

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 valley 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 of 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 "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 horses 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, accompanied by 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 pierces his arms 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. 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 to sit 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 unconsciously snubbed by Gordon. Sanderson draws his gun. The trial begins.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

The hearing of testimony for the state went on all through that day. It was late when the state rested its case—so late that the defence would not be taken up until the following day. It was all in—for weal or for woe. In some way all of the state's witnesses—with the possible exception of Munson, who would argue with the angel Gabriel at the last day and offer to give him lessons in trumpet-blowing—had been imbued with the earnest, honest, straightforward policy of the state's counsel. Gordon's friends were hopeful. Langford was jubilant, and he believed in the tolerable integrity of Gordon's hard-won jury. Gordon's presentation of the case thus far had made him friends; fickle friends, maybe, who would turn when the wind turned—to-morrow—but true it was that when court adjourned late in the afternoon, many who had jeered at him as a visionary or an unwelcome meddler acknowledged to themselves that they might have erred in their judgment.

As on the previous night, Gordon was tired. He walked aimlessly to a window within the bar and leaned against it, looking at the still, oppressive, cloudy dampness outside, with the early December darkness coming on apace. Lights were already twinkling in kitchens where house wives were busy with the evening meal.

"Well, Dick," said Langford, coming up cheery and confident.

"Well, Paul, it's all in."

"And well in, old man."

"I—don't know, Paul. I hope so. That quiet little man from down country has not been much heard from, you know. I am afraid, a moral uplift isn't my stunt. I'm tired! I feel like a rag."

Langford was called away for a moment. When he returned, Gordon was gone. He was not at supper.

"He went away on his horse," explained Louise, in answer to Langford's unspoken question. "I saw him ride into the country."

When the party separated for the night, Gordon did not yet returned.

CHAPTER XVI.

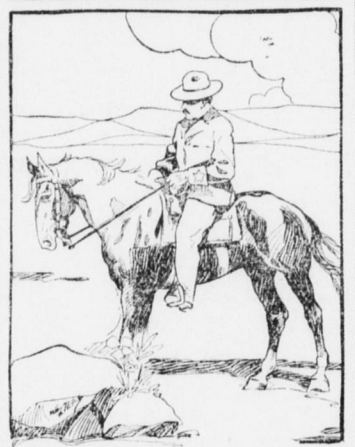
Gordon Rides Into the Country. Gordon rode aimlessly out of the little town with its twinkling lights. He did not care where he went or what direction he pursued. He wanted to ride off a strange, enervating dejection that had laid hold of him the moment his last testimony had gone in. It all seemed so pitifully inadequate—without Williston—now that it was all in. Why had he undertaken it? It could only go for another defeat counted against him. Though what was one defeat more or less

when there had been so many? It would be nothing new. Was he not pursuing merely the old beaten trail? Why should the thought weigh so heavily now? Can a man never attain to that higher—or lower, which is it?—altitude of strifeless, unregretful hardness? Or was it, he asked himself in savage contempt of his weakness, that, despite all his generous and iron-clad resolutions, he had secretly, unconsciously perhaps, cherished a sweet, shy, little reservation in his inmost heart that maybe—if he won out—

"You poor fool," he said, aloud, with bitter harshness.

Suppose he did. A brave specimen, he, if he had the shameful egotism to ask a girl—a girl like Louise—a gentle, highbred, protected, cherished girl like that—to share this new, bleak, rough life with him. But the very sweetness of the thought of her doing it made him gasp there in the darkness. How stifling the air was! He lifted his hat. It was hard to breathe. It was like the still oppressiveness preceding an electrical storm. His mare, unguided, had naturally chosen the main-traveled trail and kept it. She followed the mood of her master and walked leisurely along while the man wrestled with himself.

