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# ALPH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS  
By RANDALL DAVENISH  
AUTHOR OF MY LADY OF THE SOUTH  
WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING, ETC.  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEANBURY HENVELL

### SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for bandits. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team of mules and a wagon and a full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims' pockets and finds a letter and a lock of hair with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderers.

### CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

The trail, continually skirting the high bluff and bearing farther away from the river, turned sharply into a narrow ravine. There was a considerable break in the rocky barrier here, leading back for perhaps a hundred yards, and the plainsman turned his horse that way, dismounting when out of sight among the boulders. He could rest here until night with little danger of discovery. He lay down on the rocks, pillowing his head on the saddle, but his brain was too active to permit sleeping. Finally he drew the letters from out his pocket, and began examining them. They yielded very little information, those taken from the older man having no envelopes to show to whom they had been addressed. The single document found in the pocket of the other was a memorandum of account at the Pioneer Store at Topeka, charged to John Sibley, and marked paid. This then must have been the younger man's name, as the letters to the other began occasionally "Dear Will." They were missives such as a wife might write to a husband long absent, yet upon a mission of deep interest to both. Keith could not fully determine what this mission might be, as the persons evidently understood each other so thoroughly that mere allusion took the place of detail. Twice the name Phyllis was mentioned, and once a "Fred" was also referred to, but in neither instance clearly enough to reveal the relationship, although the latter appeared to be pleaded for. Certain references caused the belief that these letters had been mailed from some small Missouri town, but no name was mentioned. They were invariably signed "Mary." The only other paper Keith discovered was a brief itinerary of the Santa Fe trail extending as far west as the Raton Mountains, giving the usual camping spots and places where water was accessible. He slipped the papers back into his pocket with a distinct feeling of disappointment, and lay back staring up at the little strip of blue sky. The silence was profound, even his horse standing motionless, and finally he fell asleep.

The sun had disappeared, and even the gray of twilight was fading out of the 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 untroubled into the long, easy lope of prairie travel, the fresh air fanning the man's face as he leaned forward. Once they halted to drink from a narrow stream, and then pushed on, hour after hour, through the deserted trail. 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, he must have ached 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 riding hard behind. It was merely a lurching shadow sweeping swiftly past; he could perceive the dim outlines of driver and guard, the soldiers swaying in their saddles, heard the pounding of hoofs, the creak of axles, and then the apparition disappeared into the black void. He had not called out—what was the use? Those people would never pause to hunt down a sufficient to prevent attack. They acknowledged but one duty—to get the mail through on time.

The dust of their passing still in the air, Keith rode on, the noise dying away in his ears. As the hours passed his horse wearied and had to be 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 contentment was to the right, but Keith, having no report to make, rode directly ahead down the one long street to a lively corral, leaving his horse there, and sought the nearest restaurant.

Exhausted by a night of high play and deep drinking, the border town was sleeping off its debauch, saloons and gambling dens silent, the streets almost deserted. To Keith, whose former acquaintance with the place had been only after nightfall, the view of it now was almost a shock—the miserable shacks, the gaudy saloons, the littered streets, the dingy, unappointed hotel, the dirty flap of canvas, the unoccupied road, the dull prairie sweeping away to the horizon, all composed a hideous picture beneath the sun glare. He could scarcely find a man to attend his horse, and the restaurant doorway Chairman called to the waiter, and Keith found the miserably meal prepared with his life.



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

He possessed the appetite of the open, of the normal man in perfect physical health, and he ate heartily, 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 knew 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."

"They shore did, Jack," was the response. He came up the steps some what heavily, his companion stopping below. "The boys raise hell all night from a narrow stream, and then pushed on, hour after hour, through the deserted trail. 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, he must have ached 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 riding hard behind. It was merely a lurching shadow sweeping swiftly past; he could perceive the dim outlines of driver and guard, the soldiers swaying in their saddles, heard the pounding of hoofs, the creak of axles, and then the apparition disappeared into the black void. He had not called out—what was the use? Those people would never pause to hunt down a sufficient to prevent attack. They acknowledged but one duty—to get the mail through on time.

