

LANGFORD OF THE THREE BARS

BY KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES

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use all her woman's wit to draw him out. She did not know yet that he



"I Shall Send Jessie Black Over—"

CHAPTER VIII.
The County Attorney.

"I too am going to Wind City," said a pleasant voice at her side. "You will let me help you with your things, will you not?"

The slender girl standing before the ticket window, stuffing change into her coin purse, turned quickly.

"Why, Mr. Gordon," she said, holding out a small hand with frank pleasure. "How very nice! Thank you, will you take my rain-coat? It has been such a bother. I would bring it right in the face of Uncle Hammond's objections. He said it never rained out this way. But I surely have suffered a plenty for my waywardness. Don't you think so?"

"It behooves a tenderfoot like you to sit and diligently learn of such experienced and toughened old-timers as we are, rather than flaunt your untried ideas in our faces," responded Gordon, with a smile that transformed the keen gray eyes of this man of much labor, much lofty ambition, and much sorrow, so that they seemed for the moment strangely young, laughing, untroubled; as clear of taint of evil knowledge as the source of a stream leaping joyously into the sunlight from some mountain solitude. It was a revelation to Louise.

"I will try to be a good and diligent seeker after knowledge of this strange land of yours," she answered, with a little laugh, half of embarrassment, half of enjoyment of this play of nonsense, and leading the way to her suitcase and Mary outside. "When I make mistakes, will you tell me about them? Down east, you know, our feet travel in the ancient, prescribed circles of our forefathers, and they are apt to go somewhat uncertainly if thrust into new paths."

And this laughing, clever girl had cried with homesickness! Well, no wonder. The worst of it was, she could never hope to be acclimated. She was not—her kind. Sooner or later she must go back to God's country.

To her surprise, Gordon, though he laughed softly for a moment, answered rather gravely.

"If my somewhat niggardly fate should grant me that good fortune, that I may do something for you, I ask that you be not afraid to trust to my help. It would not be half-hearted—I assure you."

She looked up at him gratefully. His shoulders, slightly stooped, betokening the grind at college and the burden-bearing in later years, instead of suggesting any inherent weakness in the man, rather inspired her with an intuitive faith in their quiet, unswerving, utter trustworthiness.

"Thank you," she said, simply. "I am so glad they did not hurt you much that day in the courtroom. We worried—Mary and I."

"Thank you. There was not the least danger. They were merely venting their spite on me. They would not have dared more."

"There's my brakeman," said Louise, when she and Gordon had found a seat near the rear. Mary had gone and a brakeman had swung onto the last car as it glided past the platform, and came down the aisle with a grin of recognition for his "little white lamb."

"How nice it all seems, just as if I had been gone months instead of days and was coming home again. It would be funny if I should be homesick for the range when I get to Wind City, wouldn't it?"

"Let us pray assiduously that it may be so," answered Gordon, with one of his rare smiles. He bustled himself a moment in stowing away her belongings to the best advantage. "It gets in one's blood—how or when, one never knows."

They rode in silence for a while.

"Tell me about your big fight," said Louise, presently. The roadbed was fairly good, and they were spinning along on a down grade. He must needs bend closer to hear her.

She was good to look at, fair and sweet, and it had been weary years since women had come close to Gordon's life. In the old college days, before this hard, disappointing, unequal fight against the dominant forces of greed, against tolerance of might over-coming right, had begun to sap his vitality, he had gone too deeply into his studies to have much time left for the gayeties and gallantries of the social side in university life. He had not been popular with women. They had not known him. Yet, though "rubbed a dig" by his fellow collegians, the men liked him. They liked him for his trustworthiness, admired him for his rugged honesty, desired his friendship for the inspiration of his high ideals.

"What shall I talk about, Miss Dale? It is all very prosaic and uninteresting. I'm afraid; shockingly primitive, glaringly new."

"I breakfasted with a stanch friend of yours this morning," answered Louise, somewhat irrelevantly. She had a feeling—a woman's feeling—that this earnest, hard-working, reserved man would never blurt out things about himself with the bland self-centredness of most men. She must

gentleman, and a scholar, surely."

"Surely. He is one of the finest fellows I know. A man of the most sensitive honor. If such a thing can be, I should say he is too honest, for his own good. A man can be, you know. There is nothing in the world that cannot be overcome."

