

**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 "Takatoh," 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 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. 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 and Williston is forced 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. Langford takes Mary to the home of Mrs. White. Her arm has been broken by a shot. She grows delirious and receives medical attention. The party search in vain for Williston. Louise comes to nurse Mary. Williston is given up for dead. But meager evidence is obtainable against Jesse Black, and it is concluded that the case must be fought out on the sole question of "Mag." Judge Dale arrives at the December session of the circuit court at which the cattle theft case is to be tried. Gordon has hard work in securing an unprejudiced jury. Red Sanderson takes a seat in the hotel dining hall beside Louise and addresses her. He is unceremoniously shoved aside by Gordon. Sanderson draws his gun.

**CHAPTER XV.—Continued.**

There were others who did not know the little man. He hailed from the southern part of the state. But Gordon knew him. He knew he was pitted against one of the sharpest, shrewdest men of his day.

"Gentlemen, I think we are ready," said the judge, and the game was on again.

The state called Paul Langford, its principal witness in default of Williston.

"Your name, place of residence and business?" asked the counsel for the state.

"Paul Langford. I reside in Kemah county and I own and operate a cattle ranch."

After Langford had clearly described and identified the animal in question, Gordon continued:

"Mr. Langford, when did you first miss this steer?"

"On the 15th day of July last."

"How did you happen to miss this steer?"

"My attention was called to the fact that an animal answering this description and bearing my brand had been seen under suspicious detention."

"Prior to information thus received, you were not aware this creature had either strayed away or been stolen?"

"I was not."

"Who gave you this information, Mr. Langford?"

"George Williston of the Lazy S."

"Now you may tell the jury in what words Williston told you about the steer he saw."

This, of course, was objected to and the objection was sustained by the court, as Gordon knew it would be. He only wanted the jury to remember that Williston could have told a damaging story had he been here, and also to remember how mysteriously this same Williston had disappeared. He could not have Williston or Williston's story, but he might keep an impression ever before these 12 men that there was a story—he knew it and they knew it—a story of which some crotchet of the law forbade the telling.

"What did you do after your attention had been called to the suspicious circumstances of the steer's detention?"

"I informed my boys of what I had heard and sent them out to look for the steer."

"That same day?"

"Yes."

"Were they successful?"

"No."

"Did this steer have a particular stamping ground?"

"He did."

"Where was that?"

"He always ranged with a bunch on what we call the home range."

"Near the ranch house?"

"Within half a mile."

"Did you look for him yourself?"

"I did."

"He was not on this home grazing ground?"

"He was not."

"Did you look elsewhere for him?"

"We did."

"Where?"

"We rode the free ranges for several days—wherever any of my cattle held out."

"How many days did you say you rode?"

"Why, we continued to look sharp until my boy, Munson, found him the day before the preliminary at the Velpen stock yards, on the point of being shipped to Sioux City."

"You went to Velpen to identify this steer?"

"I did."

"It was your steer?"

"Yes."

"The same for which you had been searching so long?"

"The very same."

"It was wearing your brand?"

"It was not."

"What brand was it wearing?"

"J. R."

"Where was it?"

"On the right hip."

"Where do you usually put your brand, Mr. Langford?"

"On the right hip."

"Always?"

"Do you know any J. R. outfit?"

"I do not."

Gordon nodded to Small. His examination had been straightforward and to the point. He had drawn alert and confident answers from his witness. Involuntarily, he glanced at Louise, who had not seemed to be working at all during this clean-cut dialogue. She flashed a fleeting smile at him. He knew he was out of sympathy with the great majority of the people down there in front. He did not seem to care so much now. A great medicine is a womanly and an understanding smile. It flushed his face a bit, too.

Langford was most unsatisfactory under cross-examination. He never contradicted himself, and was a trifle contemptuous of any effort to tangle



The Game Was On.

him up in threads of his own weaving. The little man touched Small on the arm and whispered to him.

"Mr. Langford," said Small, in a weighty voice, "you travel a great deal, I believe."

"For pleasure, maybe?" with a mysterious inflection.

"Business as well?"

"Business as well."

"Just prior to the arrest of the defendant," insinuatingly, "you were away?"

"How long prior do you mean?"

"Say a week."

"No."

"Two weeks?"

"Yes."

"You had been away some time?"

"The better part of a year," confessed Langford, with engaging candor.

"Yes. Now, Mr. Langford, I should like you to tell me about how many cattle you range—in round numbers?"

"About 5,000 head."

