

**SERIAL STORY**  
**LANGFORD**  
*of the*  
**THREE BARS**  
By  
**KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES**

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**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 "J. R." brand. Paul Langford, the rich owner of the "Three Bars" ranch, is sent for by Williston and is informed of 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 reluctance in opposing a band so powerful in politics and so dreaded by all their associates. 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 Dale, an expert court stenographer, who had followed her uncle, Judge Hammond Dale, from the east to the "Dakotals," and who is living with him at Wind City. He is requested by the county attorney, Richard Gordon, to come to the county 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. In waiting for the train Munson looks at some cattle in the stock pen. In the herd being shipped to Sioux City by Bill Brown he detects old "Mag," a well known "one-eyed" steer belonging to his employer of the "Three Bars" ranch.

**CHAPTER V.—Continued.**

"What'll you have?" he asked, hospitably, the familiar air of the Bon Ami bringing him back to his accustomed self-confident swagger.

"Might I have some tea and toast, please?" said Louise, sinking into a chair at the nearest table, with two startling yet amusing thoughts rampant in her brain. One was, that she wished Aunt Helen could have seen her swinging along in the wake of this typical "bold and licentious" man, and calmly and comfortably sitting down to a cozy little supper for two at a public eating house; the other startling thought was to the effect that the invitation was redolent with suggestiveness, and she wondered if she was not expected to say, "A whiskey for me, please."

"Guess you kin," answered Jim, wonder in his voice at the exceeding barrenness of the order. "Mrs. Higgins, hello there, Mrs. Higgins! I say, there, bring on some tea and toast for the lady!"

"Where is the Three Bars?" asked Louise, her thoughts straying to the terrors of a 15-mile drive through a strange and uncanny country with a stranger and yet more uncanny man. She had accepted him without question. He was part and parcel with the strangeness of her new position. But the suddenness of the transition from idle conjecture to startling reality had raised her proud head and she looked this new development squarely in the face without outward hint of inward perturbation.

"Say, where was you raised?" asked Jim, with tolerant scorn, between huge mouthfuls of boiled pork and cabbage, interspersed with baked potatoes, hot rolls and soggy dumplings, shoveled in with knife, fork or spoon. He occasionally anticipated dessert by making a sudden sortie into the quarter of an immense custard pie, hastening the end by means of noisy draughts of steaming coffee. Truly, the "Three Bars" connection had the fat of the land at the Bon Ami.

"Why, it's the Three Bars that's bringin' you here. Didn't you know that? There's nary a man in the hull country with backbone enough to keep off all-fours 'ceptin' Paul Langford. Um, You just try once to walk over the boss, will you? Lord! What a grease spot you'd make!"

"Mr. Gordon isn't being walked over, is he?" asked Louise, finished with her tea and toast and impatient to be off.

"Oh, Gordon? Pretty decent sort of chap. Right ideas. Don't know much about handlin' boss thieves and sich. Ain't smooth enough. Acted kind o' like a chicken with its head cut off till the boss got into the round-up."

"Oh!" said Louise, whose conception of the young counsel for the state did not tally with this delineation.

"Yep, Miss, this here's the boss's doin's. Yep, Lord! What'll that gang look like when we are through with 'em. Spendin' the rest o' their days down there in Sioux Falls, mediatin' on the advisability o' walkin' clear o' the toes o' the Three Bars in the future and cussin' their stupendous stupidity in foolin' even once with the Three Bars. Yep, sir—yep, ma'am, I mean—Jesse Black and his gang have acted just like pesky, little puny-fool moskeeters, and we're goin' to slap 'em. The cheek of 'em, lightin' on the Three Bars! Lord!"

"Mr. Williston informed, did he not?"

"Williston? Oh, yes, he informed, but he'd never 'a' done it if it hadn't 'a' been for the boss. The ol' jellyfish wouldn't 'a' had the nerve to inform without backin', as sure as a stone wall. The boss is a doin' this, I tell you, Miss. But Williston 'a' goin' on the stand to-morrow all right, and so am I."

The two cowboys at the corner table had long since finished their supper. They now lighted bad-smelling cigars and left the room. To Louise's great relief Munson rose, too. He was back very soon with a neat little runabout and a high-spirited team of bays.

"Boss's private," explained Jim with pride. "Nothin' too good for a lady, so the boss sent this and me to take keer o' it. And o' you, too, Miss," he added, as an afterthought.

