

By D. M. AMBERRY

BROKEN BOW, - - NEBRASKA

LANGFORD

of the THREE BARS

By KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES

SYNOPSIS.

George Williston, a poor ranchman, high-minded and cultured, searches for cattle missing from his ranch—the "Lazy S." On a wooded spot in the river's bed that would have been an island had the Missouri been at high water, he discovers a band of horse thieves engaged in working over brands on cattle. He creeps near enough to note the changing of the "Three Bars" brand on one steer to the "J. R." brand. Paul Langford, the rich owner of the "Three Bars" ranch, is sent for by Williston and is informed of the operations of the gang of cattle thieves—a band of outlaws headed by Jesse Black, who long have defied the law and authorities of Kemah county, South Dakota, with impunity, but who, heretofore, had not dared to molest any of the property of the great "Three Bars" ranch. Williston shows his reluctance in opposing a band so powerful in politics and so dreaded by the county. Arriving at Velpein, he pledges Williston his friendship if he will assist in bringing "Jesse Black" and his gang to justice. Langford is struck with the beauty of Mary, commonly known as "Williston's little girl," Louise Dale, an expert court stenographer, who had followed her uncle, Judge Hammond Dale, from the east to the "Dakotas," and who is living with him at Wind City, is requested by the county attorney, Richard Gordon, to come to Kemah and take testimony in the preliminary hearing of Jesse Black. She accepts the invitation and makes her first trip into the wild Indian country. Arriving at Velpein across the river from Kemah, she is met by Jim Munson, a fat-headed cowboy of the "Three Bars" ranch. In waiting for the train Munson looks at some cattle in the stock pen. In the herd being shipped to Sioux City by E. H. Brown he detects old "Mag" a well known "cow" generally belonging to his employer of the "Three Bars" ranch. Munson and Louise start for Kemah. They take lunch at the Bon and restaurant, conducted by Mrs. Higgins, a great admirer of Richard Gordon, the county attorney. Louise is told of a most poisonous plot which resulted in the illness of Williston, Langford and other witnesses for the state in the cattle thief case against Jesse Black. A backboard team blocks the way of Munson's team at the entrance to pontoon bridge across the river. Munson crowds past the backboard team wrecking the backboard. They arrive at Williston's. Crowds assemble in Justice James R. McAllister's court for the preliminary hearing. Jesse Black springs the first of many great surprises, waiting examination. Through Jake Sanderson, a member of the outlaw gang, he had learned that the steer "Mag" had been recovered and thus saw the uselessness of fighting against being bound over. Richard Gordon, the county attorney who is unpopular because of his many failures to secure convictions in court, wins the admiration of Louise, which is mutual. County Attorney Gordon accompanies Louise Dale on her return to Wind City.

He paused. His eyes, unseeing, were fixed on the gliding landscape as it appeared in rectangular spots through the window in front of them. "Yes, Or—" prompted Louise, softly. "Never mind. It is of no consequence," he said, abruptly. "No fear of Judge Dale. Juries are my Waterloo."

"Is it, then, such a nest of cowards?" cried Louise, intense scorn in her clear voice. "Yes," deliberately. "Men are afraid of retaliation—those who are not actually blood-guilty, as you might say. And who can say who is and who is not? But he will be sent over this time. Paul Langford is on his trail. Give me two men like Langford and that anachronism—an honest man west of the river—Williston, and you can have the rest, sheriff and all."

"Mr. Williston—he has been unfortunate, has he not? He is such a 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 overdone."



"You 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," pointed 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 wily 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.

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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 her knees, sat on the doorstep, thoughtfully staring out into the still darkness. There was a stir. "Bedtime, little girl," said Williston.

"Just a minute more, daddy. Must we have a light? Think how the mosquitoes will swarm. Let's go to bed in the dark." "We will shut the door, and next summer, little girl, you shall have your screens. I promise that, always providing, of course, Jesse Black leaves us alone."

Had it not been so dark, Mary could have seen the wistful smile on the thin scholarly face. But though she could not see it, she knew it was there. There had been fairer hopes and more generous promises in the past few years. They had all gone the dreary way of impotent striving, of bitter disappointment. There was little need of light for Mary to read her father's thoughts.

VARIETIES IN HUMAN SPECIES.

Source of Everything That Is Beautiful and Interesting. Each human being has something distinguishing in form, proportions, countenance, gesture, voice—in feelings, thought, and temper, in mental as well as corporeal physiognomy. This variety is the source of everything beautiful and interesting in the external world—the foundation of the whole moral fabric of the universe. Certain external circumstances, as food, climate, mode of life, have power of modifying the animal organization, so as to make it deviate from that of the parent. But this effect terminates in the individual. Thus, a fair Englishman, if exposed to the sun, becomes dark and swarthy in Bengal; but his offspring, if from an English woman, are born just as fair as he himself was originally; and the children, after any number of generations that we have yet observed, are still born equally fair, provided there has been no intermixture of dark blood.

