

**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 "Loose 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 struck 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 "onery" steer belonging to his employer of the "Three Bars" ranch. Munson and Louise start for Kemah. Crowds assemble in Justice James E. McAllister's court for the preliminary hearing. Jesse Black springs the first of many great surprises, waiving examination through Jake Sanders, 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. County Attorney Gordon accompanies Louise Dale on her return to Wind City. 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 strikes 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, Langford takes Mary to the home of Mrs. White. Her arm has been broken by a shot. She grows delirious and receives medical attention.

**CHAPTER XII.—Continued.**

After a gallant and dauntless search, which lasted through the best days of September, Langford was forced to let cold reason have its sway. He had thought, honestly, that the ruffians would not dare commit murder, knowing that they were being pursued; but now he was forced to the opinion that they had dared the worst, after all. For, though it would be hard to hide all trace of a dead man, infinitely greater would be the difficulty in covering the trail of a living one—one who must eat and drink, who had a mouth to be silenced and strength to be restrained. It came gradually to him, the belief that Williston was dead; but it came surely. With it came the jeer of the specter that would not let him forget that he should have foreseen what would surely happen. With it came also a great tenderness for Mary, and a redoubled vigilance to keep his unruly tongue from blurring out things that would hurt her who was looking to him, in the serene confidence in his good friendship, for brotherly counsel and comfort.

In the first dark days of his new belief, he spoke to Gordon, and the young lawyer had written a second letter to the "gal reporter." In response, she came at once to Kemah and from thence to the White homestead in the boss's "own private." This time the boss did the driving himself, bringing consternation to the heart of one Jim Munson, cow-puncher, who viewed the advent of her and her "mouse-colored hair" with serious trepidation and alarm. What he had dreaded had come to pass. "Twas but a step now to the Three Bars. A fussy woman would be the means of again losing man his Eden. It was monstrous. He sulked, aggrievedly, systematically.

Louise slipped into the sad life at the Whites' easily, sweetly, adaptably. Mary rallied under her gentle ministrations. There was—would ever be—a haunting pathos in the dark eyes, but she arose from her bed, grateful for any kindness shown her, strong in her determination not to be a trouble to any one by giving way to weak and unavailing tears.

Mary, because of her abounding health, healed of her wound rapidly. Langford took advantage of the girls' absorption in each other's company to ride often and at length on quests of his own creation. With October, Louise must join Judge Dale for the autumn term of court. He haunted the hills. He was not looking now for a living man; he was seeking a cleverly concealed grave. He flouted the opinion—held by many—that the body had been thrown into the Missouri and would wash ashore some later day and many a mile below. He held firmly to his fixed idea that impenetrable mystery clouding the ultimate close of Williston's earthly career was the sought aim of his

murderers, and they would risk no river's giving up its dead to their undol.

It had been ascertained beyond reasonable doubt that Williston could not have left the country in any of the usual modes. His description was at all the stations along the line, together with the theory that he would be leaving under compulsion.

Meanwhile, Gordon had buckled down for the big fight. He was sadly handicapped, with the whole prop of his testimony struck from under him by Williston's disappearance. However, those who knew him best—the number was not large—looked for things to happen in those days. They, the few, the courageous minority, through all the ups and downs—with the balance in favor of the downs most of the time—of the hardest-fought battle of his life, the end of which left him gray at the temples, maintained a deep and abiding faith in this quiet, unassuming young man, who had squared his shoulders to this new paralyzing blow and refused to be knocked out, who walked with them and talked with them, but kept his own counsel, abided his time, and in the meantime—worked.

One day Langford was closeted with him for a long two hours in his dingy, one-roomed office on the ground floor. The building was a plain wooden affair with its square front rising above the roof. In the rear was a lean-to where Gordon slept and had his few hours of privacy.

"It won't do, Paul," Gordon said in conclusion. "I have thought it all out. We have absolutely nothing to go upon—nothing at least but our own convictions and a bandaged arm, and they won't hang a man with Jesse's diabolical influence. We'll fight it out on the sole question of 'Mag,' Paul. After that—well—who knows? Something else may turn up. There may be developments. Meanwhile, just wait. There will be justice for Williston yet."