If he really possessed the hardihood to ask Louise to do this for him she would laugh at him. Stay! That was a lie—a black lie. She would not laugh—not Louise. She was not of that sort. Rather would she grieve over the inevitable sadness of it. If she laughed, he could bear it better—he had good, stubborn, self-respecting blood in him—but she would not laugh. And all the rest of his long life must be spent in wishing—wishing—if it could have been! But he would never ask her to do it. Not even if the impossible came to pass. It was a hard country on women, a hard, treeless, sun-seared, unkindly country. Men could stand it—fight for its future; but not women like Louise. It made men as well as unmade them. And after all it did not prove to be the undoing of men so much as it developed in them the perhaps hitherto hidden fact that they were already wanting. These latent, constitutional weaknesses thus laid bare, the bad must for a while prevail—bad is so much noisier than good. But this big, new country with its infinite possibilities—give it time—it would form men out of raw material and make over men mistakenly made when that was



"Why, Lena, Old Girl, We've Been Taking Our Time."

possible, or else show the dividing line so clearly that the goats might not herd with the sheep. Some day, it would be fit for women—like Louise. Not now. Much labor and sorrow must be lived through; there must be much sacrifice and much refining, and many must fall and lose in the race before the big destiny be worked out and it be fit for women—like Louise. Down in the southern part of the state, and belonging to it, a certain big-barred building sheltered many women, when the sun of the treeless prairies and the gazing into the lone some distances surrounding their homesteads seeped into their brains and stayed there so that they knew not what they did. There were trees there and fountains and restful bluegrass in season, and flowers, flowers, flowers—but these came too late for most of the women.

If it had been Langford, now, who was guilty of so ridiculous a sentimentalism—the bold, impetuous, young ranchman—he smiled at himself whimsically. Then he pulled himself together. He did not think the jury could believe the story Jesse Black would trump up, no matter how plausible it was made to sound. He felt more like himself—in better condition to meet those few but stanch friends of his from whom he had so summarily run away—stronger to meet—Louise. Man-like, now that he was himself again, he must know the time. He struck a match.

"Why, Lena, old girl, we've been taking our time, haven't we? They are likely through supper, but maybe I can wheedle a doughnut out of the cook."

The match burned out. Not until he had tossed it away did it come to him that they were no longer on the main trail.

"Now, that's funny, old girl," he scolded. "What made you be so unreasonable? Well, we started with our noses westward, so you must have wandered into the old Lazy S branch trail. Though, to be sure, it has been such a deuce of a while since we traveled it that I wonder at you. What's the matter now, silly? Though His mare had shied. He turned her

nose resolutely, domineeringly, back toward the spot objected to.

"I can't see what you're scared at, but we'll just investigate and show you how foolish a thing is feminine squeamishness."

A shadowy form arose out of the darkness. It approached.

"Is that you, Dick?"

Gordon was not a superstitious man, yet he felt suddenly cold to the crown of his head. It was not so dark as it might have been. There would have been a moon had it not been cloudy. Dimly, he realized that the man had arisen from the ruins of what must have been the old Williston homestead. The outlines of the stone stoop were vaguely visible in the half-light. The solitary figure had been crouched there, brooding.

"I'm flesh and blood, Dick, never fear," said the man in a mournful voice. "I'm hungry enough to vouch for that. You needn't be afraid. I'm anything but a spirit."

"Williston!" The astonished word burst from Gordon's lips. "Williston! Is it really you?"

"None other, my dear Gordon! Sorry I startled you. I saw your light and heard your voice speaking to your horse, and as you were the very man I was on the point of seeking, I just naturally came forward, forgetting that my friends would very likely look upon me in the light of a ghost."

"Williston! My dear fellow!" repeated Gordon again. "It is too good to be true," he cried, leaping from his mare and extending both hands cordially. "Shake, old man! My, the feel of you is—bully. You are flesh and blood all right. I don't know, though. Seems to me you have been kind of running to skin and bones since I last saw you. Grip's good, but bony. You're thinner than ever, aren't you?"

All this time he was shaking Williston's hands heartily. He never thought of asking him where he had been. For weary months he had longed for this man to come back. He had come back. That was enough for the present. He had always felt genuinely friendly toward the unfortunate scholar and his daughter.

"That's natural, isn't it? Besides, they forgot my rations sometimes."