She looked at him earnestly. His eyes did not shift. She was satisfied.

"Your work belies your words," she said quietly.

Dust and cinders drifted in between the slats of the closed blind. Putting her handkerchief to her lips, Louise looked at the dark streaks on it with reproach.

"Your South Dakota dirt is so—black," she said, whimsically.

"Better black than yellow," he retorted. "It looks cleaner, now, doesn't it?"

"Maybe you think my home a fit dwelling place for John Chinaman," pouted Louise.

"Yes—if that will persuade you that South Dakota is infinitely better. Are you open to conviction?"

"Never! I should die if I had to stay here."

"You will be going back—soon?"

"Some day, sure! Soon? Maybe. Oh, I wish I could. That part of me which is like Uncle Hammond says, 'Stay.' But that other part of me which is like the rest of us, says, 'What's the use? Go back to your kind. You're happier there. Why should you want to be different? What does it all amount to?' I am afraid I shall be weak enough and foolish enough to go back—and stay."

There was a stir in the forward part of the car. A man, hitherto sitting quietly by the side of an alert wiry little fellow who sat next the aisle, had attempted to bolt the car by springing over the empty seat in front of him and making a dash for the door. It was daring, but in vain. His companion, as agile as he, had seized him and forced him again into his place before the rest of the passengers fully understood that the attempt had really been made.

"Is he crazy? Are they taking him to Yankton?" asked Louise, the pretty color all gone from her face. "Did he think to jump off the train?"

"That's John Yellow Wolf, a young half-breed. He's wanted up in the Hills for cattle-rustling—United States court case. That's Johnson with him, deputy United States marshal."

"Poor fellow," said Louise, pityingly.

"Don't waste your sympathy on such as he. They are degenerates—many of these half-breeds. They will swear to anything. They inherit all the evils of the two races. Good never mixes. Yellow Wolf would swear himself into everlasting torment for a pint of whiskey. You see my cause of complaint? But never think, Miss Dale, that these poor chaps of half-breeds, who are hardly responsible, are the only ones who are willing to swear to damnable lies." There was a tinge of bitterness in his voice. "Perjury, Miss Dale, perjury through fear of bribery or self-interest, God knows what, it is there I must break, I suppose, in the day of judgment, unless—I run away."

Louise, through all the working of his smart and sting, felt the quiet reserve strength of this man beside her, and with a quick rush of longing to do her part, her woman's part of comforting and healing, she put her hand, small, unglowed, on his rough coat sleeve.

"Is that what you meant a while ago? But you don't mean it, do you? It is bitter and you do not mean it. Tell me that you do not mean it, Mr. Gordon, please," she said, impulsively.

Smothering a wild impulse to keep the hand where it had lain such a brief, palpitating while, Gordon remained silent. God only knows what human longing he crushed down, what intense discouragement, what sick desire to lay down his thankless task and flee to the uttermost parts of the world to be away from the crying need he yet could not still. Then he answered simply, "I did not mean it, Miss Dale."

And then there did not seem to be anything to say between them for a long while. The half-breed had settled down with stolid indifference. People had resumed their newspapers and magazines and day dreams after the fleeting excitement. It was very warm. Louise tried to create a little breeze by flicking her somewhat begrimed handkerchief in front of her face. Gordon took a newspaper from his pocket, folded it and fanned her gently. He was not used to the little graces of life, perhaps, but he did this well. An honest man and a kindly never goes far wrong in any direction.

"You must not think, Miss Dale," he said, seriously, "that it is all bad up here. I am only selfish. I have been harping on my own little corner of wickedness all the while. It is a good land. It will be better before long."

"When?" asked Louise.

"When we convict Jesse Black and when our Indian neighbors get over their mania for divorce," he answered, laughing softly.

Louise laughed merrily, and so the journey ended as it had begun, with a laugh and a jest.

In the judge's runabout, Louise held out her hand.

"I'm almost homesick," she cried, smiling.

CHAPTER IX.
The Attack on the Lazy S.