**CHAPTER XIII.**

**Mrs. Higgins Rallies to Her Colors.**

The Kemah county court convened on a Tuesday, the second week in December. The judge coming with his court reporter to Velpen on Monday found the river still open. December had crept softly to its appointed place in the march of months with a gentle heralding of warm, southwest winds.

"Weather breeder," said Mrs. Higgins of the Bon Ami, with a mournful shake of her head. "You mark my



"You Are the Best Man in All the World."

words and remember I said it. It's a sorry day for the cows when the river's running in December."

She was serving the judicial party herself, and capably, too. She dearly loved the time the courts met, on either side of the river. It brought many interesting people to the Bon Ami, all through not often the judge. His coming for supper was a most unusual honor, and it was due to Louise, who had playfully insisted. He had humored her much against his will, it must be confessed; for he had a deeply worn habit of making straight for the hotel from the station and there remaining until Hank Bruebacher, liv-eryman, who never permitted anything to interfere with or any one to usurp his prerogative of driving his honor to and from Kemah when court was in session, whistled with shameless familiarity the following morning to make his honor cognizant of the fact that he, Hank, was ready. But he had come to the Bon Ami because Louise wished it, and he reflected whimsically on the astonishment, amounting almost to horror, on the face of his good landlord at the Velpen house when it became an assured fact that he was not and had not been in the dining-room.

"You are right, Mrs. Higgins," assented the judge gravely to her weather predictions, "and the supper you have prepared for us is worthy the hand that serves it. Kings and potentates could ask no better. Louise, dear child, I am fond of you and I hope you will never go back east."

"Thank you, Uncle Hammond," said Louise, who knew that an amusing thought was seeping through this declaration of affection. "I am sorry to give you a headache, but I am going back to God's country some day, nevertheless."

"Maybe so—maybe not," said the judge. "Mrs. Higgins, my good woman, how is our friend, the canker-worm, coming on these days?"

"Canker-worm?" repeated Mrs. Higgins. "Meanin', your honor—"

"Just what I say—canker-worm. Isn't he the worm gnawing in discontent at the very core of the fair fruit

of established order and peace in the cow country?"

"I—I—don't understand, your honor," faltered the woman in great trepidation. Would his honor consider her a hopeless stupid? But what was the man talking about? Louise looked up, a flush of color staining her cheeks.

"Maybe fire-brand would suit you better, madame? My young friend, the fire-brand," resumed the judge, rising. "That is good—fire-brand. Is he not inciting the populace to 'open rebellion, false doctrine and schism?' Is it not because of him that roofs are burned over the very heads of the helpless homesteader?"

"For shame, Uncle Hammond," exclaimed Louise, still flushed and with a mutinous little sparkle in her eyes. "You are poking fun at me. You haven't any right to, you know; but that's your way. I don't care, but Mrs. Higgins doesn't understand."

"Don't you, Mrs. Higgins?" asked the judge.

"No, I don't," snapped Mrs. Higgins, and she didn't, but she thought she did. "Only if you mean Mr. Richard Gordon, I'll tell you now there ain't no one in this here God-forsaken country who can hold a tallow candle to him. Just put that in your pipe and smoke it, will you?"

She piled up dishes viciously. She did not wait for her guests to depart before she began demolishing the table. It was a tremendous breach of etiquette, but she didn't care. To have an ideal shattered ruthlessly is ever a heart-breaking thing.

"But my dear Mrs. Higgins," expostulated the judge.

"You needn't," said that lady, shortly. "I don't care," she went on, "if the president himself or an archangel from heaven came down here and plastered Dick Gordon with bad-smell-in' names from the crown of his little toe to the tip of his head, I'd tell 'em to their very faces that they didn't know what they was a talkin' about, and what's more they'd better go back to where they belong and not come nosin' round in other people's business when they don't understand one single mite about it. We don't want 'em puttin' their fingers in our pie when they don't know a thing about us or our ways. That's my say," she closed, with appalling significance, flattering herself that no one could dream but that she was dealing in the most off-hand generalities. She was far too politic to antagonize, and withal too good a woman not to strike for a friend. She congratulated herself she had been true to all her gods—and she had been.

