

By D. M. AMSBERRY

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

LANGFORD of the THREE BARS

By KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES

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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," 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. 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 "Dakotana," and who is living with him at "Williston," is requested by the county attorney, Richard Gordon, to come to Kemah and take testimony in the preliminary hearing of the Justice of the Peace, James R. McAllister's court for the preliminary hearing of Jesse Black's friends, awaiting examination. Through Jake Sanderson, a member of the outlaw gang, he had learned that the "Mag" had been recovered and that the "Three Bars" brand was being changed to the "J. R." brand. He tells her of the disappointments of his office, of witnesses that can be bribed and of the system of tampering with justice which prevents him from securing a conviction. He has the girl's sympathy. While Williston stands in the light in his door at night, a shot is fired at him. The house is struck and a battle ensues between Williston and his daughter, on one side, and the outlaws on the other. The house is set on fire. As an outlaw raises his rifle to shoot Williston a shot from an unknown source pierces his arm and the outlaw falls to the ground. Aid has come to Williston, but he and his daughter are captured and borne away by the outlaws.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"It beats the devil—for a fact." He looked helplessly over his shoulder. The man was beyond sight and sound. "If he hadn't said he was going for doe and belonged to the X Y Z," he pondered. He was swearing because he could not think of a way out of the maze of contradiction. He was so seldom at a loss, this brigadoon Jim. "Well, I reckon I won't get any 'p a moonin' here less'n I wait here till that son-of-a-gun comes back from seeth' doe. Lord, I'd have to camp out all night. Guess 'll be a movin' on. But I'll plumb a-foot for an idea as to how that lidit got here from the X Y Z." He shrugged his shoulders and picked up the fallen bridle rein. He kept on straight ahead, and it was well for him that he did so. It was not the last of the affair. The old, prosaic trail seemed fairly bristling with ghostly visitants that night. He had gone but a scant quarter-mile when he met a second horseman, and this time he would have sworn on oath that the man had not been on the forward trail as long as he should have been to be seen in the starlight. Jim was not dozing now and he knew what he was about. The fellow struck the trail from across country and from the direction of Williston's home cattle sheds.

"The devil!" he muttered, and this time he was in deep and terrible earnest.

"Hullo!" the fellow accented him, genially.

"Too damned pleasant—the whole bunch of 'em," found quick judgment in Jim's active brain. Aloud, he responded with answering good nature, "Hullo!"

"Where ye goin'?" asked the other, as if in no particular haste to part company. If he had met with a surprise, he carried it off well.

"Home. Been to town." Jim was on tender hooks to be off.

"Belong to the Three Bars, don't you?"

"Yep."

"Thought so. Well, good luck to you."

"Say," said Jim, suddenly, "you don't happen to hang out at the X Y Z, do you?"

"Now! What d'ye suppose I'd be doing here this time of night if I did? There was scorn in his voice and suspicion, too. "Why?" he asked.

"Oh, nothin'." Thought I knew your build, but I guess I was mistaken. So long."

He had an itching desire to ask if this night traveler, too, was in quest of the doctor, but caution held him silent. He rode briskly along until he judged he had gone far enough to allay suspicion, then he halted suddenly. Very wideawake was Jim now. His hand rested unconsciously on the Colt's 45, protruding from his loosely hanging belt. His impulse was to ride boldly back and up to Williston's door, and thus satisfy himself as to what was doing so mysteriously. There was not a cowardly drop in Jim's circulation. But if foul play was abroad for Williston that night, he, Jim, of course, was spotted and would never be permitted to reach the house. It would mean a useless sacrifice. Now, he needed to be alive. There was a crying need for his good and active service. Afterwards—well, it was all in the day's work. It wouldn't so much matter then. It touched spurs lightly, bent his head against the friction of the air and urged his horse to the maddest, wildest race he had ever run since that day long ago, to be forgotten by neither, when he had been broken to his master's will.

