stopped with a start.  
"Up with yer hands!" cried Boulson.

The rider threw one hand to his hip and, like a flash, drew a weapon. The sycamore's shadow sprang upon him, pinioned his arms to his sides, and a moment later threw him prone to the earth with his knee on the heaving chest. Boulson tied the horse and went to the head of the deputy. Together they turned their prisoner over and shackled him. Hanks asked as they rose to their feet: "Was it Kate?"  
"No."  
If the deputy handled the prisoner more roughly after that it was because of the disappointment of not getting back his mare. Carrying the captive between them and leading the horse, they retreated nearly half a mile back into the timber and came upon their own horses, tied to trees.  
"What are you going to do with me?" asked the captive.  
"Take you back to Kansas. The boys thar'll tend to you."  
"And that means—"  
"Lynch, I reckon." This came grimly from Hanks.  
"You bet!" Boulson nodded as he spoke.  
The prisoner said no more.  
"In another hour we've got to be movin'," said Hanks. "Boulson, come with me an' we'll skirmish up something to eat. Don't reckon he'll get loose while we're gone."  
"Whar we goin'?" asked Boulson.  
"W'y, down the road apiece to that thar ole log shack whar that ole man lives alone. He'll give us or sell us somethin', I reckon. Mighty glad we didn't tell him yisterday what we was after in these parts. Now he'll not be axin' no unpleasant questions."  
"Don't go there," said the captive, earnestly.  
"W'y not?"  
"Why, because—because that ole man is a dangerous character. He is liable to kill or hurt one of you."  
"Huh! mighty anxious 'bout us, haint ye? Wal, we 'low we kin take care yer ourselves, eh, Boulson?"  
"That's what," answered that worthy. "If you don't go, I say. You'll regret it if you do," the prisoner went on.  
"Young man, best thing you kin do," said Hanks, "is to 'tend strictly to yer own knittin', and we'll tend to ourn. Ef yer don't we'll haf ter gag yer."  
The prisoner groaned.  
A tramp of a mile or more brought Hanks and Boulson to the little cabin with its log wall chinked with mud. The deputy knocked several times before any reply came. Presently a man, bent with age, opened the door.  
"Come in, gentlemen, come in," he piped. Hanks stated their errand.  
"Tee he sho," quavered the old man. "Toe he sho," I'm pow'ful sorry I kep' youms a-waitin' so long. Ben a-sittin' up every night for a week, a-spectin' my boy, ye see. I'd fell into a cat nap."  
He bustled about and soon had a trade meal spread on a rider table.  
"Draw up yer chairs, gentlemen, draw up yer chairs, an' fall to. Thair jint overly much ter eat, but yer welcome ter w'at thair is. Ef my boy'd a-come," he went on, "I could haf 'em yer sumpin' better. When he comes he allus brings me money an' sumpin' good ter eat or wear. Never forgits his ole dad, an' the ole man chuckles at the recollection."  
"Must be a good feller," mumbled Hanks, with his mouth full of "pone."  
"Yes, ye better believe he is," answered the old man, eagerly. "Smartest an' best boy 'twixt yer an' Californy. Don't let me want for nutthin', but just keeps me so well fixed that I don't haffer do nothin' but sit in the sun an' smoke. Oh, he's mighty kind to his ole dad."  
The old man bustled to a dilapidated chest in the corner and fumbled in it for a few moments. Then he trotted back again.  
"Yer's his picture, gentlemen, w'at hessent me mo'n a year ago."  
"What?" this from both the deputy and Boulson at once.  
The old man did not notice their startled looks but went on piping the praises of his son.  
"Ya, that's my boy, that's him. Thar's the best boy an' ole man ever had. W'y he—"  
"Whar does he live?" asked Hanks.  
"Out in Cowley County, Kansas, an'—"  
"Whar's his business?"  
"W'y, he owns a ranch thar."  
"Lowed mebbe he dealt in horses," said Hanks, grimly.  
"No, not hully, though he does right smart with horses."  
"I knowed it."  
"A hat, do you know him, gentlemen? Ef ye do, yer 'omitted with the best-hatted feller in seven States; don't care whar yer find 'em."  
"No, we don't know him."  
"Mighty sorry. Lowed mebbe ye might. Wal, ef yer see him hurry him us. Tell him that my old, thar's his power'ful anxious for him ter come. Spect'd him for several days."  
The two edged towards the door.  
