

By D. M. AMBERRY

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, and 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 "Dakotahs," 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, Jim Munson, in waiting at the train for Louise, looks at a herd of cattle being shipped by Bill Brown and there detects old "Mag," a well known "sorcery" stealer, long since to his employer of the "Three Bars" ranch. Munson and Louise start for Kemah. Crowds assemble in Justice James R. McAllister's court for the preliminary hearing. Jesse Black springs the first of many great surprises, waiving examination. Through Jake Sanders, a member of the outlaw gang, he had learned that the stealer "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 tells her of the disappointments of his office, of witnesses that can be bribed and of the system of tampering with justice which prevails in his office. He tells her of the girl's sympathy. While Williston stands in the light in his door at night a shot is fired at him. The house is attacked 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 rifle falls to the ground. Aid has come to Williston, but he and his daughter are captured and borne away by the outlaws. Jim Munson late at night heard the shots, discovered the attack on Williston's house, hurried to the Three Bars ranch and summoned Langford and his brave men to the rescue. It was Langford who fired the shot which saved Williston's life. Langford rescues Mary from her captor.

## CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Poor little girl," he breathed over her as her white face dropped with unconscious pathos against his big shoulder. "Poor little girl—I'm sorry—I didn't mean to—honest—I'm sorry." He chafed her hands gently. "And I don't know where your father is, either. Are you hurt anywhere, or have you only fainted? God knows I don't wonder. It was hellish. Why, child, child, your arm! It is broken! Oh, little girl, I didn't mean to—honest—honest, I'm sorry."

Jim rode up panting, eyes blood-shot.

"We can't find him, boss. They've carried him off, dead or alive."

"Is it so, Jim? Are you sure? How far did you follow?"

"We must have followed the wrong lead. If any one was ridin' double, it wasn't the ones we were after, that's one thing sure. The blamed boss thieves pulled clean away from us. Our horses were plumb winded anyway. And—there's a deader out there, boss," lowering his voice; "I found him as I came back."

"That explains why no one was riding double," said Langford, thoughtfully.

"How'd the gal, boss?"

"I don't know, Jim. I—don't know what to do now."

His eyes were full of trouble.

"Ain't no use cryin' over spilt milk and that's a fact. 'Bout as sensible as a tryin' to pick it up after it is spilt. We won't find Williston this here night, that's one thing sure. So we'll just tote the little gal home to the Three Bars with us."

The boys were returning, silent, gloomy, disconsolate. They eyed the boss tentatively. Would they receive praise or censure? They had worked hard.

"You're all right, boys," said Langford, smiling away their gloom. "But about the girl. There is no woman at the Three Bars, you know—"

"So you'd leave her out all night to the dew and the coyotes and the boss thieves, would you," interrupted Jim, with a fine sarcasm, "jest because there ain't no growed-up woman at the Three Bars? What d'ye think Williston's little gal'd care for style? She ain't afraid o' us of grizzled fellers. I hope to the Lord there won't never be no growed-up woman at the Three Bars—yep, that's what I hope. I think that mouse-haired gal reporter'd be jest terrible fussy, and I think she's a goin' to marry a down easter chap, anyway."

"Just pick up that fellow, will you, boys, and strap him to his horse, and we'll take him along," said Langford. "I don't believe he's dead."

"What fellow?" asked the Scribe, peering casually about.

Langford had unconsciously ridden

forward a bit to meet the boys as they had clattered up shamefacedly. Now he turned.

"Why, that fellow over there. I knocked him out."

He rode back slowly. There was no man there, nor the trace of a man. They stared at each other a moment, silently. Then Langford spoke.

"No, I am not going to leave Williston's little girl out in the dew," he said, with an inscrutable smile. "While some of you ride in to get some one to see about that body out there and bring out the doctor, I'll take her over to White's for to-night, anyway. Mrs. White will care for her. Then perhaps we will send for the gal reporter, Jim."