Paul Langford dropped one shoe nervelessly to the wolfskin in front of his bed. Though his bachelor room was plain in most respects, plain for the better convenience of the bachelor hands that had to put in rights every day—with the exception of a cock, Langford kept no servant—the wolfskin here, an Indian blanket thrown over a stiff chair by the table, a Japanese screen concealing the ugly little sheet-iron stove that stood over in its corner all the year round, gave evidence that his tastes were really luxurious. An oil lamp was burning dimly on the table. The soot of many burnings adhered to the chimney's inner side.

The sound of galloping hoof-beats on the hard road below came up to him. A solitary horseman was coming that way and he was putting his horse to the limit, too. "Who the—dence," began Langford. "It's Jim's cow pony as sure as I'm a sinner! What brings him home at that pace, I wonder? Is he drunk?" He peered out indifferently. The hoof-beats rang nearer and nearer, clattered through the stable yards and, before they ceased, two or three revolver shots rang out in rapid succession. Jim had fired into the air to arouse the house.

Springing from his reeking bronco, he ran quickly to the stable and threw wide the door. Here the boss, the first to gain the outside because already dressed, found him hastily saddling a fresh mount. Langford asked

"The boys rallied to the new impetus gloriously. They knew now what it meant and their hardy hearts thrilled to the excitement of it, and the danger. They swept from the main trail into the dimmer one leading to Williston's, without diminution of speed. Presently, the boss drew rein with a suddenness that would have played havoc with the equilibrium of less seasoned horsemen than cowboys. They followed with the precision and accord of trained cavalrymen. Now and then could be seen a black, sinister figure patrolling the burning homestead, but hugging closely the outer skirt of darkness, waiting for the doomed door to open.

"Boys!" began Langford. But he never gave the intended command to charge at once with wild shouting and shooting to frighten away the marauders and give warning to the besieged that rescue was at hand. For at that moment the door opened and Williston and his daughter stepped out in full view of raider and rescuer. Would there be parley? A man, slouching in his saddle, rode up into the circle of lurid light. Was it Jesse Black? There was something hauntingly familiar about the droop of the shoulders. "That was all; hardly enough to hang a man.

Langford raised his rifle quickly. His nerves were perfectly steady. His sight was never truer. His bullet went straight to the rifle arm of the outlaw; with a ringing shout he rallied his comrades, spurred his pony forward, and the little party charged the astounded raiders with a fury of shots that made each rustler stand well to his own support, leaving the Williston's, for the time being, free from their attention.

The desperadoes were on the run. They cared to take no risk of identification. It was not easy to determine how many there were. There seemed a half-dozen or more, but probably four or five at the most would tell their number.

The flames were sinking. Williston had disappeared. The boys scattered in wild pursuit. Wheeling his horse, Langford was in time to see a big, muscular fellow swing a girlish form to the saddle in front of him. Quick as a flash he spurred forward, lifted his heavy Colt's revolver high over his head and brought it down on the fellow's skull with a force that knocked him senseless without time for a sigh or moan. As his arms fell lax and he toppled in his saddle, Langford caught the girl and swung her free of entanglement.

(To Be Continued.)

Interesting Use of Gas. A very interesting use for producer gas is made in a factory in Jersey City, where tempering of metal to be made into certain springs is successfully and economically done with its heat. Coke fires were formerly utilized for the purpose, but the temperature varied to such an extent that a great deal of the material was spoiled. With producer gas an absolutely constant temperature is secured and the work is done in a more cleanly manner, with no possibility of error as to the degree of heat. Consequently the waste heretofore encountered has been reduced to a minimum and the quality of the product is absolutely uniform.

Serious, indeed. "Lady," said the tattered tramp at the gate, "can't yer spare me a dime on a very urgent collection?" "What do you call an urgent collection?" asked the busy housewife. "Why, yer see, I have just been fined \$29,240,000 for ridin' on an oil car 'n I've only got two days to get it together."

Langford rode slightly in advance. He stepped silently to Sadie's stall. In an incredibly short space of time the rest of the boys came leaping out of the ranchhouse, slamming the door behind them. To be up and doing was the meat they fed on. In less than ten minutes they were all mounted and ready, five of them, silent, full to the brim of reckless hardihood, prime for any adventure that would serve to break the monotony of their lives. More than that, every fiber of their being, when touched, would respond, a tuneful, sounding string of loyalty to the traditions of the Three Bars and to its young master. Each was fully armed. They asked no question. Yet there could be no doubt of a surprise when the time came for action. They were always prepared, these boys of the most popular ranch outfit west of the river. Right in the face of this popularity, perhaps because of it, they were a bit overbearing, these boys, and held fellowship with any outside the Three Bars a thing not to be lightly entered into. It was a fine thing to work for the boss, and out of the content accruing therefrom sprang a conservatism like that of the proudest aristocrat of the land.

