

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 a missing horse on his ranch—the "Lazy 5." 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 groeps 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," is informed of the operations of the gang of cattle thieves—a band of outlaws headed by Jesse Black, who Lang has defied the law and authorities of Kemah county, South Dakota. 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 "Dakotas," and who is living with him at Wind City, is requested by the county attorney, Richard Gordon, to come to Kemah and take testimony in his many failures to secure convictions in court, with the admiration of Louise, which is mutual. Louise Dale, on her return to Wind City, tells her of the disappointments of his office, witnesses that can be bribed and of the system of tampering with justice, which prevents him from securing a conviction. He has the girl's sympathy.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.
Her hand touched the match box at last. A light flared out.
"Shut the door quick, dad," she said, lighting the lamp on the table. "The skeeters'll eat us alive."
Williston stepped to the door. Just a moment he stood there in the doorway, the light streaming out into the night, tall, thoughtful, no weakening in spite of many failures and many mistakes. A fair mark he made, outlined against the brightly lighted room. It was quiet. Not even a coyote shrilled. And while he stood there looking up at the calm stars, a sudden sharp report rang out and the sacred peace of God, written in the serenity of still summer nights, was desecrated. Hissing and ominous, the bullet sang past Williston's head, perilously near, and lodged in the opposite wall. At that moment the light was blown out. A great presence of mind had come to Mary in the time of imminent danger.
"Good, my dear!" cried Williston, in low tones. Quick as a flash the door was slammed shut and bolted just as a second shot fell foul of it.
"Oh, my father!" cried Mary, groping her way to his side.
"Hush, my dear! They missed me clean. Don't lose your nerve, Mary. They won't find it so easy after all."
There had been no third shot. A profound silence followed the second report. There was no sound of horse or man. Whence, then, the shots? One man, maybe, creeping up like some foul beast of prey to strike in the dark. Was he still lurking near, abiding another opportunity?
It took but a moment for Williston to have the rifles cocked and ready. Mary took her own from him with a hand that trembled ever so slightly.
"What will you do, father?" she asked, holding her rifle lovingly and thanking God in a swift, unformed thought for every rattlesnake or other noxious creature whose life she had put out while doing her man's work of riding the range—work which had given her not only a man's courage, but a man's skill as well.
"Take the back window, girl," he answered briefly. "I'll take the front. Stand to the side. Get used to the starlight and shoot every shadow you see, especially if it moves. Keep track of your shots, don't waste an effort and don't let anything creep up on you. They mustn't get near enough to fire the house."
His voice was sharp and incisive. The drifting habit had fallen from him and he was his own master again.
Several heavy minutes dragged away without movement, without sound from without. The ticking of the clock pressed on strained ears like ghostly bell-tolling. Their eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and by the dim starlight they were able to distinguish the outlines of the cattle sheds, still, empty, black. Nothing moved out there.
"I think they're frightened off," said Mary at last, breathing more freely. "They were probably just one, or they'd not have left. He knew he missed you, or he would not have fired again. Do you think it was Jesse?"

"Jesse would not have missed," he said, grimly.
At that moment a new sound broke the stillness, the whinny of a horse. Reinforcements had approached within the shadow of the cattle-sheds. Something moved out there at last. "Daddy!" called Mary, in a choked whisper. "Come here—they are down at the sheds."
Williston stepped to the back window quickly.
"Change places," he said briefly. "Daddy!"
"Yes?"
"Keep up your nerve," she breathed between great heart-pumps.
"Surely! Do you the same, little comrade, and shoot to kill."
There was a savage note in his last words. For himself, it did not matter so much, but Mary—he pinned no false faith in any thought of possible chivalrous intent on the part of the raiders to exempt his daughter from the grim fate that awaited him. He had to deal with a desperate man; there would be no clemency in this desperate man's retaliation.
To his quickened hearing came the sound of stealthy creeping. Something moved directly in front of him, but some distance away. "Shoot every shadow you see, especially if it moves," were the fighting orders, and his was the third shot of that night.
"Hell! I've got it in the leg!" cried a rough voice full of intense anger and pain, and there were sounds of a precipitate retreat.
Under protection of the long row of low-built sheds other orders were being tersely given and silently received.
"Now, men, I'll shoot the first man of you who blubbers when he's hit. Dye hear? There have been breaks enough in this affair already. I don't intend for that petticoat man and his pullin' petticoat kid in there to get any satisfaction out o' this at all. Hear me?"
There was no response. None was needed.
Some shots found harmless lodgment in the outer walls of the shanty. They were the result of an unavailing

