

LANGFORD OF THE THREE BARS

BY KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES
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"I don't know," answered Louise thoughtfully. "But I thought it not wise to say too much to them. You are a witness, I believe you said."

"Then you think they are part of the gang?"

"I consider them at least sympathizers, don't you? They seemed down on the Three Bars."

In the Indian country at last. Mile after mile of level, barren stretches after the hill region had been left behind. Was there no end to the thirst-inspiring, monotonous, lonely reach of cacti? Prairie dogs, perched in front of their holes, chattered and scolded at them. The sun went down and a



Turned His Stanch Little Team Squarely.

refreshing coolness crept over the hard, baked earth. Still, there was nothing but distance anywhere in all the land, and a feeling of desolation swept over the girl.

The moon came up. Then there were miles of white moonlight and lonely plain. But for some time now there has been a light in front of them. It is as if it must be a will-o'-the-wisp. They never seem to get to it. But at last they are there. The door is wide open. A pleasant odor of bacon and coffee is wafted out to the tired travelers.

"Come right in," says the cheery voice of Mary. "How tired you must be, Miss Dale. Tie up, Jim, and come in and eat something before you go. Well, you can eat again—two suppers won't hurt you. I have kept things warm for you. Your train must have been late. Yes, dad is better, thank you. He'll be all right in the morning."

CHAPTER VII. The Preliminary.

Very early in the morning of the day set for the preliminary hearing of Jesse Black the young owner of the Three Bars rode over to Velpen. He identified and claimed the animal held over from shipment by Jim's pet.

"First time Billy Brown ever was taken in," he said, with great disgust.

Langford met with no interruption to his journey, either going or coming, although that good cow-puncher of his, Jim Munson, had warned him to look sharp to his pistols and mind the bridge. Jim being of a somewhat belligerent turn of mind, his boss had not taken the words with seriousness. As for the fracas at the pontoon, cowmen are touchy when it comes to a question of precedence, and it might well be that the inflammable Jim had brought the sudden storm down on his head. Paul Langford rode through the sweet early summer air without let or hindrance and looking for none. He was jubilant. Now was Williston's story verified. The county attorney, Richard Gordon, had considered Williston's story, coupled with his reputation for strict honesty, strong and sufficient enough to bind Jesse Black over to appear at the next regular term of the circuit court. Under ordinary circumstances the state really had an excellent chance of binding over; but it had to deal with Jesse Black, and Jesse Black had flourished for many years west of the river with an unsavory character, but with an almost awesome reputation for the phenomenal facility with which he slipped out of the net in which the law—in the person of its unpopular exponent, Richard Gordon—was so indefatigably endeavoring to enmesh him. The state was prepared for a hard fight. But now—here was the very steer Williston saw on the island with its Three Bars brand under Black's surveillance. Williston would identify it as the same. He, Langford, would swear to his own animal. The defense would not know he had regained possession and would not have time to readjust its evidence. It would fall down and hurt itself for the higher court, and Dick Gordon would know how to use any inadvertencies against it—when the time came. No wonder Langford was light-

hearted. In all his arrogant and unhampered career he had never before received such an affront to his pride and his sense of what was due to one of the biggest outfits that ranged cattle west of the river. Woe to him who had dared tamper with the concerns of Paul Langford of the Three Bars.

Williston drove in from the Lazy S in ample time for the mid-day dinner at the hotel—the hearing was set for 2 o'clock—but his little party contented itself with a luncheon prepared at home and packed neatly and appetizingly in a tin bucket. It was not likely there would be a repetition of bad meat. It would be poor policy. Still, one could not be sure, and it was most important that Williston ate no bad meat that day.

Gordon met them in the hot, stuffy little parlor of the hotel.

"It was good of you to come," he said to Louise, with grave sincerity.

"I didn't want to," confessed Louise, honestly. "I'm afraid it is too big and lonesome for me. I am sure I should have gone back to Velpen last night to catch the early train had it not been for Mary. She is so good."

"The worst is over now that you have conquered your first impulse to fly," he said.

