

SERIAL STORY LANGFORD of the THREE BARS

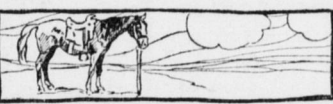
By KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES

(Copyright by A. C. McClurg & Co., 1907.) 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 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 "Dakotahs," 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. The house is set on fire. As an outlaw raises his rifle to shoot Williston a shot from an unknown source pierces his arm and the rifle falls to the ground. Aid has come to Williston, but he and his daughter are captured and borne away by the outlaws. Jim Munson late at night heard the shots, discovered the attack on Williston's house, hurried to the Three Bars ranch and summoned Langford and his brave men to the rescue. It was Langford who fired the shot which saved Williston's life. Langford rescues Mary from her captor.

forward a bit to meet the boys as they had clattered up shamefacedly. Now he turned. "Why, that fellow over there. I knocked him out." He rode back slowly. There was no man there, no the trace of a man. They stared at each other a moment, silently. Then Langford spoke. "No, I am not going to leave Williston's little girl out in the dew," he said, with an inscrutable smile. "While some of you ride in to get some one to see about that body out there and bring out the doctor, I'll take her over to White's for to-night, anyway. Mrs. White will care for her. Then perhaps we will send for the 'gal reporter,' Jim."

CHAPTER XI. "You Are—the Boss." She held out her left hand with a sad little smile. "It is good of you to come so soon," she said, simply. She had begged so earnestly to sit up that Mrs. White had improvised an invalid's chair out of a huge old rocker and a cracker box. It did very well. Then she had partially clothed the girl in a skimpy wrapper of the sort Langford abominated, throwing a man's silk handkerchief where the wrapper failed to meet, and around the injured arm. Mrs. White had then recalled her husband from the stables where he was on the point of mounting to join the relief party that was to set off in search of Williston at 10 o'clock. The starting point unannouncedly agreed upon was to be the pitiful remnants of Williston's home. Men shook their heads dubiously whenever the question of a possible leading trail was broached. The soil was hard and dry from an almost rainless July and August. The fugitives might strike across country anywhere with meager chances of their trail being traced by any. Mrs. White and her husband, kindly souls both, lifted the girl as gently as might be from the bed to the rudely constructed invalid's chair by the sitting-room window. Then they left her—the woman to putter around her kitchen, the man to make good his appointment. But the exertion had been too much for Mary. She had



"I'll Have to Ride Like Kingdom Come."

counted on strength that she did not possess. Where had she lost it? she wondered, lacking comprehension of her exceeding weakness. To be sure, her arm alternately ached and smarted, but one's arm was really such a small part of one, and she had been so strong—always. She tried to shake off the faintness creeping over her. It was effort thrown away. She lay back on her pillow, very white and worn, her pretty hair tangled and loosened from its coils. Paul came. He was dusty and travel-stained. He had been almost continuously in his saddle since near midnight of the night before. He was here, big, strong and worthy. Mary did not cry, but she remembered how she had wanted to a few hours ago and she wondered that she could not now. Strangely enough, it was Paul who wanted to cry now—but he didn't. He only swallowed hard and held her poor hand with all gentleness, afraid to let go lest he also let go his mastery over the almost insurmountable lump in his throat. "I tried to come sooner," he said, huskily, at last, releasing her hand and standing before her. "But I've been riding all over—for men, you know—and I had a talk with Gordon, too. It took time. He is coming out to see you this afternoon. He is coming with doc. Don't you think you had better go back to bed now? You are so—so white. Let me carry you back to bed before I go." "Are you going, too?" asked Mary, looking at him with wide eyes of gratitude. "Surely," he responded, quickly. "Did you think I wouldn't?" "I—I—didn't know. I thought—there were a lot going—there would be enough without you. But—I am glad. If you go, it will be all right. You will find him if any one can." "Won't you let me carry you back to bed till doc comes?" said Langford, brokenly. "I could not bear it in bed," she said, clearly. Her brown eyes were beginning to shine with fever, and red spots had broken out in her pale cheeks. "If you make me go, I shall die. I hear it all the time when I am lying down—galloping, galloping, galloping. They never stop. They always begin all over again."