attempt to pick the window whence Williston's shot had come. Mary could not keep back a little womanish gasp of nervous dread.
"Grip your nerve, Mary," said her father. "That's nothing—shooting from down there. Just lie low and they can do nothing. Only watch, child, watch! They must not creep up on us. Oh, for a moon!"
She did grip her nerve, and her hand ceased its trembling. In the darkness her eyes were big and solemn. Sometime, to-morrow, the reaction would come, but to-night—
"Yes, father, keep up your own nerve," she said in a brave little voice that made the man catch his breath.
Again the heavy minutes dragged away. At each of the two windows crouched a tense figure, brain alert, eyes in iron control. It was a frightful strain, this waiting game. Could one be sure nothing had escaped one's vigilance? Starlight was deceptive, and one's eyes must needs shift to keep the mastery over their little horizon. It might well be that some one of those ghostly and hidden sentinels patrolling the lonely homestead had wormed himself past staring eyeballs, crawling, crawling, crawling; it might well be that at any moment a sudden light flaring up from some corner would tell the tale of the end.
Now and then could be heard the soft thud of a hoof as some one rode to execute an order. Occasionally, something moved out by the sheds. Such movement, if discernible from the house, was sure to be followed on the instant by a quick, sharp remonstrance from Williston's rifle. How long could it last? Would his nerve wear away with the night? Could he keep his will dominant? If so, he must drag his mind resolutely away from that nerve-racking, still, and unseen creeping, creeping, creeping, nearer and nearer. How the stillness weighed upon him, and still his mind dwelt upon that sinuous, flat-bellied creeping, crawling, worming! God, it was awful! He fought it desperately. He knew he was lost if he could not stop thinking about it. The sweat came out in big beads on his forehead, on his body; he prickled with the heat of the effort. Then it left him—the awful horror—left him curiously cold, but steady of nerve and with a will of iron and eyes, cat's eyes, for their seeing in the dark. Now that he was calm once more, he let himself weigh the chances of success. They were pitifully remote. The Lazy 5 was situated in a lonely stretch of prairie



Dark Sinister Figures Flitted from Tree to Tree.

