

# LANGFORD OF THE THREE BARS

BY KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES

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THANK YOU, OLD FATHERS.

Louise, who knew that an amusing thought was seeping through this declaration of affection. "I am sorry to give you a headache, but I am going back to God's country some day, nevertheless."

"Maybe so—maybe not," said the judge. "Mrs. Higgins, my good woman, how is our friend, the canker worm, coming on these days?"

"Canker-worm?" repeated Mrs. Higgins. "Meanin', your honor—"

"Just what I say—canker-worm. Isn't he the worm gnawing in discontent at the very core of the fair fruit of established order and peace in the cow country?"

"I—I—don't understand, your honor," faltered the woman in great trepidation. "Would his honor consider her a hopeless stupid? But what was the man talking about? Louise looked up, a flush of color staining her cheeks.

"Maybe fire-brand would suit you better, madame? My young friend, the fire-brand," resumed the judge, rising. "That is good—fire-brand. Is he not inciting the populace to open rebellion, false doctrine and schism? Is it not because of him that roofs are burned over the very heads of the helpless homesteader?"

"For shame, Uncle Hammond," exclaimed Louise, still flushed and with a nutritious little sparkle in her eyes. "You are poking fun at me. You haven't any right to, you know; but that's your way. I don't care, but Mrs. Higgins doesn't understand."

"Don't you, Mrs. Higgins?" asked the judge.

"No, I don't," snapped Mrs. Higgins, and she didn't, but she thought she did. "Only if you mean Mr. Richard Gordon, I'll tell you now there ain't no one in this here God-forsaken country who can hold a tallow candle to him. Just put that in your pipe and smoke it, will you?"

She piled up dishes viciously. She did not wait for her guests to depart before she began demolishing the table. It was a tremendous breach of etiquette, but she didn't care. To have an ideal shattered ruthlessly is ever a heart-breaking thing.

"But my dear Mrs. Higgins," expostulated the judge.

"You needn't," said that lady, shortly. "I don't care," she went on, "if the president himself or an archangel from heaven came down here and plastered Dick Gordon with bad-smellin' names from the crown of his little toe to the tip of his head, I'd tell 'em to their very faces that they didn't know what they was a talkin' about, and what's more they'd better go back to where they belong and not come nosin' round in other people's business when they don't understand one single mite about it. We don't want 'em puttin' their fingers in our pie when they don't know a thing about us or our ways. That's my say," she closed, with appalling significance, flatterin' herself that no one could dream but that she was dealing in the most off-hand generalities. She was far too polite to antagonize, and withal too good a woman not to strike for a friend. She congratulated herself she had been true to all her gods—and she had been.

Louise smiled in complete sympathy, challenging the judge meanwhile with laughing eyes. But the judge—he was still much of a boy in spite of his grave calling and mature years—just threw back his blonde head and shouted in rapturous glee. He laughed till the very ceiling rang in loud response; laughed till the tears shone in his big blue eyes. Mrs. Higgins looked on in undisguised amazement, hands on hips.

"Dear me, suz!" she sputtered, "is the man gone clean daffy?"

"Won't you shake hands with me, Mrs. Higgins?" he asked, gravely. "I ask your pardon for my levity, and I assure you there isn't a man in the whole world I esteem more or hold greater faith in than Dick Gordon—or love so much. I thank you for your championship of him. I would that he had more friends like you. Louise, are you ready?"

Their walk to the hotel was a silent one. Later, as she was leaving him to go to her own room, Louise laid her head caressingly on her uncle's sleeve.

"Uncle Hammond," she said, impulsively, "you are—incorrigible, but you are the best man in all the world."

"The very best?" he asked, smilingly.

"The very best," she repeated, firmly.

There was a full calendar that term, and the close of the first week found the court still wrestling with criminal cases, with that of Jesse Black yet uncalled. Gordon reckoned that Black's trial could not possibly be taken up until Tuesday or Wednesday of the following week. Long before that, the town began filling up for the big rustling case. There were other rustling cases on the criminal docket, but they paled before this one where the suspected leader of a gang was on trial. The interested and the curious did not mean to miss any part of it. They began coming in early in the week. They kept coming the re-

mainder of that week and Sunday as well. Even as late as Monday, delayed range riders came scurrying in, leaving the cattle mostly to shift for themselves. The Velpen aggregation, better informed, kept to its own side of the river pretty generally until the Sunday, at least, should be past.