"Ye don't reckon nutthin' happened ter my boy, do ye? Ef anythin' was ter, I believe 'twould jest bust my pore ole heart, shore. He's so good an' kind ter me that hit would jest kill me ter part with him. Good-by!" as they moved away.  
Then he piped after them:  
"Ef ye see him, don't fergit ter tell him that I'm a-waitin' an' a-watchin' fer him."

him, pinioned his arms to his sides, and a moment later threw him prone to the earth with his knee on the heaving chest. Boulson tied the horse and went to the head of the deputy. Together they turned their prisoner over and shackled him. Hanks asked as they rose to their feet: "Was it Kate?"  
"No."  
If the deputy handled the prisoner more roughly after that it was because of the disappointment of not getting back his mare. Carrying the captive between them and leading the horse, they retreated nearly half a mile back into the timber and came upon their own horses, tied to trees.  
"What are you going to do with me?" asked the captive.  
"Take you back to Kansas. The boys thar'll tend to you."  
"And that means—"  
"Lynch, I reckon." This came grimly from Hanks.  
"You bet!" Boulson nodded as he spoke.  
The prisoner said no more.  
"In another hour we've got to be movin'," said Hanks. "Boulson, come with me an' we'll skirmish up something to eat. Don't reckon he'll get loose while we're gone."  
"Whar we goin'?" asked Boulson.  
"W'y, down the road apiece to that thar ole log shack whar that ole man lives alone. He'll give us or sell us somethin', I reckon. Mighty glad we didn't tell him yisterday what we was after in these parts. Now he'll not be axin' no unpleasant questions."  
"Don't go there," said the captive, earnestly.  
"W'y not?"  
"Why, because—because that ole man is a dangerous character. He is liable to kill or hurt one of you."  
"Huh! mighty anxious 'bout us, haint ye? Wal, we 'low we kin take care yer ourselves, eh, Boulson?"  
"That's what," answered that worthy. "If you don't go, I say. You'll regret it if you do," the prisoner went on.  
"Young man, best thing you kin do," said Hanks, "is to 'tend strictly to yer own knittin', and we'll tend to ourn. Ef yer don't we'll haf ter gag yer."  
The prisoner groaned.  
A tramp of a mile or more brought Hanks and Boulson to the little cabin with its log wall chinked with mud. The deputy knocked several times before any reply came. Presently a man, bent with age, opened the door.  
"Come in, gentlemen, come in," he piped. Hanks stated their errand.  
"Tee he sho," quavered the old man. "Toe he sho," I'm pow'ful sorry I kep' youms a-waitin' so long. Ben a-sittin' up every night for a week, a-spectin' my boy, ye see. I'd fell into a cat nap."  
He bustled about and soon had a trade meal spread on a rider table.  
"Draw up yer chairs, gentlemen, draw up yer chairs, an' fall to. Thair jint overly much ter eat, but yer welcome ter w'at thair is. Ef my boy'd a-come," he went on, "I could haf 'em yer sumpin' better. When he comes he allus brings me money an' sumpin' good ter eat or wear. Never forgits his ole dad, an' the ole man chuckles at the recollection."  
"Must be a good feller," mumbled Hanks, with his mouth full of "pone."  
"Yes, ye better believe he is," answered the old man, eagerly. "Smartest an' best boy 'twixt yer an' Californy. Don't let me want for nutthin', but just keeps me so well fixed that I don't haffer do nothin' but sit in the sun an' smoke. Oh, he's mighty kind to his ole dad."  
The old man bustled to a dilapidated chest in the corner and fumbled in it for a few moments. Then he trotted back again.  
"Yer's his picture, gentlemen, w'at hessent me mo'n a year ago."  
"What?" this from both the deputy and Boulson at once.  
The old man did not notice their startled looks but went on piping the praises of his son.  
"Ya, that's my boy, that's him. Thar's the best boy an' ole man ever had. W'y he—"  
"Whar does he live?" asked Hanks.  
"Out in Cowley County, Kansas, an'—"  
"Whar's his business?"  
"W'y, he owns a ranch thar."  
"Lowed mebbe he dealt in horses," said Hanks, grimly.  
"No, not hully, though he does right smart with horses."  
"I knowed it."  
"A hat, do you know him, gentlemen? Ef ye do, yer 'omitted with the best-hatted feller in seven States; don't care whar yer find 'em."  
"No, we don't know him."  
"Mighty sorry. Lowed mebbe ye might. Wal, ef yer see him hurry him us. Tell him that my old, thar's his power'ful anxious for him ter come. Spect'd him for several days."  
The two edged towards the door.  