It was late. The August night was cool and sweet after a weary day of intense heat. The door was thrown wide open. It was good to feel the night air creeping into the stifling room. There was no light within; and without, nothing but the brilliant stars in the quiet, brooding sky. Williston was sitting just within the doorway. Mary, her hands clasped idly around

EPILEPSY CURED

Proof That Epileptic Fits Can Be Cured in a Short Time by Hot Springs Treatment

Since the announcement has been made in this paper that Dr. Ben W. Kinsey who is chief of staff of the Hot Springs Doctors, who have their Nebraska State Institute permanently located at 14th and O streets, Lincoln, would visit Plattsmouth considerable discussion of the wonderful cures accomplished by these world famous Hot Springs Doctors, has been made. During these discussions the question was raised is Epilepsy a curable disease? Is there hope for the man or the woman who has fits, or must they go through life a burden to themselves and their friends? These questions have been asked in medical profession, many times and most doctors will answer "there is no hope, the epileptic cannot be cured."



DR. BEN W. KINSEY.

But here is some evidence from a man who knows—he knows because he has been cured. This man is a machinist and was compelled to quit work because he was liable at any moment to have a fit and fall into the machinery or be injured or killed.

After treating for six years with fourteen different doctors without any benefit, Mr. Geiger was cured by Hot Springs treatment in a few months time, and has written the following letter for publication:

Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 9, '07.
Hot Springs Doctors,
City.

Dear Sirs:—I would like to thank you for the treatment you have given me in the last three months, but it is beyond my power to do so. If I were to try ten years I could not do so. Before having tried your treatment, I had tried fourteen other doctors for the past six years and must say, I had made up my mind that I would never be cured.

I had taken treatment from both local, Chicago, Ohio, and New York Doctors, who said they could cure me, but instead of receiving help I apparently seemed to get worse. So you see for yourself I had very little hope of getting a cure, but had thought I would try just one more and quit for good. Before taking treatment from you, I had been having from six to eight fits a month. I had but two very light fits of but about two minutes duration after the first month, and the second month I had only one fit and had lost that continuous pressure I seemed to have on both sides of my head. The first of the third month I was also entirely relieved of the dizziness, I previously had every morning. It had been about six weeks and I have only been feeling first class, but have not had a spell, nor the least symptoms of any kind. In the last three months while doing hard manual labor, I have gained seventeen pounds, so I guess I have improved at least, a little, don't you?

If there is any one in this city or any other city, I am willing to let you refer them to me at any all times for a cure for epileptic fits.

Yours gratefully,
RUFUS E. GEIGER,
No. 210, So. 9th.

As stated before the Nebraska State Institute is permanently Sunday forenoons in charge of Dr. Theodore Milen, who for thirty-two years has been recognized as a peer in the matter of medical diagnosis and treatment of chronic diseases.

Dr. Ben W. Kinsey, who is chief of staff of the Hot Springs Doctors is making an advertising tour of Nebraska, that is, Dr. Kinsey is visiting the best cities in the state in soliciting a few difficult cases in each community—cases that other doctors have failed to cure and have given up as hopeless. The patients thus secured and cured will be good advertisements of the Hot Springs system of the home treatment.

Dr. Kinsey will be at the Rile Hotel April 20, 21 and 22 at Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Consultation and examination is free to all who call, curable cases will be treated free except for the bare cost of the medicines used.

Entertained at Dinner

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. T. H. Pollock entertained a number of her lady friends at a dinner, at which a very delightful afternoon was spent. The afternoon was spent in very pleasant social conversation, music and a very enjoyable dinner.

DEATH OF MRS W. F. KRECKLOW

Born in Plattsmouth and Dies at Her Home in Louisville

After an illness extending over a period of two years Mrs. William F. Krecklow passed peacefully away Tuesday evening, March 31, 1908, at her home in this city, surrounded by her husband and children.

Miss Mary Guthman was born in Plattsmouth, November 17, 1870. She was united in marriage to William F. Krecklow November 20, 1887. Besides a husband she leaves three children, two daughters and a son, Lorine, Mable and Willie, who are grief stricken over their loss.

Two years ago they built a new home in the north part of town, and as Mr. Krecklow states, were just getting things in shape to enjoy life. Deceased was a most lovable lady and was much devoted to her home and family, and her death, although not unexpected, comes as a blow to the family and the many friends of the deceased.

The funeral occurred Friday afternoon at 1:30 from the Christian church conducted by Rev. G. W. Mayfield, interment being at River View cemetery.

The Courier joins with the many friends of the deceased in an expression of sympathy to the bereaved family.—Louisville Courier.