## CHAPTER XI.

"You Are—the Boss."

She held out her left hand with a sad little smile. "It is good of you to come so soon," she said, simply.

She had begged so earnestly to sit up that Mrs. White had improvised an invalid's chair out of a huge old rocker and a cracker box. It did very well. Then she had partially clothed the girl in a skimpy wrapper of the sort Langford abominated, throwing a man's silk handkerchief where the wrapper failed to meet, and around the injured arm. Mrs. White had then recalled her husband from the stables where he was on the point of mounting to join the relief party that was to set off in search of Williston at 10 o'clock. The starting point unanimously agreed upon was to be the pitiful remnants of Williston's home. Men shook their heads dubiously whenever the question of a possible leading trail was broached. The soil was hard and dry from an almost rainless July and August. The fugitives might strike across country anywhere with meager chances of their trail being traced by any.

Mrs. White and her husband, kindly souls both, lifted the girl as gently as might be from the bed to the rudely constructed invalid's chair by the sitting-room window. Then they left her—the woman to putter around her kitchen, the man to make good his appointment. But the exertion had been too much for Mary. She had



"I'll Have to Ride Like Kingdom Come."

counted on strength that she did not possess. Where had she lost it? she wondered, lacking comprehension of her exceeding weakness. To be sure, her arm alternately ached and smarted, but one's arm was really such a small part of one, and she had been so strong—always. She tried to shake off the faintness creeping over her. It was effort thrown away. She lay back on her pillow, very white and worn, her pretty hair tangled and loosened from its coils.

Paul came. He was dusty and travel-stained. He had been almost continuously in his saddle since near midnight of the night before. He was here, big, strong and worthy. Mary did not cry, but she remembered how she had wanted to a few hours ago and she wondered that she could not now. Strangely enough, it was Paul who wanted to cry now—but he didn't. He only swallowed hard and held her poor hand with all gentleness, afraid to let go lest he also let go his mastery over the almost insurmountable lump in his throat.

"I tried to come sooner," he said, huskily, at last, releasing her hand and standing before her. "But I've been riding all over—for men, you know—and I had a talk with Gordon, too. It took time. He is coming out to see you this afternoon. He is coming with doc. Don't you think you had better go back to bed now? You are so—so white. Let me carry you back to bed before I go."

"Are you going, too?" asked Mary, looking at him with wide eyes of gratitude.

"Surely," he responded, quickly. "Did you think I wouldn't?"

"I—didn't know. I thought—there were a lot going—there would be enough without you. But—I am glad. If you go, it will be all right. You will find him if any one can."

"Won't you let me carry you back to bed till doc comes?" said Langford, brokenly.

"I could not bear it in bed," she said, clearly. Her brown eyes were beginning to shine with fever, and red spots had broken out in her pale cheeks. "If you make me go, I shall die. I hear it all the time when I am lying down—galloping, galloping, galloping. They never stop. They always begin all over again."

"What galloping, little girl?" asked Langford, soothingly. He saw she was becoming delirious. If doc and Dick would only come before he had

to go. But they were not coming until after dinner. He gazed down the dusty road. They would wait for him, the others. He was their leader by the natural-born right of push and energy, as well as by his having been the sole participant with his own cowboys, in the last night's tragedy. But would he do well to keep them waiting? They had already delayed too long. And yet how could he leave Williston's little girl like this—even to find Williston?

"They are carrying my father away," she said, with startling distinctness. "Don't you hear them? If you would listen, you could hear them. Do listen! They are getting faint now—you can hardly hear them. They are fainter—fainter—fainter—"

She had raised her head. There was an alert look on her face. She leaned slightly toward the window.

"Good God! A man can't stand everything!" cried Langford, hoarsely. He tore the knotted handkerchief from his throat. It was as if he was choking. Then he put his cool, strong hand to her burning forehead and gently smoothed back the rough hair. Gradually, the fixed look of an indescribable horror passed away from her face. The strained, hard eyes softened, became dewy. She looked at him, a clinging helplessness in her eyes, but sweet and sane.