"Ye don't reckon nutthin' happened ter my boy, do ye? Ef anythin' was ter, I believe 'twould jest bust my pore ole heart, shore. He's so good an' kind ter me that hit would jest kill me ter part with him. Good-by!" as they moved away.  
Then he piped after them:  
"Ef ye see him, don't fergit ter tell him that I'm a-waitin' an' a-watchin' fer him."

him, pinioned his arms to his sides, and a moment later threw him prone to the earth with his knee on the heaving chest. Boulson tied the horse and went to the head of the deputy. Together they turned their prisoner over and shackled him. Hanks asked as they rose to their feet: "Was it Kate?"  
"No."  
If the deputy handled the prisoner more roughly after that it was because of the disappointment of not getting back his mare. Carrying the captive between them and leading the horse, they retreated nearly half a mile back into the timber and came upon their own horses, tied to trees.  
"What are you going to do with me?" asked the captive.  
"Take you back to Kansas. The boys thar'll tend to you."  
"And that means—"  
"Lynch, I reckon." This came grimly from Hanks.  
"You bet!" Boulson nodded as he spoke.  
The prisoner said no more.  
"In another hour we've got to be movin'," said Hanks. "Boulson, come with me an' we'll skirmish up something to eat. Don't reckon he'll get loose while we're gone."  
"Whar we goin'?" asked Boulson.  
"W'y, down the road apiece to that thar ole log shack whar that ole man lives alone. He'll give us or sell us somethin', I reckon. Mighty glad we didn't tell him yisterday what we was after in these parts. Now he'll not be axin' no unpleasant questions."  
"Don't go there," said the captive, earnestly.  
"W'y not?"  
"Why, because—because that ole man is a dangerous character. He is liable to kill or hurt one of you."  
"Huh! mighty anxious 'bout us, haint ye? Wal, we 'low we kin take care yer ourselves, eh, Boulson?"  
"That's what," answered that worthy. "If you don't go, I say. You'll regret it if you do," the prisoner went on.  
"Young man, best thing you kin do," said Hanks, "is to 'tend strictly to yer own knittin', and we'll tend to ourn. Ef yer don't we'll haf ter gag yer."  
The prisoner groaned.  
A tramp of a mile or more brought Hanks and Boulson to the little cabin with its log wall chinked with mud. The deputy knocked several times before any reply came. Presently a man, bent with age, opened the door.  
"Come in, gentlemen, come in," he piped. Hanks stated their errand.  
"Tee he sho," quavered the old man. "Toe he sho," I'm pow'ful sorry I kep' youms a-waitin' so long. Ben a-sittin' up every night for a week, a-spectin' my boy, ye see. I'd fell into a cat nap."  
He bustled about and soon had a trade meal spread on a rider table.  
"Draw up yer chairs, gentlemen, draw up yer chairs, an' fall to. Thair jint overly much ter eat, but yer welcome ter w'at thair is. Ef my boy'd a-come," he went on, "I could haf 'em yer sumpin' better. When he comes he allus brings me money an' sumpin' good ter eat or wear. Never forgits his ole dad, an' the ole man chuckles at the recollection."  
"Must be a good feller," mumbled Hanks, with his mouth full of "pone."  
"Yes, ye better believe he is," answered the old man, eagerly. "Smartest an' best boy 'twixt yer an' Californy. Don't let me want for nutthin', but just keeps me so well fixed that I don't haffer do nothin' but sit in the sun an' smoke. Oh, he's mighty kind to his ole dad."  
The old man bustled to a dilapidated chest in the corner and fumbled in it for a few moments. Then he trotted back again.  
"Yer's his picture, gentlemen, w'at hessent me mo'n a year ago."  
"What?" this from both the deputy and Boulson at once.  
The old man did not notice their startled looks but went on piping the praises of his son.  
"Ya, that's my boy, that's him. Thar's the best boy an' ole man ever had. W'y he—"  
"Whar does he live?" asked Hanks.  
"Out in Cowley County, Kansas, an'—"  
"Whar's his business?"  
"W'y, he owns a ranch thar."  
"Lowed mebbe he dealt in horses," said Hanks, grimly.  
"No, not hully, though he does right smart with horses."  
"I knowed it."  
"A hat, do you know him, gentlemen? Ef ye do, yer 'omitted with the best-hatted feller in seven States; don't care whar yer find 'em."  
"No, we don't know him."  
"Mighty sorry. Lowed mebbe ye might. Wal, ef yer see him hurry him us. Tell him that my old, thar's his power'ful anxious for him ter come. Spect'd him for several days."  