Louise smiled in complete sympathy, challenging the judge meanwhile with laughing eyes. But the judge—he was still much of a boy in spite of his grave calling and mature years—just threw back his blonde head and shouted in rapturous glee. He laughed till the very ceiling rang in loud response; laughed till the tears shone in his big blue eyes. Mrs. Higgins looked on in undisguised amazement, hands on hips.

"Dear me, suz!" she sputtered, "is the man gone clean daffy?"

"Won't you shake hands with me, Mrs. Higgins?" he asked, gravely. "I ask your pardon for my levity, and I assure you there isn't a man in the whole world I esteem more or hold greater faith in than Dick Gordon—or love so much. I thank you for your championship of him. I would that he had more friends like you. Louise, are you ready?"

Their walk to the hotel was a silent one. Later, as she was leaving him to go to her own room, Louise laid her head caressingly on her uncle's sleeve.

"Uncle Hammond," she said, impulsively, "you are—incorrigible, but you are the best man in all the world."

"The very best?" he asked, smilingly.

"The very best," she repeated, firmly.

(To Be Continued.)

**BUILDS OWN LIGHTING PLANT.**

**St. Louis Man Illuminates Home and Runs Household Machines.**

St. Louis.—In his leisure hours Fred Brendel, engineer of the Commercial building, has been constructing and just brought to completion an electric lighting plant, which he has installed in the yard back of his residence on Union boulevard.

With his home-made electric lighting plant he is able to illuminate his home and that of a tenant and furnish enough power to run a sewing machine and other small household machines, do the family ironing, run electric fans and proposes in the near future to be able to cook.

Mr. Brendel's plant is in a power house his friends constructed during the evenings and Sundays this fall.

In the house is a four-horse power engine and generator, with the necessary rheostats, and volt and ampere meters. The engine is run by gasoline and is managed by Mrs. Brendel, who has been appointed chief engineer, while Mrs. Louis Daniels, who occupies the upper part of his residence, is assistant engineer.

The plant cost about \$400 to construct and the cost of lighting the house is about ten cents a night for 40 lamps.

The engine has a heavy foundation of concrete under it which Mr. Brendel amused himself by putting in with the assistance of his friends.

**A Different Medium.**

Higgins—That pretty little sculptress I met at your reception the other evening completely turned my head. Miss Peachley—Indeed! I knew she modeled in clay, but I wasn't aware that she modeled in wood.

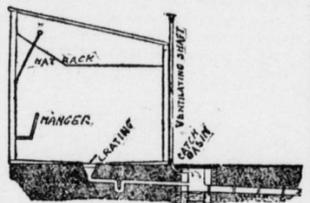


**LIVE STOCK**

**HORSE DRAINAGE STABLE.**

An Arrangement Which Will Prove Very Satisfactory.

In its relation to hygiene, the subject of stable drainage is among the most important, and this, too, apart from ventilation, a subject of equal importance; for, without proper ventilation, no system of drainage will avail much. The average architect of barns and stables too often leaves the above factors out of his plans and calculations; hence, it is absolutely necessary that the breeder should understand the principles of drainage and ventilation, in order that he may be able to give advice, and also to correct errors when found. For want of this knowledge, the proper hygienic effects cannot be produced; neither



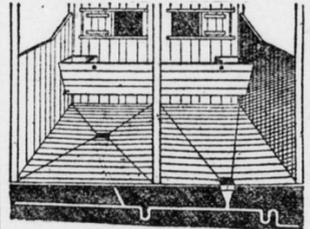
Sectional View of Stall and Cistern.

can sanitary measures be fully carried out.

In the case of all animals kept in confinement, whether in health or disease, drainage and ventilation may, in fact, be called ground rules.