The flats southeast of town became the camping grounds for those unable to find quarters at the hotel, and who lived too far out to make the nightly ride home and back in the morning. They were tempted by the unusually mild weather. These were mostly Indians and half-breeds, but with a goodly sprinkling of cowboys of the rougher order. Camp-fires spotted the plain, burning redly at night. There was plenty of drift-wood to be had for the hauling. Blanketed Indians squatted and smoked around their fires—a revival of an older and better day for them. Sometimes they stalked majestically through the one street of the town.

The judicial party was safely housed in the hotel, with the best service it was possible for the management to give in this busy season of congested patronage. It was impossible to accommodate the crowds. Even the office was jammed with cots at night. Mary Williston had come in from White's to be with Louise. She was physically strong again, but ever strangely quiet, always somber-eyed.

## CHAPTER XIV. The Game is On.

Contrary to expectation, the case of the State of South Dakota against Jesse Black was called soon after the sitting of the court Monday afternoon. No testimony was introduced, however, until the following day. Inch by inch, step by step, Gordon fought for a fair jury through that tense afternoon. Merciless in shrewd examination, keen to detect hesitancy, prejudices sought to be concealed he cleverly and relentlessly unearthed. Chair after chair was vacated—only to be vacated again. It seemed there was not a man in the county who had not heard somewhat of this much-heralded crime—if crime it were. And he who had heard was a prejudiced partisan.

How could it be otherwise where feeling ran so high—where honest men most felt resentment against the man who dared to probe the wound without extracting the cause of it, and a hatred and fear curiously intermingled with admiration of the outlaw whose next move after obtaining his freedom might be to cut out of the general herd, cows of their own brands—where tainted men, officers or cowmen, awaited developments with a consuming interest that was not above manipulating the lines of justice for their own selfish ends? Yet, despite the obstacles in the way, Gordon was determined to have an unprejudiced jury in so far as it lay in



"It Is a Tough Strain, Isn't It?"

human power to seat such a one in the box. So he worked, and worked hard. Court adjourned that evening with the jury-box filled. The state's friends were feeling pretty good about it. Langford made his way into the bar where Gordon was standing apart. He passed an arm affectionately over his friend's shoulder.

"You were inspired, Dick," he said. "Keep on the same as you have begun and we shall have everything our own way."

But the fire had died down in the young lawyer's bearing.

"I'm tired, Paul, dead tired," he said, wearily. "I wish it were over."

"Come to supper—then you'll feel better. You're tired out. It is a tough strain, isn't it?" he said, cheerily. He was not afraid. He knew the fire would burn the brighter again when there was need of it—in the morning.

They passed out of the bar together. At the hotel Mary and Louise were already seated at the table in the dining-room where the little party usually sat together when it was possible to do so. Judge Dale had not

yet arrived. The landlady was in a worried dispute with Red Sanderson and a companion. The men were evidently cronies. They had their eyes on two of the three vacant places at the table.

"But I tell you these places are taken," persisted the landlady, who served as head-waitress, when such services were necessary, which was not often. Her patrons usually took and held possession of things at their own sweet will.

"You bet they are," chimed in Red, deliberately pulling out a chair next to Louise, who shivered in recognition.

"Please—" she began, in a small voice, but got no farther. Something in his bold, admiring stare choked her into silence.

"You're a mighty pretty girl, if you are a trottin' round with the Three Bars," he grinned. "Plenty time to change your live—"

"Just move, will you," said Gordon, curtly, coming up at that moment with Langford and shoving him aside with unceremonious brevity. "This is my place." He sat down quietly.

"You damned upstart," blustered Sanderson. "Want a little pistol play, do you?"

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" implored the landlady.

"I'm not entering any objection," said Gordon, coolly. "Just shoot—why don't you? You have the drop on me."

For a moment it looked as if Sanderson would take him at his word and meet this taunt with instant death for the sender of it, so black was his anger. But encountering Langford's level gaze, he read something therein, shrugged his shoulders, replaced his pistol and sauntered off with his companion just as Judge Dale came upon the scene. Langford glanced quickly across the table at Mary. Her eyes were wide with startled horror. She, too, had seen. Just above Red Sanderson's temple and extending from the forehead up into the hair was an ugly scar—not like that left by a cut, but as if the flesh might have been deeply bruised by some blunt weapon.