The two edged towards the door.  
"Ye don't reckon nutthin' happened ter my boy, do ye? Ef anythin' was ter, I believe 'twould jest bust my pore ole heart, shore. He's so good an' kind ter me that hit would jest kill me ter part with him. Good-by!" as they moved away.  
Then he piped after them:  
"Ef ye see him, don't fergit ter tell him that I'm a-waitin' an' a-watchin' fer him."

him, pinioned his arms to his sides, and a moment later threw him prone to the earth with his knee on the heaving chest. Boulson tied the horse and went to the head of the deputy. Together they turned their prisoner over and shackled him. Hanks asked as they rose to their feet: "Was it Kate?"  
"No."  
If the deputy handled the prisoner more roughly after that it was because of the disappointment of not getting back his mare. Carrying the captive between them and leading the horse, they retreated nearly half a mile back into the timber and came upon their own horses, tied to trees.  
"What are you going to do with me?" asked the captive.  
"Take you back to Kansas. The boys thar'll tend to you."  
"And that means—"  
"Lynch, I reckon." This came grimly from Hanks.  
"You bet!" Boulson nodded as he spoke.  
The prisoner said no more.  
"In another hour we've got to be movin'," said Hanks. "Boulson, come with me an' we'll skirmish up something to eat. Don't reckon he'll get loose while we're gone."  
"Whar we goin'?" asked Boulson.  
"W'y, down the road apiece to that thar ole log shack whar that ole man lives alone. He'll give us or sell us somethin', I reckon. Mighty glad we didn't tell him yisterday what we was after in these parts. Now he'll not be axin' no unpleasant questions."  
"Don't go there," said the captive, earnestly.  
"W'y not?"  
"Why, because—because that ole man is a dangerous character. He is liable to kill or hurt one of you."  
"Huh! mighty anxious 'bout us, haint ye? Wal, we 'low we kin take care yer ourselves, eh, Boulson?"  
"That's what," answered that worthy. "If you don't go, I say. You'll regret it if you do," the prisoner went on.  
"Young man, best thing you kin do," said Hanks, "is to 'tend strictly to yer own knittin', and we'll tend to ourn. Ef yer don't we'll haf ter gag yer."  
The prisoner groaned.  
A tramp of a mile or more brought Hanks and Boulson to the little cabin with its log wall chinked with mud. The deputy knocked several times before any reply came. Presently a man, bent with age, opened the door.  
"Come in, gentlemen, come in," he piped. Hanks stated their errand.  
"Tee he sho," quavered the old man. "Toe he sho," I'm pow'ful sorry I kep' youms a-waitin' so long. Ben a-sittin' up every night for a week, a-spectin' my boy, ye see. I'd fell into a cat nap."  
He bustled about and soon had a trade meal spread on a rider table.  
"Draw up yer chairs, gentlemen, draw up yer chairs, an' fall to. Thair jint overly much ter eat, but yer welcome ter w'at thair is. Ef my boy'd a-come," he went on, "I could haf 'em yer sumpin' better. When he comes he allus brings me money an' sumpin' good ter eat or wear. Never forgits his ole dad, an' the ole man chuckles at the recollection."  
"Must be a good feller," mumbled Hanks, with his mouth full of "pone."  
"Yes, ye better believe he is," answered the old man, eagerly. "Smartest an' best boy 'twixt yer an' Californy. Don't let me want for nutthin', but just keeps me so well fixed that I don't haffer do nothin' but sit in the sun an' smoke. Oh, he's mighty kind to his ole dad."  
The old man bustled to a dilapidated chest in the corner and fumbled in it for a few moments. Then he trotted back again.  
"Yer's his picture, gentlemen, w'at hessent me mo'n a year ago."  
"What?" this from both the deputy and Boulson at once.  
The old man did not notice their startled looks but went on piping the praises of his son.  
"Ya, that's my boy, that's him. Thar's the best boy an' ole man ever had. W'y he—"  
"Whar does he live?" asked Hanks.  
"Out in Cowley County, Kansas, an'—"  
"Whar's his business?"  
"W'y, he owns a ranch thar."  
"Lowed mebbe he dealt in horses," said Hanks, grimly.  
"No, not hully, though he does right smart with horses."  
"I knowed it."  
"A hat, do you know him, gentlemen? Ef ye do, yer 'omitted with the best-hatted feller in seven States; don't care whar yer find 'em."  
"No, we don't know him."  
