

LANGFORD OF THE THREE BARS

BY KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES

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SYNOPSIS.

Cattle thieves depopulating ranches of South Dakota. George Williston, small ranchman, turns into a desperado. They have stolen cattle from Three Bar ranch. Langford visits Williston and his daughter and Williston reports what he has seen to Langford, who determines to rid country of thieves. Jesse Black heads outlaws. Langford falls in love with Williston's daughter, but does not tell her. Louise Dale, court stenographer, and niece of Judge Dale, visits Kemah at request of county attorney, Gordon, to take testimony in preliminary hearing. Gordon falls in love with her. After preliminary examination Williston is attacked and defended by his daughter and himself. Outlaws fire building just as Langford and Williston arrive. Outlaws carry off Williston but Langford rescues the daughter. Williston is taken to the state penitentiary. Langford is taken to the state penitentiary. Williston is taken to the state penitentiary. Williston is taken to the state penitentiary.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

cur. A strange elation took possession of him. She was here. He thought of last night and seemed to walk on air. If he won out maybe—but, fool that he was! what was there in this rough land for a girl like—Louise?

"Oh, no, that will be too much trouble," gasped Louise, in some alarm and thinking of Aunt Helen.

"Thanks, old man, we'll stay," spoke up Langford, cheerfully. "He makes excellent tea—really. I've tried it before. You will never regret staying."

Silently he watched his friend in the inner room bring out a battered teakettle, fill it with a steady hand and put it on the stove in the office, coming and going carefully, seemingly conscious of nothing in the world but the comfort of his unexpected guests.

True to her sex, Louise was curiously interested in the house-keeping arrangements of a genuine bachelor establishment. Woman-like, she saw many things in the short time she was there—but nothing that diminished her respect for Richard Gordon. The bed in the inner chamber where both men slept was disarranged but clean. Wearing apparel was strewn over the chairs and tables. There was a litter of magazines on the floor. She laid them up against Langford; she did not think Gordon had the time or inclination to cultivate the magazine habit. She did not know to whose weakness to ascribe the tobacco powder and briar-wood pipe placed invitingly by the side of a pair of gay, elaborately beaded embroidered moccasins, cozily stowed away under the head of the bed; but she was rather inclined to lay these, too, to Langford's charge. The howling tempest outside only served to enhance the coziness of the rumbling fire and the closely drawn blinds.

But tea was never served in those bachelor rooms that night—neither that night nor ever again. It was a little dream that went up in flame with the walls that harbored it. Who first became conscious that the tang of smoke was gradually filling their nostrils, it was hard to tell. They were not far behind each other in that consciousness. It was Langford who discovered that the trouble was at the rear, where the wind would soon have the whole building fanned into flames. Gordon unlocked the door quietly. He said nothing. But Paul, springing in front of him, himself threw it open. It was no new dodge, this burning a man out to shoot him as one would down out a gopher for the killing. He need not have been afraid. The alarm had spread. The street in front was rapidly filling. One would hardly have dared to shoot—then if one had meant to. And he did not know. He only knew that devilry had been in the air for Gordon that night. He had suspected more than he had overheard, but it had been in the air.

Gordon saw the action and understood it. He never forgot it. He said nothing, but gave his friend an illuminating smile that Langford understood. Neither ever spoke of it, neither ever forgot it. How tightly can quick impulses bind—forever.

Outside, they encountered the judge in search of his delinquent charges. "I'm sorry, Dick," he said. "Dead loss my boy. This beastly wind is your undoing."

"I'm not worrying, Judge," responded Gordon, grimly. "I intend for some one else to do that."

"Hellity damn, Dick, hellity damn!" exploded Jim Munson in his ear. The words came whistling through his lips, caught and whirled backward by the play of the storm. The cold was getting bitter, and a fine, cutting snow was at last driving before the wind.

Gordon, with a set face, plunged back into the room—already fire-flicked. Langford and Munson followed. There sat the little tea-service staring at them with dumb paths. The three succeeded in rolling the safe with all its precious documents arranged within, out into the street. Nothing else mattered much—to Gordon. But other things were saved, and Jim gallantly tossed out every thing he could lay his hands on before Gordon ordered everybody out for good and all. It was no longer safe to be within. Gordon was the last one out. He carried a battered little teakettle in his hand. He looked at it in a whimsical surprise as if he had not known until then that he had it in his hand. Obeying a sudden impulse, he held it out to Louise.

"Please take care of my poor little dream," he whispered with a strange, intent look.

Before she could comprehend the significance or give answer, the judge had faced about. He bore the girls back to the hotel, scolding helplessly all the way as they scudded with the

wind. But Louise held the little tin kettle firmly.

