

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 Bars 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's 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 house fire, 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. Summer 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 posse to capture Black. The posse fords the river and routs the outlaw from his shanty.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

Jim slowly and thoughtfully slipped his revolver into its holster and dismounted. Langford, too, sprang lightly from his saddle. Black had been waiting for this. His trained ear had no sooner caught the soft rubbing sound of the pistol slipping into its leather case than he leaped to his feet and stretched out the crumpled arm with its deadly weapon pointing straight at the heart of Langford of the Three Bars. "Now, damn you, we're quits!" he cried, hoarsely.

There was not time for Jim to draw, but, agile as a cat, he threw himself against Black's arm and the bullet went wild. For a moment the advantage was his, and he wrested the weapon from Black's hand. It fell to the ground. The two men grappled. The struggle was short and fierce. Each strove with all the strength of his concentrated hate to keep the other's hand from his belt.

When the feet of the wrestlers left the fallen weapon free, Langford, who had been waiting for this opportunity, sprang forward and seized it with a thrill of satisfaction. Command of the situation was once more his. But the revolver was empty, and he turned to throw himself into the struggle empty-handed. Jim would thus be given a chance to draw.

At that moment Black twisted his arm free and his hand dropped like a flash to his belt, where there was a revolver that was loaded. Jim hugged him closely, but it was of no use. The bullet tore its cruel way through his side. His arms relaxed their hold—he slipped—slowly—down—down. Black shook himself from him impatiently and wheeled to meet his great enemy. "Quits at last!" he said, with an ugly smile.

Quits indeed! For Jim, raising himself slightly, was able to draw at last; and even as he spoke, the outlaw fell. "Jim, my boy," said Langford, huskily. He was kneeling, Jim's head in his arms. "Well, boss," said Jim, trying to smile. His eyes were clear. "It was my affair, Jim, you ought not to have done it," said Langford, brokenly.

"It's all right—boss—don't you worry—I saw you—in the hall that night. You are—the boss. Tell Mary so. Tell her I was glad—to go—so you could go to her—and it would be—all right. She—loves you—boss—you needn't be afraid."

"Jim, I cannot bear it; I must go in your stead." "To Mary—yes." His voice sank lower and lower. An added paleness stole over his face, but his eyes looked into Langford's serenely, almost happily. "Go—to Mary in my stead—boss," he whispered. "Tell her Jim gave his boss—to her—when he had to go—I used to think it was 'Mouse-hair'—I am glad it is—Mary—tell her good-bye—tell her the Three Bars wouldn't be the same to Jim with a woman in it anyway—tell her—"

And with a sigh Jim died.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Party at the Lazy S. Mary stared thoughtfully into the mirror. It was a better one than the silver into which she had looked more than a year before, when Paul Langford came riding over the plains to the

Lazy S. A better house had risen from the ashes of the homestead laid waste by the cattle rustlers. Affairs were well with George Williston now that the hand of no man was against him. He prospered.

Louise stepped to the door. "I am in despair, Mary," she said whimsically. "Mrs. White has ordered me out of the kitchen. What do you think of that?"

"Louise! Did you really have the hardihood to presume to encroach on Mother White's preserves—you—a mere bride of five months' standing? You should be grateful she didn't take the broom to you." "She can cook," said Louise laughing. "I admit that. I only offered to peel potatoes. When one stops to consider that the whole county is coming to the 'house-warming' of the Lazy S, one can't help being worried about potatoes and such minor things."

"Do you think the whole county is coming, Louise?" asked Mary. "Of course," said Louise Gordon, positively, slipping away again. She was a welcome guest at the ranch, and her heart was in the success of tonight's party.

Mary had dressed early. As hostess, she had laid aside her short skirt, leather leggings, and other boyish "fixings" which she usually assumed for better ease in her life of riding. She was clad simply in a long black skirt and white shirt-waist. Her hair was coiled in thick braids about her well-shaped head, lending her a most becoming stateliness.

Would Paul Langford come? He had been bidden. Her father could not know that he would not care to come. Her father did not know that she had sent Langford away that long-ago night in December and that he had not come back—at least to her. Naturally, he had been bidden first to George Williston's "house-warming." The men of the Three Bars and of the Lazy S were tried friends—but he would not care to come.

Listen! Some one was coming. It was much too soon for guests. The early October twilight was only now creeping softly over the landscape. It was a still evening. She heard distinctly the rhythmic pound of hoof-beats on the hardened trail. Would the rider go on to Kemah, or would he turn in at the Lazy S?

"Hello, the house!" hailed the horseman, cheerily, drawing rein at the very door. "Hello, within!"