"Mighty sorry. Lowed mebbe ye might. Wal, ef yer see him hurry him us. Tell him that my old, thar's his power'ful anxious for him ter come. Spect'd him for several days."  
The two edged towards the door.  
"Ye don't reckon nutthin' happened ter my boy, do ye? Ef anythin' was ter, I believe 'twould jest bust my pore ole heart, shore. He's so good an' kind ter me that hit would jest kill me ter part with him. Good-by!" as they moved away.  
Then he piped after them:  
"Ef ye see him, don't fergit ter tell him that I'm a-waitin' an' a-watchin' fer him."

him, pinioned his arms to his sides, and a moment later threw him prone to the earth with his knee on the heaving chest. Boulson tied the horse and went to the head of the deputy. Together they turned their prisoner over and shackled him. Hanks asked as they rose to their feet: "Was it Kate?"  
"No."  
If the deputy handled the prisoner more roughly after that it was because of the disappointment of not getting back his mare. Carrying the captive between them and leading the horse, they retreated nearly half a mile back into the timber and came upon their own horses, tied to trees.  
"What are you going to do with me?" asked the captive.  
"Take you back to Kansas. The boys thar'll tend to you."  
"And that means—"  
"Lynch, I reckon." This came grimly from Hanks.  
"You bet!" Boulson nodded as he spoke.  
The prisoner said no more.  
"In another hour we've got to be movin'," said Hanks. "Boulson, come with me an' we'll skirmish up something to eat. Don't reckon he'll get loose while we're gone."  
"Whar we goin'?" asked Boulson.  
"W'y, down the road apiece to that thar ole log shack whar that ole man lives alone. He'll give us or sell us somethin', I reckon. Mighty glad we didn't tell him yisterday what we was after in these parts. Now he'll not be axin' no unpleasant questions."  
"Don't go there," said the captive, earnestly.  
"W'y not?"  
"Why, because—because that ole man is a dangerous character. He is liable to kill or hurt one of you."  
"Huh! mighty anxious 'bout us, haint ye? Wal, we 'low we kin take care yer ourselves, eh, Boulson?"  
"That's what," answered that worthy. "If you don't go, I say. You'll regret it if you do," the prisoner went on.  
"Young man, best thing you kin do," said Hanks, "is to 'tend strictly to yer own knittin', and we'll tend to ourn. Ef yer don't we'll haf ter gag yer."  
The prisoner groaned.  
A tramp of a mile or more brought Hanks and Boulson to the little cabin with its log wall chinked with mud. The deputy knocked several times before any reply came. Presently a man, bent with age, opened the door.  
"Come in, gentlemen, come in," he piped. Hanks stated their errand.  
"Tee he sho," quavered the old man. "Toe he sho," I'm pow'ful sorry I kep' youms a-waitin' so long. Ben a-sittin' up every night for a week, a-spectin' my boy, ye see. I'd fell into a cat nap."  
He bustled about and soon had a trade meal spread on a rider table.  
"Draw up yer chairs, gentlemen, draw up yer chairs, an' fall to. Thair jint overly much ter eat, but yer welcome ter w'at thair is. Ef my boy'd a-come," he went on, "I could haf 'em yer sumpin' better. When he comes he allus brings me money an' sumpin' good ter eat or wear. Never forgits his ole dad, an' the ole man chuckles at the recollection."  
"Must be a good feller," mumbled Hanks, with his mouth full of "pone."  
"Yes, ye better believe he is," answered the old man, eagerly. "Smartest an' best boy 'twixt yer an' Californy. Don't let me want for nutthin', but just keeps me so well fixed that I don't haffer do nothin' but sit in the sun an' smoke. Oh, he's mighty kind to his ole dad."  
The old man bustled to a dilapidated chest in the corner and fumbled in it for a few moments. Then he trotted back again.  
"Yer's his picture, gentlemen, w'at hessent me mo'n a year ago."  
"What?" this from both the deputy and Boulson at once.  
The old man did not notice their startled looks but went on piping the praises of his son.  
"Ya, that's my boy, that's him. Thar's the best boy an' ole man ever had. W'y he—"  
"Whar does he live?" asked Hanks.  
"Out in Cowley County, Kansas, an'—"  
"Whar's his business?"  
"W'y, he owns a ranch thar."  
"Lowed mebbe he dealt in horses," said Hanks, grimly.  
"No, not hully, though he does right smart with horses."  
"I knowed it."  