"What galloping, little girl?" asked Langford, soothingly. He saw she was becoming delirious. If doc and Dick would only come before he had

to go. But they were not coming until after dinner. He gazed down the dusty road. They would wait for him, the others. He was their leader by the natural-born right of push and energy, as well as by his having been the sole participant with his own cowboys, in the last night's tragedy. But would he do well to keep them waiting? They had already delayed too long. And yet how could he leave Williston's little girl like this—even to find Williston? "They are carrying my father away," she said, with startling distinctness. "Don't you hear them? If you would listen, you could hear them. Do listen! They are getting faint now—you can hardly hear them. They are fainter—fainter—fainter—" She had raised her head. There was an alert look on her face. She leaned slightly toward the window. "Good God! A man can't stand everything!" cried Langford, hoarsely. He tore the knotted handkerchief from his throat. It was as if he was choking. Then he put his cool, strong hand to her burning forehead and gently smoothed back the rough hair. Gradually, the fixed look of an indescribable horror passed away from her face. The strained, hard eyes softened, became dewy. She looked at him, a clinging helplessness in her eyes, but sweet and sane. "Don't you worry, child," he said comfortingly. "They can't help finding him. Twenty men with the sheriff start on the trail. There'll be 50 before night. They can't help finding him. I'm going to stay right here with you till doc comes. I'll catch up with them before they've gone far. I'll send word to the boys not to wait. Must be somebody around the house, I reckon, besides the old lady." He started cheerily for the door. "Mr. Langford!" "Yes?" "Please come back." He came quickly to her. "What is it?" "Mr. Langford, will you grant me a favor?" "Certainly, Miss Mary. Anything in this world that I can do for you I will do. You know that, don't you?" "I am all right now. I don't think I shall get crazy again if you will let me sit here by this window and look out. If I can watch for him, it will give me something to do. You see, I could be watching all the time for the party to come back over that little rise up the road. I want you to promise me," she went on, steadily, "that I may sit here and wait for you—to come back."

"God knows you may, little girl, anyway till doc comes." "You are wiser than doc," pursued the girl. "He is a good fellow, but foolish, you know, sometimes. He might like to use authority over me because I am his patient—when he did not understand. Promise that I may sit till you come back."

"I do promise, little girl. Tell him I said so. Tell him—" "I will tell him you are—the boss," she said, with a pitiful little attempt at a jest, and smiling wanly. "He will mind—the boss."

Langford was in agony. Perspiration was springing out on his forehead though August was wearing away peacefully in soft coolness with drifting depths of white cloud as a lounging-robe—a blessed reprieve from the blazing sun of the long weeks which had gone before. "And then I want you to promise me," went on Mary, quietly, "that you will not think any more of staying behind. I could not bear that. I trust you to go. You will, won't you?" "Yes, I will go. I will do anything you say. And I want you to believe that everything will be all right. They would not dare to kill him now, knowing that we are after them. If we are not back to-night, you will not worry, will you? They had so much the start of us."

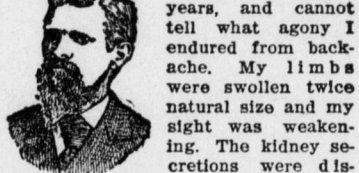
"I will try not to worry." "Well, good-bye. Be a good girl, won't you?" "I will try," she answered, wearily. With a last look into the brave, sweet face, and smothering a mad, un-cowman-like desire to stay and comfort this dear little woman while others rode away in stirring quest, Langford strode from the sick-room into the kitchen. "Don't let her be alone any more than you can help. Mother White," he said, brusquely, "and don't worry her about going to bed."

"Have a bite afore you start, Mr. Langford, do," urged the good woman, hospitably. "You're that worn out you're white around the gills. I'll bet you haven't had any bite of breakfast." "No, thank you, I'll not stop for anything now. I'll have to ride like kingdom come. I'm late. Be good to her, Mother White," this last over his shoulder as he sprang to his mount from the kitchen stoop. (To Be Continued.)

Up-to-Date Laundress. Users of the telephone are becoming so numerous that it is not surprising to find one installed in almost every home, but it did seem rather an up-to-date affair for a negro to have one in the back room that comprised her "apartments." A woman who wanted an extra bit of washing done in a hurry had gone into the small alley in search of her. "O, Miss Brown," said the washerwoman, "you needn't to have come clear down here for me. I've got a telephone." And, sure enough, there sat one beside her tubs. The astonished patron said: "But Lizzie, I though you didn't wash for but three persons; do you need a telephone?" "Well, Miss Brown," said Lizzie, modestly, "I ain't got but three women to wash for, but I got a pretty daughter."—Philadelphia Record.

RAISED FROM A SICK BED. After Being an Invalid with Kidney Disorders for Many Years.

John Armstrong, Cloverport, Ky., says: "I was an invalid with kidney complaints for many years, and cannot tell what agony I endured from backache. My limbs were swollen twice natural size and my sight was weakening. The kidney secretions were discolored and had a sediment. When I wished to eat my wife had to raise me up in bed. Physicians were unable to help me and I was going down fast when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. After a short time I felt a great improvement and am now as strong and healthy as a man could be. I give Doan's Kidney Pills all the credit for it."



Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

PROBABLY HE WAS.



Doctor—Can't you put your tongue out a little further, Mrs. Mugg? Mrs. Mugg—Are you one of those people, doctor, who believe that there is no end to a woman's tongue?

