

# 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," 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. 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 the preliminary hearing of Jesse Black. Jim Munson, in waiting at the train for Louise, looks at a herd of cattle being shipped by Bill Brown and there detects old "Mag," a well known "ornery" steer belonging to his employer of the "Three Bars" ranch. Munson and Louise start for Kemah. Crowds assemble in Justice James R. McAllister's court for the preliminary hearing. Jesse Black springs the first of many great surprises, waiving examination. Through Jake Sanderson, a member of the outlaw gang, he had learned that the steer "Mag" had been recovered and thus saw the uselessness of fighting against being bound over. Richard Gordon, the county attorney, who is unpopular because of his many failures to secure convictions in court, wins the admiration of Louise, which is mutual. County Attorney Gordon accompanies Louise Dale on her return to Wind City. He tells her of the disappointments of his office, of 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. While Williston stands in the light in his door at night, a shot is fired at him. The house is attacked and a battle ensues between Williston and his daughter, on one side, and the outlaws on the other.

### CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

As her strained sight stared out into the darkness it was borne to her intuitively, it may be, that something was creeping up on her. She could see nothing and yet knew it to be true. Every fiber of her being tingled with the certainty of it. It was coming closer and closer. She felt it like an actual presence. Her eyes shifted here, there—swept her half-circle searchingly—stared and stared. Still nothing moved. And yet the nearness of some unseen thing grew more and more palpable. If she could not see it soon she must scream aloud. She breathed in little quickened gasps. Soon, very soon, she would scream. Ah! A shadow down by the biggest cottonwood! It bode poorly to a nearer and a smaller trunk. Another slinking shadow glided behind the vacated position. It was a ghastly presentation of "pussy-wants-a-corner" played in nightmare. But at last it was something tangible—something to do away with that frightful sensation of that crawling, creeping, twisting, worming, insinuating—nearer and nearer, so near now that it beat upon her—unseen presence. She pressed her finger to the trigger to shoot at the tangible shadows and dispel that enveloping, choking, blanket horror, when God knows what stayed the action of her fingers. Call it instinct, what you will, her hand was stayed even before her physical eye was caught and held by a blot darker still than the night, over to her right, farthest from the spring. It lay perfectly still. It came to her, the wily plan, with startling clearness. The blot was waiting for her to fire futilely at grinning shadows among the trees and, under cover of her engrossed attention insinuate its treacherous body the farther forward. Then the play would go merrily on till—the end. She turned the barrel of her rifle slowly and deliberately away from the moving shapes among the cottonwood clump, sighted truly the motionless blot to her right and fired, once, twice, three times.

The completeness of the surprise seemed to inspire the attackers with a hellish fury. They returned the fire rapidly and at will, remaining under cover the while. Shrinking low at her window, her eyes glued on the still black mass out yonder, Mary wondered if it were dead. She prayed passionately that it might be, and yet—it is a dreadful thing to kill. Once more the wild firing ceased. Mary responded once or twice just to keep the deadly chill from returning—if that were possible.

Under cover of the desperadoes' fire, at obtuse angles with the first attempt, a second blot began its tortuous twisting. It accomplished a space, stopped; pulled itself its length, stopped, waited, watchful eyes on the window whence came Mary's scattered firing still into the clump of trees. They had drawn her close regard at last. Would it hold out? Forward again, crawling flat on the ground, ever advancing, slowly, very slowly,

but also very surely, creeping, creeping, creeping, now stopping, now creeping, stopping, creeping.

All at once the gun play began again, sharp, quick, from the spring, from the sheds. The blot lay perfectly still for a moment—waiting, watching. The plucky little rifle was silent. But so it had been before. Quarter length, half, whole length, cautiously with frequent stops, eyes so steely, so intent—could it be possible that this gun was really silenced—out of the race? It would not do to trust too much. The blot waited, scarcely breathed, crept forward again.