"A hat, do you know him, gentlemen? Ef ye do, yer 'omitted with the best-hatted feller in seven States; don't care whar yer find 'em."  
"No, we don't know him."  
"Mighty sorry. Lowed mebbe ye might. Wal, ef yer see him hurry him us. Tell him that my old, thar's his power'ful anxious for him ter come. Spect'd him for several days."  
The two edged towards the door.  
"Ye don't reckon nutthin' happened ter my boy, do ye? Ef anythin' was ter, I believe 'twould jest bust my pore ole heart, shore. He's so good an' kind ter me that hit would jest kill me ter part with him. Good-by!" as they moved away.  
Then he piped after them:  
"Ef ye see him, don't fergit ter tell him that I'm a-waitin' an' a-watchin' fer him."

him, pinioned his arms to his sides, and a moment later threw him prone to the earth with his knee on the heaving chest. Boulson tied the horse and went to the head of the deputy. Together they turned their prisoner over and shackled him. Hanks asked as they rose to their feet: "Was it Kate?"  
"No."  
If the deputy handled the prisoner more roughly after that it was because of the disappointment of not getting back his mare. Carrying the captive between them and leading the horse, they retreated nearly half a mile back into the timber and came upon their own horses, tied to trees.  
"What are you going to do with me?" asked the captive.  
"Take you back to Kansas. The boys thar'll tend to you."  
"And that means—"  
"Lynch, I reckon." This came grimly from Hanks.  
"You bet!" Boulson nodded as he spoke.  
The prisoner said no more.  
"In another hour we've got to be movin'," said Hanks. "Boulson, come with me an' we'll skirmish up something to eat. Don't reckon he'll get loose while we're gone."  
"Whar we goin'?" asked Boulson.  
"W'y, down the road apiece to that thar ole log shack whar that ole man lives alone. He'll give us or sell us somethin', I reckon. Mighty glad we didn't tell him yisterday what we was after in these parts. Now he'll not be axin' no unpleasant questions."  
"Don't go there," said the captive, earnestly.  
"W'y not?"  
"Why, because—because that ole man is a dangerous character. He is liable to kill or hurt one of you."  
"Huh! mighty anxious 'bout us, haint ye? Wal, we 'low we kin take care yer ourselves, eh, Boulson?"  
"That's what," answered that worthy. "If you don't go, I say. You'll regret it if you do," the prisoner went on.  
"Young man, best thing you kin do," said Hanks, "is to 'tend strictly to yer own knittin', and we'll tend to ourn. Ef yer don't we'll haf ter gag yer."  
The prisoner groaned.  
A tramp of a mile or more brought Hanks and Boulson to the little cabin with its log wall chinked with mud. The deputy knocked several times before any reply came. Presently a man, bent with age, opened the door.  
"Come in, gentlemen, come in," he piped. Hanks stated their errand.  
"Tee he sho," quavered the old man. "Toe he sho," I'm pow'ful sorry I kep' youms a-waitin' so long. Ben a-sittin' up every night for a week, a-spectin' my boy, ye see. I'd fell into a cat nap."  
He bustled about and soon had a trade meal spread on a rider table.  
"Draw up yer chairs, gentlemen, draw up yer chairs, an' fall to. Thair jint overly much ter eat, but yer welcome ter w'at thair is. Ef my boy'd a-come," he went on, "I could haf 'em yer sumpin' better. When he comes he allus brings me money an' sumpin' good ter eat or wear. Never forgits his ole dad, an' the ole man chuckles at the recollection."  
"Must be a good feller," mumbled Hanks, with his mouth full of "pone."  
"Yes, ye better believe he is," answered the old man, eagerly. "Smartest an' best boy 'twixt yer an' Californy. Don't let me want for nutthin', but just keeps me so well fixed that I don't haffer do nothin' but sit in the sun an' smoke. Oh, he's mighty kind to his ole dad."  
The old man bustled to a dilapidated chest in the corner and fumbled in it for a few moments. Then he trotted back again.  
"Yer's his picture, gentlemen, w'at hessent me mo'n a year ago."  
"What?" this from both the deputy and Boulson at once.  
The old man did not notice their startled looks but went on piping the praises of his son.  
"Ya, that's my boy, that's him. Thar's the best boy an' ole man ever had. W'y he—"  
"Whar does he live?" asked Hanks.  
"Out in Cowley County, Kansas, an'—"  
"Whar's his business?"  
"W'y, he owns a ranch thar."  
"Lowed mebbe he dealt in horses," said Hanks, grimly.  