Langford took the trail first. Jim had said but the one word, "Williston." It was enough. Nothing was to be heard but the rapid though regular pound of hoof-beats on the level trail. It is a silent country, the cow country, and its gravity begets gravity.

Langford, riding slightly in advance, was having a bad time with himself. The keenest self-reproach was stabbing him like a physical pain. His honor—his good honor, that he held so high and stainless—was his word not given by it that the Willistons might count on his sure protection? What had he done to merit this proud boast? Knowing that Jesse Black was once more at liberty, fully realizing of what vast import to the state would be Williston's testimony when the rustlers should be brought to trial, he had sat stupidly back and done nothing. And he had promised. Would Williston have had the courage without that promise? Why were not some of his cowboys even now sleeping with an eye upon that little claim shack where lived that scholar-man who was not fit for the rough life of the plains, maybe, but who had been brave enough and high-minded enough to lay his all on the white altar of telling

what he knew for right's sake. And the girl— "God! The girl!" he cried aloud. "What did you say, boss?" asked Jim, pounding alongside. "Nothing!" said Langford, curtly. He spurred his mare savagely. In the shock of surprise, and the sting that his neglected word brought him, he had forgotten the girl—Williston's "little girl" with the grave eyes—the girl who was not 10 but 20 and more—the girl who had waited for him, whom he had sent on her long way alone, joyously, as one free of a duty that promised to be irksome—the girl who had brought the blood to his face when, ashamed, he had galloped off to the spring—the girl who had closed her door when a man's curious eyes had roved that way. How could he forget?

The little cavalcade swept on with increased speed, following the lead of the master. Soon the sound of shooting was borne to them distinctly through the quiet night.

"Thank God, boys!" cried Langford, digging in his spurs once more. "They are not surprised! Listen! God! What a plucky fight! If they can only hold out!"

At that moment a tiny tongue of flame leaped up away to the front of them, gleaming in the darkness like a beacon light. Now there were two—they grew, spread, leaped heavenward in mad revel. Langford's heart sank like lead. He groaned in an excedding bitterness of spirit. The worst had happened. Would they be in time? These claim shanties burn like paper. And the girl! He doubted not that she had sustained her share of the good fight. She had fought like a man, she must die like a man—if that meant bravely—but something clutched at his heart-strings with the thought. Her big, solemn eyes came back to him now as they had looked when she had lifted them to him gravely as he sat his horse and she had said she had waited for him. Was she waiting now?

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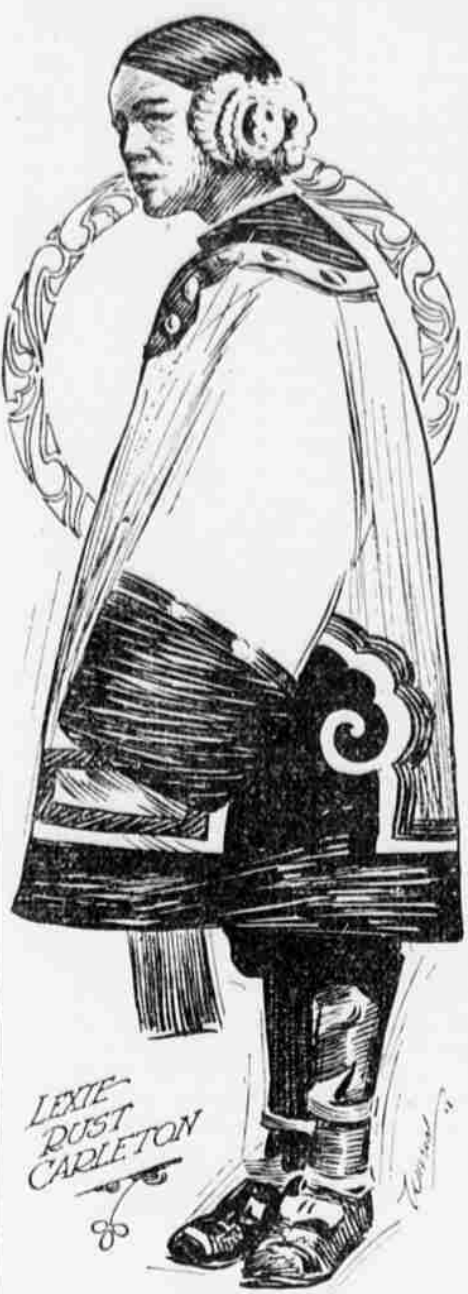
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ADOPTS A CHINESE GIRL.