"Don't you worry, child," he said comfortingly. "They can't help finding him. Twenty men with the sheriff start on the trail. There'll be 50 before night. They can't help finding him. I'm going to stay right here with you till doc comes. I'll catch up with them before they've gone far. I'll send word to the boys not to wait. Must be somebody around the house, I reckon, besides the old lady."

He started cheerily for the door.

"Mr. Langford!"

"Yes?"

"Please come back."

He came quickly to her.

"What is it?"

"Mr. Langford, will you grant me a favor?"

"Certainly, Miss Mary. Anything in this world that I can do for you I will do. You know that, don't you?"

"I am all right now. I don't think I shall get crazy again if you will let me sit here by this window and look out. If I can watch for him, it will give me something to do. You see, I could be watching all the time for the party to come back over that little rise up the road. I want you to promise me," she went on, steadily, "that I may sit here and wait for you—to come back."

"God knows you may, little girl, anyway till doc comes."

"You are wiser than doc," pursued the girl. "He is a good fellow, but foolish, you know, sometimes. He might not understand. He might like to use authority over me because I am his patient—when he did not understand. Promise that I may sit till you come back."

"I do promise, little girl. Tell him I said so. Tell him—"

"I will tell him you are—the boss," she said, with a pitiful little attempt at a jest, and smiling wanly. "He will mind—the boss."

Langford was in agony. Perspiration was springing out on his forehead though August was wearing away peacefully in soft coolness with drifting depths of white cloud as a lounging-robe—a blessed reprieve from the blazing sun of the long weeks which had gone before.

"And then I want you to promise me," went on Mary, quietly, "that you will not think any more of staying behind. I could not bear that. I trust you to go. You will, won't you?"

"Yes, I will go. I will do anything you say. And I want you to believe that every thing will be all right. They would not dare to kill him now, knowing that we are after them. If we are not back to-night, you will not worry, will you? They had so much the start of us."

"I will try not to worry."

"Well, good-bye. Be a good girl, won't you?"

"I will try," she answered, wearily.

With a last look into the brave, sweet face, and smothering a mad, uncanny-like desire to stay and comfort this dear little woman while others rode away in stirring quest, Langford strode from the sick-room into the kitchen.

"Don't let her be alone any more than you can help, Mother White," he said, brusquely, "and don't worry her about going to bed."

"Have a bite afore you start, Mr. Langford, do," urged the good woman, hospitably. "You're that worn out you're white around the gills. I'll bet you haven't had any bite o' breakfast."

"I had forgotten—but you are right. No, thank you, I'll not stop for anything now. I'll have to ride like kingdom come. I'm late. Be good to her, Mother White," this last over his shoulder as he sprang to his mount from the kitchen stoop.

(To Be Continued.)

## Up-to-Date Laundress.

Users of the telephone are becoming so numerous that it is not surprising to find one installed in almost every home, but it did seem rather an up-to-date affair for a negro to have one in the back room that comprised her "apartments." A woman who wanted an extra bit of washing done in a hurry had gone into the small alley in search of her. "O, Miss Brown," said the washerwoman, "you needn't to have come clear down here for me. I've got a telephone." And, sure enough, there sat one beside her tubs. The astonished patron said: "But Lizzie, I thought you didn't wash for but three persons; do you need a telephone?" "Well, Miss Brown," said Lizzie, modestly, "I ain't got but three women to wash for, but I got a pretty daughter."—Philadelphia Record.

## NEBRASKA IN BRIEF

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SECTIONS.

### ALL SUBJECTS TOUCHED UPON

Religious, Social, Agricultural, Political and Other Matters Given Due Consideration.

Gage county is paying off the court house bonds \$1,000 at a time.

Gage county estates will be made to pay the inheritance taxes.

The anti-treating law will be tested in a case from Plattsmouth.