"Yes. Now, Mr. Langford, you who count your cattle by the thousands, on your own sworn word you have been out of the country a year. Don't you think you are asking this jury to swallow a pretty big mouthful when you ask them to believe that you could so unmistakably distinguish this one poor ornery steer, who has so little to distinguish him from thousands of others?"

"I have owned that spotted steer for years," said Langford, composedly. "I have never sold him because he was rather an odd creature and so cantankerous that the boys who dubbed him the Three Bars' mascot."

Gordon called Jim Munson.

"What is your name?"

"Gosh!"

The question was unexpected. Was there any one in the county who did not know Jim Munson? And Dick Gordon of all people! Then he remembered that the boys had been asked the same question, so it must be all right. But the ways of the court were surely mysterious and oftentimes foolish.

"Jim Munson. Jim Munson's my name—yep."

Gordon smiled.

"You needn't insist on it, Mr. Munson," he advised. "We know it now. Where do you live?"

"Hellity damn! I live at the Three Bars' ranch."

"In Kemah county?"

"It sure is."

"What is your business, Mr. Munson?"

"Jim's shorter, Dick. Well, I work for the boss, Mr. Paul Langford."

"In what capacity?"

"If you mean what do I do, why, I ride the range, I punch cows, I always go on the round-up, I'm a fair bronco-breaker and I make up bunks and clean lamp chimbleys between times," he recited, glibly, bound to be terse yet explicit, by advice of the boss.

There was a gale of laughter in the bar. Even the court smiled.

"Oh, Jim! Jim! You have perjured yourself already!" murmured the boss. "Clean lamp chimneys—ye gods!"

"Well, grin away!" exploded Jim, his quick fire rising. He had forgotten that Judge Dale's court was not like Justice McAllister's. His fingers fairly itched to draw a pistol and make the scoffers laugh and dance to a little music of his own. But something in Gordon's steady though seemingly careless gaze brought him back to the seriousness of the scene they were playing—without guns.

The examination proceeded. The air was getting stifling. Windows were thrown open. Damp-looking clouds had arisen from nowhere seemingly and spread over the little prairie town, over the river and the hills. It was very warm. Weather-seasoned inhabitants would have predicted storm had they not been otherwise engaged. There was no breath of air stirring. Mrs. Higgins had said it was a sorry day for the cattle when the river was running in December. Others had said so and so believed, but people were not thinking of the cattle now. One big-boned, long-horned steer held the stage alone.

The state proceeded to Munson's identification of the steer in question. After many and searching questions, Gordon asked the witness:

"Jim, would you be willing to swear that the steer you had held over at the stock yards was the very same steer that was the mascot of the Three Bars' ranch?"

This was Jim's big opportunity.

"Know Mag? Swear to Mag? Dick, I would know Mag if I met him on the golden streets of the eternal city or ef my eyes was full of soundin' cataracts! Yep."

"I am not asking such an impossible feat, Mr. Munson," cut in Gordon, nettled by the digressions of one of his most important witnesses. "Answer briefly, please. Would you be willing to swear?"

Jim was jerked back to the beaten track by the sharp incision of Gordon's rebuke. No, this was indeed not Jimmie Mac's court.

"Yep," he answered, shortly.

Billy Brown was called. After the preliminary questions, Gordon said to him:

"Now, Mr. Brown, please tell the jury how you came into possession of the steer."

"Well, I was shippin' a couple o' car loads to Sioux City, and I was drivin' the bunch myself with a couple o' hands when I meets up with Jesse Black here. He was herdin' a likely little bunch o' a half dozen or so—among 'em this spotted feller. He said he wasn't shippin' any this fall, but these were for sale—part of a lot he had bought from Yellow Wolf. So the upshot of the matter was I took 'em off his hands. I was just lackin' 'bout that many to make a good, clean, two cars full."

"You took a bill-of-sale for them, of course, Mr. Brown?"

"I sure did. I'm too old a hand to buy without a bill-of-sale."

The document was produced, marked as an exhibit, and offered in evidence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**TOOK HIS OWN FROM ROBBER.**

How a Pilgrim Got Back His Stolen Purse in Church.

From Czenstochowa, the Mecca of Polish pilgrims, comes an amazing story of coincidences. A pilgrim went to one of the priests and complained that some thief had stolen his purse while he was in church, and asked for money. The priest replied that he had no money and that the best thing for the pilgrim to do was to try to find the thief. "I shall go into the church and steal money from somebody else," said the pilgrim, "for I have nothing to go home with." He went into the church and seeing a man in the crowd with a wallet on his back slipped his hand into it and pulled out his own stolen purse, with the exact sum he had left in it. He was so glad to find his money that he hurried off to tell the priest and the thief got away.