"Mary! How pale you are!" cried Louise, in alarm.

"I'm haunted by that man," she continued, biting her lip to keep from crying out against the terrors of this country. "He's always showing up in unexpected places. I shall die if I ever meet him alone."

"You need not be afraid," said Gordon, speaking quietly from his place at her side. Louise flashed him a swift, bewildering smile of gratitude.

Under this cover the young ranchman comforted Mary, whom the others had temporarily forgotten, with a long, carressing look from his handsome eyes that was a pledge of tireless vigilance and an unforgetting watchfulness of future protection.

## CHAPTER XV. The Trial.

The next morning every available seat was filled early. People had blocked the rough plank walks leading to the courthouse long before the doors were unhooked. The day promised to be fine, and the many teams coming and going between Kenah and the river to pick up the Velpen people who had crossed the ice on foot gave to the little town somewhat of the gala appearance of fair time. The stately and blanketed Sioux from their temporary camps on the flat were standing around, uncommunicative, waiting for proceedings to begin. Long before the judicial party had arrived from the hotel the cramped room was crowded to its limits. There was loud talking, laughing and joking. Local wits amused themselves and others by throwing quips at different members of the county bar or their brethren from across the river as they walked to their places inside the railings with the little mannerisms that were peculiar to each.

The door in the rear of the bar opened and Judge Dale entered. A comparative quiet fell upon the people. He mounted to his high bench. The clerk came in, then the court reporter. She tossed her note books on the table, leisurely pulled off her gloves and took her place, examining the end of her pencils with a critical eye. It would be a busy day for the "gal reporter." Then Langford came showing his way down the crowded aisle with a sad-faced, brown-eyed, young woman in his wake, who yet held herself erect with a proud little tilt to her chin. There was not an empty seat outside the bar. Louise motioned, and he escorted Mary to a place within and sat down beside her. The jurymen were all in their chairs. Presently came in Gordon with his quiet, self-reliant manner. Langford had been right. The county attorney was not tired to-day.

Shortly after Gordon came Small—Small, the dynamic, whose explosives had so often laid waste the weak and abortive independent reasoning powers of "Old Necessity" and his sort, and were the subject of much satire and some admiration when the legal fraternity talked "shop." As he strode to his place, he radiated bombs of just and telling wrath. He scintillated with aggressiveness. With him came Jesse Black, easy and disdainful as of old. After them, a small man came gliding in with as little commotion as if he were sliding over the floor of a waxed dancing hall in patent leather pumps. He was an unassuming little man with quick, cat-like movements which one lost if one were not on the alert. When he had slipped into a chair next his associate, Small, the inflammable Small, towered above him head and shoulders.

His risibilities continued to tug the better of his gravity at frequent intervals during the day. He never

talled to snort aloud in pure delight whenever he thought of it. What a tale for the boys when he could get to them!

"These cattle men!" This time the tenderfoot communicated with himself—he had a square chin and a direct eye; there were possibilities in him. "Their perverted sense of the ridiculous is diabolical."

There were others who did not know the little man. He hailed from the southern part of the state. But Gordon knew him. He knew he was pitted against one of the sharpest, shrewdest men of his day.

"Gentlemen, I think we are ready," said the judge, and the game was on again.

The state called Paul Langford, its principal witness in default of Williston.

"Your name, place of residence and business?" asked the counsel for the state.

"Paul Langford. I reside in Kemah county and I own and operate a cattle ranch."

After Langford had clearly described and identified the animal in question, Gordon continued:

"Mr. Langford, when did you first miss this steer?"

"On the 15th day of July last."

"How did you happen to miss this steer?"

"My attention was called to the fact that an animal answering the description and bearing my brand had been seen under suspicious detention."

"Prior to information thus received, you were not aware this creature had either strayed away or been stolen?"

"It was not."

"Who gave you this information, Mr. Langford?"

"George Williston of the Lazy S."

"Now you may tell the jury in what way Williston told you about the steer he saw."