"No, not hully, though he does right smart with horses."  
"I knowed it."  
"A hat, do you know him, gentlemen? Ef ye do, yer 'omitted with the best-hatted feller in seven States; don't care whar yer find 'em."  
"No, we don't know him."  
"Mighty sorry. Lowed mebbe ye might. Wal, ef yer see him hurry him us. Tell him that my old, thar's his power'ful anxious for him ter come. Spect'd him for several days."  
The two edged towards the door.  
"Ye don't reckon nutthin' happened ter my boy, do ye? Ef anythin' was ter, I believe 'twould jest bust my pore ole heart, shore. He's so good an' kind ter me that hit would jest kill me ter part with him. Good-by!" as they moved away.  
Then he piped after them:  
"Ef ye see him, don't fergit ter tell him that I'm a-waitin' an' a-watchin' fer him."

him, pinioned his arms to his sides, and a moment later threw him prone to the earth with his knee on the heaving chest. Boulson tied the horse and went to the head of the deputy. Together they turned their prisoner over and shackled him. Hanks asked as they rose to their feet: "Was it Kate?"  
"No."  
If the deputy handled the prisoner more roughly after that it was because of the disappointment of not getting back his mare. Carrying the captive between them and leading the horse, they retreated nearly half a mile back into the timber and came upon their own horses, tied to trees.  
"What are you going to do with me?" asked the captive.  
"Take you back to Kansas. The boys thar'll tend to you."  
"And that means—"  
"Lynch, I reckon." This came grimly from Hanks.  
"You bet!" Boulson nodded as he spoke.  
The prisoner said no more.  
"In another hour we've got to be movin'," said Hanks. "Boulson, come with me an' we'll skirmish up something to eat. Don't reckon he'll get loose while we're gone."  
"Whar we goin'?" asked Boulson.  
"W'y, down the road apiece to that thar ole log shack whar that ole man lives alone. He'll give us or sell us somethin', I reckon. Mighty glad we didn't tell him yisterday what we was after in these parts. Now he'll not be axin' no unpleasant questions."  
"Don't go there," said the captive, earnestly.  
"W'y not?"  
"Why, because—because that ole man is a dangerous character. He is liable to kill or hurt one of you."  
"Huh! mighty anxious 'bout us, haint ye? Wal, we 'low we kin take care yer ourselves, eh, Boulson?"  
"That's what," answered that worthy. "If you don't go, I say. You'll regret it if you do," the prisoner went on.  
"Young man, best thing you kin do," said Hanks, "is to 'tend strictly to yer own knittin', and we'll tend to ourn. Ef yer don't we'll haf ter gag yer."  
The prisoner groaned.  
A tramp of a mile or more brought Hanks and Boulson to the little cabin with its log wall chinked with mud. The deputy knocked several times before any reply came. Presently a man, bent with age, opened the door.  
"Come in, gentlemen, come in," he piped. Hanks stated their errand.  
"Tee he sho," quavered the old man. "Toe he sho," I'm pow'ful sorry I kep' youms a-waitin' so long. Ben a-sittin' up every night for a week, a-spectin' my boy, ye see. I'd fell into a cat nap."  
He bustled about and soon had a trade meal spread on a rider table.  
"Draw up yer chairs, gentlemen, draw up yer chairs, an' fall to. Thair jint overly much ter eat, but yer welcome ter w'at thair is. Ef my boy'd a-come," he went on, "I could haf 'em yer sumpin' better. When he comes he allus brings me money an' sumpin' good ter eat or wear. Never forgits his ole dad, an' the ole man chuckles at the recollection."  
"Must be a good feller," mumbled Hanks, with his mouth full of "pone."  
"Yes, ye better believe he is," answered the old man, eagerly. "Smartest an' best boy 'twixt yer an' Californy. Don't let me want for nutthin', but just keeps me so well fixed that I don't haffer do nothin' but sit in the sun an' smoke. Oh, he's mighty kind to his ole dad."  
The old man bustled to a dilapidated chest in the corner and fumbled in it for a few moments. Then he trotted back again.  
"Yer's his picture, gentlemen, w'at hessent me mo'n a year ago."  
"What?" this from both the deputy and Boulson at once.  
The old man did not notice their startled looks but went on piping the praises of his son.  
"Ya, that's my boy, that's him. Thar's the best boy an' ole man ever had. W'y he—"  
"Whar does he live?" asked Hanks.  
"Out in Cowley County, Kansas, an'—"  
"Whar's his business?"  
"W'y, he owns a ranch thar."  