Men knew of Richard Gordon that night that he was a marked man. The secret workings of a secret clan had him on their proscription list. Some one had at last found this unwearied and doggedly persistent young fellow in the way. In the way, he was a menace, a danger. He must be removed from out the way. He could not be bought from it—he should be warned from it. So now his home—his work room and his rest room, the first by many hours daily the more in use, with all its furnishings of bachelor plainness and utility, that yet had held a curious charm for some men, friends and cronies like Langford—was burning that he might be warned. Could any one say, "Jesse Black has done this thing?" Would he not bring down proof of guilt by a retaliation struck too soon? It would seem as if he were anticipating an unfavorable verdict. So men reasoned. And even then they did not arise to stamp out the evil that had endured and hugged itself and spit out corruption in the cattle country. That was reserved for another.

They talked of a match thrown down at the court-house by a tramp, likely—when it was past midnight, when the fire broke out with the wind a piercing gale, and with no vagrant



Gordon Unlocked the Door Quietly.

but had long since left such cold comfort and had slept these many weeks in sunnier climes. Some argued that the windows of the court-room might have been left open and the stove blown down by the wind tearing through, or the stove door might have been blown out, or the pipe might have fallen down. But it was a little odd that the same people said Dick Gordon's office likely caught fire from flying sparks. Dick's office was two blocks to westward of the court-house and it would have been a brave spark and a lively one that could have made headway against that northwester.

CHAPTER XIX. The Escape.

The little county seat awoke in the morning to a strange sight. The storm had not abated. The wind was still blowing at blizzard rate off the northwest hills, and fine, icy snow was swirling so thickly through the cold air that vision was obstructed. Building were distinguishable only as shadows showing faintly through a heavy white veil. The thermometer had gone many degrees below the zero mark. It was steadily growing colder. The older inhabitants said it would surely break the record the coming night.

An immense fire had been built in the sitting-room. Thither Mary and Louise repaired. Here they were joined by Dale, Langford and Gordon.

"You should be out at the ranch looking after your poor cattle, Mr. Langford," said Mary, smilingly. She could be light-hearted now—since a little secret had been whispered to her last night at a tea party where no tea had been drunk. Langford had gravitated toward her as naturally as steel to a magnet. He shrugged his big shoulders and laughed a little.

"The Scribe will do everything that can be done. Honest, now, did you think this trial could be pulled off without me?"

"But there can be no trial to-day." "Why not?" "Did I dream the court-house burned last night?"

"If you did, we are all dreamers alike."

"Then how can you hold court?" "We have gone back to the time when church and state were one and inseparable, and court convenes at 10 o'clock sharp in the meeting-house," he said.

Louise was looking white and miserable.

"You are not contemplating running away, are you?" asked Gordon.

She looked at him with a pitiful smile.

"I should like to be strong and brave and enduring and capable—like Mary. You don't believe it, do you? It's true, though. But I can't. I'm weak and homesick and cold. I ought not to have come. I am not the kind. You said it, you know. I am going home just as soon as this court is over. I mean it."

There was no mistaking that. Gordon bowed his head. His face was white. It had come sooner than he had thought.

All the records of the work yesterday had been burned. There was nothing to do but begin at the beginning again. It was discouraging, uninteresting. But it had to be done. Dale refused positively to adjourn. The juryman were all here. So the little frame church was bargained for. The fire-bugs had thought to postpone events—to gain time—by last night's work, they would find themselves very greatly mis-ken. The church was long and narrow like a country school-house, and rather roomy considering the size of the town. It had precise windows—also like a country school-house—four on the west side, through which the fine snow was drifting, four opposite. The storm kept few at home with the exception of the people from across the river. There were enough staying in the town to fill the room to its utmost limits. Standing room was at a premium. The entry was crowded. Men not able to get in ploughed back through the cutting wind and snow only to return presently to see if the situation had changed any during their brief absence. So

At the National Capital Gossip of People and Events Gathered in Washington

Rapid Strides of Capital in Population



WASHINGTON.—The census taken recently by the police force of the District of Columbia indicates that the national capital is growing in population at an exceptional rate. The increase in inhabitants for the last year is reported as 9,812, which would mean a growth, if steadily maintained, of almost 100,000 for the current decade.

Of course such a rate of growth has not been maintained since 1900. According to the federal census of that year, Washington's population was 278,718. The population reported by the police in 1908 is 339,493, as that increase in eight years has been 60,685. By 1910 Washington may be expected to gain at least 15,000 more inhabitants and its population to rise to about 355,000.

