

SERIAL STORY
LANGFORD of the THREE BARS
By **KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES**
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SYNOPSIS.

Cattle thieves despoiling ranches of South Dakota. George Williston, small ranchman, runs into rendezvous of thieves on island in Missouri river. They have stolen cattle from Three Bar ranch. Langford visits Williston and his daughter and Williston reports what he has seen to Langford, who determines to rid country of thieves. Jesse Black heads outlaws. Langford falls in love with Williston's daughter, but does not tell her so. Louise Dale, court stenographer, and niece of Judge Dale, visits Kemah at request of county attorney, Gordon, to take testimony in preliminary hearing. Gordon falls in love with her. After preliminary examination Williston's home is attacked and defended by his daughter and himself. Outlaws fire building just as Langford and his cowboys arrive. Outlaws carry off Williston but Langford rescues the daughter. Without Williston evidence against Black is meager, and case seems to be going against the state. Gordon takes a night ride and finds Williston, who has escaped from captors. The courthouse at Kemah burns at night. Williston holds a tea party in his room following court case, and Mary Williston and Louise Dale attend. Court convenes in the church, and Williston's testimony is introduced by Gordon. Black, seeing his case lost, makes break for liberty, and escapes. Louise from her hotel room in the night sees a man in the act of shooting Gordon through the window of his room across the street. She arouses Mary who shoots at the would-be assassin, but too late, for Gordon is seriously wounded. While they are attending Gordon it is learned that Williston has also been shot. Still has come and Jesse Black is still a fugitive from justice. Paul Langford learns that the outlaw has been hiding on the island all the time. He secures a bench warrant from Judge Dale and heads a brave posse to capture Black.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

The sun struggled from behind rain-exhausted clouds, and a rollicking wind blew up. The clouds skurried away toward the horizon.

At White river ford, the men looked at each other in mute inquiry. The stream was a raging torrent. It was swollen until it was half again its ordinary width. The usually placid waters were rushing and twisting into whirlpool-like rapids.

"What now?" asked Baker, the deputy-sheriff.

"I'm thinkin' this here little pleasure party'll have to be postponed," vouchsafed one of the volunteers, nodding his head wisely.

"We'll sure have to wait for the cloud-burst to run out," agreed another.

"Why, we can swim that all right," put in Langford, rallying from his momentary set-back and riding his mount to the very edge of the swirling water.

"Hold on a minute there, Boss," cried Jim. "Don't be rash now. What's the census of 'pinion' o' this here company? Shall we risk the ford or shall we not?"

"Why, Jim," said Paul, a laugh in his blue eyes, "are you afraid? What's come over you?"

"Nothin'." I ain't no coward neither, and of you wasn't the Boss I'd show you. I was just a thinkin' o'—somebody who'd care—that's all."

Just for a moment a far-away look came into the young ranchman's eyes. Then he straightened himself in his saddle.

"I, for one, am going to see this thing through," he said, tersely. "What do you say, Johnson?"

"I never for one minute calculated on doing a thing else," replied the deputy-marshall, who had been standing somewhat apart awaiting the end of the controversy, with a good-humored smile in his twinkling blue eyes.

Paul urged Sade into the water. He was followed unhesitatingly by Munson, Johnson, and Baker. The others held back, and finally, after a short consultation, wheeled and retraced their steps.

"I ain't no coward, neither," muttered one, as he rode away, "but I plumb don't see no sense in bein' drowned. I'd rather be killed a round-in' up Jesse."

The horses which had made the initial plunge were already in water up to their breasts. The current had an ominous rush to it.

"I don't care. I didn't mean to hold over and let our quarry get wind of this affair," cried Langford over his shoulder. "Keep your rifles dry, boys!" Suddenly, without warning, Sade stepped into a hole and lost her balance for a moment. She struggled gallantly and recovered herself, yet it weakened her. It was not long before all the horses were compelled to swim, and the force of the current immediately began driving them down stream. She was a plucky little cow pony and loved her master, but it was about all she could do to keep from going under, let alone making much headway against the tremendous pressure of the current. Langford's danger was grave.