Has a Narrow Escape

This morning while loading a refrigerator car at the Burlington freight house, Robert Brissey, had a close call and barely escaped being injured very seriously. He was just entering the car from the platform when his foot slipped on the greasy edge of the door, throwing his to the ground his head and face striking the trucks of the car. He had a pencil in his hat, which was crushed against his face in the fall cutting a deep gash in his cheek and scratching up his face badly. Dr. Harry J. Likewise patched up Mr. Brissey's face and he is at his work.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the Van Horn & Gibson Phonograph Co., will by mutual consent dissolve partnership on the 15th of April, the former assuming full control. All parties indebted to us are requested to call on or before that date and pay up as near as possible.

VAN HORN & GIBSON.

Nebraska Seeds are the Best

Krohler Brother are handling a good fresh line of garden and field seeds, which have no superior. These seeds are furnished by the Nebraska Seed company, of Omaha and strictly first class.

Avoca

(Special Correspondence)

J. H. Busch made a trip to Weeping Water Tuesday.

L. U. Hupp had business at Omaha the first of the week.

Wet or dry is now the burning issue.

Julius Neumeister was a Plattsmouth visitor Wednesday.

Wm. Thiele was up from Berlin Sunday.

Mrs. A. B. Churchill, of Denton, is visiting Avoca friends.

Mrs. Mead, of Talmage, spent several days this week visiting relatives east of town.

Fred Bartells will soon commence the erection of a new residence in Avoca.

A fine rain fell in this vicinity the first of the week, which will be a great benefit to wheat and other small grain.

George Durham made a trip to Union Tuesday evening.

W. I. Smoots was a Nebraska City visitor Wednesday.

Fred Bookman is having a large barn built on his farm west of town.

Attorney Wellenseik had business at Plattsmouth Wednesday.

Maple Grove

(Special Correspondence)

Miss Margaret Jamison, who has been spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Herman Beck, returned to her home at Weeping Water last Friday.

Quite a number of relatives gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Engelkemeier Sunday, to help celebrate the former's birthday anniversary.

Louie Puls and wife spent Sunday at the home of Louie Fredrich.

Edward Pankonin, of Louisville, is putting up a supply tank for W. H. Puls this week.

P. A. Hild left Sunday evening for Illinois, to attend the funeral of his aunt.

Louie Puls made a business trip to Louisville Monday.

Mrs. W. H. Puls and Miss Laura Puls made a trip to the county seat Tuesday.

Alfred Gansemer, Albert Satchell and Chas. Mutz made a business trip to Murray Tuesday evening.

Notice of Application for Liquor License

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested and to the public, that the undersigned, W. M. Barclay, has filed his petition and application in the office of the city clerk of the city of Plattsmouth, county of Cass, and state of Nebraska, as required by law, signed by the required number of resident freeholders of said city, setting forth that the applicant is a man of respectable character and standing and a resident of the state of Nebraska, and praying that a license may be issued to the said W. M. Barclay for the sale of malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for the period of one year from the date of the hearing of said application in a building situated on the west half (w/2) of lot nine (9) in block twenty-nine (29) in the first ward of the said city of Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

W. M. BARCLAY,
Applicant.
March 26, 1908.

Notice of Application for Liquor License

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested and to the public, that the undersigned, Peter Goos, has filed his petition and application in the office of the city clerk of the city of Plattsmouth, county of Cass, and state of Nebraska, as required by law, signed by the required number of resident freeholders of said city, setting forth that the applicant is a man of respectable character and standing and a resident of the state of Nebraska, and praying that a license may be issued to the said Peter Goos for the sale of malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for the period of one year from the date of the hearing of said application in a building situated on lot twelve (12) in block thirty (30) in the first ward of the said city of Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

PETER GOOS,
Applicant.
March 24, 1908.

Notice of Application for Liquor License

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested and to the public, that the undersigned, Ed Donat, has filed his petition and application in the office of the city clerk of the city of Plattsmouth, county of Cass, and state of Nebraska, as required by law, signed by the required number of resident freeholders of said city, setting forth that the applicant is a man of respectable character and standing and a resident of the state of Nebraska, and praying that a license may be issued to the said Ed Donat for the sale of malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for the period of one year from the date of the hearing of said application in a building situated on the west half (w/2) of lot twelve (12) in block twenty-nine (29) in the first ward of the said city of Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

ED DONAT,
Applicant.
March 24, 1908.