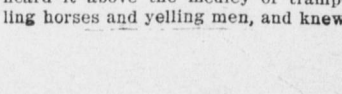
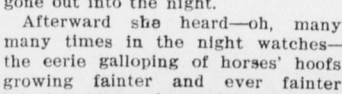
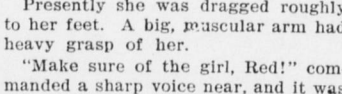
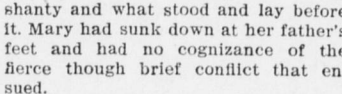
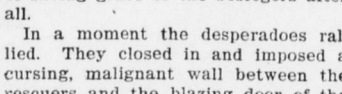
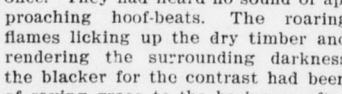
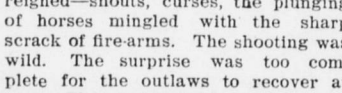
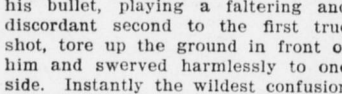
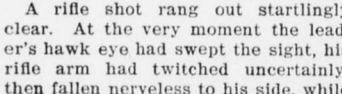
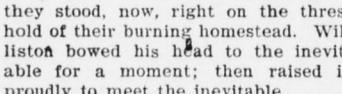
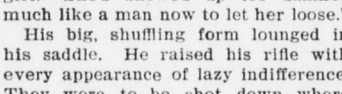
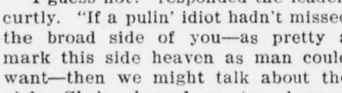
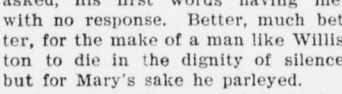
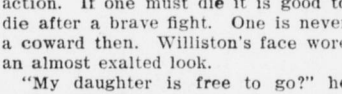
A sudden bright light flashed up through the darkness under the unprotected wall to Mary's left. Almost simultaneously a kindred light sprang into being from the region of the cat-sheds. The men down there had been waiting for this signal. It meant that for some reason the second effort to creep up unobserved to fire the house had been successful. The flare grew and spread. It became a glare.

When the whole cabin seemed to be in flames save the door—the dry, rude boarding had caught and burned like paper—when the heat had become unbearable, Williston held out his hand to his daughter, silently. As silently she put her hand, her left hand, in his; nor did Williston notice that it was her left, nor how limply her right arm hung to her side. In the glare, her face shone colorless, but her dark eyes were stars. Her head was held high. With firm step, Williston advanced to the door. Deliberately he unbarred it, as deliberately threw it open and stepped over the threshold. They were covered on the instant by four rifles.

"Drop your guns!" called the chief, roughly. Then the desperadoes moved up.

"I take it that I am the one wanted," said Williston.

His voice was calm and scholarly once more. In the uselessness of further struggle, it had lost the sharp incisiveness that had been the call to



it for what it meant; but to-night—this evil night—she gave but one quick, bewildered glance into the sinister face above her and in a soft, shuddering voice breathed, "Please don't," and fainted.

### CHAPTER X.

#### In Which the X Y Z Figures Some what Mysteriously.

Jim Munson, riding his pony over the home trail at a slow walk, drooped sleepily in his saddle. It was not a weirdly late bedtime, half-past ten, maybe, but he would have been sleeping soundly a good hour or more had this not been his night to go to town—if he chose. He had chosen. He would not have missed his chance for a good deal. But his dissipation had been light. The boss never tolerated much along that line. He had drunk with some congenial cronies from the Circle E outfit complimentary to the future well-being and increasing wealth of this already well-known and flourishing cattle ranch. Of course he must drink a return compliment to the same rose-colored prosperity for the Three Bars, which he did and sighed for more. That made two, and two were the limit, and here was the limit overreached already; for there had always to be a last little comforter to keep him from nodding in his saddle.

It was a sleepy night, cool and soft and still. He could walk his horse all the way if he wanted to. There was no haste. The boys would all be in bed. They would not even wait up for the mail, knowing his, Jim's, innate aversion to hurry. Had he not been so drowsy, he would like to have sung a bit; but it required a little too much effort. He would just plod along.

Must all be in bed at Williston's—no light anywhere. A little short of where the Williston branch left the main trail he half paused. If it were not so late he would ride up and give them a hail. But of course they were asleep. Everything seemed still and dark about the premises. He would just plod along.

"Hello, there! Where'd you come from?" he cried of a sudden, and before he had had time to carry his resolve into action.