land far from any direct trail. True, it lay between Kemah, the county seat, and the Three Bars ranch, but it was a good half mile from the straight route. Even so, it was a late hour for any one to be passing by. It was not a traveled trail except for the boys of the Three Bars, and they were known to be great home-stayers and little given to speering. As for the rustlers, if rustlers they were, they had no fear of interruption by the officers of the law, who held their places by virtue of the insolent and arbitrary will of Jesse Black and his brotherhood, and were now carousing in Kemah by virtue of the hush-money put up by this same secret tribunal.
"Watch, child, watch!" he said again, without in the least shifting his tense position.
"Surely!" responded Mary, quite steadily.
Now was her time come. Dark, sinister figures flitted from tree to tree. At first she could not be sure, it was so heartlessly dark, but there was movement—it was different from that terrible blank quiet which she had hitherto been gazing upon till her eyes burned and prickled as with needle points, and visionary things swam before them. She winked rapidly to dispel the unreal and floating things, opened wide her long-lashed lids, fixed them, and—fired. Then Williston knew that his "little girl," his one ewe lamb, all that was left to him of a full and gracious past, must go through what he had gone through, all that nameless horror and expectant dread, and his heart cried out at the unholy injustice of it all. He dared not go to her, dared not desert his post for an instant. If one got within the shadow of the walls all was lost.
Mary's challenge was met with a rather hot return fire. It was probably given to inspire the besieged with a due respect for the attackers' numbers. Bullets pattered around the outside walls like hailstones, one even whizzed through the window perilously near the girl's intent young face.
Silence came back to the night. There was no more movement. Yet down there at the spring something, maybe one of those dark, gaunt cottonwoods, held death—death for her and death for her father. A stream of icy coldness struck across her heart. She found herself calculating in deliberation which tree it was that held this thing—death. The biggest one, shadowing the spring, helping to keep the pool sweet and cool where Paul Langford had galloped his horse that day when—ah! If Paul Langford would only come now!
A wild, girlish hope flashed up in her heart. Langford would come—had he not sworn it to her father? Had he not given his hand as a pledge? It means something to shake hands in the cattle country. He was big and brave and true. When he came these awful, creeping terrors would disperse—grim shadows that must steal away when morning comes. When he came she could put her rifle in his big, confident hands, lie down on the floor and—cry. She wanted to cry—oh, how she did want to cry. Cold reason came back to her aid and dissipated the weak and womanish longing to give way to tears. There was a pathetic droop to her mouth, a long, quivering, sobbing sigh, and she buried her woman's weakness right deeply and stamped upon it. How utterly wild and foolish her brief hope had been! Langford and all his men were sound in sleep long ago. How could he know? were the ruffians out there men to tell? Ah, no! There was no one to know. It would all happen in the dark—in awful loneliness, and there would be no one to know until it was all over—to-morrow, maybe, or next week, who could tell? They were off the main trail, few people ever sought them out. There would be no one to know.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CLIMATE IS IDEAL
GREAT WEALTH ACQUIRED IN GROWING GRAIN.
Writing from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada, W. H. Ellwanger, who was formerly a resident of Green Mountain, Iowa, says: "The climate in summer is ideal for growing grain. Long, clear days of sunshine, no bad storms. We never need to guard against cyclones; I never saw a better climate in my life. We made more money during the season of 1906 than any previous five years in central Iowa—one of the best districts in the state." But Mr. Ellwanger was a resident of the town, and it might be more interesting to read what a farmer has to say about Western Canada. From hundreds of letters all filled with words of praise, recounting success in Western Canada there has been one selected. It is as follows:
Paynton, Sask., Canada, Dec. 10th, 1907.
To Whom This May Concern:
I moved to this address February 3, 1907, from Montgomery, Iowa, and took a homestead 35 miles north of Paynton. It was cold when I moved here but it did not stay cold long; it broke up the 8th of February, and was not so cold after that but the spring was late on account of the heavy snow fall, but in spite of the late spring I saw better grain than I ever saw in the states, raised this year. I helped a man finish sowing oats the 4th of July and they made fair oats. In a good year oats will go 100 bushels to the acre and wheat 25 to 50; all root crops do well here. I saw turnips weigh 7 and 8 pounds. I raised potatoes this year that measured 11½ inches one way and 18½ the other in circumference. This is a fine stock country; hay in abundance, good water, plenty of fuel, free and plenty of building material—the government gives us timber to saw into lumber and we can get it sawed for about \$6.00 per thousand. All small fruit grows wild here, then there are ducks, geese, grouse, pheasants, deer, moose, elk and fish in abundance. I was over to Turtle Lake yesterday where there is lots of fishing being done this winter. I saw about a carload of white fish in one pile. I gave 25 cents for 86 pounds of fish. What do you think of that, Brother Yankee? I think this is a fine place both to make money and to live. There was an old man up here visiting his brother-in-law. Now this man owns land close to Des Moines, Iowa, and is in good circumstances, but he took a homestead and says he will be contented if he can only put in the rest of his days in Canada. He would get up in the morning and look out of the door and say: "Well, who wouldn't live in Canada?" Now I have been in 13 different states in the United States, and I never saw the chance that there is here for a man that has a little muscle and a little brains. Three cheers for Canada!
(Signed),
W. A. SPICE.
This is the temperature through November. I took it myself so I know it is right, in the shade:
Morning at

Date	Morning at Sunrise	At Sunset	Date	Morning at Sunrise	At Sunset
1	27	37	16	28	35
2	36	40	17	12	20
3	26	37	18	12	29
4	29	34	19	20	33
5	27	35	20	12	24
6	30	38	21	18	27
7	12	30	22	16	23
8	28	34	23	15	27
9	17	16	24	18	22
10	2	13	25	8	20
11	5	26	26	32	28
12	28	20	27	20	16
13	7	11	28	8	14
14	21	18	29	18	20
15	20	31	30	18	27

NOT SO BAD AS HE LOOKED.