Stable drainage is most intimately related to hygiene and stable management, and it is also one of the most valuable auxiliaries in the assistance it renders ventilation in keeping the air pure. Much may be accomplished by strict attention to the regular and thorough cleaning of stables.

It is only half performed when manure is dumped outside and allowed to accumulate, heat, rot and poison the air with its fumes. It is still worse if the liquid matter of the stable



Stable Drainage Into a Cistern.

is allowed to soak the floors, drip through and saturate the earth below, and become putrescent, thus giving rise to the most deadly germs.

In drainage, the first necessity naturally is that the stalls must be arranged with reference to whether the animal be male or female. In the case of males, the lowest part of the stall must be between the fore and hind feet. In the case of female animals, it must be just at the rear.

For horses, says the Prairie Farmer, the floor of the stall may be cut across midway from the point where the fore and hind feet rest, with a shallow groove, say four inches wide, and descending from the sides to the center, when it ends in a grating fine enough to prevent the escape of the bedding, etc.

Here it falls into a pipe running under each stall and connecting with each, having inclination sufficient to carry away the moisture quickly and emptying on the open ground, as far away as possible from the stable; nevertheless, it is worse than folly to adopt a system of underground stable drainage unless there is an abundance of water for flushing the pipes. In the country this is difficult to obtain; hence, sewage drainage is not practiced except in cities having public water works. The illustrations will show the idea we wish to convey. One of these represents stalls arranged for gelding and for mare, as to position for gathering the liquid.

Neglect often arises from the idea generally entertained that stable emanations are not inimical to human beings. It is, however, a serious annoyance, as must be all disagreeable odors, and, then, it is very injurious to carriages, affecting the varnish, as well as impregnating the cushions with a subtle odor, and eventually rotting them.

When stable drains can be attached to a regular sewerage system, or be run into a properly ventilated cesspool, there is little or no trouble about vapors and odors; but where the liquid has to drain into a closed cesspool, considerable thought and ingenuity are required.

It need hardly be told that stables ought not to be drained into the same cesspool as the horse sewerage. If there is only liquid matter to be dealt with only one cesspool is necessary and this one, to be complete, should be made with a movable pump and an air-shaft ventilation.

**Much in the Feed.**

The use of silage, roots, etc., will assist in making the cream come quickly. Of course, with the cream separator there is practically no difference in the time required to separate the cream.

**TROUBLESOME STOMACHS.**

So many digestive disorders afflict men and women now that a select prescription has been secured from a great Battle Creek specialist who offers it freely to those who cannot take sanitarium treatment. Its use for a few weeks is said to completely restore the digestive functions, increase the strength and cure nervousness, insomnia and all symptoms of a distressing nature due to such disorders. Mix these three ingredients together, shake well and take one or two teaspoonfuls after each meal. One ounce compound essence Cardiol, two ounces essence of Pepsin and two ounces syrup of Ginger. One of our best-known druggists, to whom the above was submitted, states positively that a more effective and harmless prescription could not be filled by any one, and that it is familiarly known as the "Rockefeller Cure." Prominent, up-to-date druggists will get the ingredients from their jobber, although most of them keep them in stock.

**TOOK TIME.**



A Scotsman, having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set before him that he might help himself. After some time, the master said to him: "Sandy, you take a long time to breakfast."

"In truth, master," said Sandy; "a cheese of this size is na sae soon eaten as you may think."

**THE LIVING ROOM.**

It Should at All Times Be a "Livable" Room.

What to do with the living room is a problem that confronts every housekeeper. The living room should be in fact as well as in name a living room—a livable room. It is the room in which the most of our time at home is spent, the hours we have for leisure, the time we have for play, the place where we entertain our friends and it is absolutely essential that the walls and furnishings of the living room should be harmonious in color, suitable in texture, and durable in material.

The rich, soft, solid colored walls are the ideal walls for the living rooms. They make a better background for pictures, throw the furniture out in better relief, are less discordant with rugs and carpeting, and indicate a higher degree of taste and culture than do the colored monstrosities which we paste on when we apply wall paper.