The visitor threw wide the door, and Williston's voice called cordially: "Come in, come in, Langford! I am glad you came early."

"Will you send Mary out, Williston? I need your chore boy to help me water Sade here."

The voice was merry, but there was a vibrant tone in it that made the listening girl tremble a little. Langford never waited for opportunities. He made them.

Mary came to the door with quiet self-composure. She had known from the first the stranger was Langford.

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a little—"if it hadn't been for Jim. Black would have killed me. I thought I could do it. I meant to have you. Jim said it was all the same—his doing it in my stead. I came to-night to ask you if it is the same. Is it, Mary?"

She did not answer for a little while. How still a night it was! Lights twinkled from the windows of "It is the same," she said at last, brokenly.

Her eyes were heavy with unshed tears. "But I never meant it, Paul. I was wild that night, but I never meant that you or—Jim should take life or—give yours. I never meant it!" His heart leaped, but he did not touch her.

"Do you love me?" he asked. She turned restlessly toward the house. "My father will be wanting me," she said. "I must go."

"You shall not go until you have told me," he said. "You must tell me. You never have, you know. Do you love me?"

"You have not told me, either," she resisted. "You are not fair."

He laughed under his breath, then bent his sunny head—close. "Have you forgotten so soon?" he whispered.

Suddenly he caught her to him strongly, as was his way. "I will tell you again," he said, softly. "I love you, my girl, do you hear? There is no one but you in all the world."

The fair head bent closer and closer, then he kissed her—the little man-coated figure in his arms. "I love you," he said.

She trembled in his embrace. He kissed her again. "I love you," he repeated. She hid her face on his breast. He lifted it gently.

"I tell you—I love you," he said. He placed her arms around his neck. She pressed her lips to his, once, softly.

"I love you," she whispered. "My girl, my girl!" he said in answer. The confession was far sweeter than he had ever dreamed. He held her cheek pressed close to his for a long moment.

"The Three Bars is waiting for its mistress," he said at last, exultantly. "A mistress and a new foreman all at once—the boys will have to step lively."

"A new foreman?" asked Mary in surprise. "I did not know you had a new foreman."

"I shall have one in a month," he said, smiling. "By that time George Williston will have sold the Lazy S for good money, invested the proceeds in cattle, turned the whole bunch in to range with the Three Bars herds, and on Nov. 1 he will take charge of the wordly affairs of one Paul Langford and his wife of the Three Bars."

"Really, Paul?" The brown eyes shone with pleasure. "Really, Mary."

"Has my father consented?" "No, but he will when he finds I cannot do without him and when—I marry his daughter."

Hoof-beats on the sod! The guests were coming at last. The beats rang nearer and nearer. From Kemah, from the Three Bars trail, from across country, they were coming. All the neighborhood ranchmen and homesteaders with their families and all the available cowboys had been bidden to the frolic. The stableyard was filling. Hearty greetings, loud talking and laughter floated out on the still air.

Laughing like children caught in a prank the two at the spring clasped hands and ran swiftly to the house. Breathless but radiant, Mary came forward to greet her guests while Langford slipped away to put up Sade.

The revel was at its highest. Mary and Louise were distributing good things to eat and drink to the hungry cowmen. The rooms were so crowded many stood without looking in at the doors and windows. The fragrance of hot coffee drifted in from the kitchen.

Langford stood up. A sudden quiet fell upon the people. "Friends and neighbors," he said, "shall we drink to the prosperity of the Lazy S, the health and happiness of its master and its mistress?"

The health was drunk with cheers and noisy congratulations. Conversation began again, but Langford still stood.

"Friends and neighbors," he said again. His voice was grave. "Let us drink to one—not with us to-night—a brave man—in spite of himself his voice broke—"let us drink to the memory of Jim Munson."

Silently all rose and drank. They were rough men and women, most of them, but they were a people who held personal bravery among the virtues. Many stood with dimmed eyes, picturing that final scene on the island in which a brave man's life had closed. Few there would soon forget Jim Munson, cow-puncher of the Three Bars.

There was yet another toast Langford was to propose to-night. Now was the opportune time. Jim would have wished it so. It was fitting that this toast follow Jim's—it was Jim who had made it possible that it be given. He turned to Mary and touched her lightly on the shoulder.

"Will you come, Mary?" he said. She went with him, wondering. He led her to the center of the room. His arm fell gently over her shoulders. Her cheeks flushed with the sudden knowledge of what was coming, but she looked at him with perfect trust and unquestioning love.

"Friends and neighbors," his voice rang out so that all might hear, "I ask you to drink to the health and happiness of the future mistress of the Three Bars!"