"Blow to Medicine Cranks. There is one good thing about the passing of the boarding house," said the sad-eyed man, "and that is, it has done away with the man who ostentatiously takes his medicine at the table. It is impossible for a man to do a thing like that at a cafe. He would be laughably ousted, if not by the outraged guests, by the waiter in attendance or by the watchful proprietor, who usually has the feelings of his guests at heart."

About the only law recognized by love is the mother-in-law.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough. 25c a bottle.

It is not easy to sting a bear with a straw.—Danish. FILES CURD IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZC OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding files in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 10c.

Doesn't Work Both Ways. Liquor improves with age, but unfortunately the same rule doesn't apply to those who drink it.

Eating Cocoanut-Custard Pie. Everybody praiseth Cocoanut-Custard pie if it's made right, but a soggy pie will spoil the entire meal. Grocers are now selling "O-E-R-P-I-E," each 10-cent package containing just the proper ingredients for two pies. Get the Custard for Cocoanut-Custard pies.

Getting His. "Of course, you don't want anything you are not entitled to," said the conscientious man. "Of course not," answered Senator Sorghum, "but I will incidentally remark that I always have the best legal talent available to ascertain what I am entitled to."—Washington Star.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. W. ALDRICH, KINSMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Meat of the Cocoanut. "Your honor," said the lawyer, "I ask the dismissal of my client on the ground that the warrant fails to state that he hit Bill Jones with malicious intent." "This court," replied the country justice, "ain't a graduate of none of your technical schools. I don't care what he hit Bill with. The pint is, did he hit him? Proceed."

Rather Neatly Put. A Baltimore man had until recently a ducky in his employ—about as shiftless and worthless a ducky, says he, as ever he came across. One day the employer, his patience exhausted, called Sam into his office and told him to look for another job. "Will you give me a letter of recommendation?" asked Sam, piteously. Although he felt that he could not conscientiously comply with this request, the Baltimore man's heart was touched by the appeal. So he sat down to his desk to write a non-committal letter of character for the negro. His effort resulted as follows: "This man, Sam Harkins, has worked for me one week, and I am satisfied."

CUT OUT FOR A FINANCIER.

Shrewd Rascal Made Good Thing Out of Whistling Geese. Two rogues passed a poultry shop. Seeing two geese hung up for sale one of the rogues inserted in the gullet of the goose a little bulb with whistle attached. When the bulb was pressed the whistle sounded. Then, entering the store, he told the proprietor that he had hanging outside a very rare kind of whistling goose. The proprietor at once sold the goose for a big sum to a very learned professor, who was astonished to hear about the whistling goose. Seeking the man who had placed the whistle in the gullet of the bird, the proprietor asked him if he knew where others like it could be obtained.

"Well," said the crafty fellow, "I know of only one place, and if you will pay me a big price I will get several for you."

So the rogue brought a dozen fowls, in the gullet of each of which he thrust a whistle, and was paid an exorbitant price for them before the hoax was discovered.

BRAIN POWER increased by Proper Feeding.

A lady writer who not only has done good literary work, but reared a family, found in Grape-Nuts the ideal food for brain work and to develop healthy children. She writes: "I am an enthusiastic proclaimer of Grape-Nuts as a regular diet. I formerly had no appetite in the morning and for 8 years while nursing my four children, had insufficient nourishment for them."

"Unable to eat breakfast I felt faint later, and would go to the pantry and eat cold chops, sausage, cookies, doughnuts or anything I happened to find. Being a writer, at times my head felt heavy and my brain asleep. "When I read of Grape-Nuts I began eating it every morning, also gave it to the children, including my 10 months old baby, who soon grew as fat as a little pig, good natured and contented. "Within a week I had plenty of breast milk, and felt stronger within two weeks. I wrote evenings and feeding the need of sustained brain power, began eating a small saucer of Grape-Nuts with milk instead of my usual indigestible hot pudding, pie, or cake for dessert at night. "Grape-Nuts did wonders for me and I learned to like it. I did not mind my housework or mother's cares, for I felt strong and full of 'go.' I grew plump, nerves strong, and when I wrote my brain was active and clear; indeed, the dull head pain never returned. "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

HOW DO THEY GET IT?

Physiological Problem That Nora Could Not Solve.

A Philadelphia physician tells of an amusing conversation between two Irish girls in domestic service who, while on the board walk at Atlantic City one day not long ago, were exchanging views as to their various physical ailments. "It's a strange thing, ain't it, Norah," asked one of the girls, "how many new kinds of diseases people get these days. Only this mornin' I were readin' an advertisement of a new medicine. It said it were wonderful for a sluggish liver."