A man on horseback had drawn rein directly in front of him. Jim blinked with the suddenness of the shock. "Might ask you the same question," responded the other with an easy laugh. "I'm for town to see the doctor about my little girl. Been puny for a week."

"Oh! Where you from?" asked Jim, with the courteous interest of his kind.

"New man on the X Y Z," answered the other, lightly. "Must be gittin' on. Worried about my baby girl."

He touched spurs to his horse and was off with a friendly "So long," over his shoulder.

Jim rode on thoughtfully.

"Now don't it beat the devil," he was thinking, "how that cow-puncher struck this trail comin' from X Y Z—with the X Y Z clean 'other side o' town? Yep, it beats the devil, for a fac'. He must be a ridin' for his health. It beats the devil." This last was long drawn out. He rode a little farther. "It beats the devil," he thought again—the wonder of it was waking him up—"how that blamed fool could a' struck this here trail a goin' for doc."

At the branch road he stopped irresolutely.

#### WAS A LESSON FOR 'AB'AHAM."

Good Old Uncle Job Felt Called Upon to Rebuke Sinner.

"Yas, sub," begun Uncle Job, surveying his hearers with an expression of virtuous sadness; "yas, sub, I sholy gib dat trifling Ab'aham a lesson he neveh fohgot!" Then, seeing an inquiring look in the eyes of some of his hearers, and hearing a question from the lips of one of them, he decided to go more into details about the nature of the lesson he had imparted. "What'd I do tuh him? I's gwine tuh tell you ails. Ab'aham fair drewed de lightnin on hisself 'w'en he hed de 'dacity tuh 'vite me tuh he house tuh eat er tukkey dinner. Tukkey," repeated Uncle Job, after a telling pause, "w'en dat liverashous rasel neveh raised any tukkey in his life 'ceptt offen some 'wite man's roost. Hit sho was er fine tukkey, but I showed dat Ab'aham dat stolen goods profiteth little. Dat tukkey was er big gobbler, an' dere was nobody but me an' Ab'aham dere; an' I seasoned dat bird wif admonitions tuh be good an' wahnnings fom de wrath to come. Hit sholy would hev tasted good of hit hedn't been stole. But de sauce o' a deed wuld did an' a sianeh rebuked almos' made hit relish, an'," concluded Uncle Job, with pious satisfaction, "though hit was er ehhd pilf, I's bound to say I held out to de end an' finished dat tukkey, spite ob' Ab'aham's hint dat he spected hit tuh las' him er week."—Youth's Companion.

#### House Eleven Hundred Years Old.

St. Albans possesses the oldest inhabited house in the country. This distinction is said to belong to the old Round house, now the Fighting Cocks Inn, which stands close to the River Ver. It is a curious structure—of octagonal shape—of early Saxon origin, having been built as a boathouse to the ancient monastery founded at St. Albans by King Offa about the year 795, and is thus over 1,100 years old. A subterranean passage, now blocked up, runs from the basement to the ruins of the monastery, a distance of about 200 yards. There is a shed at the back of the house, where it is said Oliver Cromwell stabled his horse, himself once sleeping under its roof during the civil war.—Collecting.

## KIDNEYS CURED BY THIS SIMPLE TREATMENT.

Get your druggist to mix the following ingredients: one-half ounce fluid ext. Buchu, one ounce of compound fluid Balmwort and two ounces of syrup Sarsaparilla compound. Shake well and take a teaspoonful before each meal and one when retiring. Drink plenty of water between meals and at night, but little of any liquid at meal times.

The buchu alone is an excellent tonic for the kidneys and bladder, but combined with the excellent qualities of balmwort and sarsaparilla, its efficacy is ten times greater. The great urinary specialist, Gaut, whose single fees range from \$500 to \$1000, acknowledges in his latest reports to the German Health Bureau that this simple mixture is most reliable and will cure all but the most complicated and aggravated kidney and bladder affections; therefore, it is well worth trying, as it is not an expensive formula.

Puffing under the eyes, backache, headache and dizziness, burning of the eyes, blurred vision, extreme nervousness and insomnia all indicate urinary trouble. Many more symptoms could be named, but the reader will surely avoid neglect and prevent serious complications like diabetes, Bright's disease, apoplexy and rheumatism.