He held the lines in his brown, muscular hands, lovingly, while he stowed away Louise's belongings and himself snugly in the seat, and then the blood burned hot and stinging through his bronzed, tough skin, for suddenly in his big, honest, untrained sensibilities was born the consciousness that the boss would have stowed away the lady first. It was an embarrassing moment. Louise saved the day by climbing in unconcernedly after him and tucking the linen robe over her skirt.

"It will be a dusty drive, won't it?" she asked, simply.

"Miss, you're a—dandy," said Jim as simply.

As they dove upon the pontoon bridge, Louise looked back at the little town on the bluffs and felt a momentary choking in her throat. It was a strange place, yet it had tendrils reaching homeward. The trail beyond was obscurely marked and not easy to discern. She turned to her companion and asked quickly: "Why didn't Mary come?"

"Great guns! Did I forget to tell you? Williston's got the stomach-ache to beat the band and Mary's got to physic him up 'gin to-morrow. We've got to git him on that stand if it takes the hull Three Bars to hol' him up and the gal a pourin' physic down him between times. Yep, Ma'am. He was

"The Three Bars is gettin' busy!" glibbed Jim over his shoulder.

"It's a sorry day for you and yours," cried the other, in black and ugly wrath.

"We ain't afraid. You're nothin' but a boss thief, anyway!" responded Jim, gleefully, as a parting shot.

"Now what do you suppose was their game?" he asked of the girl at his side.

"I don't know," answered Louise, thoughtfully. "But I thought it not wise to say too much to them. You are a witness, I believe you said."

"Then you think they are part o' the gang?"

"I consider them at least sympathizers, don't you? They seemed down on the Three Bars."

In the Indian country at last. Mile after mile of level, barren stretches after the hill region had been left behind. Was there no end to the thirst-inspiring, monotonous, lonely reach of cacti? Prairie dogs, perched in front of their holes, chattered and scolded at them. The sun went down and a refreshing coolness crept over the hard, baked earth. Still, there was nothing but distance anywhere in all the land, and a feeling of desolation swept over the girl.

The moon came up. Then there were miles of white moonlight and lonely plain. But for some time now there has been a light in front of them. It is as if it must be a will-o'-the-wisp. They never seem to get to it. But at last they are there. The door is wide open. A pleasant odor of bacon and coffee is wafted out to the tired travelers.

"Come right in," says the cheery voice of Mary. "How tired you must be, Miss Dale. Tie up, Jim, and come in and eat something before you go. Well, you can eat again—two suppers won't hurt you. I have kept things warm for you. Your train must have been late. Yes, dad is better, thank you. He'll be all right in the morning."

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pizened. You see, everybody that ate any meat last night 'was took sick with gripin' cramps, yep; but Williston he was worse'n all, he bein' a hearty eater. He was a stayin' in town over night on this preliminary business, and Dick Gordon he was took, too, but not so bad, bein' what you might call a light eater. The boss and me we drove home after all, though we'd expected to stay for supper. The pesky coyotes got fooled that time. Yep, ma'am, no doubt about it in the world. Friends o' Jesse's that we ain't able to lay hands on yit pizened that there meat. Yep, no doubt about it. Dick was in an awful sweat about you. Was bound he was a comin' after you hisself, sick as he was, when we found Mary was off the count. So then the boss was a comin' and they fit and squabbled for an hour who could be best spared, when I, comin' in, settled it in a jiffy by offerin' my services, which was gladly accepted. When there's pizenin' goin' on, why, the boss's place is hum. And nothin' would do but the boss's own particular outfit. He never does things by halves, the boss don't. So I hikes home after it and then hikes here."

"I am very grateful to him, I am sure," murmured Louise, smiling.

And Jim, daring to look upon her smiling face, clear eyes and soft hair under the jaunty French sailor hat, found himself wondering why there was no woman at the Three Bars. With the swift, half-intuitive thought, the serpent entered Eden.

**CHAPTER VI.**

"Nothing but a Hoss Thief, Anyway."

The island teemed with early sunflowers and hints of goldenrod yet to come. The fine, white, sandy soil deadened the sound of the horses' hoofs. They seemed to be spinning through space. Under the cottonwoods it grew dusky and still.

At the toll house a dingy buckboard in a state of weird dilapidation, with a team of shaggy buckskin ponies, stood waiting. Jim drew up. Two men were lounging in front of the shanty, chatting to the toll-man.

"Hello, Jim!" called one of them, a tall, slouching fellow with sandy coloring.

"Now, how the devil did you git so familiar with my name?" growled Jim.

