

SERIAL

SYNOPSIS.

George Williston, a poor ranchman, high minded and cultured, searches for cattle missing from his ranch—the "Lazy S." On a wooded spot in the river's bed that would have been an island had the Missouri been at high water, he discovers a band of horse thieves engaged in working over brands on cattle. He creeps near enough to note the changing of the "Three Bars" brand on one steer to the "Three Bars" brand on one steer to the "Three Bars" brand on one steer to the operations of the gang of cattle thieves,—a band of outlaws headed by Jesse Black, who long have defied the law and authorities of Kemah county, South Dakota, with impunity, but who, heretofore, had not dared to molest any of the property of the great "Three Bars" ranch. Williston shows his reluctancy in opposing a band so powerful in politics and so dreaded by all the community. Langford pledges Williston his friendship if he will assist in bringing "Jesse Black" and his gang to justice. Langford is struck with the beauty of Mary, commonly known as "Williston's little girl." Louise bale, an expert court stenographer, who had followed her unde, Judg Dakotahs," and the beauty of the property of the structure with him at Wind City, is requested by the county attorney, Richard Gordon, to come to Kemah and take testimony in the preliminary hearing of Jesse Black. She accepts the invitation and makes her first trip into the wild Indian country. Arriving at Velpen across the river from Kemah, she is met by Jim Munson, a hot headed cowboy of the "Three Bars" ranch.

CHAPTER IV. "Maggot."

An hour prior to this little episode Jim Munson had sauntered up to the ticket window only to find that the train from the east was 40 minutes He turned away with a little shrug of relief. It was a foreign role he was playing—this assumption of the duties of a knight in dancing attendance on strange ladies. Secretly he chafed under it; outwardly, he was magnificently indifferent. He had a reputation to sustain, a reputation of having yet to meet that which would lower his proud boast that he was afraid of nothing under the sun, neither man nor devil. But he doubted his ability so to direct the point of view of the Boss or the Scribe or the res of the boys of the Three Bars ranch, who were on a still hunt for his spot of vulnerability.

The waiting room was hot-unbear ably so to a man who practically lived in the open. He strolled outside and down the tracks. He found himself wishing the train had been on time Had it been so, it—the impending meeting—would now have been a thing of the forgotten past. He must needs fortify himself all over again. But sauntering down the track toward the stockyards he filled his cob pipe lighted it, and was comforted. He had a 45-minute reprieve.

The boys had tried most valiantly to persuade him to "fix up" for this event. He had scorned them indignantly. If he was good enough as he was-black woolen shirt, red neckerchief and all—for men, just so was he good enough for any female that ever lived. So he assumed a little swagger as he stepped over the ties, and tried to make himself believe that he was glad he had not allowed himself to be corrupted by proffers of blue shirts and white neckerchiefs.

He was approaching the stockyards There was movement there. Sounds of commands, blows, profane epithets, and worried bawlings changed the placid evening calm into noisy strife. It is always a place interesting to cowmen. Jim relegated thoughts the coming meeting to the back-ground while he leaned on the fence, and, with idle absorption, watched the loading of cattle into a stock car. switch engine, steaming and splutter ing, stood ready to make way for an other car as soon as the present one should be laden. He was not the only spectator. Others were before nim Two men strolled up to the side op posite as he settled down to musing

"Gee!" he swore gently under his breath, "of that ain't Bill Brown! Yep. It is, for a fac'. Wonder what he's a shippin' now for!" He scrambled lightly over the high fence of the pen.

"Hullo, there, Bill Brown!" he yell ed, genially, making his way as one accustomed through the bunch of re luctant, excited cattle.

"Hullo yourself, Jim! What you doin' in town?" responded the man addressed, pausing in his labor to wipe the streaming moisture from his face He fanned himself vigorously with his drooping hat while he talked.

"Gal huntin'," answered Jim, sober ly and despondently.

"Hell!" Brown surveyed him with astonished but sympathetic approba-tion. "Hell!" he repeated. "You don't mean it, do you, Jim, honest? Come, now, honest? So you've come to it, at last, have you? Well, well! What's comin' over the Three Bars? What'll the boys say?'

He came nearer and lowered his voice to a confidential tone.

who's the lady? Lord, Jim, you of all people!" He laughed uproariously.
"Aw, come off!" growled Jim. in

"You make me tired! You're plumb luney, that's what you are. I'm after the new gal reporter. She's due on that low-down, ornery Wish-it-was in kingdom come. Yep, I do, for a fac'.'