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 judge an' jury."

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

"Sure I have, Jack, but if ye'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 it give me a warrant agin him."

"What evidence is there?"

"Five men swear they saw ye haul in' the bodies about, and lootin' the pockets."

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. All this flashed through his brain, yet somehow he could not clearly comprehend the full meaning, his mind confused and dazed by this sudden realization of danger. His eyes waddered 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 far 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."

"Who 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 quiet?"

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."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### JEW IN PLACE OF POWER

As Governor of Egypt, Sir Matthew Nathan Would Occupy Position Once Held by Joseph.

Should Sir Matthew Nathan, former governor of Natal, be appointed to succeed Sir Eldon Gorst as governor of Egypt, history will have taken one of those curious turns that set agog the discerners of signs and omens, for at this appointment that is pending would place in supreme administrative control of Egypt the second Jew in four thousand years.

Sir Matthew Nathan would be the successor to Joseph of his race in the administration of a country that in the time of Pharaoh, who befriended Joseph, was the granary of the world, and in these later days is becoming one of the most significant countries of modern times.

Those who con the sacred scriptures for cues for the turns history may make will seize upon this incident as fulfilling one or another prediction or fancied prediction of the past, and much may be built upon it. In fact, it will be but a coincidence, but one of unusual interest, however. The practical import will be that Sir Matthew Nathan is reckoned a fine administrator and worthy of all honor.

**Universal Race Congress.**

In the official call for the first universal race congress, suggested by Prof. Felix Adler, at Eisenach, in July, 1906, the president, Lord Weardale, says: "Great is the historic pride of London. Great also are its manifold tragedies of squalor and poverty. This varied story will be distinguished in the summer of 1911 (July 26-29), by an episode both brilliant and unexampled. In London will assemble mankind in council. Representatives of all human groups will come from the four quarters, and lands that know the Pole star and regions that lie under the southern cross will meet each other in friendly intercourse, in the First Universal Race congress. The official congress languages will be English, German, Italian and French, though an oriental tongue may now and then announce the soul of Asia."

**No Dust, No Light.**

Diffusion of light through the atmosphere is due to thousands of millions of dust-atoms floating in it. The finest dust floats highest, and imparts the tint of blue to the heavens. Were it not for dust the sky by day would appear black, and the moon and stars would be visible. All shadows would appear differently. It is not "the light" we see, but simply reflections caused by notes of dust, as when a ray of sunlight enters a dark room through a hole in the shutters. Millions of dust particles catch the light, reflecting it back and forth from one another, so making the atmosphere luminous.

### He Prayed for Lucy Gray

**Beastly Young Curate Didn't Know Object of Selfishness Was Entry in Selfishness.**

How to win the hearts of his congregation was unconsciously solved by an innocent young curate. Dean Hole, in his "Letters," tells the following story:

"A young curate a good fellow, but very shy and bashful, came into a parish which was occupied by York-shire yeomen who bred horses and rode them and sometimes had steeple-chases. He did not get on and was very much depressed.

"One day the clerk said to him: 'If you please, sir, the prayers of the church are desired for Lucy Gray.'"

"Very well," said the curate, and at every service in which the prayer for all souls and conditions of men was offered the church was asked to pray for Lucy Gray. One morning the clerk rushed into the vestry and said:

"You needn't pray for Lucy Gray any more; she's won the steeple-chase."

"Have I been praying for a horse?" asked the curate. "I shall leave the place."

"But the clerk said: 'You'll do

dawt of the sort, sir; I thought little of ye when ye came, but now ye've got the hearts of them all and ye can do 'what ye like in the parish since ye took to praying for that horse.'"