"Gwan!" exclaimed the other girl, scornfully. "Liver trouble ain't no new disease. Me own grandfater was havin' liver trouble whin I were not more'n tin years old."

"Maybe," was the laconic response. "But," added Norah, "what I want to know is: how do them slugs get inside the liver, anyhow?"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Macaroni Wheat. Salzer's strain of Macaroni or Kubanka wheat is absolutely pure and is from seed obtained from the Department of Agriculture. Our strain is Dakota grown which laughs at droughts and elements and positively mocks black rust that terrible scourge and would be ashamed of itself if it did not return from 40 to 80 bu. of the finest wheat the sun shines on per acre in good Ill., Ia., Mich., Wis., Ohio, Penn., Mo., N. Dak., Kan., and other lands, and 40 to 60 bu. per acre in arid lands. No rust, no insects, no failure.

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And if you send 14c they will mail in addition a package of farm seed never before seen by you, John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., R. & W.

A St. Patrick Rooster.

"My friend," said the irate customer to his poultryman in Washington market, "I didn't like that last chicken at all. Why, it had no lungs!" "Oh, that's all right; it was a St. Patrick rooster." "A St. Patrick rooster? What has that got to do with the case?" "Lord, man, don't you know that a St. Patrick rooster never crows? Therefore what does he want with lungs? Anything else wrong with him?" "Well, er—er—no. Otherwise he was a fine animal." "Good. But next time I'll throw in an extra pair of lungs."—New York Press.

The Winning Smile.

"Say, Mag," said Mame, "I don't see how you got so stuck on him. He ain't good-looking nor nothin'." "I know he ain't," replied the lovely Maggie, "but didn't yer never notice what a lot of 'o' good he's got in his teeth?"

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Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coat of Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

The annual profits of Monte Carlo amount to \$5,000,000. France makes \$80,000,000 from its tobacco crop. Smoke up. India is no place for S. Veller, Jr. There are 26,000,000 widows there. In New York city 35 per cent of the male population wear beards. Next! In three baked bananas there is as much nourishment as in 26 pounds of bread. Only one person in a thousand lives to be 100 years old. Not that it matters to us.

MEDITATIONS OF A SPINSTER.

A breach of promise suit may be had, but the same girl as a wife would be wiser. It takes a real homely girl to believe that the reason why more men do not propose to her is because she won't allow them to get to that point. Most marvelous of all his accomplishments is the way that the deepest-dyed man never looks guilty, but as innocent as a lamb.

Distribution. "Why don't you make some arrangements for the distribution of your great wealth?" said the socialist. "I see no necessity for that," answered the magnate. "It is already distributed in such a manner as to yield me the largest possible dividends."—Washington Star.

As Times Change. "Politics is getting to be wonderfully interesting," said the observer. "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "It is mighty interesting. But between you and me, it isn't near as much of an investment as it used to be."

YOUR EYES

Don't trust your eyes to traveling opticians or the oldest manufacturing opticians in the state—grind our own lenses—make our own frames. Consultation Free. Glasses fitted, \$1.00 up. Hutsen Optical Co., Exclusive Opticians, 213 So. 16th St., Omaha. Factory on premises. Wholesale and Retail.

Due Process of Law.

At the time of the famous Eastman trial in Cambridge, Mass., two Irishmen, standing on a street corner, were overheard discussing the trial. One of them was trying to enlighten the other concerning a jury. "Bedad!" he explained. "You're arrested. Thin if ye gets th' smartest lawyer, ye're innocent; but if th' other man gets th' best lawyer, ye're guilty."—Life.

Wanted Particulars.

As an example of what men in the railroad business have to endure, a conductor on the Seaboard Air Line relates that while he was passing through a coach a few days ago a young woman stopped him and asked how far they were from Weldon. He replied that they were about 55 miles from Weldon. She then asked: "This side or the other side?"

A Way Out of a Difficulty.

An old highlander, being sent one day for five yards of satin, forgot his errand, but not to be done, said to the shopman: "Can ye give me another name for the deil (devil) forby the deil?" The shopman said "Satan." "That be him," was the answer. "Whang me off five yards of him, white."—Dundee Weekly News.

Workingsmen's Homes.

The city government of Milan has voted to appropriate \$1,150,000 for the construction of further series of houses especially built for workingmen and their families, and the municipal loan office (the city pawn department) will give \$100,000 out of its profits toward the same purpose.

Reason for Grief.

"You look unhappy." "But you once said that if your husband ever accumulated a million you would be perfectly happy." "I know it, but Mrs. Nixdore's husband has accumulated two millions."

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