"Oh, well, never mind! I didn't mean anything," laughed Brown, good-naturedly. "But it does beat the band, Jim, now doesn't it, how you people scare at petticoats. They ain't pizen—honest."

Jim looked on idly. Occasionally he condescended to head a rebellious steer shutewards. Out beyond it was still and sweet and peaceful, and the late afternoon had put on that thin veil of coolness which is a God-given refreshment after the heat of the day. But here in the pen all was con-The raucous cattle-calls of the cowboys smote the evening air

startlingly.
"Here, Bill Brown!" he exclaimed suddenly, "where did you run across that critter?" He slapped the shoul-der of a big, raw-boned, long-eared steer as he spoke. The animal was the point of being driven up the shute.

"What you want to know for? asked

Brown in surprise.
"Reason 'nough. That critter belongs to us, that's why; and I want to know where you got him, that's what I want to know.'

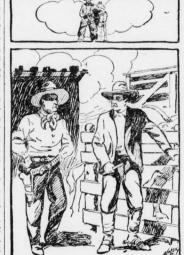
"You're crazy, Jim! Why, I bought that fellow from Jesse Black t' other day. I've got a bill of sale for him. I'm shippin' a couple of cars to Sioux City and bought him to send along. That's on the square."

"I don't doubt it-s' far as you're concerned, Bill Brown," said Jim, "but that's our critter jest the same, and I'll jest tote 'im along 'f you've no ob-

"Well, I guess not!" said Brown, la-

"Look here, Bill Brown," Jim was getting hot headedly angry, "didn't you know Jesse Black stands trial tomorrow for rustlin' that there very critter from the Three Bars ranch?' "No, I didn't" Brown answered

shortly. "Any case?" "I guess yes! Williston o' the Lazy S saw this very critter on that island where Jesse Black holds out." proceeded to relate minutely the story to which Williston was going to swear



I've Gct a Bill-of-Sale for Him.

on the morrow. "But," ke concluded, 'Jesse's goin' to fight like hell against bein' bound over."

"Well, well," said Brown, perplexed-"But the brand, Jim, it's not yours or Jesse's either."
"'Quainted with any J R ranch in

these parts?" queried Jim, shrewdly

"Well, neither am I," confessed Brown, "but that's not sayin' there ain't one somewhere. Maybe we can trace it back.'

"Shucks!" exploded Jim.

"Maybe you're right, Jim, but I animal less'n I have to. You can't blame me for that. I paid good money for it. If it's your'n, why, of course, it's your'n. But I want to be sure first. Sure you'd know him, Jim? could you be so blamed sure? Your boss must range 5,000 head."

"Ynow him? Know Mag? I'd know Mag ef my eyes were full o' soundin' cataracts. He's an old and tried friend o' mine. The meanest critter the Lord ever let live and that's a fac'. But the boss calls 'im his maggot. Seems to actually churish a kind o fection for the ornery critter, and says the luck o' the Three Bars would sort o' peak and pine ef he should ever git rid o' the pesky brute. Maybe he's right. Leastwise, the critter's his, and when a thing's yours, why, it's yours and that's all there is about it. By crack, the boss is some mad! You'd think him and that wall-eyed, cross-grained son-of-a-gun had been kind and lovin' mates these many years. Well, I ain't met up with this ornery critter for some time. Hullo, there, Mag! Look kind o' sneakin', now, don't you, wearin' that outland-

ish and unbeknownst JR?" Bill Brown thoughtfully surveyed the steer whose ownership was thus so unexpectedly disputed.

"You hold him," insisted Jim. "Ef he ain't ours, you can send him along with your next shipment, can't you? What you wobblin' about? Ain't afraid the boss 'll claim what ain't his, are you, Bill Brown?"

"Well, I can't he'p myself, I guess, said Brown, in a tone of voice which told plainly of his laudable effort to keep his annoyance in subjection to his good fellowship. "You send Lang-"Say, ford down here first thing in the morn- an albuminous size-white of eggs.

ing. If he says the critter's his'n that

Now that he had convinced his quondam acquaintance, the present shipper, to his entire satisfaction, Jim glanced at his watch with os tentatious ease. His time had come If all the minutes of all the time to come should be as short as those 40 had been, how soon he, Jim Munson, cow puncher, would have ridden them all into the past. But his "get away" must be clean and dignified.

"Likely bunch you have there," he said, casually, turning away with unassumed reluctance.

'Fair to middlin'," said Brown with pride. "Shippin' to Sioux City, you said?"

"Yep.