**What's Geography Good For?**

This is from the philosophy of Mrs. Louisa Schmitt, who berated a teacher for not promoting her daughter because the latter was deficient in geography. "Teacher, you don't know it all, I guess," said the irate Mrs. Schmitt. "I wish it that my daughter gets through school so she gets a man. Never mind about the geography; just promote her without it. Why, my other daughter, she didn't know geography and she got a man. And you know all about geography and you ain't got any man at all. What is this geography good for? See that my daughter gets through school."

**Dramatic Emotions.**

The most effective moments in the theater are those that appeal to commonplace emotions—love of woman, love of home, love of country, love of right, anger, jealousy, revenge, ambition, lust, and treachery.—Clay Hamilton in the Forum.

**MORLEY NOW A PEER**

**BRITISH LIBERAL LEADER QUILTS HOUSE OF COMMONS.**

**Ill Health and Too Much Work Forces Distinguished Lieutenant of Gladstone and Friend of Carnegie Into Easier Post.**

London.—John Morley, the distinguished liberal leader, has been elevated to the peerage; he will, however, retain the office of secretary for India in the reorganized British parliament. Morley's reason for accepting a peerage is his declining health and a throat affection that makes the strain of the work in the house of commons too great.

In leaving the house of commons that body loses one of its most noted members. Many accomplishments in and out of his official duties have undoubtedly earned this title for the English liberal leader, historian, theologian, orator, editor and student. Morley has likewise been called the Puritan of politics, a title which his passion for righteousness and his public austerity have conspired to win him.

It is difficult to imagine Morley among the peers, for whose benefit he invented the phrase: "Mind them or end them." When made secretary of state of India his critics said he would make a weak executive. He proved otherwise. He made a vigorous speech in the house of commons, in which he announced his purpose to crush sedition in India with a strong hand. He defended the sharp treatment he had



JOHN MORLEY

extended to Indian agitators and refused to offer an apology. "British rule in India will continue and ought to continue and must continue," said he.

John Morley was born at Blackburn, England, December 24, 1838. He was graduated from Chettenham and Lincoln college, Oxford, and began life as a barrister. In 1867, however, he was called to the editorship of the Fortnightly Review, a post which he held until 1882. From 1880 until 1883 he was likewise editor of the famous Pall Mall Gazette, leaving his desk there to go to parliament as the representative of Newcastle. He was Irish secretary in 1886 and again from 1892 to 1895. In 1896 he was returned to parliament and since gradually achieved for himself a reputation in politics, letters and philosophical thought.

Morley was Gladstone's favorite lieutenant when the "Grand Old Man" died. He was one of the anxious personal friends who watched over the great premier in his last illness, and his "Life of Gladstone" is one of his most notable literary labors.

Hall Caine and Andrew Carnegie are among the close friends of the liberal. The laird of Skibo is accounted one of the particular intimates of Morley, in a personal way, in the tendency of their thoughts and aims and otherwise. Recently Carnegie, well knowing his friend's studious inclination, presented him with a library of 90,000 volumes, one of the finest collections of books in existence. In 1904 Carnegie also influenced the noted Englishman to come to America. In Pittsburgh Morley was the guest of Carnegie and there delivered his only American lecture. In an interview in America Morley said that he, as an English liberal, was always intensely interested in America and her politics and that England as a whole was fascinated by President Roosevelt.

More than once it has been said that if John Morley had a vice he might be premier. As it is Morley is too full of unrelenting rectitude, too barren of apparent passion, to be an English popular hero. For all that he is a man of emotions and feeling, but, above them all, one of restraint. One never knows Morley the man, but one can never escape Morley, the exterior, distant, reserved and unbending.

In politics Morley is a liberal in every sense, but he holds the same reserve of caution on his theories as on his public behavior. In religion he is an agnostic, but not one of the assertive kind. He has a quick, keen and delightful sense of humor, is one of the most charming of companions and is a great favorite among women. He is by nature nervous, is quick in temper and rather impatient. He has no amusements other than walking, and is fond of music and books. His father wished to make him a minister of the gospel, but he fell under the teachings of John Stuart Mill, the philosopher, and thereafter the church was impossible.

The council of empire at St. Petersburg has raised the Russian legation at Tokyo to an embassy.

**BACON MAY SUCCEED TAFT.**

**Assistant Secretary of State Likely to Head War Department.**

Boston.—The intimate personal friends of Assistant Secretary of State Bacon, formerly of Boston, have received information which leads them to believe that Mr. Bacon will become secretary of war about July 1 next, succeeding Secretary Taft, who is understood to be desirous of retiring from the cabinet at that time.

