

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 "Lazzy." 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, had followed her uncle, Judge Hammond Dale, from the east to the "Dakotas," and who is living with him and his wife. She 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 Phil Brown and there he detects an old "Mag," a well known "onery" steer belonging to his employer of the "Three Bars" ranch. Munson and Louise start for Kemah, Gordon assembles in Justice James R. McAllister's court for the preliminary hearing. Jesse Black springs the first of many great surprises during the 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. 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 the hands of the outlaws 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 had 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's first impression of her is unfavorable. Gordon makes a good impression. Wandering aimlessly on his horse meditating in the night Gordon finds himself near the ruins of the "Lazzy." He is called by his name. The voice is that of Williston, and the long lost man and needed witness is found.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"Tell me anything? Not they. She was such a good girl, Dick. There never was a better. She never complained. She never got her screens, poor girl. I wish she could have had her screens before they murdered her. Where did you lay her, Dick?"

"Mr. Williston," said Dick, taking firm hold of the man's burning hands and speaking with soothing calmness, "forgive me for not telling you at once. I thought you knew. I never dreamed that you might have been thinking all the while that Mary was dead. She is alive and well and with friends. She only fainted that night. Come, brace up! Why, man alive, aren't you glad? Well, then, don't go to pieces like a child. Come, brace up, I tell you!"

"You—you—wouldn't lie to me, would you, Dick?"

"As God is my witness, Mary is alive and in Kemah this minute—unless and earthquake has swallowed the hotel during my absence. I saw her less than two hours ago."

"Give me a minute, my dear fellow, will you? I—"

He walked blindly away a few steps and sat down once more on the ruins of his homestead. Gordon waited. The man sat still—his head buried in his hands. Gordon approached, leading his mare, and sat down beside him.

"Now tell me," he said, with simple directness.

An hour later the two men separated at the door of the Whites' claim shanty.

"Lie low here until I send for you," was Gordon's parting word.

CHAPTER XVII.

Fire!

The wind arose along toward midnight—the wind that many a hardened inhabitant would have foretold hours before had he been master of his time and thoughts. As a rule, no signal service was needed in the cow country. Men who practically lived in the open had a natural right to claim some close acquaintance with the portents of approaching changes. But it would have been well had some storm flag waver over the little town that day. For the wind that came slipping up in the night, first in little sighing whiffs and skirmishes, gradually grew more impatient, more domineering, more utterly contemptuous, haughty, and hungry, sweeping down from its northwest camping grounds, carried a deadly menace in its yet warm breath

to the helpless and unprotected cattle huddled together in startled terror or already beginning their migration by intuition, running with the wind.

It rattled loose window casings in the hotel, so that people turned uneasily in their beds. It sent strange creatures of the imagination to prowl about. Cowmen thought of the depleted herds when the riders should come in off the free ranges in the spring should that moaning wind mean a real norwester.

Louise was awakened by a sudden shriek of wind that swept through the slight aperture left by the raised window and sent something crashing to the floor. She lay for a moment drowsily wondering what had fallen. Was it anything that could be broken? She heard the steady push of the wind against the frail frame building, and knew she ought to compel herself sufficiently to be aroused to close the window. But she was very sleepy. The crash had not awakened Mary. She was breathing quietly and deeply. But she would be amenable to a touch—just a light one—and she did not mind doing things. How mean, though, to administer it in such a cause. She could not do it. The dilapidated green blind was flapping dismally. What time was it? Maybe it was nearly morning, and then the wind would probably go down. That would save her from getting up. She snuggled under the covers and prepared to slip deliciously off into slumber again.

But she couldn't go to sleep after all. A haunting suspicion preyed on her waking faculties that the crash might have been the water pitcher. She had been asleep and could not gauge the shock of the fall. It had seemed terrific, but what awakens one from sleep is always abnormal to one's startled and unremembering consciousness. Still, it might have been the pitcher. She cherished no fond delusion as to the impenetrability of the warped cottonwood flooring. Water might even then be trickling through to the room below. She found herself wondering where the bed stood, and that thought brought her sitting up in a hurry only to remember that she was over the musty sitting-room with its impossible carpet. She would be glad to see it soaked—it might put a little color into it, temporarily at least, and lay the dust of ages. But, sitting up, she felt herself enveloped in a gale of wind that played over the bed, and so wisely concluded that if she wished to see this court through without the risk of gripe or pneumonia complications, she had better close that window. So she slipped cautiously out of bed, nervously apprehensive of plunging her feet into a pool of water. It had not been the pitcher after all. Even after the window was closed there seemed to be much air in the room. The blind still flapped, though at longer intervals. If it really turned cold, how were they to live in that barn-like room, she and Mary? She thought of the campers out on the flat and shivered. She looked out of the window musingly a moment. It was dark. She wondered if Gordon had come home. Of course he was home. It must be nearly morning. Her feet were getting cold, so she crept back into bed. The next thing of which she was conscious, Mary was shaking her excitedly.