Who ever saw roses climbing up a plastered wall growing out of a hardwood floor? Yet, that is what we suggest to the imagination when we paste paper covered with roses on our walls. They are neither artistic nor true. Roses are all very beautiful, but they were never made to climb up interior walls and they do not grow from hardwood flooring. The set figures of wall paper are also tiresome and equally disagreeable and repellent.

The alabastined wall is the only correct form of a tinted or solid colored wall. Fortunately it is the only clean way, and more fortunately it is the only permanent way; the only way that does not involve the endless labor in the future.

In lighting the walls some thought must be given to the color. Light colors reflect 85% of the light thrown upon them. Dark colors reflect but 15%. Lighting bills can be saved by choosing a color which will reflect the largest degree of light. In north rooms use warm colors or colors which reflect light. In south and west rooms sometimes the light can be modified by the use of darker colors. Dark greens absorb the light; light yellows reflect it; browns modify it, and so on, through the scale of colors. The color scheme of a room not only is dependent upon the color of the carpetings but it is also dependent upon the light of the room.

Contentment comes neither by culture nor by wishing; it is reconciliation with one's lot, growing out of an inward superiority to our surroundings.—McLean.

**Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna**

Cleanses the System Effectually. Dispels Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**

by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.

**SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.** one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

**FROM SUNNY ORANGE GROVES.**

The Twice-Told Experience of a San Bernardino, Calif., Man.

From Sunny San Bernardino, in the midst of orange groves, writes Lionel M. Heath, of 158 Eighth Street; "For fifteen years I suffered with pains in my back, frequent calls to pass the secretions, dropsy, rheumatic aches and other symptoms of kidney trouble. I could get no relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me five years ago, and this is twice I have publicly said so. The cure was thorough."

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

**Machine-Made Proposal.**

Annabel—How queer! Here's a story about a man who made a fortune out of an attachment for a sewing machine.

Arthur (softly)—That's nothing. I've formed an attachment for the sweetest little sewing machine in the world, and would consider my fortune made if she'd have me. (No cards.)

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

True valor is the basis of all.—Carlyle.

**THE COME AND SEE SIGN**

**PUBLIC INSPECTION INVITED**

FROM 8 A. M. TO 4 P. M.

**SATURDAYS EXCEPTED.**

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.**

This sign is permanently attached to the front of the main building of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

**What Does This Sign Mean?**

It means that public inspection of the Laboratory and methods of doing business is honestly desired. It means that there is nothing about the business which is not "open and above-board."

It means that a permanent invitation is extended to anyone to come and verify any and all statements made in the advertisements of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Is it a purely vegetable compound made from roots and herbs—without drugs?

**Come and See.**

Do the women of America continually use as much of it as we are told?

**Come and See.**

Was there ever such a person as Lydia E. Pinkham, and is there any Mrs. Pinkham now to whom sick women are asked to write?

**Come and See.**

Is the vast private correspondence with sick women conducted by women only, and are the letters kept strictly confidential?

**Come and See.**

Have they really got letters from over one million, one hundred thousand women correspondents?

**Come and See.**

Have they proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands of these women?

**Come and See.**

This advertisement is only for doubters. The great army of women who know from their own personal experience that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female ills will still go on using and being benefited by it; but the poor doubting, suffering woman must, for her own sake, be taught confidence, for she also might just as well regain her health.

**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 urinate catarrh. At drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postpaid.

Large Trial Sample



WITH "HEALTH AND BEAUTY" BOOK SENT FREE

**THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.**

**OLD AGE**

Is caused by the hardening and thickening of the walls of the arteries, creating a condition now known as arterio-sclerosis. As everything passing into or out of the blood must pass through the walls of the bloodvessels, it is plain that the hardening of these walls will interfere with the feeding of tissues and elimination of waste. We prevent arterio-sclerosis, thus prolonging life and avoiding decrepitude and helplessness. We use our own preparations of tissue salts. No crude drugs. People of any age with dry, withered, wrinkled skin, and prematurely gray hair, need this treatment. Six months' treatment, \$5.00. Not necessary to use regularly. Write us. RESIGN REMEDIES CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

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