"I cried, though. I hated myself for it, but I couldn't help it. You see I never was so far from home before."

He was an absorbed, hard-working lawyer. Years of contact with the plain, hard realities of rough living in a new country had dried up, somewhat, his stream of sentiment. Maybe the source was only blocked with debris, but certainly the stream was running dry. He could not help thinking that a girl who cries because she is far from home had much better stay at home and leave the grave things which are men's work to men. But he was a gentleman and a kindly one, so he answered quietly, "I trust you will like us better when you know us better," and, after a few more commonplace, went his way.

"There's a man," said Louise, thoughtfully, on the way to McAllister's office. "I like him, Mary."

"And yet there are men in this country who would kill him if they dared."

"Mary! what do you mean? Are there then so many cut-throats in this awful country?"

"I think there are many desperate men among the rustlers who would not hesitate to kill either Paul Langford or Richard Gordon since these prosecutions have begun. There are also many good people who think Mr. Gordon is just stirring up trouble and putting the county to expense when he can have no hope of conviction. They say that his failures encourage the rustlers more than an inactive policy would."

"People who argue like that are either tainted with dishonesty themselves or they are foolish, one of the two," said Louise, with conviction.

"Mr. Gordon has one stanch supporter, anyway," said Mary, smiling. "Maybe I had better tell him. Precious little encouragement or sympathy he gets, poor fellow."

"Please do not," replied Louise, quickly. "I wonder if my friend, Jim Munson, has managed to escape 'battle, murder and sudden death,' including death by poison, and is on hand with his testimony."

As they approached the office the crowd of men around the doorway drew aside to let them pass.

"Our chances of worming ourselves through that jam seem pretty slim to me," whispered Mary, glancing into the already overcrowded room.

"Let me make a way for you," said Paul Langford, as he separated himself from the group of men standing in front, and came up to them.

"I have watered my horse," he said, flashing a merry smile at Mary as he began shoving his big shoulders through the press, closely followed by the two young women.

It was a strange assembly through which they pressed; ranchmen and cowboys, most of them, just in from ranch and range, hot and dusty from long riding, perspiring freely, redolent of strong tobacco and the peculiar smell that betokens recent and intimate companionship with that part and parcel of the plains, the horse. The room was indeed hot and close and reeking with bad odors. There were also present a large delegation of cattle dealers and saloon men from Velpen, and some few Indians from Rosebud agency, whose curiosity was insatiable where the courts were concerned, far from picturesque in their ill-fitting, nondescript cowboy garments.

Yet they were kindly, most of the men gathered there. Though at first they refused, with stolid resentment, to be thus thrust aside by the breezy and aggressive owner of the Three Bars, planting their feet the more firmly on the rough, uneven floor, and serenely oblivious to any right of way so arrogantly demanded by the big shoulders, yet, when they perceived for whom they way was being made, most of them stepped hastily aside with muttered and abashed apologies. Here and there, however, though all made way, there would be no red-

my mouth when I was a blabbin' too much, just before the fun began. Oh, she's a cute'n!"

"Who were they, Jim?"

"One of 'em, I'm a thinkin'," was Jake Sanderson, a red-headed devil who came up here from hell, I reckon, or Wyoming, one of the two. Nobody knows his biz. But he'll look like a stepped-on potato bug 'gainst I git through with him. Didn't git on to t' other feller. Will next, you bet!"

"But what makes you think they are mixed up in this affair?"

"They had their eyes on me to see what was I a doin' in Velpen. And I was a doin' things, too."

Langford gave a long, low whistle of comprehension. That would explain the unexpected waiving of examination. Jesse Black knew the steer had been recovered and saw the futility of fighting against his being bound over.

"Now, ain't she a hummer?" insisted Jim, admiringly, but added slightly, "Homely, though, as all git-out. Mouse-hair. Plumb homely."

"On the contrary, I think she is plumb pretty," retorted Langford, a laugh in his blue eyes. Jim fairly gasped with chagrin.