"What is it?" she asked, sleepily.

"Louise! There's a fire somewhere! Listen!"

Some one rushed quickly through the hall; others followed, knocking against the walls in the darkness. Then the awful, heart-clutching clang of a bell rang out—near, insistent, metallic. It was the meeting-house bell. There was no other in the town. The girls sprang to the floor. The thought had found swift lodgment in the mind of each that the hotel was on fire, and in that moment Louise thought of the poisoned meat that had once been served to some archenemies of the gang whose chief was now on trial for his liberty. So quickly does the brain work under stress of great crises, that, even before she had her shoes and stockings on, she found herself wondering who was the marked victim this time. Not Williston—he was dead. Not Gordon—he slept in his own room back of the office. Not Langford—he was bunking with his friend in that same room. Jim Munson? Or was the judge the proscribed one? He was not a corrupt judge. He could not be bought. It might be he. Mary had gone to the window.

"Louise!" she gasped. "The courthouse!"

True. The cloudy sky was reddened above the poor little temple of justice where for day and weeks the tide of human interest of a big part of the north-west country, maybe—had been steadily setting in and had reached its culmination only yesterday, when a gray-eyed, drooping-shouldered, firm-faced young man had at last faced quietly in the bar of his court the defier of the cow country. To-night, it would dance its little measure, recite its few lines on its little stage of popularity before an audience frenzied with appreciation and interest; tomorrow, it would be a heap of ashes, its scene played out.

"My note books!" cried Louise, in a flash of comprehension. She dressed hastily. Shirt waist was too intricate, so she threw on a gay Japanese kimono; her jacket and walking skirt concealed the limitations of her attire.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mary, also putting on clothes which were easy of adjustment. She had never gone to fires in the old days before she had come to South Dakota; but if Louise went—gentle, highbred Louise—why, she would go too, that was all there was about it. She had constituted herself Louise's guardian in this rough life that must be so alien to the eastern girl. Louise had been very good to her. Louise's startled cry about her note books carried little understanding to her. She was not used to court and its ways.

They hastened out into the hallway and down the stairs. They saw no one whom they knew, though men were still dodging out from unexpected places and hurrying down the street. It seemed impossible that the inconveniently built, diminutive prairie hotel could accommodate so many people. Louise found herself wondering where they had been packed away. The men, carelessly dressed as they were, their hair shaggy and unkempt, always with pistols in belt or hip-pocket or hand, made her shiver with dread. They looked so wild and weird and fierce in the dimly lighted hall. She clutched Mary's arm nervously, but no thought of returning entered her mind. Probably the judge was already on the court-house grounds. He would want to save some valuable books he had been reading in his official quarters. So they went out into the bleak and windy night. They were immediately enveloped in a wild gust that nearly swept them off their feet as it came tearing down the street. They clung together for a moment.

"It'll burn like hell in this wind!" some one cried, as a bunch of men hurried past them. The words were literally whipped out of his mouth. "Won't save a thing."

Flames were bursting out of the front windows upstairs. The sky was all alight. Sparks were tossed madly southward by the wind. There was grave danger for buildings other than the one already doomed. The roar of the wind and the flames was well-nigh deafening. The back windows and stairs seemed clear.

"Hurry, Mary, hurry!" cried Louise, above the roar, and pressed forward, stumbling and gasping for the breath that the wild wind coveted. It was not far they had to go. There was a jam of men in the yard. More were coming up. But there was nothing to do. Men shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders and watched the progress of the inevitable with the placidity engendered of the potent: "It can't be helped." But some things might have been saved that were not saved had the first on the grounds not rested so securely on that quieting inevitability. As the girls came within the crowded circle of light, they overheard something of a gallant attempt on the part of somebody to save the county records—they did not hear whether or no the attempt had been successful. They made their way to the rear. It was still dark.

(To Be Continued.)



"Won't Save a Thing."

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(To Be Continued.)

Picked Up in Pennsylvania

NEW KENSINGTON.—The board of health has directed that all cases of typhoid fever in the borough be placarded hereafter.

BUTLER.—With the skull fractured, the body of John Descent, aged 45, a laborer, was found in a ravine. Descent had \$80 in his pockets and this is missing.

FRANKLIN.—Mrs. Mary Gormley died near Franklin, aged 102 years. She was born in Franklin and lived in New York and Pittsburg before she came back here.

SCRANTON.—The seventh annual convention of the postoffice clerks adopted a resolution asking legislation by congress for increased wages and summer vacations.

OIL CITY.—George Buchanan, aged 55, janitor of the public schools at Tidoune, committed suicide by hanging in the basement of the building. Ill health was the cause.