"Steady, my girl!" he encouraged. He flung his feet free of the stirrups so that, if she went under, he would be ready to try it alone. Poor Sade! He should hate to lose her. If he released her now and struck off by himself, she might make it. He had never known White river to run so sullenly and

strongly; it would be almost impossible for a man to breast it. And there was Mary—he could never go back to her and claim her for his own until he could bring Black back, too, to suffer for her father's wrongs.

At that moment, Sade gave a little convulsive shudder and the water rolled over her head. Langford slipped from the saddle, but in the instant of contact with the pushing current, his rifle was jerked violently from his hand and sank out of sight. With no time for vain regrets, he struck out for the shore. The struggle was tremendous. He was buffeted and beaten, and borne farther down the stream. More than once in the endeavor to strike too squarely across, his head went under; but he was a strong swimmer, and soon scrambling up the bank some distance below the ford, he turned and sent a resonant hail to his comrades. They responded lustily. He had been the only one unhorsed. He threw himself face downward to cough up some of the water he had been compelled to swallow, and Munson, running up, began slapping him vigorously upon the back. He desisted only to run swiftly along the bank.

"Good for you," Jim cried approvingly, assisting Langford's spent horse up the bank. Coming up to the party where Langford still stretched out full length, Sade rubbed her nose inquiringly over the big shoulders lying so low, and whinnied softly.

"Hello there!" cried Paul, springing excitedly to his feet. "Where'd you come from? Thought you had crossed the bar. Now I'll just borrow a gun from one of you fellows and we'll be getting along. Better my rifle than my horse at this stage of the game, anyway."

The little party pushed on. The longer half of their journey was still before them. On the whole, perhaps, it was better the crowd had split. There was more unity of purpose among those who were left. The sun was getting hot, and Langford's clothes dried rapidly.

Arrived at the entrance of the cross ravine which Williston had once sought out, the four men rode their horses safely through its length. The waters of the June rise had receded and the outlaw's presumably deserted holding was once more a peninsula. The wooded section in the near distance lay green, cool and innocent—



"Steady My Girl!" He Encouraged.

looking in the late summer sun. The sands between stretched out hot in the white glare. From the gulch covert, the wiry marshal rode first. His face bore its wonted expression of good-humored alertness, but there was an inscrutable glint in his eyes that might have found place there because of a sure realization of the hazard of the situation and of his accepting it. Langford followed him quickly, and Munson and Baker were not far behind. They trotted breezily across the open in a bunch, without words. Where the indistinct trail to the house slipped into the wooded enclosure they paused. Was the desperado at last really rounded up so that he must either submit quickly or turn at bay? It was so still. Spots of sunlight had filtered through the foliage and flecked the pathway. Insects flitted about. Bumble bees droned. Butterflies hovered over the snow-on-the-mountain. A turtle dove mourned. A snake glided sinuously through the grass. Peering down the warm, shaded interior, one might almost imagine one was in the heart of an ancient wood. The drowsy suggestions of solitude crept in upon the sensibilities of all the men and filled them with vague doubts. If this was the haunt of a man, a careless, sordid man, would this place which knew him breathe forth so sweet, still, and undisturbed a peace?

Langford first shook himself free of the haunting fear of a deserted hearthstone.

"I'd stake my all on my belief that he's there," he said, in a low voice. "Now listen, boys. Johnson and I will ride to the house and make the arrest, providing he doesn't give us the slip. Baker, you and Jim will remain here in ambush in case he does. He's bound to come this way to reach the mainland. Ready, Johnson?"

Jim interposed. His face was flinty with purpose.

"Not of the court knows herself, and I think she do. Me and Johnson will do that there little arrestin' job and the boss he'll stay here in the ambush. Ef anybody's a countin' on my totin' the boss's openwork body back to Mary Williston, it's high time he was a losin' the count, for I ain't goin' to do it."

He guided his horse straight into the path.

"But, Jim," expostulated Langford, laying a detaining hand on the cowboy's shoulder, "as for danger, there's

every bit as much—and more—here. Do you think Jesse Black will tamely sit down and wait for us to come up and nab him? I think he'll run."

"Then why are you a shirkin', ef this is the worst spot o' all? You ain't no coward, boss, leastways you never was. Why don't you stay by it? That's what I'd like to know."