This, of course, was objected to and the objection was sustained by the court, as Gordon knew it would be. He only wanted the jury to remember that Williston could have told a damaging story had he been here, and also to remember how mysteriously this same Williston had disappeared. He could not have Williston or Williston's story, but he might keep an impression ever before these 12 men that there was a story—he knew it and they knew it—a story of which some crotchet of the law forbade the telling.

"What did you do after your attention had been called to the suspicious circumstances of the steer's detention?"

"I informed my boys of what I had heard and sent them out to look for the steer."

"That same day?"

"Yes."

"Were they successful?"

"No."

"Did this steer have a particular stamping ground?"

"He did."

"Where was that?"

"He always ranged with a bunch on what we call the home range."

"Near the ranch house?"

"Within half a mile."

"Did you look for him yourself?"

"I did."

"He was not on this home grazing ground?"

"He was not."

"Did you look elsewhere for him?"

"We did."

"Where?"

"We rode the free ranges for several days—wherever any of my cattle held out."

"How many days did you say you rode?"

"Why, we continued to look sharp until my boy, Munson, found him the day before the preliminary at the Velpen stock yards, on the point of being shipped to Sioux City."

"You went to Velpen to identify this steer?"

"I did."

"It was your steer?"

"Yes."

"The same for which you had been searching so long?"

"The very same."

"It was wearing your brand?"

"It was not."

"What brand was it wearing?"

"J. R."

"Where was it?"

"On the right hip."

"Where do you usually put your brand, Mr. Langford?"

"On the right hip."

"Always?"

"Always."

"Do you know any J. R. outfit?"

"I do not."

Gordon nodded to Small. His examination had been straightforward and to the point. He had drawn alert and confident answers from his witness. Involuntarily, he glanced at Louise.

who had not seemed to be working at

# DR. KINSEY HAS ARRIVED

The World Famous Medical Specialist is at the Riley Hotel in Plattsmouth—Will Remain Only Three Days.

As was announced in previous issues of the Journal, 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, arrived in Plattsmouth this morning and will receive patients at the Riley Hotel parlors.

Those who are suffering from any chronic disease, such as of the blood, nerves, kidneys, lungs, heart, bowels, liver, skin, including rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, piles, poitre, rupture, and diseases of women and diseases of men, should not fail to call on Dr. Kinsey while he is here.

If the Hot Springs System of home treatment, which Mr. Kinsey is bringing to Plattsmouth was not what it is claimed to be, in fact, if it was not the best treatment in the world for the diseases mentioned above, it would not be endorsed, as it is, by the United States government and the large daily papers throughout the United States would not devote their valuable space to tell of these seemingly miraculous cures made by the world famous Hot Springs Doctors.

The following account is an extract from the Nebraska State Journal of February 16, 1908:



DR. KINSEY.

Hallam, Feb. 16.—What is considered one of the most remarkable feats of modern medical skill, was accomplished recently in the case of August Albers of this city.

For over thirty years Mr. Albers had suffered with a general complication of diseases which finally brought on a complete nervous breakdown. Mr. Albers' friends had recommended one physician after another and after fourteen had treated him with no other success than to use up nearly all the money he could earn. Mr. Albers gave up all faith in the doctors' ability to cure him.

Since September of last year a decided change for the better has been noticed in Mr. Albers' condition. Upon inquiring as to the cause of this wonderful improvement, Mr. Albers gave out this remarkable interview:

"When I was eleven years old, I had an attack of what the doctors called inflammatory rheumatism. I got over this, but had another attack when I was eighteen, which was not so bad, but for the last twelve years I have been sick most of the time. I have been able to work, but much of the time I had considerable pain, and the ailment kept me weak, especially my nerves are weak.

"I have been treated by many doctors, some treating me for one thing and some another, but most of them called it rheumatism. Sometimes I would get better for a time, but improvement was only temporary and I was gradually getting worse until in September, I commenced treatment with the Hot Springs Doctors of Lincoln. Under the Hot Springs treatment I got better from the start, and for the first time in years I am free from pain and feel I am getting well. I am building up and my nerves are stronger. I am well pleased with the Hot Springs treatment. I am a farmer and live one mile southeast of Hallam, Neb."

AUGUST ALBERS.