**An Incentive.**

"Now, my boy," said the head of the firm, "if you will attend strictly to your duties I will do something nice for you. I want you to always ask, when you answer the telephone, who it is before you let it be known whether I am here or not, and always be careful when the people come here, to find out who they are and what they want before you come into the private office to learn whether I wish to see them or not."

"Yes, sir," replied the new office boy, "I understand, I had to do that when I worked before."

"Very well. Now that you make no mistake, and as I have said, I will do something nice for you."

"What are you going to do for me if I give satisfaction—raise my wages?"

"Well, I can't promise that, exactly, but I'll bring you the score cards of the ball games and let you make an album of them if you tend to read them properly. I never like a game."

### Hats for Matrons



THERE is something about fringe which adapts it to millinery designed for older women particularly well. It is made of rich materials, as lace, chenille, satin and silk, and is carefully and compactly put together. Now that it is so fashionable, many hats are trimmed with it, and some of them entirely covered with the narrow silk fringe.

There are so many bonnet-like shapes this season that are worn by young and old alike, that there is a wider choice than heretofore for older women. These shapes are unusually softening and becoming and a very agreeable change from turban and toque shapes which have been worn for so many years. Older women should consider them with favor. They are small, with roomy and comfortable head sizes. They fit well down over the crown of the head and stay in place without difficulty. Worn with a face veil, they are very neat, as there is no chance for the hair to blow about. There is a very great variety of these shapes, their main differences being in the backs. Some of them turn down, some are brimless at the back and others turn smartly upward, allowing room for a low coil-ture.

In Fig. 1 a very attractive shape is shown which may be had in felt, velvet or any of the materials used for winter hats. Velvet loops and chenille fringe headed by a band of roses, form the trimming. This shape is worn both by young and elderly women, with equal appropriateness.

More particularly designed for older women, the hat in Fig. 2 follows the lines of a bonnet. The crown is a soft puff of velvet, and the trimming a plume effect made of fringe applied to quills and a fringed cabochon. This is a very new model, rich and dignified in effect. It is made in the darker shades of the rich colors which characterize this season's millinery.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

**PLANNED FOR THE AFTERNOON**

Effective Costume in Plain Amethyst Delaine With Lace Insertion and Embroidery.

Plain amethyst delaine is used for this very effective dress. The skirt just escapes the ground all round, and has a tunic simulated by a band of soft silk embroidery about five inches wide, sewn on by the upper edge only. The sides of the bodice are cut Magyar, and open in front to show a vest that is of finely tucked net at the top, and the material from bust to waist; lace insertion trims



the lower edge of net, and embroidery the top of material. The waterfall revers are trimmed with embroidery; the trimming at back is arranged to form a deep V, that is filled in to match the vest.

Materials required: Five yards 46 inches wide, embroidery for trimming, 1/4 yard tucked net.

**LITTLE POINTS TO REMEMBER**

Matters of Etiquette That Never Should Be Absent From the Memory.

When the luncheon guests are ladies exclusively the hostess leads the way to the dining room, where places are chosen at will or are fixed by dainty plate favors with the names inscribed on one side.

Many hostesses prepare for an informal musical and literary program following luncheon.

The hostess driving with another woman in a closed carriage allows her guest to take the choice of seats by giving her precedence in entering the carriage.

Only the most delicate scent is allowed on a lady's stationery, and it is better to dispense with perfume in this line altogether. If used a sachet is introduced into the box in which the stationery is kept, the scent being the same as that affected by the owner.

Black borders of equal width on stationery cards are used by the wis-

**White Serge for Winter.**

For early winter wear white suits of cloth, corduroy or heavy ribbed serge are very smart. The coats are cut on Empire lines, with a seam just above the waist line, and immense revers and large flap pockets give the suit a youthful appearance. To be worn with one of these smart suits, recently ordered for a miss of fifteen, a large soft hat of white silk beaver, with a fetching fur tailored bow of Persian lamb as its sole trimming, was chosen. The handsome frill of lace that finished the front of the coat was caught by another bit of Persian lamb.