"Lowed mebbe he dealt in horses," said Hanks, grimly.  
"No, not hully, though he does right smart with horses."  
"I knowed it."  
"A hat, do you know him, gentlemen? Ef ye do, yer 'omitted with the best-hatted feller in seven States; don't care whar yer find 'em."  
"No, we don't know him."  
"Mighty sorry. Lowed mebbe ye might. Wal, ef yer see him hurry him us. Tell him that my old, thar's his power'ful anxious for him ter come. Spect'd him for several days."  
The two edged towards the door.  
"Ye don't reckon nutthin' happened ter my boy, do ye? Ef anythin' was ter, I believe 'twould jest bust my pore ole heart, shore. He's so good an' kind ter me that hit would jest kill me ter part with him. Good-by!" as they moved away.  
Then he piped after them:  
"Ef ye see him, don't fergit ter tell him that I'm a-waitin' an' a-watchin' fer him."

him, pinioned his arms to his sides, and a moment later threw him prone to the earth with his knee on the heaving chest. Boulson tied the horse and went to the head of the deputy. Together they turned their prisoner over and shackled him. Hanks asked as they rose to their feet: "Was it Kate?"  
"No."  
If the deputy handled the prisoner more roughly after that it was because of the disappointment of not getting back his mare. Carrying the captive between them and leading the horse, they retreated nearly half a mile back into the timber and came upon their own horses, tied to trees.  
"What are you going to do with me?" asked the captive.  
"Take you back to Kansas. The boys thar'll tend to you."  
"And that means—"  
"Lynch, I reckon." This came grimly from Hanks.  
"You bet!" Boulson nodded as he spoke.  
The prisoner said no more.  
"In another hour we've got to be movin'," said Hanks. "Boulson, come with me an' we'll skirmish up something to eat. Don't reckon he'll get loose while we're gone."  
"Whar we goin'?" asked Boulson.  
"W'y, down the road apiece to that thar ole log shack whar that ole man lives alone. He'll give us or sell us somethin', I reckon. Mighty glad we didn't tell him yisterday what we was after in these parts. Now he'll not be axin' no unpleasant questions."  
"Don't go there," said the captive, earnestly.  
"W'y not?"  
"Why, because—because that ole man is a dangerous character. He is liable to kill or hurt one of you."  
"Huh! mighty anxious 'bout us, haint ye? Wal, we 'low we kin take care yer ourselves, eh, Boulson?"  
"That's what," answered that worthy. "If you don't go, I say. You'll regret it if you do," the prisoner went on.  
"Young man, best thing you kin do," said Hanks, "is to 'tend strictly to yer own knittin', and we'll tend to ourn. Ef yer don't we'll haf ter gag yer."  
The prisoner groaned.  
A tramp of a mile or more brought Hanks and Boulson to the little cabin with its log wall chinked with mud. The deputy knocked several times before any reply came. Presently a man, bent with age, opened the door.  
"Come in, gentlemen, come in," he piped. Hanks stated their errand.  
"Tee he sho," quavered the old man. "Toe he sho," I'm pow'ful sorry I kep' youms a-waitin' so long. Ben a-sittin' up every night for a week, a-spectin' my boy, ye see. I'd fell into a cat nap."  
He bustled about and soon had a trade meal spread on a rider table.  
"Draw up yer chairs, gentlemen, draw up yer chairs, an' fall to. Thair jint overly much ter eat, but yer welcome ter w'at thair is. Ef my boy'd a-come," he went on, "I could haf 'em yer sumpin' better. When he comes he allus brings me money an' sumpin' good ter eat or wear. Never forgits his ole dad, an' the ole man chuckles at the recollection."  
"Must be a good feller," mumbled Hanks, with his mouth full of "pone."  
"Yes, ye better believe he is," answered the old man, eagerly. "Smartest an' best boy 'twixt yer an' Californy. Don't let me want for nutthin', but just keeps me so well fixed that I don't haffer do nothin' but sit in the sun an' smoke. Oh, he's mighty kind to his ole dad."  
The old man bustled to a dilapidated chest in the corner and fumbled in it for a few moments. Then he trotted back again.  
"Yer's his picture, gentlemen, w'at hessent me mo'n a year ago."  
"What?" this from both the deputy and Boulson at once.  
The old man did not notice their startled looks but went on piping the praises of his son.  
"Ya, that's my boy, that's him. Thar's the best boy an' ole man ever had. W'y he—"  
"Whar does he live?" asked Hanks.  
"