GREENSBURG.—Jacob Fox, aged 74, dropped dead at the Keystone hotel from heart failure. He was a brother-in-law of Daniel Dillinger, the distiller. Mr. Fox was wealthy.

WASHINGTON.—Married June 6, 1902; divorced November 3, 1906; remarried May 18, 1908. Such is the matrimonial record of Cannonburg and his wife, Margaret Henderson.

HARRISBURG.—The Pennsylvania building at the Jamestown exposition has been sold to private parties for \$3,000. The building cost \$31,000 and was a replica of Independence Hall.

WASHINGTON.—Of the 28 persons who took the examination for mine foremen in the Sixteenth district at Brownsville, nine were successful for first grade certificates and one passed for second grade.

BROOKVILLE.—Edward Kerwin of Arcade, N. Y., died of injuries sustained in a gas explosion in the Sigel oil field. Sylvester Covil, who was working with Kerwin, was seriously burned, but will recover.

KITTANNING.—The comptroller of the currency has appointed Frank R. McCormick receiver for the First National bank of East Brady, which recently closed. William J. Robinson held the office temporarily.

MONONGAHELA.—Dogs attacked a flock of prize winning sheep on the farm of Joseph Lytle and killed 24, besides injuring others. The sheep were of imported stock and valued at \$350. The law will allow \$118.

BEAVER FALLS.—Lightning struck the residence of Calvin Ecklin at Homewood, tearing out a corner of the building and doing much damage. Miss Helen Nicholson and a little child of Mr. Ecklin were rendered unconscious for several hours.

LEWISBURG.—Through a misunderstanding of orders two Reading passenger trains collided at a curve just north of here. Both engines were badly wrecked. Twelve passengers and the crew of the southbound train were injured, none fatally.

MONONGAHELA.—After being robbed of all their money and valuables, five foreigners on their way home from Gallatin were cursed by 12 of their own countrymen because they had no more cash and four of them shot, one perhaps fatally.

UNIONTOWN.—Members of the state constabulary, county detectives and a large number of citizens searched this vicinity for the unknown assailant of Mary Kolesca, 11 years old, and Helen Swink, 13 years old, who were seriously assaulted.

WASHINGTON.—Nearly 1,000 negroes were here recently to attend the anniversary and thanksgiving convention of the Second regiment of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows. Members of the order came from Pittsburg, Wheeling and other points.

PITTSBURG.—Ernest W. Bowman, former assistant cashier of the Citizens' National Bank of Tionesta, Pa., pleaded guilty in the United States court to a charge of aiding Joseph W. Landers and William C. Wyman in the abstracting of the bank's funds, amounting to over \$14,000.

BRADFORD.—While playing about a storehouse, Lester Woodworth, a young son of Mr. and Mrs. Riley Woodworth, had the misfortune to have a large grindstone fall over upon him, breaking one leg at the thigh and producing a number of bruises about the head and arms.

GREENSBURG.—The property of the Reese-Hammond Fire Brick Co. at Bolivar, this county, and Garfield, Indiana county, was sold to M. R. Murphy, representing the First National bank of Pittsburg, to satisfy a mortgage.

HARRISBURG.—The charges against St. Joseph's hospital in Reading have been found to be without foundation and a report to that effect has been made to the state board of charities. An investigation was made covering several weeks.

FORD CITY.—Mrs. Emory Flat is dead here from measles. Her three children had the disease, and through nursing them she contracted it.

GREENSBURG.—Harry F. Seenor, ex-sheriff of Westmoreland county and for years leader in county Republican politics, died at his home here.

SHAMOKIN.—The body of Michael Usher, aged 16 years, was found hanging from a tree with a rope around his neck. Foul play is suspected.

UNIONTOWN.—Orin J. Sturgis, managing editor and one of the owners of the Uniontown News-Standard, shot himself in the head and died a few moments later.

JOHNSTOWN.—Seven persons are known to have been injured and great damage was done by a terrific windstorm which followed a narrow path through Johnstown.

KITTANNING.—A violent rain and windstorm passed over this section recently, doing heavy damage. Hall stripped the leaves from the trees and it is feared destroyed fruit.

WASHINGTON.—Attorney A. M. Linn of Washington has sold to A. S. Braswell a tract of land in Centerville for \$35,000. There are 14 acres of surface land and 60 acres of coal included in the deal.

HARRISBURG.—State police have been called into a probable murder case near Altoona, where a telephone foreman was found lying along a road. The belief is that the man was assaulted by foreigners.

PITTSBURG.—The extensive property of the Federal Coal and Coke Co. near Fairmont, W. Va., has been purchased by the New England Gas and Coke Co. of Boston for a spot cash consideration of \$1,250,000.

WILKESBARRE.—William Caparone, a young Italian of Hilldale, was shot while returning to his home and he is not expected to recover. Two other Italians were arrested on suspicion of having fired the shots.