She—Then you admit that you only married me for my money?
He—Well, I'm glad you know that at least I'm not a fool.
LUMBAGO
This is really Rheumatism of the Muscles of the Loins and is characterized by a severe, at times, agonizing pain in the small of the back, allowing the sufferer scarcely a moment's rest, while the ailment is at its worst. It can come from cold, exposure to draft, from getting wet feet or wearing wet or damp clothing. It causes acute suffering, and if allowed to become chronic it may permanently disable the sufferer. The way to secure quickest relief is to redden the skin over the painful part by rubbing with a flesh brush or piece of flannel rag, and then apply ST. JACOBS OIL by gentle friction with the hand.
To refuse to yield to others when reason or a special cause require it is a mark of pride and stiffness.—Thomas a Kempis.

PERUNA EDITORIAL NO. 2.
Dr. Hartman has claimed for many years that Peruna is an EXCELLENT CATARRH REMEDY. Some of the doctor's critics have disputed the doctor's claim as to the efficacy of Peruna.
Since the ingredients of Peruna are no longer a secret, what do the medical authorities say concerning the remedies of which Peruna is composed?
Take, for instance, the ingredient HYDRASTIS CANADENSIS, OR GOLDEN SEAL. The United States Dispensary says of this herbal remedy, that it is largely employed in the treatment of depraved mucous membranes, chronic rhinitis (nasal catarrh), atonic dyspepsia (catarrh of the stomach), chronic intestinal catarrh, catarrhal jaundice (catarrh of the liver), and in diseased mucous membranes of the pelvic organs. It is also recommended for the treatment of various forms of diseases peculiar to women.
Another ingredient of Peruna, CORYDALIS FORMOSA, is classed in the United States Dispensary as a tonic.
CEDRON SEEDS is another ingredient of Peruna, an excellent drug that has been very largely overlooked by the medical profession for the past fifty years. THE SEEDS ARE TO BE FOUND IN VERY FEW DRUG STORES. The United States Dispensary says of the action of cedron that it is used as a bitter tonic and in the treatment of dysentery, and in intermittent diseases as a SUBSTITUTE FOR QUININE.
OIL OF COPAIBA, another ingredient of Peruna, is classed by the United States Dispensary as a mild stimulant and diuretic. It acts on the stomach and intestinal tract. It acts as a stimulant on the genito-urinary membranes.
Useful in chronic cystitis, chronic dysentery and diarrhea, and some chronic diseases of the liver and kidneys.
These opinions as to the ingredients of Peruna are held by all writers on the subject, including Bartholow and Scudder.
OF HYDRASTIS, BARTHOLOW SAYS it is applicable to stomatitis (catarrh of the mucous surfaces of the mouth), follicular pharyngitis (catarrh of the pharynx), chronic coryza (catarrh of the head). This writer classifies hydrastis as a stomachic tonic, useful in atonic dyspepsia (chronic gastric catarrh), catarrh of the duodenum, catarrh of the gall duct, catarrh of the intestines, catarrh of the kidneys (chronic Bright's disease), catarrh of the bladder, and catarrh of other pelvic organs.
BARTHOLOW REGARDS COPAIBA as an excellent remedy for chronic catarrh of the bladder, chronic bronchitis (catarrh of the bronchial tubes).
BARTHOLOW STATES THAT CUBEB, an ingredient of Peruna, promotes the appetite and digestion, increases the circulation of the blood. Useful in chronic nasal catarrh, follicular pharyngitis (catarrh of the pharynx), increasing the tonicity of the mucous membranes of the throat. It also relieves hoarseness. Useful in atonic dyspepsia (catarrh of the stomach), and in chronic catarrh of the colon and rectum, catarrh of the bladder, prostatica, and chronic bronchial affections.
MILLSAUGH, MEDICINAL PLANTS, one of the most authoritative works on medicinal herbs in the English language, in commenting upon COLLINSONIA CANADENSIS, says that it acts on the pneumogastric and vaso motor nerves. It increases the secretions of the mucous membranes in general. In the mountains of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Carolina, collinsonia canadensis is considered a panacea for many disorders, including headache, colic, cramp, dropsy and indigestion. DR. SCUDDER regards it highly as a remedy in chronic diseases of the lungs, heart disease and asthma.