Well, so long. "So long. days, Jim?" Shippin' any these

"Nope. Boss never dribbles 'em When he ships he ships. Ain't out. none gone over the rails since last

He stepped off briskly and vaulted the fence with as lightsome an air as though he were bent on the one errand his heart would choose, and swung up the track carelessly humming a tune. But he had a vise-like grip on his cob pipe. His teeth bit through the frail stem. It split. He tossed the remains away with a gesture of nervous contempt. A whistle sounded. He quickened his pace. If he missed her—well, the boss was a good fellow, took a lot of nonsense from the boys, but there were things he would not stand for. Jim did not need to be told that this would be one

The platform was crowded. The yellow sunlight fell slantingly on the gay groups.

"Aw, Munson, you're bluffin', jested the mail carrier. "You ain't lookin' fer nobody; you know you ain't. You ain't got no folks. Don't believe you

never had none. Never heard of 'em." "Lookin' for my uncle," explained Jim, serenely. "Rich old codger from the state o' Pennsylvaney some'ers. Ain't got nobody but me left."

"Aw, come off! What you givin' us?" But Jim only winked and slouched off, prime for more adventures. He was enjoying himself hugely-when he was not thinking of petticoats.

At the Bon Ami. Unlike most of those who ride much her escort was a fast walker. Louise had trouble in keeping up with him, though she had always considered herself a good pedestrian. But Jim Munson was laboring under strange em-barrassment. He was red-facedly conscious of the attention he was attracting striding up the inclined street from the station in the van of the prettiest and most thoroughbred girl who had struck Velpen this long time.

Not that he objected to attention under normal conditions. Not he! He courted it. His chief aim in life seemed to be to throw the limelight of publicity, first, on the Three Bars ranch as the one and only in the cate gory of ranches, and to be connected with it in some way, however slight, the unquestioned aim and object of existence of every man, woman and child in the cattle country; secondly, on Paul Langford, the very boss of bosses, whose master mind was the prop and stay of the northwest, if not of all Chirstendom; and lastly, upon himself, the modest, but loyal servitor in this Paradise on earth. But girls were far from normal conditions. There were no women at the Three Bars. There never had been any woman at the Three Bars within the memory of man. To be sure, Williston's little girl had sometimes ridden over on an errand, but she didn't count. This—this was the real thing, and he didn't know just how to deal He needed time to enlarge his sight to this broadened horizon. He glanced with nonchalance over his shoulder. After all, she was only a girl, and not such a big one, either. She wore longer skirts than Williston's girl, but he didn't believe she was a immediately, and what he had meant to say he never said, on account of an unaccountable thickening of his

tongue. Presently he bolted into a building, which proved to be the Bon Ami, a restaurant under the direct supervision of the fat, voluble and tragic Mrs Higgins, where the men from the other side of the river had right of way and unlimited credit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Missed the Towpath.

There was a little girl, five years old or so, living in an inland town up the state, according to the Philadelphia Ledger. Near her home there was no river, nor, in fact, any water but the Erie canal.

The child's mother made a visit to New York, and on her return was telling of her trip down the bay, and of how wonderful the sea had looked to her. Her little girl was listening eagerly.

"Tell me just what the sea is like, mamma," she said.

Her mother made an effort. "There's the beach," she said, "all smooth, white sand. You stand on it and look out upon the ocean, and all you can see is water, just moving water, waves coming in and breaking-

nothing but water and sky."

The child sat trying to picture it, then, in an awed little whisper asked: "Oh, mamma, isn't there a towpath?

Gilding Book Covers.

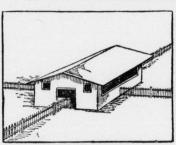
Gilding on book covers is done by means of engraved brass or electrotyped patterns, heated and pressed the gold leaf, which is fixed by



QUARTERS FOR SHEEP.

Mistake to Have the Barn Too Warm.

A good sheep barn is a poor one. This may seem to be absurd, but the facts support such a statement. There is no question but that many flocks are rendered unhealthy and therefore less productive by reason of too close housing. In few sections do sheep need more than a windbreak and rain shed. Some of our best shepherds have kept their flocks for decades with



Soiling Sheep Fold.

only such sheds as would prevent the flock being exposed to direct winds, rain and snowstorms.

The cut shows the type of sheep barn found on the farm of a successful shepherd, which might be copied with success. In this instance the sheep are kept upon forage crops grown in four adjacent lots. The flock may be turned into any lot at pleas-

It is well to have this building equipped with a large ventilating window in the end near the gable or two small windows such as shown in the sketch. These, however, should be equipped with a sash that may be closed in severe weather.