Lincoln will make an effort to suppress Sunday base ball in that city.

Peru, a Nemaha county town, will organize as a city.

David Laffer of Nebraska City, an old-time telegrapher, died last week.

The Southeastern Nebraska Educational association will meet in Beatrice early in April.

John Diener of Syracuse is a candidate for department commander of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Fairbury needs more school seating capacity and will take steps to provide the same.

The Missouri Pacific will make some much needed improvements in Auburn.

Lincoln saloon men are on the anxious seat over the prohibition question.

A store in Gering lost \$500 worth of goods by theft. The lost was found and the thief is in jail.

In another column of this paper will be found a list of prominent business houses in Omaha. In writing them please mention this paper.

Samuel Rinaker of Beatrice comes out in a card publicly stating that he is not a candidate for congressman to succeed E. M. Hinshaw.

A thief in Gage county left his overcoat behind and in the pockets were found letters that lead to his apprehension.

Building has gone forward all winter in several towns, and as warm weather approaches, there is renewed activity.

J. M. Brookshire of Beatrice identified a photograph of the man killed at Kansas City recently trying to escape from the official, as that of his brother-in-law, Thomas Price.

Three candidates for department commander of the Grand Army of the Republic for the election at Hastings, May 20, are in the field, and one or two more may enter the race.

The village of Benkelman has appealed from a judgment for \$1,300 obtained by Ella Ferman, who alleged that she had been permanently injured by falling on a defective cross walk.

Columbus had a robbery the other day, the robbers gaining admittance to the dry goods store of Theodore Friedhoff & Co., carrying away over \$400 worth of silks and other dry goods.

Herman Boche, sentenced to serve ten years for manslaughter committed in Madison county, has appealed to the supreme court and obtained leave to give bail in the sum of \$10,000.

The State Commercial club in session at Grand Island, elected officers as follows: H. M. Bushnell of Lincoln, president; A. F. Buechler of Grand Island, secretary; G. M. Butterfield of Norfolk, treasurer.

John Kreitner, a prominent German farmer residing three and a half miles from Adams, Gage county, committed suicide by blowing the top of his head off with the contents of a single barreled shot gun. Kreitner, who was well to do, had been brooding of late and it is not known why he killed himself.

The State Railway commission has ordered the Linwood Telephone company to charge the owners of the property the same price for telephone service that the general public pays. Heretofore the owners of telephone stock paid only \$1 for residence and \$1.25 a month for business telephones, while non-owners paid \$1.25 for residence and \$1.75 for business telephones.

Messrs. Orchard & Wilhelm, the popular wholesale furniture dealers in Omaha, are establishing quite a manufacturing industry in Nebraska, making their Ivory Polish for the cleaning and polishing of all kinds of furniture, pianos, or anything made of wood that needs a high polish. These home industries should be encouraged, as they furnish employment for a large number of people.

The Farmers' Grain and Supply company of Atlanta, which recently filed a complaint with the state railway commission against the schedule enforced by the Burlington on stock shipments, has reported that arrangements have been made for the shipment of stock every day in the week instead of twice a week. The semi-weekly shipments were too far apart for the convenience of the shippers.

Myra M. Lane, administratrix of the estate of Paul Lane, has brought suit against the Fremont-Gas and Electric Light company to recover the sum of \$5,000 by reason of the death of her son, who was overcome by gas fumes while at work digging gas trenches.

John R. Smith, who contended in the district court of Richardson county that the Burlington was responsible for the destruction of his crops by used water during the seasons of 1902 and 1904, won out in the district court and has had the opinion upheld in the supreme court.

## IOWA HELPS THE CORN SHOW.

Joins Hands With Omaha to Push Along the Great Enterprise.

Iowa and Nebraska have joined hands in an effort to promote the greatest corn exposition on record, to be held in Omaha on December 10 to 19, 1908. Iowa is interested in the fact that Council Bluffs and Omaha are jointly backing this great enterprise, and because Iowa has a dominant interest in corn, which product it grows more than any other state.