HOW TO APPLY PAINT.

Greatest care should be taken when painting buildings or implements which are exposed to the weather, to have the paint applied properly. No excellence of material can make up for carelessness of application, any more than care in applying it can make poor paint wear well.

The surface to be painted should be dry and scraped and sandedpapered hard and smooth. Pure white lead should be mixed with pure linseed oil, fresh for the job, and should be well brushed out, not flowed on thick. When painting is done in this manner with National Lead Company's pure white lead (trade marked with "The Dutch Boy Painter") there is every chance that the job will be satisfactory. White lead is capable of absolute test for purity. National Lead Company, Woodbridge Building, New York, will send a testing outfit free to any one interested.

A Good Point. The critic is often hard put as he stands between the work he is asked to pass judgment upon and its pleasant creator. He cannot always get off so well as did the critic mentioned in the Baltimore American. "There are some consistent features of nature in this rural landscape," he said, as he scrutinized the picture. "What are they?" asked the anxious artist. "The brow of the hill, which, I see, is placed above the mouth of the stream," was the illuminating answer. —Youth's Companion.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LUCAS COUNTY. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1907. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Restaurant Prize Seat. A novel method of advertising a table d'hote has been invented by a New York restaurateur. Every Saturday night he selects a certain chair in his restaurant and places its number in a sealed envelope in charge of the cashier. All the guests select their own seats. The person who is lucky enough to occupy the selected chair receives, as a present, a handsome gold watch.

His Idea of One. The teacher in the Darktown school was hearing the class in geography. "What is known as the Great Divide?" she asked. "Cuttin' a big watermelon!" answered little "Rastus" with a grin that showed all his ivories.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Assist yourself and heaven will assist you.—Latin.

Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil, featuring an illustration of a man carrying a large fish on his back. Text: ST. JACOBS OIL CONQUERS PAIN. FOR STIFFNESS, SORENESS, SPRAIN OR BRUISE, NOTHING IS BETTER THAN YOU CAN USE; LUMBAGO'S PAIN, RHEUMATIC TWINGE, YOUR BACK FEELS LIKE A RUSTY HINGE, SCIATIC ACES ALL PLEASURES SPOIL, FOR HAPPINESS USE ST. JACOBS OIL. 25c.—ALL DRUGGISTS—50c.

Gentle Persuasion.

A young chap from the south, who recently took up his residence in Boston with the purpose of pursuing certain technical studies at the Hub, engaged board and lodgings at "a select establishment" in Columbus avenue. It was not long after his installment therein that the southerner found himself obliged to complain to the landlady with reference to the noisy doings of some of his fellow-lodgers.

"The people in the room next to mine," said he, "quarrel in a loud tone regularly every evening much to my distress. What's the trouble, anyway?"

"Oh, you mustn't mind them," said the landlady. "That occurs very often, at least once a week. It's only Prof. Whiteside, the hypnotist, trying to persuade his wife to go to the band concert."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Perils of Fence Mending. "I understand that member of congress hurried home to mend his fences." "Yes. But he doesn't appear to have made a neat job of it. His prospects look as if he had gotten into a tangle with a lot of barbed wire."

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.

Did you ever hear a man with an obese bank balance say that the love of money was the root of all evil?

To insure the direct and quick cleansing of the system, take Garfield Tea, the Mild Herb Laxative. It purifies the blood, eradicates disease and brings Good Health.

The ancestor of every action is a thought.—Emerson.

Advertisement for Castoria, 900 Drops. For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hatcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years. CASTORIA. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas Shoes. \$3.00 SHOES \$3.50. MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN. W. L. Douglas makes and sells more shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other shoes in the world to-day.

Advertisement for Irrigated Lands. Altitude only 5700 feet above the sea level. Inexhaustible water supply, taken from the great Snake River, the seventh largest river in America. No alkali, no cyclones. 420,000 acres of the finest fruit and agricultural land in the West.

Advertisement for Men and Women. We secure positions of every kind for you; ask for particulars. H. J. MAY CO., Dept. E., Pittsburgh, N. Y.

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

Advertisement for The Dutch Boy Painter Paint Quality. IT IS FOUND ONLY ON PURE WHITE LEAD. MADE BY THE OLD DUTCH PROCESS. A. N. K.—C (1908—15) 2225.

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Advertisement for Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic. Keeps the breath, teeth, mouth and body antiseptically clean and free from unhealthy germ-life and disagreeable odors, which water, soap and tooth preparations alone cannot do. A germicidal, disinfecting and deodorizing toilet requisite of exceptional excellence and economy. Invaluable for inflamed eyes, throat and nasal and uterine catarrh. At drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postage. Large Trial Sample WITH "HEALTH AND BEAUTY" BOOK SENT FREE. THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.