"Who, Williston?" asked Gordon, the real significance of the man's return taking quick hold of him.

"I think you know, Gordon," said the older man, quietly. "It is a long story. I was coming to you. I will tell you everything. Shall I begin now?"

"Are you in any danger of pursuit?" asked Gordon, suddenly bethinking himself.

"I think not. I killed my jailer, the half-breed, Nightbird."

"You did well. So did Mary."

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't you know that Mary shot and killed one of the desperadoes that night? At least, we have every reason to think it was Mary. By the way, you have not asked after her."

The man's head dropped. He did not answer for a long time. When he raised his head, his face, though showing indistinctly, was hard and drawn. He spoke with little emotion as a man who had sounded the gamut of despair and was now far spent.

"What was the use? I saw her fall, Gordon. She stood with me to the end. She was a brave little girl. She never once faltered. Dick," he said, his voice changing suddenly, and laying hot, feverish hands on the young man's shoulders, "we'll hang them—you and I—we'll hang them every one—the devils who look like men, but who strike at women. We'll hang them. I say—you and I. I've got the evidence."

"Is it possible they didn't tell you?" cried Gordon aghast at the amazing cruelty of it.

(To Be Continued.)

COFFIN WAS A BACK NUMBER.

So Pennsylvania Man Sold It and Will Purchase Another.

Isaac Coffman of Hatton, Pa., has sold a coffin he made many years ago. He sold it not because he felt he would have no use for it, but because his wife insisted that it was out of date. Mr. Coffman is nearing his eightieth birthday. He explained to a friend that he constructed the coffin 20 years ago. It was built of chestnut because, as he put it, "Many's the time I have sat beside a cheery blaze of chestnut logs and heard them crackle and burn merrily. It makes such a homelike blaze that I picked it in preference to other woods. It was my desire to have the coffin as cozy as possible, and I rejected the frivolities which so many persons affect in the matter of coffins. In order to have it handy I kept it in the garret. But my wife tells me that styles have changed, and since I have accumulated a little fortune she will not permit me to die unless I consent to get an up-to-date casket. To avoid trouble I agreed to sell the old one. But at the same time I think that the coffin which was good enough for me in my poorer days should satisfy me now, and I shall always feel out of place in the new-fangled affair."

Tennyson and the Socialist.

Tennyson figuring as a champion of the imperiled rights of property is thus quoted in William Allingham's lately published "Diary." "I was once in a coffee shop in the Westminster road at four o'clock in the morning. A man was raging. 'Why has so-and-so a hundred pounds and I have not a shilling?' I said to him, 'If your father had left you a hundred pounds you would not give it away to somebody else.' He had not a word to answer. I knew he hadn't."

Picked Up in Pennsylvania

ERIE.—George A. Hirsch of this place lost both of his legs beneath a Lake Shore freight train.

LATROBE.—Morris, the 3-year-old son of Andrew Peters of Bradenville, was fatally scalded by falling into a boiler of hot water.

NEW CASTLE.—Partially eaten by rats, the mutilated body of Barney Sweeney, aged 55, was found by boys in a shed back of the Coliseum skating rink.

WEST NEWTON.—William Wilhelm, aged 18 years, was drowned and Roy Rifinger, 16, had a narrow escape here while rowing in the Youghiogheny river.

JEANNETTE.—Owing to the increased demand for bottles, the last of the idle furnaces of the Jeannette Glass Co.'s works was put in operation, affecting 150 men.

HAZLETON.—John McCarthy, one of the best known newspaper men in the state, died suddenly from paralysis of the heart at his home at Weatherly, 12 miles from here.

UNIONTOWN.—The store of John H. Boyd at Cool Spring was entered by thieves and canned and bottled goods, meats, flour, etc., were taken to the amount of over \$500.

SOMERSET.—Shocking treatment of inmates of the Somerset county home is alleged in charges resulting in the arrest of Poor Directors William Brant and John Reiman.

GREENSBURG.—The Saxman Store Co. of Bradenville was awarded \$200 damages against the H. S. Kerbaugh Co. for an explosion of dynamite three years ago, which wrecked buildings at Bradenville.