Unconcerned, grinning, Black slouched to the door and out. Once straightened out that lazy-looking body and you would have a big man in Jesse Black. Yes, a big one and a quick one, too, maybe. The crowd made way for him unconsciously. No one jostled him. He was a marked man from that day. His lawyer, Small, leaned back in his chair, radiating waves of self-satisfaction as though he had just gained a disputed point. It was a manner he affected when not on the floor in a frenzy of words and muscular action.

Jim Munson contrived to pass by Jake Sanderson.

"So you followed me to find out about Mag, did you? Heap o' good it did you! We knew you knew," he bragged insultingly.

The man's face went white with wrath.

"Damn you!" he cried. His hand dropped to his belt.

The two glared at each like fighting cocks. Men crowded around, suddenly aware that a quarrel was on.

"The Three Bar's a gittin' busy!" jeered Jim.

"Come, Jim, I want you." It was Gordon's quiet voice. He laid a restraining hand on Munson's overzealous arm.

"Dick Gordon, this ain't your put-in," snarled Sanderson. "Git out the way!" He shoved him roughly aside.

"Now, snappin' turtle," to Jim, "the Three Bars 'd better git busy!"

A feint at a blow, a clever little twist of the feet, and Munson sprawled on the floor, men pressing back to give him the full force of the fall. They believed in fair play. But Jim, uncowed, was up with the nimbleness of a monkey.

"Hit away!" he cried, tauntingly. "I know 'nough to swear out a warrant 'gainst you! T' won't be no lonesome for Jesse now breakin' stones over to Sioux Falls."

"Jim!" It was Gordon's quiet, authoritative voice once more. "I told you I wanted you." He threw his arm over the belligerent's shoulder.

"Comin', Dick, I didn't mean to blab so much," Jim answered, contritely.

They moved away. Sanderson followed them up.

"Dick Gordon," he said with cool deliberateness, "you're too damned anxious to stick your nose into other people's affairs. Learn your lesson, will you? My favorite stunt is to teach meddlers how to mind their own business—this way."

It was not a fair blow. Gordon doubled up with the force of the punch in his stomach. In a moment all was confusion. Men drew their pistols. It looked as if there was to be a free-for-all fight.

Langford sprang to his friend's aid, using his fists with plentiful freedom in his haste to get to him.

"Never mind me," whispered Gordon. He was leaning heavily on Jim's shoulder. His face was pale, but he smiled reassuringly. There was something very sweet about his mouth when he smiled. "Never mind me," he repeated. "Get the girls out of this—quick, Paul."

Mary and Louise had sought refuge behind the big table.

"Quick, the back door!" cried Langford, leading the way; and as the three passed out, he closed the door behind them, saying, "You are all right now. Run to the hotel. I must see how Dick is coming on."

"Do you think he is badly hurt?" asked Louise. "Can't we help?"

"I think you had best get out of this as quickly as you can. I don't believe he is knocked out, by any means, but I want to be on hand for any future events which may be called. Just fly now, both of you."

The unfair blow in the stomach had given the sympathy of most of the bystanders, for the time being at least, to Gordon. Men forgot, momentarily, their grudge against him. Understanding from the black looks that he was not in touch with the crowd, Sanderson laughed—a short snort of contempt—and slipped out of the door. Unable to resist the impulse, Jim bounded out after his enemy.

When Paul hastened around to the front of the building, the crowd was nearly all in the street. The tension was relaxed. A dazed expression prevailed—brought to life by the suddenness with which the affair had developed to such interesting proportions and the quickness with which it had flattened out to nothing. For Sanderson had disappeared, completely, mysteriously, and in all the level landscape, there was no trace of him nor sign.

"See a balloon, Jim?" asked Langford, slapping him on the shoulder

—if not by personal acquaintance, certainly by hearsay.