**Food After the Flood.**

Every moving thing that liveth shall be food for you; as the green herb have I given you all. Not flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye eat. —Genesis 9:3.

### Prejudice Is a Serious Menace

Prejudice is a hard thing to overcome, but where health is at stake and the opinion of thousands of reliable people differs from yours, prejudice then becomes your menace and you ought to say it aside. This is said in the language of people suffering from chronic constipation, and it is worthy of their attention.

In the opinion of legions of reliable American people the most stubborn constipation imaginable can be cured by a brief use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. You may not have heard of it before, but do not doubt its merits on that account, or because it has not been extensively advertised. It has sold very successfully on word of mouth recommendation. Parents are giving it to their children today who were given it by their parents, and it has been truthfully said that more druggists use it personally in their families than any other laxative.

Letters recently received from Mrs. J. N. Calkett, Commerce, Ga., and Mrs. Rose Garvin, Ridgeville, S. C., are but a few of thousands that show the esteem in which Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is held. It is mild, gentle, non-gripping—not violent, like salts or cathartics. It cures gradually and pleasantly so that in time nature again does its own work without outside assistance. Stipulated people owe it to themselves to use this grand bowel specific.

Anyone wishing to make a trial of this remedy before buying it in the regular way of a druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a large bottle (family size) can have a sample bottle sent to the home free of charge by simply addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Your name and address on a postal card will do.

### MERE SUGGESTION.

Miss Antique—I have so much on my mind; I wish I knew what to do for relief.

Miss Claustrique—Why not remove your switch?

### PHYSICIAN ADVISES CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Four years ago I had places break out on my wrist and on my shin which would itch and burn by spells, and scratching them would not seem to give any relief. When the trouble first began, my wrist and shin itched like poison. I would scratch those places until they would bleed before I could get any relief. Afterwards the places would scale over, and the flesh underneath would look red and feverish. Sometimes it would begin to itch until it would wake me from my sleep, and I would have to go through the scratching ordeal again.

Our physician pronounced it "dry eczema." I used an ointment which the doctor gave me, but it did no good. Then he advised me to try the Cuticura Remedies. As this trouble has been in our family for years, and is considered hereditary, I felt anxious to try to head it off. I got the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills, and they seemed to be just what I needed.

"The disease was making great headway on my system until I got the Cuticura Remedies which have cleared my skin of the great pest. From the time the eczema healed four years ago, until now, I have never felt any of its pest, and I am thankful to the Cuticura Soap and Ointment which certainly cured me. I always use the Cuticura Soap for toilet, and I hope other sufferers from skin diseases will use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Irven Hutchison, Three Rivers, Mich., Mar. 16, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 17 K, Boston.

**Poor Conversationalist.**

"Is your husband a good after-dinner talker?"

"No, indeed. As soon as he's had dinner he lies down on the couch and falls asleep, and I never get a word out of him."

**Important to Mothers.**

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for Infants and Children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. A. Stearns* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

**Tenses.**

Teacher—Tommie, what is the future of "I give?"

Tommy—"You take"—Life.

**AFTER THE DOCTOR FAILS.**

Given the most stubborn cases of malaria yield to Ellsair's Balm.

"In the summer of 1895, I contracted the disease known as Malaria. After a year's fruitless treatment by a prominent Washington physician, I was entirely cured by your Ellsair's Balm."—Hiram O'Hagan, Fred E. 6th St. B. C. D. C.

It is equally good for bilious disorders. Ellsair's Balm, 50 cents, all druggists, or Klossowski & Co., Washington, D. C.

**Wisdom, like flowers, require culture.—Hailon.**

**For COLDS and BRUISES.**

Hick's Caraway is the best remedy for relieving the aching and feverishness of the cold and restores normal conditions. Its liquid effects immediately. 10c, 25c, and 50c. All drug stores.

**The bright side is sure to be the right side.—Mary D. Brine.**

**Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets** regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

**The man who is in control of others will soon be one himself.**