These citations ought to be sufficient to show to any candid mind that Peruna is a catarrh remedy. Surely, such herbal remedies, that command the enthusiastic confidence of the highest authorities obtainable, brought together in proper combination, ought to make a catarrh remedy of the highest efficacy. This is our claim, and we are able to substantiate this claim by ample quotations from the HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES IN THE WORLD.
Result of Business Growth.
Recently a livery firm in a southern town built a one-story frame addition to its stable for the accommodation of wagons, etc. Jerry, the night watchman, whose long service has convinced him that he is part proprietor of the concern was overheard explaining the matter to a couple of inmates in this wise:
"Yes, our business done increased so that we've been obliged to build this hyar substantial in de reah!"
EYESIGHT WAS IN DANGER
From Terrible Eczema—Baby's Head a Mass of Itching Rash and Sores—Disease Cured by Cuticura.
"Our little girl was two months old when she got a rash on her face and within five days her face and head were all one sore. We used different remedies but it got worse instead of better and we thought she would turn blind and that her ears would fall off. She suffered terribly, and would scratch until the blood came. This went on until she was five months old, then I had her under our family doctor's care, but she continued to grow worse. He said it was eczema. When she was seven months old I started to use the Cuticura Remedies and in two months our baby was a different girl. You could not see a sign of a sore and she was as fair as a newborn baby. She has not had a sign of the eczema since. Mrs. H. F. Budke, LeSueur, Minn., Apr. 15 and May 2, '07."
Your Very Own.
There's one thing that seems to me funny.
When the state of a bank becomes runny,
You're supposed to go back
And sit down. It's a fact
They get mad if you ask for your money.
—Lippincott's.
WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE.
From October to May, Colds are the most frequent cause of Headache. LAXATIVE FROM QUININE removes cause. E.W. Groves box 25c
"Live and learn" is a good motto, but at the age of 30 the average man begins to live and unlearn.
A good way to keep well is to take Garfield Tea frequently; it purifies the blood, insures good digestion and good health!
A beauty sleep iss likely as nod to be mit de out open.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.
Many a man seems to have the courage of a crawfish.
There is Only One
"Bromo Quinine"
That is
Laxative Bromo Quinine
USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Always remember the full name. Look for this signature on every box. 25c.

Our Peruna Tablet Is Peruna With Fluid Removed.
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Absolutely big profits raising poultry by our approved practical method. You make easily \$80 per month, \$1000 per year, from 24 hens, or \$500 from 12 hens. Nothing to buy—no incubators or expensive appliances. Either man or woman can start our plan at once without assistance.
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Net 21 Days, as usual. With our complete book of instructions we send all descriptions, plans, illustrations, etc., the opinions and endorsements of leading poultry experts, also a library of valuable information for all poultry raisers. Our price now is only
MONEY BACK If you do not find this offer and outfit exactly as we claim, return it at once at our expense and get your dollar back without question. The plan is worth a fortune to you. Don't defer.
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Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
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USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Always remember the full name. Look for this signature on every box. 25c.

THE MAN WHO SWEARS BY THE FISH BRAND SLICKER
is the man who has tried to get the same service out of some other make
TOWER'S FISH BRAND
Clean—Light—Durable
Guaranteed Waterproof
and Sold Everywhere
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If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water
There is Only One
"Bromo Quinine"
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