Compared with its nearest rival—Baltimore—Washington is making rapid strides forward. Baltimore percentage of growth between 1890 and 1900 was 17.1, while Washington's was 20.9. The disparity in expansion

will undoubtedly be greater in the decade from 1900 to 1910, for Baltimore's growth was checked for a year or more by the losses of the great fire of 1904, while Washington's growth has been stimulated by enormous building operations most of them conducted under the auspices of the national government.

The check to business resulting from last fall's panic will also be felt less in Washington than in perhaps any other American city. The national capital does not depend for a livelihood on manufacturers or commerce, and its workers have steady employment assured them because the government's activities are being continually extended.

In its physical aspect Washington has gained enormously in attractiveness in the last eight or ten years. It is an ideal residence city, and its charms appeal most potently to Americans with leisure enough to enjoy them. It has become the winter home of families of wealth and refinement from all parts of the union, and its quiet, order and beauty make living within its borders constant satisfaction. It still has great potentialities in the way of architectural development, and its material prosperity is secured by ever-broadening activities of the great governmental machine.

Former Blacksmith a Power in Congress



BEFORE Jim Tawney got into politics up in Minnesota he was a blacksmith. He was so rough that they had to throw him down to put him into a boiled shirt, some of his warm admirers say.

That blacksmith training proved mighty good experience for him, and, applying blacksmith methods to his congressional career, he has forged to the front so rapidly that they do say down here in Washington that if Speaker Cannon doesn't look out some day he will get run over, because Jim Tawney is coming with wonderful strides.

Tawney is the man who would be picked out at a glance as the real ward politician of the house. He is just the kind of a man the voter always finds ready to tell him how to vote at the primary; the type of man who always leads the revolt in a cut-

and-dried convention—in short, the practical politician who gets out the vote.

Tawney, when he came to congress, wasn't welcomed within the big tent. He had to wait around on the outside. Then the blacksmith got busy. He just walked off the reservation, taking enough insurgent Republicans with him to spill the beans for the big five. And so it came to pass that the big fellows reckoned with Tawney, and now he is chairman of the most important committee in the house—appropriations. Hon. Jim is a fighter from Fightsville. But he is that kind of a fighter who knows when to fight and when to let the other fellow do the fighting.

Only once has Tawney been whipped. That once came from Congressman Goebel of Cincinnati, when he got the mail carriers' pay increased, in spite of Tawney and Chairman Overstreet. The whipping didn't tickle Tawney. So, when the fight to hold down the appropriation on the agricultural bill came up, Tawney quit guarding the treasury and let Scott of Kansas tackle the job. Tawney went to his committee room. The farmers wiped up the floor with Scott.

War Department Seeking a Legal Drink



THE war department is looking for a beverage to take the place of beer and whisky at army posts. The beverage must not be of the class of drinks prohibited by the antiprohibition law.

The federal courts have never passed upon the question of the percentage of alcohol which will render a beverage an intoxicant. The state courts also have been chary of deciding the question. In certain cases the authorities have spoken, however.

Thus, in Rhode Island, it has been held that where beer contained 2.89 per cent. of alcohol no evidence was necessary to show it was intoxicating. In Texas, a tonic containing from 3 1/2 to 4 per cent. of alcohol has been held to be intoxicating liquor. By

the laws of Massachusetts it is held that a beverage containing more than one per cent. of alcohol at 60 Fahrenheit is intoxicating.

The law in regard to the nonsale of intoxicants in post exchanges, must, of course, be followed in good faith by the army. In the absence of any federal decision as to the question at issue, the authorities must fall back on the decision of the state courts. These vary materially, and, therefore, the department may seek the solution in a practical way by ascertaining the view taken in prohibition states as to the sale of any given drink.

Where post exchanges are situated in a prohibition state it is considered entirely safe to prohibit the sale in such exchanges of preparations not allowed to be sold under the prohibition laws of the state. Where such exchanges are situated in nonprohibition states it would be safe to ascertain whether any specific drink is allowed sold in any prohibition state and let the exchange be guided accordingly.

Senators Knox and Crane Real Chummy



UNITED States senators often become good friends, but somehow they are not prone to becoming real chummy with one another. Exceptions occur from time to time to prove the rule.

One of these exceptions applies to Senator Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania and Senator Murray Crane of Massachusetts. If the afternoon wanes without their meeting, one is likely to start out to see where the other is and to learn what has happened.