PHILADELPHIA.—One man was probably fatally injured and a large building destroyed by an explosion of powder in the plant of the Lexow Flashlight Powder Co. at Grassland, Pa., near here.

WASHINGTON.—Miss Laura Sharpnack, daughter of Abraham Sharpnack, is dead at her home at Khedive, Greene county. This is the sixth death in the Sharpnack family during the last year.

BROWNSVILLE.—While commencement exercises for pupils graduating from its rooms were being held in a theater the brick schoolhouse at Bridgeport, a suburb of Brownsville, was destroyed by fire.

WASHINGTON.—John Mihilkin, a Civil war veteran of Jefferson, Greene county, has been presented with the old battle flag of his company in the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania infantry, organized at Zollarsville in 1861.

READING.—All employes of the Reading railway road department have been ordered on ten hours per day. They had been on nine hours all winter. This affects at least 1,000 men on the different divisions.

POTTSVILLE.—By the explosion of a charge of dynamite in the gangway of the Draper colliery, Andrew Cavallage was killed and three foreign laborers were so badly injured that they are not expected to recover.

WASHINGTON.—William Cameron, accused of stealing a horse, escaped from officers at Hookstown, jumping out of a window in the office of Justice James Reed while the justice and others were examining the warrant.

HARRISBURG.—As a result of the raid made by agents of the state dairy and food division together with federal authorities on the illegal sellers of oleo in Schuylkill county the traffic has been almost entirely broken up.

BUTLER.—In a wreck of a west-bound freight train on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad a mile west of Evans City two men were perhaps fatally injured. The track spread and 17 coal cars plunged over an embankment.

HARRISBURG.—The reports to the state banking department by 327 trust companies, 120 state banks and 13 savings institutions, under date of December 16, show that deposits aggregated \$632,006,359, against \$666,143,524 a year before.

CONNELLSVILLE.—Charging conspiracy and circulation of slanderous statements, Rev. A. Bleisz, pastor of St. Emory Magyar Catholic church of Connelsville, has made information against the former organizer, Adalbert Pogany, and four of his supporters.

BUTLER.—Lawrence McLaughlin of Karns City, an oil well pumper, was struck by the Buffalo flyer on the Allegheny Valley railroad at Parker and instantly killed. His body was hurled 300 feet to the water's edge.

HARRISBURG.—A telegram received here from Pottsville stated that John J. Lenderman, head of the Dundee Creamery Co. of Pittsburg, and N. E. Jurns, his agent, were fined \$100 and costs on each of 13 indictments for illegal sale of oleo in Schuylkill county.

BEAVER FALLS.—The Beaver Falls Manufacturing Co. has shipped a carload of sledges to Panama for use on the canal, being part of a large government order.

GREENSBURG.—The Stahl glass works, destroyed by fire last December, have been rebuilt and will be ready for operation very soon, employing 350 men and boys.

HARRISBURG.—A small hatchery has been established by the state authorities at Beaver Meadow, near Wilkesbarre. It will be used to stock streams in the vicinity.

JOHNSTOWN.—Mrs. Percy A. Long, a bride of four months, suddenly fell unconscious at her home and died several hours later at the hospital. Internal hemorrhages were the cause.

HARRISBURG.—The state of Pennsylvania will raise 6,000,000 seedling trees on its nurseries this summer and all of the young trees will be set out in the forest reserves of the commonwealth and given care.

CONNELLSVILLE.—Fire of unknown origin destroyed a vaudeville theater owned by Samuel Hantman, and damaged the stores of B. Kerner, J. Levy and the Chicago Dairy Co., all frame structures in North Pittsburg street.

PITTSBURG.—Almost without warning death came to James Wilson Lee, attorney, independent oil producer and former leader of independent Republicans in Pennsylvania and in the state senate. Death was due to heart failure.

GREENSBURG.—Mine Inspector Chauncey B. Ross of Greensburg announced that out of a class of 29 applicants for mine foremen in his district five passed satisfactorily, and out of 45 candidates for fire bosses but six were successful.