Many farms where sheep are kept are equipped with a barn cellar in which the flock has been kept with varying success. The barn cellar is an excellent place for sheep if rightly arranged. There should be plenty of openings to the south, allowing sun to reach all parts of the stable, so as to keep it thoroughly dry. Thorough

drainage is essential.

There must be ventilation at the rear of the stable. A bad practice is to keep the sheep in stables on stable manure, says Farm and Home. The fermenting manure destroys the color and texture of wool. A hint which has been worth many dollars to me is to use only long straw, hay or weeds for bedding sheep. If short straw or sawdust is used it gets into the fleece and is an everlasting nuisance.

WHY DO YOU CROSS-BREED?

A Question Which It Would Be Well for Some Farmers to Answer.

I know a number of farmers who have a hobby for cross-breeding among their stock, especially hogs. have never been able to understand the reason for this. If the breeders bave spent years trying to perfect a breed, how can we hope by one cross to improve upon it? Some claim that necessary to infuse new blood into the breeding stock, and this is well enough; but why should that new blood be other than of the same breed? We can get a male of the same breed that is not akin to our stock and still keep the breed pure. It is a pretty sight to see all the hogs or poultry on a farm the same breed and color. Then it is good policy to keep the breed pure, for it has been proved beyond a doubt that pure-bred stock are the most profitable. It is simply an old fogvism that causes farmers to persist in this old practice of trying to improve the best breeds that have taken scientific breeders many years to breed up to the present state of per fection. There may be reasons, and good ones, why cross-breeding is practiced, but I have never heard them given.

A ROASTING PIG.

Age for Killing and How to Dress for Cooking.

To prepare a pig for roasting choose one four or six weeks old which is plump and fat and has had an abundance of milk. The best way to kill such a pig, says Farm and Home, is to stick him with a sharp two-edged knife, cutting the artery on the left side of the throat.

Scald by immersing him several times in boiling water and scrape with a dull knife. Heat the water to about 200 degrees, which is just hot enough to scald. Don't leave the pig in the water long, or it will be cooked under the skin. Scald thoroughly several times and then wash with cold water. Lay the pig on its back, cut open lengthwise and remove the entrails. Wash thoroughly with cold water. Then deliver to the housewife to stuff with dressing, sew up, and bake whole.

Getting a Uniform Flock.

In handling ewes during winter I find it good practice to separate those who are reduced in flesh and give them a little extra feed. This will soon produce a uniform flock, which is what

Goats are becoming popular where sheep are kept largely, but where the farmers cannot be interested in sheep they cannot be interested in goats.

AS YET UNKNOWN TO FAME.

Can Any One Place This Quotation from Philosopher?

Louis Jones of the Grand opera house had the blues. His brother, a colored man, usually in good humor, had 'em, too. Neither knew just why he had 'em, but they had 'em just the same. They talked of the weather, the times and a dozen other gloomy subjects. There was nothing sunny in the soul of a patron or a barber. Finally both sighed in concert and a silence fell over the shop—yes, over a barber shop. The colored man was the first to speak. After several moments of silence he gave vent to another sigh and said:

'Well, as de old philosopah says: 'Ef yo' ain't got nothin,' now's yo' time.'"

Jones is still wondering who the philosopher was.-Indianapolis News

He Certainly Can Mrs. Benham-You used to say that I was your life. Benham-Can't a man get tired of

PURE FOOD.

No Food Commissioner of Any State Has Ever Attacked the Absolute Purity of Grape-Nuts.

Every analysis undertaken shows this food to be made strictly of Wheat and Barley, treated by our processes to partially transform the starch parts into a form of Sugar, and there fore much easier to digest.

Our claim that it is a "Food for Brain and Nerve Centres" is based upon the fact that certain parts of Wheat and Barley (which we use) con tain Nature's brain and nerve-building ingredients, viz.: Phosphate of Potash, and the way we prepare the food

makes it easy to digest and assimilate. Dr. Geo. W. Carey in his book on "The Biochemic System of Medicine"

"When the medical profession fully understands the nature and range of the phosphate of potassium, insane asylums will no longer be needed.
"The gray matter of the brain is

controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, potassium phosphate. "This salt unites with albumen, and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve-

fluid, or the gray matter of the brain. "Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve-fluid, but potassium phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life. Therefore, when nervous symptoms arise, due to the fact that the nerve-fluid has been exhausted from any cause, the phosphate of potassium is the only true remedy, because nothing else can possibly supply the deficiency.

"The ills arising from too rapidly consuming the gray matter of the brain cannot be overestimated.