"THE END."



GOOD SOIL. It Can Be Made Out of Poor Soil If Handled Right.

Good soil is a requisite of successful farming. Poor soil can often be made good soil with the right kind of treatment. In Europe it has been a common practice to entirely change the character of a soil. This is not all done at once, but is often accomplished by easy stages.

Thus, a too sandy soil can have its character modified by the addition of clay. But hauling clay is expensive and it takes a great deal of clay to modify the condition of the more than 40,000 square feet of land comprised in an acre.

But the man that owns the land realizes that this mechanical change once made is made permanently. He argues that the treated land is to be used for all time and that the expense of changing the land should not all be charged against a single year.

When a man with an acre of sandy land to modify begins to figure, he works out the problem something like this: If a layer of clay two inches thick is put over an acre of land it means about 7,000 cubic feet of clay to be shoveled, hauled and spread on the land. A load of 35 cubic feet of clay is a good load to be hauled at one time, and with that size load it would take 200 loads to get the clay onto the land. That looks like a colossal task. But what is an acre of good land worth if it is located just right?

We have seen sandy acres uncultivated because they did not contain enough clay to render them profitable for farming purposes, while they were so located as to be very valuable for intensive purposes if properly ameliorated.

A little improvement each year will in the course of many years change useless soil into good soil, says the Farmers' Review, and that good soil for all time, so far as its mechanical structure is concerned. The plant food supply and exhaustion is another question.

Plant food is sometimes taken out of good soil to such an extent that it becomes unproductive. But such food can always be put back at a much less cost than the value of the same amount of plant food in the crop in which it was taken out.

A good soil should be kept good by being farmed in the most intelligent manner. If it is poor soil, it should be made good in the numerous ways known to science. Our soils need to be studied to get out of them the best things that are in them. It should be remembered that soil is merely the medium that supports plants and that this medium can be made to carry little or much plant food according to the generosity of the cultivator in supplying the same.

WAGON END BOARD. How It Can Be Easily Made in Two Sections.

To make a breaking end board as shown in the accompanying illustration, use a board the width and length of an endgate and with a compass saw cut as shown by the curved line at A, B and C are hinges which are placed on the inside of the board so that the gate opens outward. D and E are the usual cleats fastened across the ends to strengthen them. F is a piece of one-eighth by three-fourths-inch strap iron attached with screws so the tail piece can be opened one way. G is put through a hole bored at H from the inside and fastened with screws, while I and J



Plan of the Breaking End Board.

screw on the outer end. It is not necessary to remove the tail screw entirely to open the gate, says the Prairie Farmer. To loosen it turn the button sideways and the gate will open.

HELPFUL HINTS.

He helps the Lord who helps the land. If you take our advice you will not try to seed grass with millet.

Wonderful how an acre of good alfalfa does fill up the hay mow. A western city proposes a fine of \$10 for every chicken allowed to run at large. What a paradise for garden lovers!

Cut the oats for hay when the grain will crush into a milk when pressed between the two thumb nails. The best method of paying for the farm is to make it productive.

No farmer can estimate his loss from weeds. They appear on every hand. No crop can be raised where they grow. Strive for a weedless crop.

The wheeled hoe saves a great deal of time in garden work.

A WORRISOME WEED. It is an Annual Plant, But Hard to Get Rid Of.

The common name is chickweed. The botanical name is Alsine media in Briton, and Brown's Illustrated Flora; but in Gray's Manual it is Stellaria media. It is a pernicious weed, but so often neglected and omitted from lists of troublesome weeds, probably because of its small size and inability to prove very destructive to larger cultivated plants. It is an annual plant, and in theory annual plants can be exterminated in one season by preventing them from producing a crop of seeds by which to perpetuate themselves.

In the case of this plant, however, the theory is not easily applied, says Country Gentleman, because of the peculiar characters of the pest. It is very hardy, rapid in its development, tenacious of life, persistent, and quite unobtrusive and harmless in appearance. Late or autumnal seedlings live through the winter, and in regions of mild, open winters they begin to flower and mature seeds even in February or March, before we are likely to think they need attention. The sample sent has a few dry, empty seed vessels on it. Others are yet green and unopened. There are also flowers and unopened buds, so that seed production may yet continue a long time in plants of the same age as this sample. Indeed, seed production may continue till freezing weather stops it in November or December. If the plants are dug up or plowed out and left on the ground they are likely to renew their growth unless they are put in piles and destroyed, or unless a prolonged period of dry, hot weather should deprive them of life.