GREENSBURG.—The decision of Commissioner of Fisheries James W. Meehan that trout shrink after being out of water and that the law requires only that they be full six inches when taken from the stream will result in several cases here being threshed out again.

GROVE CITY.—A settlement between the coal miners and operators of the Mercer and Butler coal fields has been reached. The miners will resume work under the old scale, pending a settlement for the coming year by a meeting of the miners' delegates and operators.

CLEARFIELD.—The body of Clark Chase, son of Postmaster Chase of this city, was found in the barrens, seven miles from Clearfield. Chase left here recently for a day's trout fishing. He became lost and perished in a snowstorm which swept over this section of the country for two days.

HARRISBURG.—Auditor General Robert K. Young refused to pay the Wayne county commissioners the amount they claimed for the printing of the ballots for the recent spring primaries and the authorities will have to be content with a much less sum than they attempted to charge the state.

PHILADELPHIA.—The state supreme court, in affirming a Philadelphia court, holds that neither the mayor of Philadelphia nor the director of public safety can discharge a municipal employe who obtained the position through a civil service examination, without giving a reason for their action.

KITTANNING.—Held up by three highwaymen, pounced and cut with sandbags and knuckles, robbed of his money and watch and then thrown over a 30-foot embankment, where he was a target for stones as he lay helpless, Lynn Saylor, a puddler, was left for dead by his assailants. His condition is serious.

BUTLER.—Charged with assaulting Frank Ross of Lyndora, driver of a bakery wagon, stealing 30 loaves of bread and \$20, demolishing the wagon and seriously injuring Ross, 25 Italians, employed on the Pittsburg, Harmony, Butler & New Castle trolley line, were captured near Petersville and lodged in jail.

BUTLER.—Joseph Sykes of Butler township, arrested for refusing to pay taxes, protested to Justice Jacob Keck that he understood this is a "free country where nobody pays taxes and nobody has to pray." Justice Keck told Sykes everybody but the rich pay taxes and prayer is optional with the individual. Sykes paid.

GREENVILLE.—Awakening to find a burglar going through the clothes in his room, Dr. M. A. Bailey fired two shots at the intruder as he leaped through a window. Later a trail of blood was found leading to the Lake Shore railroad.

KITTANNING.—The largest single month's shipment in the history of the Ford City plant of the Pittsburg Plate Glass Co. was made during April, when 1,700,706 feet of plate glass was disposed of. Over \$60,000 was distributed at the semi-monthly pay.



This woman says that sick women should not fail to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she did.

Mrs. A. Gregory, of 2355 Lawrence St., Denver, Col., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was practically an invalid for six years, on account of female troubles. I underwent an operation by the doctor's advice, but in a few months I was worse than before. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it restored me to perfect health, such as I have not enjoyed in many years. Any woman suffering as I did with backache, bearing-down pains, and periodic pains, should not fail to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

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.

CAUSE FOR HIS HURRY.



"Ah, I love to see a little boy in such a hurry to get to school!" "Yes, sir. My little brother's got de measles, an' I'm hurrying up to get excused!"

Bees in Block of Stone.

While workmen were sawing through a block of Bath stone at Exeter, England, they cut into a cavity in which was found a cluster of two or three dozen live bees.

The incident occurred at the works of Messrs. Collard & Sons, monumental sculptors. There was not much sign of life in the bees at first, but when air was admitted they gradually revived and after a few hours several of them were able to fly.

Compensation.

Mrs. Baker—My husband costs me a good deal of money.

Mrs. Barker—Yes, and he isn't very good to you, either.

Mrs. Baker—I know it, but I got a dandy lot of wedding presents with him.

Chocolate Pie is Healthful.

Chocolate is healthful and nutritious and chocolate pies are becoming very popular. They are easy to make if you use "OUR-PIE," Chocolate flavor. Directions on package. Contains all ingredients ready for use. Put up by D-Zerta Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Living well is the best revenge we can take on our enemies.—Froude.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A well-informed physician is frequently ill-informed.