Often the Knox automobile and the Crane automobile exchange honks in the morning. Not infrequently the senators ride to the capitol in the same car. When the luncheon hour comes, Senator Crane may descend to the committee on rules, perhaps herald his advent by turning out the lights in the vestibule, and then lead his cronies off to the senate restaurant.

The fondness that Senators Crane and Knox evince for eating together is reminiscent of the fondness that former Senator Edmunds of Vermont and the late Senator Allen G. Thurman of Ohio used to have for drinking together. That was in the earlier days, when drinking at the capitol was not frowned upon.

All the oldsters in political Washington are fond of recalling that story, how the two senators kept a black bottle in the room of the committee on judiciary. They were certain to adjourn there twice or thrice every afternoon that the senate held a long ses-

sion. It was at first a marvel why the two men seemed to have the same thought at the same moment, and began to make tracks simultaneously from different parts of the senate chamber—one being a Democrat and the other a Republican—toward that committee room.

It turned out that they had prearranged signals. The "Old Roman's" signal was to pull out that famous red bandanna handkerchief and to blow his nose with clarion loudness.

Crusade Against the Fly.
As the national crusade against the house fly is now in progress, supplanting temporarily the international issue against mosquitoes and rats, Prof. Underwood of Massachusetts declares that one fly killed this month may prevent the existence of 32,000,000 by midsummer. Such is the prolific nature of the common fly. Such, too, is the ignorance of the past that when a Roman emperor was found killing flies as a habit he was not hailed as a benefactor, but was finally dethroned as too trivial to be tolerable as a Roman despot. Still it appears in the light of history as a whole that this is a good time to invest as much as ten cents in a first installment of fly paper.

Letter Long Afloat.

A correspondent writes: While sailing off Felixstowe on August bank holiday last year I addressed a postcard to myself, stamped it and placed it in a bottle which I threw in the sea. I had quite forgotten about it, but the other morning I received the card through the post, bearing the Tromsø (Norway) postmark and the sender's name and address. The bottle had been floating about nearly eight months.—London Chronicle.

THE CODLING MOTH HELD IN CHECK BY SPRAYING

Result of a Season's Experiment in Ohio—By Prof. H. A. Gossard, Entomologist.

An orchard, located near Amherst, O., was selected for the experiment, the part of it used consisting of about 325 trees set on about 12 acres of ground. These trees average 20 feet or more in height and have an equal spread of top. Some sections of the orchard were slightly infested with San Jose scale, and, late last winter, it was carefully sprayed by the owner with lime-sulphur wash. Hence, no spraying with Bordeaux mixture before blooming was deemed necessary. Regular Bordeaux treatments had been given for several summers prior to the present one, therefore the orchard was quite free from scale. The sod-mulch system of culture has been followed and wormy apples were said to have been quite numerous the preceding year, the owners estimating that fully 40 or 50 per cent. of the crop would have been wormy at harvest if the trees had been left unsprayed.

The spraying outfit consisted of a gasoline power pump and a 250-gallon tank mounted on trucks. A suitable tower, built on the trucks and carrying an elevated platform from which the tallest trees could be easily reached, added to the convenience and efficiency of the apparatus. Bamboo extension rods ten feet long were used. Each rod was terminated by a cluster of four vermored nozzles. To compare the value of the course dry-spray with those ordinarily used, a set of worm vermored caps were drilled until the orifices were yet further enlarged and these were used in comparison with new medium caps.

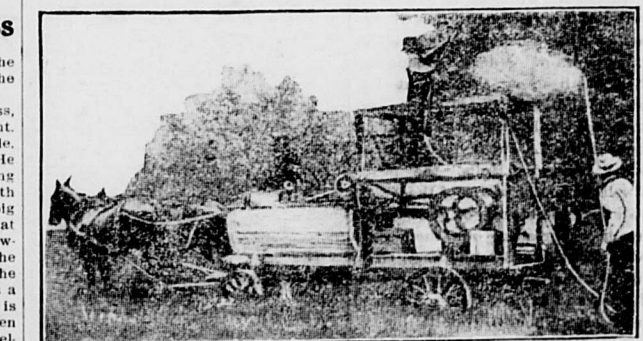
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A summary of conclusions is as follows: 1. Orchards sprayed with lime-sulphur wash in winter do not need treatment with Bordeaux mixture before blossoming, unless this ingredient is omitted from the spray applied just after blooming. 2. Very heavy applications of com-

much better skin and color. Within less than a month after the first spraying a large number of the apples were distorted in shape, because of one side having outgrown the other, and nearly all were somewhat dwarfed in growth.