### SO RUDE OF HIM.



"Why won't you see Herr Schmidt to-day, Erna?"  
"O, mamma, I can't endure him any more! Only think, the last time he called he waved his handkerchief to me after leaving, and then—"  
"Well, and then?"  
"Then he sneezed into it!"

### Billion Dollar Grass.

Most remarkable grass of the century. Good for three mowings crops annually. One Iowa farmer on 100 acres sold \$3,800.00 worth of seed and had 300 tons of hay besides. It is immense. Do try it.

For 10c AND THIS NOTICE send to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., to pay postage, etc., and they will mail you the only original seed catalog published in America with samples of Billion Dollar Grass, Macaroni Wheat, the sly miller mixer, Sainfoin the dry soil luxuriator, Victoria Rape, the 2nd dry green food producer, Silver King Barley yielding 173 bu. per acre, etc., etc.

And if you send 14c we will add a package of new farm seed never before seen by you. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. K. & W.

### Worth a Trial.

Cyrus Townsend Brady, the author and clergyman, told at a dinner in Toledo a story about charity.

"A millionaire," said Dr. Brady, "lay ailing. He had lived a life of which, as he now looked back on it, he felt none too proud. To the minister at his bedside he muttered weakly:  
"If I leave \$100,000 or so to the church, will my salvation be assured?"  
"The minister answered cautiously:  
"I wouldn't like to be positive, but it's well worth trying."

### A New Excuse.

"I suppose your husband is proud to contribute his share toward the support of our beautiful library?"  
"Yes," answered the woman with the slightly acid expression; "only John was none too industrious in the first place and now he's tempted to put in most of his time reading novels and trying to get his money's worth."  
—Washington Star.

### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. WALTER DUNN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

"Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation."

### Modesty.

Whispering Customer (producing watch)—I came here because I have been told that you are an honest pawnbroker.

Avuncular Patriarch (with a deprecating smile)—My friend, somebody has been trying to have fun with you.

### 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 *Dr. J. C. F. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

### Guess.

He—I think that I have the pleasure of the next dance?  
She—You do.  
Now, what did she mean by that?—Harvard Lampoon.

### It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

## WESTERN CANADA CROPS CANNOT BE CHECKED.

### OATS YIELDED 90 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE.

The following letter written the Dominion Government Commissioner of Emigration speaks for itself. It proves the story of the Agents of the Government that on the free homesteads offered by the Government it is possible to become comfortably well off in a few years:

Regina, Sask., 23rd Nov., 1907. Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg.

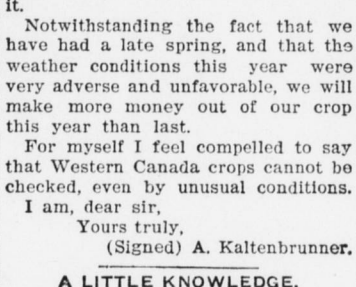
Dear Sir:  
It is with pleasure that I reply to your request. Some years ago I took up a homestead for myself and also one for my son. The half section which we own is situated between Rouleau and Drinkwater, adjoining the Moose Jaw creek, is a low level and heavy land. We put in 70 acres of wheat in stubble, which went 20 bushels to the acre, and 30 acres of summer fallow, which went 25 bushels to the acre. All the wheat we harvested this year is No. 1 hard. That means the best wheat that can be raised on the earth. We did not sell any wheat yet as we intend to keep one part for our own seed, and sell the other part to people who want first-class seed, for there is no doubt if you sow good wheat you will harvest good wheat. We also threshed 9,000 bushels of first-class oats out of 160 acres. 80 acres has been fall plowing which yielded 90 bushels per acre, and 80 acres stubble, which went 30 bushels to the acre. These oats are the best kind that can be raised. We have shipped three car loads of them, and got 53 cents per bushel clear. All our grain was cut in the last week of the month of August before any frost could touch it.

Notwithstanding the fact that we have had a late spring, and that the weather conditions this year were very adverse and unfavorable, we will make more money out of our crop this year than last.

For myself I feel compelled to say that Western Canada crops cannot be checked, even by unusual conditions. I am, dear sir,

Yours truly,  
(Signed) A. Kaltenbrunner.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.