Plowing infested fields in fall and seeding with rye or winter wheat may help keep it in check, or plowing early in spring and planting with some crop which shall receive frequent and thorough cultivation will not only destroy the young seedlings that may spring up, but will check seed production in the older plants. Spraying with a solution of sulphate of iron or copperas, one and one-half to two pounds to a gallon of water, has been used with success in subduing this weed. It should be applied in dry, clear weather.



Alsine Media—after Britton. Chickweed.

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Very great is the annual loss in the waste of fruits. It is a common thing for farmers to say when we try to sell them a bill of trees: "The ground is covered with apples now." "I had bushels of cherries that were never picked." "My plums rotted on the trees by thousands."

It is here that the waste is manifested; and waste is the cause of most of our poverty. "Waste not, want not," is a fine old maxim.

It is not always the sign of a good farmer to be too busy with corn and wheat and hogs to take care of the apples, writes Walter S. Smith in Indiana Farmer. Lee McDaniel of my own neighborhood boasted that he had never had a visitation of hog cholera on his farm. He raked up the fallen apples every morning and wheeled them out to the hogs. This was done as long as they dropped off prematurely. After they matured, many that fell off were good for use in some other way; then he asserted them and gave his hogs only the bad ones.

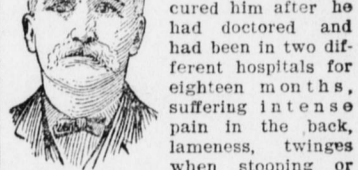
This plan worked a double advantage. First, it regulated the natural processes of digestion and assimilation in the swine. Second, it transported millions of insect eggs away from their field of mischief, and reduced the amount of damage. Then it kept the ground clear, so that when the better class of apples began to fall they were more easily attended to. Of course, judgment is required to know when the fruit will do to pick; and when it will do, picking should begin, thus to put an end to the falling of the fruit.

If there is a good cushion of grass for the apples to fall on, many of them fall without bruising, and are fully equal to picked apples.

Sorghum as Feed. Analysis show that considering the amount of protein and fat contained in sorghum it is about equal to timothy hay as feed. In point of the amount of nitrogen free extract it is about half as rich in these elements as timothy. Timothy contains five per cent. protein, 45 per cent. nitrogen free extract and three per cent. fat. Sorghum contains 4.5 per cent. protein, 23 per cent. nitrogen free extract and 3.25 per cent. fat.

PROOF FOR TWO CENTS. If You Suffer with Your Kidneys and Back, Write to This Man.

G. W. Winney, Medina, N. Y., invites kidney sufferers to write to him. To all who enclose postage he will reply, telling how Doan's Kidney Pills cured him after he had doctored and had been in two different hospitals for eighteen months, suffering intensely with pain in the back, lameness, twinges when stooping or



lifting, languor, dizzy spells and rheumatism. "Before I used Doan's Kidney Pills," says Mr. Winney, "I weighed 143. After taking 10 or 12 boxes I weighed 162 and was completely cured." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

BAD BLUNDER. Admiring Stranger—What a stunning rider! Er—do you think she would feel hurt if I should toss her a kiss?



"No, but you might feel hurt, sonny," replied the big stranger at his elbow. "That's my wife."

Overlooked. "I always distrust your judgment for some reason or other, John."

"Yes, and you have reason to; it serves me right!"

"Why, I cannot remember you ever having done anything to justify such a distrust."

"Have you forgotten that I married you?"—Houston Post.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Fitch.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

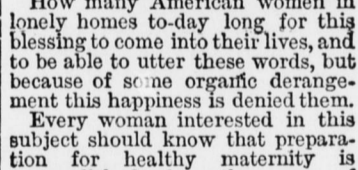
A Curious Fact. "Water swells wood."

"It must. I've often noticed that a novelist will wreck a skiff and then float enough timber onto the desert life to build a town."

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance and Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 301 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

One way to buy experience is to speculate in futures.

I AM A MOTHER



How many American women in lonely homes to-day long for this blessing to come into their lives, and to be able to utter these words, but because of some organic derangement this happiness is denied them.

Every woman interested in this subject should know that preparation for healthy maternity is accomplished by the use of

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND Mrs. Maggie Gilmer, of West Union, S. C., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I was greatly run-down in health from a weakness peculiar to my sex, when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. It not only restored me to perfect health, but to my delight I am a mother."

Mrs. Josephine Hall, of Bardstown, Ky., writes: "I was a very great sufferer from female troubles, and my physician failed to help me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound not only restored me to perfect health, but I am now a proud mother."

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.

WIDOWS' under NEW LAW obtained by JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.