This cure is without doubt almost a miracle, but the Hot Springs Doctors have hundreds of letters on file in their offices at 14th and O streets which are even more remarkable than this. Hardly a case of chronic disease can be mentioned but what these Hot Springs Doctors having a living testimonial in a parallel case which they have cured. These doctors do not claim they can cure all cases, but they solicit only difficult cases, cases that other methods have failed to cure.

Consultation and examination, which is free, will convince the most skeptical of this wonderful power of these world famous specialists. Their permanent location is at 14th and O streets, Lincoln, Neb.

This wonderful Hot Springs System of home treatment is what Dr. Kinsey is bringing to Plattsmouth. The doctor will only be here three days, April 20, 21 and 22. While here he will receive patients at the Riley Hotel. If you are sick and suffering and want to be made well and happy, call on Dr. Kinsey.

# A \$450 PIANO TO BE GIVEN AWAY

Do the American People Like to Be Humbugged?

It would seem to unprejudiced scribbler, that the old saying of the once great showman, P. T. Barnum, who perhaps knew better than any other man on earth the full meaning of the term, that "the American people love to be humbugged," is now more true than ever.

In Plattsmouth we have a liberal offer made by one of our leading merchants to give away a \$450.00 piano to individual, lodge, school or church that purchases the greatest amount of merchandise during the season. Now, while it is not our desire to mix-up in any such contests, it seems the people ought to take advantage of this very liberal offer. The people have to have the goods, and while the prices for such goods as are needed will go at the same old prices, it seems to us that everybody would grab at the opportunity to thus secure for themselves or their lodge, school or church an up-to-date instrument.

This offer is made by one of the leading mercantile houses of the city, and everything connected with the contest will be carried on in a legitimate, honorable manner. The proprietor could not afford to carry it on otherwise. The street fakir can come into town and humbug the people out of their money, or any stranger can do the same in piano contest and carry away the peoples' money for a very inferior grade piano. But here an entire different proposition is presented. You know the merchant, in whom you have the utmost confidence. You have an opportunity to see the piano weeks and months before the contest ends, and you are buying your goods of a home establishment that has done business here for years, and the goods you buy are of the same qualities that you buy at other stores at the same prices.

Mr. Fanger, of the Department Store, is the gentleman who proposes to give this piano away, and from the smiles that overspread his countenance every time a handsome young lady enters his store, we believe he would prefer that the instrument would go to some one of that class, if the young men can get up courage and energy sufficient to boom one or more of young ladies in the city and county as candidates in the contest. We have plenty of them—and as pretty as there are in Nebraska.

Will Leave the Farm.

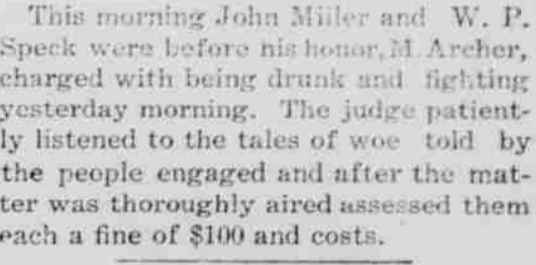
Ben F. Hoback, who has made his home on a farm a few miles southwest of here since 1856, has decided to give up farm work, and has bought a nice residence in Nehawka, where he and his family will locate about August 1st, their son, Oscar, taking charge of the farm at that time. Mr. Hoback has made a success in farming, and having accumulated considerable property by hard labor, he certainly deserves a good long rest, and our only regret is that he and his estimable family are not to locate in Union—Union Ledger.

In Police Court

This morning John Miller and W. P. Speck were before his honor, M. Archer, charged with being drunk and fighting yesterday morning. The judge patiently listened to the tales of woe told by the people engaged and after the matter was thoroughly aired assessed them each a fine of \$100 and costs.

Pasture for Rent

I would like have about thirty head of horses of cattle to pasture for the summer. Good pasture with running water. Farm 4 1/2 miles northwest of Murray. W. K. SHEPHERDSON.



THE HELPFUL HAND

you can most surely depend upon in time of trouble is your bank account. Letter start to acquire a big one by depositing what you have in the Bank of Cass County. You'll find the necessity of thinking before paying a great incentive to saving. When trouble comes what you have been prevented from frittering away will make a comfortable balance.

The BANK OF CASS COUNTY, PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.