St. Louis Millionaire to Raise Her as His Daughter.

St. Louis.—A poor Chinese girl probably will become a St. Louis society belle because Murray Carleton, millionaire dry-goods merchant, club man and society man, has adopted her. She is a living monument to his dead daughter, whose name, Lexie Rust Carleton, she bears.

The story of Mr. Carleton's Chinese "daughter" has just been revealed by him at a meeting of the Young



Woman's Foreign Missionary society of the Centenary M. E. church, South.

Mourning the death nine years ago of his daughter, Lexie, Mr. Carleton shortly afterward was trying to devise a plan to perpetuate the memory of her in something real, live and tangible, when his attention was called to a little girl on the other side of the globe, just Lexie's age. He began, with the missionaries of that district of China, negotiations which culminated in his adoption of the girl under his dead daughter's name. The girl, then ten years old, was placed in the Susan B. Wilson school, at Sung Kong, and now, at the age of 19 years, is about to graduate.

Upon her graduation she will be given the choice of becoming Mr. Carleton's American daughter, or remaining his Chinese daughter and becoming a missionary to her people. She has announced her willingness to become a missionary, but Mr. Carleton, who has never seen her, desires that, before deciding she shall visit America and become acquainted with her "American father" and the other members of her "American family"—Mr. Carleton's wife and their eight children.

Although Miss Lexie Rust Carleton of China and the Carletons of St. Louis have never met, they know, from photographs, and from letters exchanged weekly, almost as much about each other as though she had been a member of the Carleton household all her life.

The case is already in the hands of the gossips and on all sides are being asked these questions: Will the smart set "accept" the Chinese girl socially? Dare the smart set reject the adopted daughter of Murray Carleton, one of the foremost men, commercially and socially, in St. Louis?

AUTHORS FOND OF MAINE.

Many of National Prominence Have Homes in That State.

The coast of Maine appears to have a peculiar attractiveness for authors. William Dean Howells, for example, has long had his summer home at Kittery Point, which is not far from Portsmouth. His house is surrounded by a fine old garden, in which the veteran author may often be seen at work. His library is located in an old barn set in the midst of an apple orchard.

A little further up the coast, at York Harbor, is the summer home of Thomas Nelson Page. It is located on a high point near the sea. Here, too, comes John Fox every summer to be the guest of Mr. Page.

Still further on, at Kennebunkport, is the home of Mrs. Margaret Deland, who lives in a charming old-fashioned house surrounded by a real New England garden. Mrs. Deland has been particularly successful in raising jonquills. In fact, she has had such a large crop the past summer that she held a public sale of them and gave the proceeds to charity. Meredith Nicholson, the Indiana novelist, also has a home at Kennebunkport.

Various authors live on the many islands that stud the beautiful harbor of Portland. The best known is Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham, whose home is on Bailey's island. On another island, not far away, lives Commander Peary.—Saturday Evening Post.

PERUNA EDITORIAL NO. 2.

Dr. Hartman has claimed for many years that Peruna is an EXCELLENT CATARRH REMEDY. Some of the doctor's critics have disputed the doctor's claim as to the efficacy of Peruna.

Since the ingredients of Peruna are no longer a secret, what do the medical authorities say concerning the remedies of which Peruna is composed?