"The Three Bars is gettin' busy these days," spoke up the second man, with an insolent grin.

"You bet it is," bragged Jim. "When the officers o' the law git to sleepin' with hoss thieves and rustlers, and take two weeks to arrest a bunch of

'em, when they know exactly where they keep themselves, and have to have special deputies appointed over 'em five or six times and then let most o' the bunch slip through their fingers, it's time for some one to git busy. And when Jesse Black and his gang are so despit' they pizen the chief witnesses—"

A gentle pressure on his arm stopped him. He turned inquiringly.

"I wouldn't say any more," whispered Louise. "Let's get on."

The hint was sufficient, and with the words, "Right you are, Miss Reporter, we'll be gittin' on," Jim paid his toll and spoke to his team.

"Just wait a bit, will you?" spoke up the sandy man.

"What for?"

"We're not just ready."

"Well, we are," shortly.

"We arn't, and we don't care to be passed, you know."

He spoke indifferently. In deference to Louise, Jim waited. The men smoked on carelessly. The toll-man fidgeted.

"You go to hell! The Three Bars ain't waitin' on no damned hoss thieves," said Jim, suddenly.

With a burning oath Jim, keeping to the side of the steep incline till the river mire cut him off, deliberately turned his stanch little team squarely and crowded them forward against the shaggy buckskins. It was team against team. Louise, clinging tightly to the seat, lips pressed together to keep back any sound, felt a wild, inexplicable thrill of confidence in the strength of the man beside her.

The boys were pitifully, cruelly lashed by the enraged owner of the buckskins, but true as steel to the familiar voice that had guided them so often and so kindly, they gave not nor faltered. There was a snapping of broken wood, a wrench, a giving way, and the runabout sprang over debris of broken wheel and wagon-box to the narrow confines of the pontoon bridge.

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**(TO BE CONTINUED.)**

**Man's Prejudice for Black Clothes.**

In opening an artistic dress exhibition Mr. Louis N. Parker, master of the recent Warwick pageant, said there could be no doubt that the clothes men wore were foolish, says the Pall Mall Gazette. He claimed that as woman could array herself in sympathetic colors and flowing folds, the time had arrived when man should be placed on equality with her, instead of the having to array himself in black for dinner, the theater, funerals and weddings. He believed and hoped that his pageants would do something to sweep away the prejudice for black, for it was a horrid custom on the part of civilization.

**Correct Interpretation Essential.**

Many of the most beautiful pieces of poetry in literature would seem uninteresting and flat if read by a bad reciter. In the same way, a good reciter will make attractive a poem whose beauties are not so apparent. A fine painter will light up each little beauty in his pictures until the smallest detail is attractive and strikes the eye. It is only the mediocrity whose work is characterized by sameness and lack of interest.

**Hypnotic Sunstroke.**

A German physician who had a patient who could not afford to go to a warm climate, thought he would accomplish the same result by means of hypnotism. The doctor chalked a picture of the sun on the ceiling, and by suggestion induced the patient to believe it really was the sun and that it would cure him. But the patient soon died. When the doctor's friends gazed him about the novel treatment he indignantly explained that the patient was getting along nicely and would have got well had he not unexpectedly died of sunstroke.

**VOLUMES MIGHT BE WRITTEN**

**Of the Success That Awaits the Farmer in Western Canada.**

The story of wheat farming in Western Canada (that portion of Canada lying north of Dakota and Montana) has been frequently told, but it will stand a lot of telling, and still retain its touch of interest. During the year just closed 277,376 persons made their homes in Canada as compared with 215,912 for the year 1906, an increase of 61,464. Those from the United States numbered 56,551. A writer in "Industry" recently said: "To-day the Dominion of Canada is witnessing a 'mighty movement of population' than ever stimulated a Biblical writer to pen a chapter of Scripture." The same writer says: "From the Rhine and the Rhone river valleys; from 'the port cities of Germany and the 'farms of the Fatherland, from the 'peasant soil of Russia; and out from 'the grimy Lancashire and over-populated Yorkshire, the discontented 'and ambitions of every clime are 'seeking to take advantage of the 'opportunities afforded by the fertile 'soil and exhilarating climate of the 'Empire of the North."