In a proclamation Governor A. B. Cummins says: "The development of agricultural science during the last decade is the most remarkable characteristic of the times. I believe the growth of knowledge with respect to agriculture has in this period added more to the material wealth of the country than has resulted from any other branch of learning and the fortunate thing is that not only has it added wealth, but farm life has been wonderfully beautified and clothed with a new interest."

In order to enlist the co-operation of the people of Iowa and to insure an adequate exhibition of Iowa corn and other cereals at this national exposition, of which J. Wilkes Jones is the general manager, the following commission of prominent business men, farmers and agricultural authorities was appointed: Prof. P. G. Holden, chairman, representing the Iowa state college; Charles A. Cameron, president of the Iowa state fair; John Cowles, state board of control; Henry Wallace of the Wallace Farmer; E. E. Favill, editor of Successful Farming; James Atkinson, editor of the Iowa Homestead; Asa Turner, president of the Iowa Corn Growers' association; Melborn McFarlin, George White and F. H. Klopffing.

NEBRASKA IN SUPREME COURT.

Attorney General Thompson Files Brief Against Judges.

Washington dispatch: Attorney General W. T. Thompson of Nebraska will file with the clerk of the supreme court a supplemental and reply brief in the original action for mandamus brought by the state of Nebraska against the two federal judges of Nebraska, W. H. Munger and T. C. Munger.

This reply brief of the Nebraska attorney contains the latest decision of the Nebraska supreme court which held that a state may be a party to a suit to prevent wrong-doing, although it has no pecuniary interest in the outcome of the suit. As this is the point at issue in the mandamus case, Mr. Thompson wants the supreme court of the United States to read this decision carefully before overruling the application for mandamus.

The latest decision of the Nebraska supreme court on this question holds squarely that the state is a proper party to a suit brought to secure the enforcement of a public right or the restraint of a public wrong.

KILLED IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Some Details of Murder of the Nebraska Woman.

Crete.—Details have just been received here concerning the murder of Miss Anna Hahn, a teacher in the American school at Bantangas, Philippine Islands, which occurred on the night of January 29 last in her room in Bantangas.

It seems that Miss Hahn had been reading in her room and had laid aside her book sheathed her glasses and had risen to her feet when the first blow was struck above the temple. She was also beaten over the head many times with a blunt instrument. The body was found the next morning. Her large steamer trunk was found in a field near the house broken open, but little of value was taken.

Miss Hahn went from here to Manila in 1901 and had been continuously in educational work in the

POLICYHOLDERS MUST PAY.

Assessed to Pay Liabilities of a Mutual Company.

Lincoln.—E. D. McCall, receiver for the Hog Raisers Mutual Insurance company, filed suit against the solvent policyholders of the company for a pro rata assessment to meet the unsatisfied liabilities of the company. All the solvent policyholders, to the number of about 500, are made defendants in the case and the amount of the assessment on each one varies from \$1 to \$80, as the total liabilities amount to about \$8,000. This suit is brought in conformity with an order of the equity division of the district court, directing that a sufficient assessment be levied on the policyholders to make good the liabilities.

Soldiers Draw Pay.

During the month of February the office of the adjutant general paid thirty claims of Spanish-American war veterans. This leaves about \$9,000 still in the hands of the adjutant general.

Immigration.

The movement of emigrants continues heavy; on some parts of Nebraska roads more cars are being loaded than ever before. It is the opinion of railroad men that the state is gaining in population this spring.

Protection for Pupils.

Nebraska City.—The board of education has inspected all of the school buildings, ordered many changes and all doors have been hung to swing outward. Many of the stairways will be looked after

## A REMARKABLE MAN.

Active and Bright, Though Almost a Centenarian.