"Phosphate of Potash, is to mind, the most wonderful curative agent ever discovered by man, and the blessings it has already conferred on the race are many. But 'what shall the harvest be' when physicians everywhere fully understand the part this wonderful salt plays in the processes of life? It will do as much as can be done through physiology to make a heaven on earth.
"Let the overworked business man

take it and go home good-tempered. Let the weary wife, nerves unstrung from attending to sick children or en tertaining company, take it and note how quickly the equilibrium will be restored and calm and reason assert her throne. No 'provings' are required here. We find this potassium salt largely predominates in nerve-fluid. and that a deficiency produces welldefined symptoms. The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To sup ply deficiencies-this is the only law

Please observe that Phosphate of Potash is not properly of the drug shop variety but is best prepared by "Old Mother Nature" and stored in the grains ready for use by mankind. Those who have been helped to better health by the use of Grape-Nuts are

'There's a Reason."

BRAIN POWER

Increased by Proper Feeding.

A lady writer who not only has done good literary work, but reared a family, found in Grane-Nuts the ideal food brain work and to develop healthy children. She writes:

"I am an enthusiastic proclaimer of Grape-Nuts as a regular diet. I formerly had no appetite in the morning and for 8 years while nursing my four children, had insufficient nourishment for them.

"Unable to eat breakfast I felt faint later, and would go to the pantry and eat cold chops, sausage, cookies, doughnuts or anything I happened to find. Being a writer, at times my head felt heavy and my brain asleep.

"When I read of Grape-Nuts I began eating it every morning, also gave it to the children, including my 10 months old baby, who soon grew fat as a little pig, good natured and contented.

"I wrote evenings and feeling the need of sustained brain power, began eating a small saucer of Grape-Nuts with milk, instead of my usual indigestible hot pudding, pie, or cake for dessert at night.

"I grew plump, nerves strong, and when I wrote my brain was active and clear: indeed, the dull head pain never returned."

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

HELPFUL ADVICE



You won't tell your family doctor the whole story about your private illness—you are too modest. You need not be afraid to tell Mrs. Pink-ham, at Lynn, Mass., the things you could not explain to the doctor. Your letter will be held in the strictet will be letter will be held in the strictest confidence. From her vast correspondence with sick women during the past thirty years she may have gained the very knowledge that will help your case. Such letters as the fol-lowing, from grateful women, establish beyond a doubt the power of

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

to conquer all female diseases. Mrs. Norman R. Barndt, of Allen-

town, Pa., writes:

"Ever since I was sixteen years of age I had suffered from an organic derangement and female weakness; in consequence I had dreadful headaches and was extremely nervous. My physician said I must go through an operation to get well. A friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I took it and wrote you for advice, following your directions carefully, and thanks to you I am today a well woman, and I am telling all my friends of my experience." town, Pa., writes:

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indiges-tion, dizziness, ornervous prostration.

The Simple Life.

Abe, a light mulatto, called upon a minister for whom he had formerly

worked.
"Yo' know, boss, I'se gwine be married nex' week," he admitted halting-ly, according to Lippincott's Magazine. "I'se gwine to marry Miss May Felicity Johnson, an' May she say she wants ter be married jus' like white folks." "All right, Abe, I'll marry you if you want," the minister replied. "How much you gwine replied. "How much you gwine charge?" "It will cost you \$5 to be married like white folks." Abe scratched his head. "Guess we'll hab ter be married like colored folks, then," he said. "You see, boss, we's goin' to housekeepin', an' I ain't got

but \$8." Plan Beautiful Cemetery.

Munich is to have one of the most beautiful graveyards in Germany. The city has purchased about 300 acres of romantic forest land about five miles from its borders, which will be used as a cemetery. It will be the first forest graveyard in Germany, and it is to be so used that its idyllic character will be preserved.





WESTERN CANADA

160 Acres Grain-Growing Land FREE.
20 to 40 Bushels Wheat to the Acre.
40 to 90 Bushels Oats to the Acre.
35 to 50 Bushels Barley to the Acre.
Timber for Feneing and Buildings FREE.
Good Laws with Low Taxation.
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Schools and Churches Convenient.
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Good Climate and Ferfect Health.
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Some of the choicest grain-producing lands in Saskarchewan and Alberta may now be acquired in these most healthful and prosperous ections under the

Revised Homestead Regulations by which entry may be made by proxy (on cer-tain conditions), by the father, mother, son-daughter, brother or sister of intending home

steader. Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, 'Last BestWest,' particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to

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