Notice of Application for Liquor License

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested and to the public, that the undersigned, J. E. McDaniel, has filed his petition and application in the office of the city clerk of the city of Plattsmouth, county of Cass, and state of Nebraska, as required by law, signed by the required number of resident freeholders of said city, setting forth that the applicant is a man of respectable character and standing and a resident of the state of Nebraska, and praying that a license may be issued to the said J. E. McDaniel for the sale of malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for the period of one year from the date of the hearing of said application in a building situated on the west half (w/2) of lot six (6) in block thirty-four (34) in the fourth ward of the said city of Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

J. E. McDANIEL,
Applicant.
March 24, 1908.

Notice of Application for Liquor License

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested and to the public, that the undersigned, Adolph Giese, has filed his petition and application in the office of the city clerk of the city of Plattsmouth, county of Cass, and state of Nebraska, as required by law, signed by the required number of resident freeholders of said city, setting forth that the applicant is a man of respectable character and standing and a resident of the state of Nebraska, and praying that a license may be issued to the said Adolph Giese for the sale of malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for the period of one year from the date of the hearing of said application in a building situated on the west half (w/2) of lot six (6) in block thirty-four (34) in the fourth ward of the said city of Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

ADOLPH GIESE,
Applicant.
March 23, 1908.

Notice of Application for Liquor License

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested and to the public, that the undersigned, William Barclay, has filed his petition and application in the office of the county clerk of Cass county, Nebraska, as required by law, signed by a majority of the resident freeholders of Eight Mile Grove precinct, setting forth that the applicant is a man of respectable character and standing and a resident of the state of Nebraska, and praying that a license may be issued to the said William Barclay for the sale of malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for the period of one year from the date of the hearing of said application in a building on lot 1 in block 4, in the village of Cedar Creek, in Eight Mile Grove precinct, in Cass county, Nebraska.

WILLIAM BARCLAY,
Applicant.
1213

Notice of Application for Liquor License

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested and to the public, that the undersigned, Ed Egenberger, has filed his petition and application in the office of the city clerk of the city of Plattsmouth, county of Cass, and state of Nebraska, as required by law, signed by the required number of resident freeholders of said city, setting forth that the applicant is a man of respectable character and standing and a resident of the state of Nebraska, and praying that a license may be issued to the said Ed Egenberger for the sale of malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for the period of one year from the date of the hearing of said application in a building situated on the east half (e/2) of lot twelve (12) in block twenty-eight (28) in the first ward of the said city of Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

ED EGENBERGER,
Applicant.
March 27, 1908.

DRUGGIST'S PERMIT

NOTICE is hereby given that F. G. Fricke & Co. have filed their petition as required by the statutes of the state of Nebraska with the city clerk of the city of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, requesting a permit to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for medicinal, mechanical and chemical purposes for the coming municipal year in the building situated on lots one (1) and two (2) in block thirty-six (36) in the city of Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

F. G. FRICKE & CO.,
Applicant.
March 26, 1908.

DRUGGIST'S PERMIT

NOTICE is hereby given that Gering & Co. have filed their petition as required by the statutes of the state of Nebraska with the city clerk of the city of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, requesting a permit to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for medicinal, mechanical and chemical purposes for the coming municipal year in the building situated on the west half (w/2) of lot twelve (12) in block twenty-eight (28) in the city of Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

GERING & CO.,
Applicant.
March 26, 1908.

Notice to Creditors.

State of Nebraska, 188.
County of Cass, 188.
In the matter of the estate of Catherine Stadelman, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the creditors of said deceased will meet the executor of said estate before me, County Judge of Cass County, Nebraska, at the court house in Plattsmouth, Missouri, in said county, on the 2 day of May, 1908, and on the 17 day of October, 1908, at ten o'clock, a. m. of each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance.

Six months are allowed for the creditors to present their claims from the 17th of April, 1908, and one year for the executor to settle said estate from the 4th of April, 1909.

Witness my hand and seal of said County Court at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, on the 4th day of April, 1908.

ALLEN J. BEESON,
County Judge.
[SEAL.]
D. O. Dwyer, Attorney for the Estate.

For Sale!

A 200 Egg Sure Hatch Incubator, a medium sized folding bed and a small sized refrigerator. For particulars inquire of Mrs. Will Taylor, box 20, R. F. D. No. 1, Plattsmouth.