Then came the first great surprise of this affair of many surprises. Jesse Black waived examination. It came like a thunderbolt to the prosecution. It was not Black's way of doing business, and it was generally believed that, as Munson had so forcibly though inelegantly expressed it to Billy Brown, "He would fight like hell" to keep out of the circuit courts. He would kill this incipient Nemesis in the bud. What, then, had changed him? The county attorney had rather looked for a hard-fought defense—a shifting of the burden of responsibility for the misbranding to another, who would, of course, be off somewhere on a business trip, to be absent an indefinite length of time; or it might be he would try to make good a trumped-up story that he had but lately purchased the animal from some Indiana cattle-owner from up country who claimed to have a bill-of-sale produced a bill-of-sale.

The absoluteness of the surprise flushed his clean-shaven face a little, although his grave immobility of expression underwent not a flicker. It was a surprise, but it was a good surprise. Jesse Black was bound over under good and sufficient bond to appear at the next regular term of the circuit court in December. That much accomplished, now he could buckle down for the big fight. How often had he been shipwrecked in the shifting sands of the really remarkable decisions of "Old Necessity" and his kind. This time, as by a miracle, he had escaped sands and shoals and sunken rocks and rode in deep water.

A wave of enlightenment swept over Jim Munson.

"Boss," he whispered, "that gal reporter's a hummer."

"How so?" whispered Langford, amused. He proceeded to take an interested, if hasty, inventory of her charms. "What a petite little personage, to be sure! Almost too colorless, though. Why, Jim, she can't hold a tallow candle to Williston's girl."

"Who said she could?" demanded Jim, with a fine scorn and much relieved to find the boss so unappreciative. Eden might not be lost to them after all. Strict justice made him add: "But she's a wise one. Spotted them blamed meddlin' boss thieves right from the word go. Yep. That's a fact."

"What 'blamed meddlin' boss thieves,' Jim? You are on intimate terms with so many gentlemen of that stripe—at least your language so leads us to presume—that I can't keep up with the procession."

"At the bridge yistidy. I told you 'bout it. Saw 'em first at the Bon Amy—but they 'em a trilled me to the stockyards. She spotted 'em right away. She's a cute'n. Made me shet



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Louisville

From the Courier.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stohman March 18, a girl.

Mrs. Joe Fitzgerald is here from Plattsmouth visiting with relatives.

Keep still about the peach crop. Jack Frost may overlook the tender buds after all.

Mrs. Stander and daughter, Ollie went to Plattsmouth Thursday morning to visit with George Stander and children for a few days.

Chas. Gerlach and Cam. Seiberts returned Tuesday morning from Dundee county where they went last Saturday to look at some land. The boys bought a half section near Benkelman.

Miss Ellen Anderson returned home from her school in the western part of the state this week. Her parents have been spending a vacation in the vicinity of her school and accompanied Miss Ellen on her return.

Henry Ossenkop is building an addition to his farm residence 16x32 and when completed will make a valuable addition to his farm which, by the way, is one of the best farms in that part of the county.

The Louisville young ladies have organized themselves into a Leap Year club, their first meeting being held Wednesday evening at the home of Misses Ollie and Alice Stander. Some of the young men, who have been hoping since the dawn of the new year that a leap year dart would pierce their armor plate, could not stand the temptation and marched in unbidden but not unwelcome and assisted the young ladies in having a jolly time. The next meeting of the club will be held next Tuesday evening at the home of Miss Mariam Maxfield.

\$100 Reward \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for a list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Tole, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Elmwood

From the Leader-Echo.

The four cases of typhoid fever at the homes of Henry and Geo. Frisbee are doing nicely.

Fred Mueller is now a retired farmer having sold out his farming interests to his cousin, Carl Mueller, of oratorical fame.

Dr. W. R. Townsend, a former Elmwoodite, is now located at 1649 Vine St. Lincoln. He says there's no place like Nebraska.

S. E. Greenslate came down from Omaha Tuesday and will visit friends a few days and do some repairs about his residence property, occupied by H. Dettman.

The farm home of Edward Ward, one mile north of Eagle, was destroyed by fire Saturday afternoon, causing a loss of \$1,000. We were unable to learn the cause of the fire.

Henry Miller, who was severely injured last week by an explosion of gas while making some repairs on the gas machine, is recovering nicely, and was able to wend his way up town Wednesday.