OIL CITY.—James Green of Greensburg was found near the Pennsylvania railroad station at Tionesta with a knife wound in his throat. Green says he was held up by two highwaymen, who robbed him of \$17.

GREENVILLE.—Frederick Donaldson, son of a prominent doctor, and Miss Violet Carmen, his companion, were shot but not seriously injured by L. Thomas, an Italian, as they were about to board a train. The assailant was arrested.

UNIONTOWN.—In an encounter with chicken thieves in which shot-guns were used George A. Stewart, a farmer at Thompson No. 1, was peppered with more than 125 shot. One of the shots punctured his throat, inflicting a dangerous wound.

PHILADELPHIA.—Frank A. Munsey announced he has leased the building on Chestnut street so long occupied by the Evening Bulletin, and says that within a few weeks he will establish a new evening newspaper. The new paper will be independent in politics.

PHILADELPHIA.—Thieves entered the armory of the Third regiment of the national guard in this city and obtained the silver and gold medal bars awarded by hie state to members of the regiment who had qualified on the ranges during the past year.

KITTANNING.—Hundreds of men will get work on new roads to be built in Armstrong county. Manor township has awarded a contract to P. F. McCann of Greensburg at \$43,549.43. The bid of H. C. Hinkle of Altoona, \$40,446.20, for reconstruction of the road in South Buffalo township has been accepted.

UNIONTOWN.—The River mine of the H. C. Frick Coke Co. at South Brownsville, which has been idle since April 1, 1906, will resume operations as soon as the plant can be put in shape to start. No coke had ever been made at this plant, but the Frick company has engineers staking out a string of 500 ovens.

BURGETTSTOWN.—Mrs. Samuel Bridgeman, who was found half-conscious in the yard of her home, told on reviving a tale of maltreatment at the hands of a foreign robber. The woman was left alone. A roughly dressed foreigner surprised her in the kitchen, took a pocketbook containing \$7, and left her securely bound.

UNIONTOWN.—Frank Cooch, alleged to be an agent for Joseph F. Freeport, Pittsburg, was arrested on a charge of bringing liquor into Fayette county and disposing of it at Arnold City, which is in a local option district.

REYNOLDSVILLE.—While attempting to take a flash-light picture in a room in the Imperial hotel I. D. Kelz, a photographer, was hurt and four men narrowly escaped injury through the explosion of a new device for making the illumination.

MARK TWAIN ON MONEY.

Humorist Points Out What He Considers Some Wrong Conceptions.

Mark Twain said that the financial panic has caused a wrong idea of the use and value of money.

"The spendthrift says that money, being round, was made to roll. The miser says that, being flat, it was made to stack up. Both are wrong.

"Strangely wrong, too, in their ideas about money are the veteran Australian gold diggers. These simple old fellows, though worth perhaps a half million or more, live in the simple dug-out and shanties of their lean early days.

"Once, lecturing, I landed at an Australian port. There was no porter in sight to carry my luggage. Seeing a rough-looking old fellow leaning against a post with his hands in his pockets, I beckoned to him and said: "See here, if you carry these bags up to the hotel I'll give you half a crown."

"The man scowled at me. He took three or four gold sovereigns from his pocket, threw them into the sea, scowled at me again, and walked away without a word."

AMENITIES.

"And you call yourself honest? Hah!"

"Sir, I keep the commandments."

"That must be because you've got an idea that they belong to somebody else."

His Quick Recovery.

"I was so glad," said Mrs. Oldenstle, "to see Dr. Goodleigh in the pulpit again last Sunday. He had such a time of it. Dear me, it must be perfectly dreadful to have one's appendix removed. I read it so that I don't know what I should do if I had to undergo an operation. They said, when the doctor went to the hospital, that he wouldn't be out again for a month or more."

"I know it," replied her hostess as she started the diamond-studded phonograph. "but I guess he recuperated a good deal faster than they expected."

The Objects of Her Feelings.

"Patrick," rushed the amorous Widow O'Leary. "O've long 'anted t' confess t' ye th' state iv me feelin's toward ye, an' now O! must tell ye thot O! love ivry hair iv y'r head!"

"Thin, if ye do," replied the amantine Patrick, who has just come from the barber's. "O'll tell ye, Mrs. O'Leary, thot were ye in Casey's barber shop around th' corner, ye'd find Casey sweepin' th' objects iv y'r feelin's into his dustpan at th' present moment!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

HOUSE WORK

Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to duty.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they suffer in silence, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to these faithful women that

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND comes as a boon and a blessing, as it did to Mrs. F. Ellsworth, of Mayville, N. Y., and to Mrs. W. P. Boyd, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who say:

"I was not able to do my own work, owing to the female trouble from which I suffered. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me wonderfully, and I am so well that I can do as big a day's work as I ever did. I wish every sick woman would try it.

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.