Continuing the same writer says: "While a million human beings throng 'the shores of the United States every 'year, the smaller number arriving in 'Canada come with a more well-defined purpose." The question has been asked why do these people come to Canada? The available land between the Mississippi and the Pacific has been exhausted, and the farmers within that territory find that their sons have to seek newer climes. Canada offers one hundred and sixty acres of land free to each. This land yields from 20 to 40 bushels of wheat to the acre. In Southern Alberta, the winter wheat belt of Canada, as high as 60 bushels per acre have been harvested. Less yields than the one mentioned have netted the farmer as much as \$35 per acre. There are no words that tell the tale so effectively as those of the farmer himself, the man who has ploughed the fields, sowed the grain, and with folded hands rests while nature, bounteous in that country, in less than three months, placed at his disposal hundreds of acres of ripened grain, now waiting the arrival of the reaper, and therefore we reproduce the following letter.

Any agent of the Canadian government will be pleased to give information regarding the district mentioned or any of any other that may be desired.

E. T. Holmes, Esq.,  
Canadian Government Agent,  
St. Paul, Minn.


Dear Sir:—

In 1905 I located on a claim about 30 miles from the town of Wadena, on the Canadian Northern Railroad, have lived on my claim most of the time since. I consider this to be one of the best districts in the country for grain growing. In 1906 wheat averaged from 30 to 51 bushels per acre on some of my neighbors' farms, within 4 miles of my claim. Oats go from 75 to 100 bushels. It is also a good country for stock. Where I am there is plenty of fuel. Homesteads nearly all taken the settlement being largely Germans, and Americans, all well-to-do. I left Wadena in February, 1907, returning April 25, so that I missed part of the winter, which the old settlers tell me was one of the worst they ever saw, but there was no suffering, as the people are pretty well fixed, and there are no blizzards in that country, at least there never has been known to be one. Wild land sells at from \$10 to \$15; closer to town it is higher.

In the summer we have all sorts of wild fruits very plentiful, and I never saw better vegetables, and game is so plentiful a man need not starve for want of something to eat. Plenty of good water too. You need not hesitate to recommend this district, but the homesteaders are nearly all taken, most of the homesteaders are living right on their claims.

(Signed), FRANK MORREY,  
Kelvington, Sask.

**THE SOFT ANSWER.**



She—I will have the last word!  
He—You have the last line, my dear, that's a better game.

Couldn't Set Her Back.

American ladies, when in England, are the occasion of many jokes, good, bad and indifferent. Here is a recent one, which has for its scene the magnificence of Windsor castle.

Fair American—Butler, any chance to get a glimpse of the queen?"

Gentleman Address—I am not the butler. I am the prince of Wales."

Fair American—How lucky! Is your mother in?—Human Life.

**The Alternative.**

He was growling because his wife wore waists buttoned down the back.

"But you know, dear," she said sweetly, "you wouldn't like it at all if I wore one unbuttoned down the back."—Harper's Bazar.

**PERUNA EDITORIAL NO. I.**

Dr. Hartman is now offering Peruna to the public as a regular pharmaceutical product. It is just as ethical as any compound put up for the medical profession. No straining of medical ethics can find any fault with it. THE PRINCIPAL ACTIVE INGREDIENTS are prominently incorporated in the label on the bottle, that the people may know that the claims made for Peruna have a true justification.

The only departure we shall make from medical ethics in the conduct of Peruna affairs in the future, is the fact that we shall continue to advertise and sell our product TO THE PEOPLE.

If we would agree to sell to doctors only, to advertise for doctors only, then the medical fraternity would be obliged to recognize Peruna as being entirely within their approval.

**BUT WE SHALL NOT DO THIS.**

We shall continue to offer Peruna to the people. We shall continue to convey to the people our claims for Peruna as a household remedy. We shall continue to supply the people with free literature, teaching them how to use our medicine, teaching them how to avoid disease, teaching them many things of benefit to the home. We shall continue to do this, whether the medical profession like it or not.

We are proposing from this time on to take the public into our confidence. Notwithstanding that some imitators and substitutors will be attempting to put up something which they consider just as good as Peruna, we are going to draw aside the veil of secrecy and allow any one who chooses to know exactly OF WHAT PERUNA IS COMPOSED.

This ought to disarm all honest criticism. We expect, however, that criticism will continue. On some pretext or other those who are envious of the success of Peruna will continue to find fault. But we are determined to give such people no just complaint. PERUNA IS A GREAT MEDICINE.

It has become a household word in millions of homes. Our faith in the remedy is stronger than ever. Every year we expect to establish new plants in foreign lands until the people of all the world are supplied with this valuable household remedy.

**WE CLAIM PERUNA TO BE A CATARRH REMEDY.** Buy a bottle and try it. If it helps you, be honest and acknowledge that it has helped you.