The long billed, long legged stork paid a visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gerbeling, of near Wabash Wednesday afternoon, and left a pair of beautiful twin girls, who will make that place their future abode. Mother and children doing nicely Henry will be able to resume cutting stalks again next week.

Dr. and Mrs. Munger, very much against their wishes, participated in a lively runaway Thursday evening of last week. The doctor procured a livery team to make a call in the country and took Mrs. Munger along for a drive. When a few miles south of town the neck yoke broke, causing the team to run away, and running up the hill south of Jake Schlanke's the occupants jumped out. Mrs. Munger struck on her head and was unconscious for some time. She was taken into Mr. Schlanke's and after a few hours rest, was able to come home. Fortunately both she and the doctor escaped without serious injury beyond some severe bruises. The team ran through a couple of barb wire fences before they were caught, and received several wire cuts, and the buggy was damaged some.

Doan's Regulets cure constipation without griping, nausea, nor any weakening effect. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents per box.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

We have just received a supply of

LIQUID VENEER

The great cleaner and renewer of Furniture, Pianos and Woodwork.

In the New Size 25c. Bottles.

ANDREW KAUFFMAN and DAUGHTER CASH STORE DEALERS IN DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES

Eagle

(From the Beacon.)

Ivan Burdick is hauling lumber for a large barn to be built on his place south of town.

Tuesday Mrs. J. Q. Adams celebrated her 81 birthday. Her children came in and took dinner and a very enjoyable day was spent.

Fred Osenkop and Miss Dora Mayes were united in marriage at the home of Jess Baker north of this place Wednesday. Particulars in next week's issue.

W. R. Townsend, who formerly practiced medicine at this place moved from western Kansas to Lincoln and has hung out his shingle near fifteenth and O streets.

Mrs. J. C. Brown was operated upon at the Kamesthenian hospital last Saturday, several cystic tumors being removed. She is doing very nicely at present and hopes are entertained for her complete recovery.

Saturday afternoon an incubator lamp exploded at the home of Edwin Ward south of town and before Mrs. Ward, who was alone in the house, could summon sufficient help, the interior of the house was a mass of flames. Fred Lubbers, son of Otto Lubbers, Mr. Ward's nearest neighbor, had the fire almost under control for a time but the water supply becoming exhausted, further efforts were useless. The building and a greater part of the contents were destroyed entailing a loss to Mr. Ward of about \$1,000, partly covered by insurance.

Whooping Cough

I have used Chmearlain's Cough Remedy in my family in cases of whooping cough, and want to tell you that it is the best medicine I have ever used.—W. F. Gaston, Posco, Ga. This remedy is safe and sure. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Mynard

(Special Correspondence)

Corn hauling is the business of the day at present, a great many of the farmers having taken advantage of the high prices and sold. Oats is also moving the grain buyers paying 45c per bushel which is a big inducement for the farmer to let loose of all he can spare.

Grandma Gapin, we are glad to hear, is recovering from her recent sickness and is now able to be up and about the house.

Fred F. W. Brink was a business visitor to Omaha Tuesday.

Mrs. Will Richardson brought their daughter, Pheme, home Thursday from St. Joseph hospital at Omaha.

Rev. E. A. Wachtell reports meeting with much encouragement toward the building of the M. E. church at this point.

The Land boys took home a fine new rubber tired buggy the other day. Now girls get in and ride.

Thayer Propst and Jas. Polan returned from Texas Tuesday. They report that they found some of the country that looked good to them but lots of it that did not.

Fred Warner has located on a farm one mile north of Mynard, where he expects to farm. We are all glad to have Mr. and Mrs. Warner stay with us and we wish them much joy and prosperity, during their life.

Mrs. Will Stokes was shopping in Omaha Wednesday.

Posses marvelous curative powers, removes all disorders, makes health, strength and flesh. After taking Hollisler's Rocky Mountain Tea you'll realize the wonderful good in does. 35 cents, Tea and Tablets.

For sale by Gering & Co.