Johnson grinned appreciatively.

"Well, there's always the supposition that he may not see us until we ride into his clearing," admitted Langford. "Of course, then—it's too late."

Jim blocked the way.

"I'm an ornery, no-count cowboy with no one in this hull world to know or care what becomes o' me. There ain't no one to care but me, and I can't say I'm a hurtin' myself a carin'! You just wait till I screech, will you?"

"Jim," said Langford, huskily, "you go back and behave yourself. I'm the boss—not you. You've got to obey orders. You've sassed me long enough. You get back, now!"

"Tell Mary, ef I come back a dead-er," said Jim, "that women are s'perfluous critters, but I forgive her. She can't help bein' a woman."

He gave his horse a dig with his knee and the animal bounded briskly forward.

"Jim! You fool boy! Come back!" cried Langford, plunging after him.

Johnson shrugged his shoulders and wheeled his horse into clever concealment on one side of the path.

"Let the fool kids go," he advised, dryly. "I'm a lookin' for Jess to run, anyway."

The two men rode boldly up toward the house. It seemed deserted. Weeds were growing around the door-stoop, and crowding thickly up to the front windows. A spider's silver web gleamed from casing to panel of the warped and weather-stained door. The windows were blurred with the tricklings of rain through seasons of dust. Everything appeared unkempt, forlorn, desolate.

There was a sound from the rear. It carried a stealthy significance. A man leaped from the protection of the cabin and was seen running toward the barn. He was heavily armed.

"Stop that, Black!" yelled Langford, authoritatively. "We are going to take you, dead or alive—you'd better give yourself up! It will be better for you."

The man answered nothing.

"Wing him with your rifle, Jim, before he gets to the barn," said Paul quickly.

The shot went wild. Black wrenched the door open, sprang upon the already bridled horse and made a bold dash for the farther wood—and not in the direction where determined men waited in ambush. What did it mean. As his horse cleared the stable, he turned and shot a vindictive challenge to meet his pursuers.

"You won't take me alive—and dead, I won't go alone!"

He plunged forward in a northerly direction. Dimly he could be seen through the underbrush; but plainly could be heard the crackling of branches and the snapping of twigs as his horse whipped through the low-lying foliage. Was there, then, another way to the mainland—other than the one over which Johnson and Baker kept guard? How could it be? How Langford longed for his good rifle and its carrying power. But he knew how to use a pistol, too. Both men sent menacing shots after the fugitive. Langford could not account for the strange direction. The only solution was that Black was leading his pursuers a chase through the woods, hoping to decoy them so deeply into the interior that he might, turning suddenly and straightly, gain time for his desperate sprint across the exposed stretch of sand. If this were true, Baker and Johnson would take care of him there.

Black returned the fire vengeance. A bullet scraped his horse's flank. His hat was shot from his head. He turned savagely in his saddle with a yell of defiance.

"You'll never take me alive!"

The fusillade was furious, but the trees and branches proved Black's friends. It was impossible to judge one's aim aright. His horse staggered. Another bullet sang and purred through the foliage, and the horse fell.

"My God, Jim!" cried Langford. "My cartridges are out! Give me your gun!"

For answer, Jim sent another bullet whistling forward. Black, rising from his fallen horse, fell back.

"I got him!" yelled Jim, exultantly. He spurred forward.

"Careful, Jim!" warned Langford. "He may be 'playing possum,' you know."

"You stay where you are," cried Jim. "You ain't got no gun. Stay back, you fool boss!"

Langford laughed a little.

"You're the fool boy, Jim," he said. "I'll go without a gun if you won't give me yours."

They rode cautiously up to the prostrate figure. It was lying face downward, one arm outstretched on the body of the dead horse, the other crumpled under the man's breast. Blood oozed from under his shoulder.

"He's done for," said Jim, in a low voice. In the presence of death all hatred had gone from him. The man apparently had paid all he could of his debts on earth. The body lying there so low was the body of a real man. What ever his crimes, he had been a fine type of physical manhood. He had never cringed. He had died like a man, fighting to the last.

(To Be Continued.)

Quite Laughable.