Shepard Kollock, of 44 Wallace St., Red Bank, N. J., is a remarkable man at the age of 98. For 40 years he was a victim of kidney troubles and doctors said he would never be cured. "I was trying everything," says Mr. Kollock, "but my back was lame and weak, and every exertion sent a sharp twinge through me. I had to get up several times each night and the kidney secretions contained a heavy sediment. Recently I began using Dean's Kidney Pills, with fine results. They have given me entire relief."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## WHY THEY SLEEP IN CHURCH.

Hypnotism, Not Drowsiness, Declared to Be the Cause.

"Churchgoers don't sleep in church. They undergo a hypnotic trance. The soothing voices and mild music and monotonous recitative of a church service put forth powerful hypnotic influences, and that is why the pews resemble a railroad track in the abundance of their sleepers."

The speaker, a hypnotist, banged the table vehemently.

"Don't laugh," he said. "It's true. Hypnotism, not drowsiness, is what makes you sleep in church. Through your auditory nerve sound waves are passed to your brain that are as effective as though a professional hypnotist had made them. Sound, you know, is the newest and best hypnotic."

"At first, in the church service, the periodicity of the wave alterations is short. There is a little speaking, then more music. And just when you are getting properly lulled the clergyman, in a modulated, agreeable, soothing voice, speaks on and on and on—and you begin to nod. You are, hypnotically speaking, entranced."

"The average church service is a scientifically correct hypnotic instrument. No wonder, then, it puts many of us to sleep."

GLAD TO HAVE HIM GO.

Toll-Gate Keeper Thought He Had Visit from His Satanic Majesty.

This is not the only age in which motor cars have created excitement and disturbance. In 1802 such apparitions were few and far between; at present they are too frequent to attract attention. Mr. Joseph Hatton, in "Old Lamps and New," tells of the fright caused by one of Trevithick's steam locomotives, made to run on unrailed roads in the early part of the last century.

Now and then one of these extraordinary vehicles would be encountered, snorting and puffing on the highway. The countrymen regarded them as the evil one in disguise.

One of the cars, coming to a toll-gate, stopped for the gate to be opened. The toll-man came hurrying out. He flung the gate open with trembling hands, and teeth which chattered audibly.

The driver asked him how much toll there was to pay.

"O, nothing, dear Mr. Satan, nothing!" hastily assured the man. "Go on as fast as you like; there's nothing to pay."—Youth's Companion.

Asserted His Rights.

John Hunter was a negro given to chastising his wife.

"You, John," said a neighbor one day, "Susanna say, ef you don't quit beatin' her she gwine to de Freedman bureau!"

"She do, do she?" he replied, with scorn. "Now, lemme tell yer, wunst an' for all! Susanna am my wife! An' so long as she go 'bout her bizness I gwine left her lone. But wen she git ter cuttin' up I gwine ter beat her, an' ther' ain't no bureau nor no sidebode nor no chist of drows that kin hol' me back!"

HAPPY OLD AGE

Most Likely to Follow Proper Eating.

As old age advances, we require less food to replace waste, and food that will not overtax the digestive organs, while supplying true nourishment.

Such an ideal food is found in Grape-Nuts, made of whole wheat and barley by long baking and action of diastase in the barley which changes the starch into sugar.

The phosphates also, placed up under the bran-coat of the wheat, are included in Grape-Nuts, but left out of white flour. They are necessary to the building of brain and nerve cells.

"I have used Grape-Nuts," writes an Iowa man, "for 8 years and feel as good and am stronger than I was ten years ago. I am over 74 years old, and attend to my business every day."

"Among my customers I meet a man every day who is 92 years old and attributes his good health to the use of Grape-Nuts and Postum which he has used for the last 5 years. He mixes Grape-Nuts with Postum and says they go fine together."

"For many years before I began to eat Grape-Nuts, I could not say that I enjoyed life or knew what it was to be able to say 'I am well.' I suffered greatly with constipation, now my habits are as regular as ever in my life."

"Whenever I make extra effort I depend on Grape-Nuts food and it just fills the bill. I can think and write a great deal easier."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.