The determination of Secretary Taft to retire is said to be quite definite, and is understood not to be dependent upon the outcome of the national convention.

Mr. Bacon was born in this city and was particularly prominent in ath-



Robert Bacon.

letics while attending Harvard university, being captain of the varsity crew. He was a classmate of President Roosevelt.

He was connected with the banking firm of E. Rollins Morse & Co. until 1899, when he became a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. of New York, where he has since made his home. He married a Miss Carlton of New York.

His friends in this city, upon hearing of his reported advancement, were not surprised, for something of such a nature had been anticipated.

**HOUSE OF LITHOGRAPHIC STONE.**

**Home in Nuremberg, Germany, Coveted by Many.**

Berlin.—Lithographers look at it and sigh. It's a plain, plastered stone house about 50 yards from the ancient city hall of Nuremberg, Germany. There is nothing to distinguish it from the other old houses of the neighborhood except that it is built of lithographic stone, worth from six to 21 cents a pound. So lithographers who go to Nuremberg wander from the worn tourist trails to see the wonder. The house was built about 1680, nearly 100 years before Alois Senefelder, the discoverer of lithography, was born. Andreas Lichtenstein, who built it, took the stone easiest to get and secured it for the trouble of carry-



A Cross Marks the Building Coveted by Lithographers.

ing it away. Now the material in the building is worth about \$4,000.

The present Andreas Lichtenstein, a descendant of the man who built the house, has said "Nein" about once a month for the last 20 years to speculators who want to buy his home and tear it down for the stone. It is his home and that of his forefathers and he refuses to part with it. So lithographers, with thoughts of rising prices, look and sigh.

Lithographic stone is found in commercial quantities only in Bavaria. The largest quarries are near Nuremberg.

**Chinamen Take Up Skating Fad.**

Whether it be owing to Christianity, civilization or Americanization, matters not, but the Chicago Chinaman is "getting there." He has taken to roller skates, says the Chicago Examiner.

With him it has become a case of "roll, roll, roll along," but instead of "over the dark, blue sea," as when he came from the "Celestial kingdom," it is across and along the pavements of the "chop suey district."

That he enjoys the sport is attested by the increasing numbers seen nightly in Clark and adjacent streets.

It seems odd to see these so-called heathen going with the wind, their queues flying behind them, and the straps of their skates pressed down deeply into their well padded sandals. The missionary didn't teach John Chinaman to skate. He got the inspiration from his children, and they learned it from their American schoolmates.

**Averted an Excuse.**

"I noticed," remarked the piano stool to the parlor lamp, "that you started to smoke last night when Miss Yerner was entertaining Mr. Timmid."

"Yes," replied the lamp, "I saw she was just waiting for an excuse to turn me down."

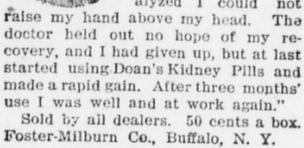
**Looked On as Form of Bribery.**

Controlleur Wilson of Chicago has ruled that no telephone, traction, electric light or other public utility corporation can make contributions to hospitals or other charities.

**ALMOST A MIRACLE.**

**Raised Up When Science Said There Was No Hope.**

G. W. L. Nesbitt, Depot Street, Marion, Ky., writes: "I was a chronic invalid with kidney troubles, and often wished death might end my awful sufferings. The secretions were thick with sediment, my limbs swollen and my right side so nearly paralyzed I could not raise my hand above my head. The doctor held out no hope of my recovery, and I had given up, but at last started using Doan's Kidney Pills and made a rapid gain. After three months' use I was well and at work again."



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**EXTREE! EXTREE!**

Si—Pop, the old red caow hea kicked the bucket!

Hi—Je-rushlem, I wouldn't tuk \$10 fer that caow! Did she pass away in peace?

Si—She passed away in pieces, yep! The old fule kicked that bucket o' stuff you go tew blow up stumps with!

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**Paving the Way.**

"George," said the pretty girl, "I know you're awful bashful."

"This was portentous, with leap year so new. He blurted assent.

"And you'd have proposed to me except for that?"

This, too, he was bound to acknowledge.

"Well, I would have accepted," she went on, "and so that's settled."

Discussing the matter later she expressed a natural pride that she had not taken any advantage of the season.

**Ominous.**

"The bookkeeper," said the junior partner, "has been married nearly four months now."

"Well," demanded the senior partner, "what of that?"

"Why, he hasn't asked for an increase in salary—"

"Heavens! We must have his accounts examined."—Catholic Standard and Times.

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