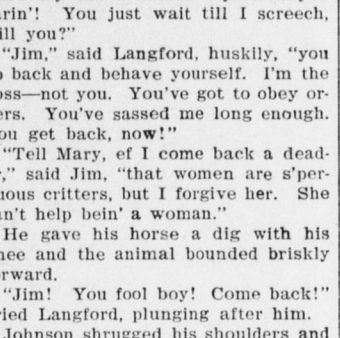
"That was quite a joke in the millionaire colony." "What was it?" "Why, it seems that somebody there had been married once before and had forgotten it."

THE DAIRY

PRACTICAL CALF WEANER.

Board Fitted to Nose Will Prevent Sucking Mother.

Cut out one side of a piece of board four inches square so as to fit the calf's nose as shown in the accompanying illustration. It can eat



The Calf Weaner.

without difficulty, says the Prairie Farmer, but in trying to reach the mother the board will hurt the nose and it will soon stop trying.

DAIRYING WITH A SEPARATOR.

It Makes the Work Much Easier and Gets More Cream.

I have just had my first experience with a cream separator, writes a woman correspondent of Farm and Home. At first, or until I had some experience in washing and taking care of it as it should be, I thought that it made more work than in the setting of cans of milk in cold water, but since using it for four weeks, I find it is just the thing.

If one wishes to patronize the creamery, it is much better to have the separator cream to sell. One must always cool the new separated cream before putting it with other cream. It should always be churned at a lower temperature than the skimmed cream. I think that 56 degrees is about right for summer weather.

If butter is not of the right color it does no harm to use a good butter color. White butter never looks so nice as yellow butter, even though it tastes just as good. When one wishes to pack butter to keep for some time, it is best to put in a new jar, and after it is packed and tied up, turn the jar bottom side up in a good cool, dry place.

DAIRY NOTES.

Dehorn the calves with caustic potash as soon as the button begins to form on the head. If the operation is delayed till the little horn becomes a half inch long, the potash will prove ineffective or there will be a growth of deformed horns.

Feed extra well while the cows are shedding. They will need feed to keep up the flow of milk and an additional amount to make the new growth of hair. Feed rich in protein, such as bran, oats, chop, alfalfa, clover, oil meal and the like, are needed.

The first thing to take into consideration when feeding the dairy calf, especially the heifer that is intended for the dairy herd, is to see that it is kept growing from the time it is placed in the feeding lot till it has matured. Any neglect that will cause a standstill in growing will cause a dwarfing of the organs of milk production and the calf will not make the producer she should.

An Illinois reader has some cows that refuse to eat grain. Their tastes can tell better than the attendant what they should eat. We would have some oats and corn ground into chop and offer them this and, if they refuse, turn them into the pasture and let them make their gains on the pasture ration. Gains on pasture are usually the cheapest of all gains and it will mean more money in this questioner's purse than to feed grain.

Have a Good Dairy Herd.

No matter how small the dairy herd of the farm is, the farmer should take pride in having it a good herd. In some of our western states the average number of milch cows on farms is only two, three or four. But if these are all good cows, the returns to the farmer in a series of years will amount to a good deal. Many that own poor cows do not stop to figure out what they lose from having them. One thing they lose of which they never take an account and that is the profit on a good cow that could be kept in place of the cow that pays nothing or worse. Thus the cow that just pays her way and nothing else is in the place of a cow that might pay \$30 per year or more. That possible profit is part of the loss, and in ten years it amounts to \$300.

Change Pasture in Midsummer.

The pastures at time of the cattle being turned into them are generally good. Very little grain should be fed to cattle after they are turned into the pastures. In midsummer, when the pastures become short, the best method is to change pasture.

Sow turnip seed in season, particularly Swedish turnips, which need longer to mature. If sown too late the bulbs fail to reach profitable size.

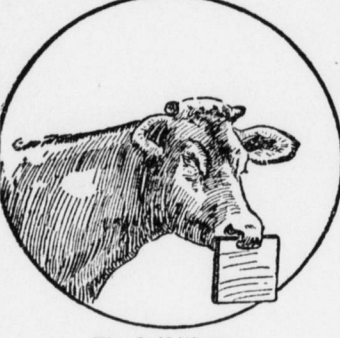
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Keep the cultivator going every week.

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