Schoolmaster—Do you wish your son to learn the dead languages?  
Mr. Koffin—Certainly, as I shall require him to assist in my business as an undertaker.

One Woman's Wrongs.  
Mrs. Smallpore (who found only a few dimes in her husband's pockets that morning)—I am just sick of this plodding along year after year. Why don't you do something to make money?  
Mr. Smallpore—I can't make any more than a living at my business, no matter how hard I work.  
Mrs. Smallpore—Then do something else. Invent something. Any American can invent.  
Mr. Smallpore (some months after)—My dear, I've hit it, and I've got a patent. My fortune is made.  
Mrs. Smallpore (delighted)—Isn't that grand! What did you invent?  
Mr. Smallpore—I have invented a barbed-wire safety pocket for husbands.—New York Weekly.

Beyond Him.  
On the occasion of the production of "Lucia" at the Metropolitan opera house last winter a well-known clubman, who had taken a cousin from a Connecticut town to hear Donizetti's great work, turned to his relative during the first intermission and asked how he liked the opera.  
"Oh, pretty fair," said the visitor; "but is the whole blamed thing in Latin?"—Harper's.

Your Wife, Mother or Sister  
Can make Lemon, Chocolate and Custard pies better than the expert cook by using "OUR-PIE," as all the ingredients are in the package ready for immediate use. Each package, enough for two large pies, 10 cents. Order to-day from your grocer. "Put up by D-Zerta Co., Rochester, N.Y."

High aims form noble character and great objects bring out great minds.—Tryon Edwards.

Garfield Tea—a simple and satisfactory laxative! Composed of Herbs, it regulates liver and kidneys, overcomes constipation and brings Good Health.

It isn't idle curiosity that prompts a man to look for work.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"  
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 2c.

Success seldom comes to a man who isn't expecting it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.  
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 2c. a bottle.

Many a man gets left by sticking to the right.

## I AM A MOTHER



How many American women in lonely homes to-day long for this blessing to come into their lives, and to be able to utter these words, but because of some organic derangement this happiness is denied them.

Every woman interested in this subject should know that preparation for healthy maternity is accomplished by the use of

## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

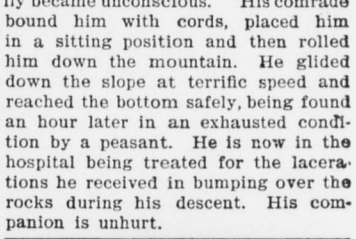
Mrs. Maggie Gilmer, of West Union, S. C., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I was greatly run-down in health from a weakness peculiar to my sex, when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. It not only restored me to perfect health, but to my delight I am a mother."

Mrs. Josephine Hall, of Bardstown, Ky., writes: "I was a very great sufferer from female troubles, and my physician failed to help me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound not only restored me to perfect health, but I am now a proud mother."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.  
For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham'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, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Strenuous Method of Saving Life.  
Two officers who were hunting wolves on the Dry mountain in central Serbia lost their way in a fog. After wandering for 14 hours one of them lay down in the snow and speedily became unconscious. His comrade bound him with cords, placed him in a sitting position and then rolled him down the slope at terrific speed and reached the bottom safely, being found an hour later in an exhausted condition by a peasant. He is now in the hospital being treated for the lacerations he received in bumping over the rocks during his descent. His companion is unhurt.



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Mr. Smallpore—I have invented a barbed-wire safety pocket for husbands.—New York Weekly.

## DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES  
GOUT, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE.  
\$1.75 "Guaranteed"

Absolutely big profits raising poultry by our approved practical method. You make easily \$90 per month, \$1000 per year, from 24 hens, or \$600 from 12 hens. Nothing to buy—no incubators or expensive appliances. Either man or woman can start our plan at once without assistance.

## Hen Sets 6 Days Only

Not 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 \$1.00

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 delay.

THE ELWOSHOEN CO.  
514 O. T. Johnson Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.

## THE DUTCH BOY PAINTER STANDS FOR PAINT QUALITY

IT IS FOUND ONLY ON PURE WHITE LEAD  
MADE BY THE OLD DUTCH PROCESS

AGENTS WANTED—\$100.00 monthly earned and Dress Goods direct to consumers. No experience required. Wilmar Company, Box 572, New York.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. Advice free. Terms low. Highest references.