If you want us to we will publish your statement exactly as you furnish it to us. We will add no words, take away no words. If you wish us to we will publish your portrait in connection with it. We will not do this without your written request, without your entire consent.

Peruna has cured thousands of people of chronic catarrh, in many phases and locations. At least, that is what the people say to us, through unsolicited testimonials. Peruna will cure many thousand more, in spite of fabricated slanders to the contrary.

**WE GUARANTEE EVERY BOTTLE OF PERUNA TO CONTAIN THE INGREDIENTS PRINTED ON THE LABEL.**

We guarantee that every testimonial we use is absolutely true—in the exact language of the testifier.

We guarantee that every photograph published is the photograph of the person whose name it bears, that every word of every testimonial was authorized by the hand that signed it.

We are determined to beat our opponents by being fairer than they are, by dealing squarer than they dare to. We are determined to meet falsehood with truth, duplicity with candor, insincerity with sincerity.

We know that the users of Peruna will appreciate our stand. We believe that the dealers in Peruna will applaud our course. We expect even our opponents will be obliged to acknowledge finally that Peruna is not only an honest and useful remedy, but one of the GREATEST HOUSEHOLD MEDICINES ON THE CONTINENT.

The man who pays his coal bills always has money to burn.

**WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE.**  
From October to May, Colds are the most frequent cause of Headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes cause. E. W. Groves on box 25c

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sir Philip Sidney.

**"Brown's Bronchial Troches"**  
cure Coughs and give grateful relief to sufferers from Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh. Free from opiates.

**His Elevating Occupation.**  
"You ought to be satisfied. Though a poet, you never starved in a garret."  
"No; but getting the job of running the elevator was all that saved me."

**Ask Your Grocer for "Our-Pie."**  
If your grocer is one of the few who have not "OUR-PIE" Preparation in stock send his name and 10 cents to D-Zerta Food Co., Rochester, N. Y., and they will mail you a full size, two pie package free. Three kinds, for making delicious lemon, chocolate and custard pies.

**Obstacle to Society Fad.**  
"Society," says the Lady's Pictorial, "is looking for a novel form of entertainment. Let hostesses issue invitations bearing the request that every lady shall bring her pet aversion." The only obstacle we see in regard to our contemporary's proposal is that so many ladies would have a difficulty in getting their husbands to come along.—Punch.

**Out of the Usual.**  
"Guess where I've been," said a man at the noonday lunch counter. "It is a city where in at least two churches they have little cuspidors which match the decorations of the church in the corners of the pews. In the vestibule of one of the large churches hangs a sign to this effect: 'No Spitting Allowed Inside the Church, Throw Away Your Tobacco as You Enter the Vestibule.' This a fact. I can prove it!"

**Helped Him.**  
A physician out west was sent for to attend a small boy who was ill. He left a prescription and went away. Returning a few days later, he found the boy better.

"Yes, doctor," said the boy's mother, "the prescription did him a world of good. I left it beside him, where he could hold it in his hand most of the time, and he can almost read it now. You didn't mean for him to swallow the paper, did you, doctor?" —Harper's Weekly.

**There is Only One "Bromo Quinine"**

**That is Laxative Bromo Quinine**

**USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A COLIC IN ONE DAY.**

Always remember the full name. Look for this signature on every box. 25c.

**E. W. Groves**

**Alabastine**  
THE ONLY  
**Sanitary Durable WALL COATING**



In dry powder form, ready to use by mixing with cold water, full directions on every package, applied with an ordinary 7 inch flat brush.

Alabastine is packed in carefully sealed and properly labeled packages, in sixteen beautiful, rich, velvety tints, which DO NOT FADE or change color, also white. A package will cover from 300 to 450 square feet of wall surface.

These tints may be intermixed to produce innumerable color effects and you can do the work yourself.

Alabastine safeguards health, makes walls sanitary and homes beautiful.

**ALABASTINE CO.**  
New York City - Grand Rapids, Mich.

**SICK HEADACHE**

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costed Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.  
**SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.**

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature  
*W. D. Wood*  
**REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.**

**WICK'S CAPUDINE CURES COLDS AND GRIPPE**

It removes the cause, soothes the nerves and relieves the aches and feverishness. It cures all headaches and neuralgia also. No bad effects. 10c. 25c and 50c bottles. (L.O.V.M.)

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls out. Restores Gray Hair to its Natural Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 25c. and \$1.00 at Druggists