Take, for instance, the ingredient HYDRASTIS CANADENSIS, OR GOLDEN SEAL. The United States Dispensary says of this herbal remedy, that it is largely employed in the treatment of depraved mucous membranes, chronic rhinitis (nasal catarrh), atonic dyspepsia (catarrh of the stomach), chronic intestinal catarrh, catarrhal jaundice (catarrh of the liver), and in diseased mucous membranes of the pelvic organs. It is also recommended for the treatment of various forms of diseases peculiar to women.

Another ingredient of Peruna, CORYDALIS FORMOSA, is classed in the United States Dispensary as a tonic.

CEDRON SEEDS is another ingredient of Peruna, an excellent drug that has been very largely overlooked by the medical profession for the past fifty years. THE SEEDS ARE TO BE FOUND IN VERY FEW DRUG STORES. The United States Dispensary says of the action of cedron that it is used as a bitter tonic and in the treatment of dysentery, and in intermittent diseases as a SUBSTITUTE FOR QUININE.

OIL OF COPAIBA, another ingredient of Peruna, is classed by the United States Dispensary as a mild stimulant and diuretic. It acts on the stomach and intestinal tract. It acts as a stimulant on the genito-urinary membranes. Useful in chronic cystitis, chronic dysentery and diarrhea, and some chronic diseases of the liver and kidneys.

These opinions as to the ingredients of Peruna are held by all writers on the subject, including Bartholow and Scudder.

OF HYDRASTIS, BARTHOLOW SAYS it is applicable to stomatitis (catarrh of the mucous surfaces of the mouth), follicular pharyngitis (catarrh of the pharynx), chronic coryza (catarrh of the head). This writer classifies hydrastis as a stomachic tonic, useful in atonic dyspepsia (chronic gastric catarrh), catarrh of the duodenum, catarrh of the gall duct, catarrh of the intestines, catarrh of the kidneys (chronic Bright's disease), catarrh of the bladder, and catarrh of other pelvic organs.

BARTHOLOW REGARDS COPAIBA as an excellent remedy for chronic catarrh of the bladder, chronic bronchitis (catarrh of the bronchial tubes).

BARTHOLOW STATES THAT CUBEB, an ingredient of Peruna, promotes the appetite and digestion, increases the circulation of the blood. Useful in chronic nasal catarrh, follicular pharyngitis (catarrh of the pharynx), increasing the tonicity of the mucous membranes of the throat. It also relieves hoarseness. Useful in atonic dyspepsia (catarrh of the stomach), and in chronic catarrh of the colon and rectum, catarrh of the bladder, prostaticorrhea, and chronic bronchial affections.

MILLSPAUGH, MEDICINAL PLANTS, one of the most authoritative works on medicinal herbs in the English language, in commenting upon COLLINSONIA CANADENSIS, says that it acts on the pneumogastric and vaso motor nerves. It increases the secretions of the mucous membranes in general. In the mountains of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Carolina, collinsonia canadensis is considered a panacea for many disorders, including headache, colic, cramp, dropsy and indigestion. DR. SCUDDER regards it highly as a remedy in chronic diseases of the lungs, heart disease and asthma.

These citations ought to be sufficient to show to any candid mind that Peruna is a catarrh remedy. Surely, such herbal remedies, that command the enthusiastic confidence of the highest authorities obtainable, brought together in proper combination, ought to make a catarrh remedy of the highest efficacy.

This is our claim, and we are able to substantiate this claim by ample quotations from the HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES IN THE WORLD.

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What's a Widower? Is a widower a married or a single man? This question continually crops up and it is continually being answered both ways. Certainly a widower is married—he is not a bachelor. That is one answer. Certainly, on the other hand, no matter what the man once was, he is single now. That is the other answer. Thus in all match games of single against married men—games of hockey, football, baseball, cricket—the poor widower is tossed from one side to the other like a shuttlecock. The solution depends solely upon his skill.

Didn't Deny It. "That sharp-tongued Miss Redpepp has been saying some mighty mean things about you and your wife." "What, for instance?" "Says you picked her up at a bargain counter." "Great Scott, I did! She was the prettiest girl that ever stood behind one."

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE. From October to May, Colds are the most frequent cause of Headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes cause. E.W. Grove on box 25c

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