By harvest time the fruit had largely outgrown the damage by spraying and colored surprisingly well. When graded for size and worms, most of it would pass for fancy this season, but in ordinary seasons could not be so classed because of the russeted skins. Some varieties seem to be very little subject to this damage, although sprayed at the same time, with the same materials, and in the same way as the more tender kinds; but Baldwin and Ben Davis are both very susceptible to russetting. If such heavy spraying can be recommended as desirable, it is quite possible that better results will be secured by omitting the Bordeaux from the first spraying after bloom, using only the arsenate of lead and milk of lime at that time. This adjustment would probably necessitate an application of Bordeaux before blossoming as well as its addition to the mixtures for the second and third treatments after blooming.

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The Spraying Outfit with Which the Work Was Done.

For each one of the rods a crook was made from one-fourth inch gas pipe. When attached to the extension rod, the bent end makes an angle of about 25 degrees with the pole. Each end of the crook is threaded, one end to connect with the rod by means of a gas coupling, the other to screw into the head of the nozzle cluster. This device enables the operator to better direct the spray into the calices of the blossoms and also to more readily reach the undersides of the lower branches by turning the rod so that the spray is thrown upward. Figure 2 shows a cluster of nozzles on a ring which is set at about the correct angle by the manufacturer. If the angle is made greater than 30 degrees the work cannot be done very satisfactorily. Some nozzles are so made that they can be turned on their shanks to about the right angle.

Since the owners of the experimental orchard keep bees we could not begin spraying until all the petals were down, making us three or four days later in commencing than would have been the case under other circumstances. The first spraying was begun May 30 and, because of interfering rains, was not finished until June 7. In cold, wet springs, if sprayed with Bordeaux mixture or arsenical compounds, young apples are apt to become more or less russeted, owing to the excessive development of cork cells in the skin. This experimental orchard exhibited a conspicuous amount of russetting. The trees earliest sprayed russeted most, those sprayed ten days later possessing

bined spray (Bordeaux mixture and arsenate of lead) within a week or ten days after the blossoms fall will do much to give a high percentage of sound fruit, but in cold wet seasons, and we may discover in all seasons, it russets the fruit, diminishing its value for fancy markets.

3. By omitting Bordeaux from the first treatment after bloom and using only a heavy spray of arsenate of lead, it may be possible to secure a high percentage of sound fruit reasonably free from russet. This procedure is worthy of experimental trial. 4. If Bordeaux is omitted from the treatment just after bloom as suggested in 3, it would probably be best to use it before the bloom after the leaves are expanded, and again in the second spraying after bloom. Observation alone can determine whether it should be used in the July spraying. If the leaves are yellow and falling at this time leave out the Bordeaux.

5. The third spraying should be given by July 15 or earlier.

6. Trees should be sprayed at least two or three times to secure best results. Some growers make five applications or more.

7. The net profit from spraying an average sized tree from 12 to 20 years old throughout one season at a total cost of from 30 to 50 cents is from \$3 to \$7 or more, when apples are worth \$1 per bushel.

8. The essentials for success are a good spraying outfit, making the applications at the right time, and thorough work.

HOW GOVERNMENT AIDS

By H. H. Gross, Secretary Farmers' Good Roads League.

There is one division of the United States department of agriculture, established by congress a few years ago and known as the office of public roads, devoted to the betterment of the highways. The chief of this division is Mr. Logan Waller Page of Massachusetts, an experienced and practical road builder, who has made a careful and exhaustive study of the subject.

The object of this office is to show the people how to construct roads in the proper way, and to this end object lesson roads are built in various parts of the country. In this manner the people learn how to spend road funds to the best advantage, which tends to counteract the enormous waste that for years has been going on in every state in the union.

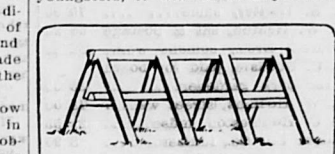
Although badly handicapped by inadequate appropriations, a vast amount of work has already been accomplished. Scientific tests of various road materials are made in the laboratory especially designed for that work; observations taken as to the actual results of various methods of treating roads to prevent dust, abrasion, rutting, etc., how to obtain the best results in earth road dragging, the treatment of roads upon sandy, loam and clay soils, etc., in fact, it is a school of road building, complete in every detail.

This office issues many bulletins, prepared by Mr. Page, his assistants and other eminent authorities, giving interesting and very valuable informa-

tion on the road question, and these should be in the possession of every road official in the land. They may be had for the asking by addressing the Office of Public Roads, Washington, D. C.

CHEAP SHADE FOR CHICKS

With the approach of summer weather and the growing flocks of youngsters, it will be of importance



Frame Work for Shade.

to remember that shade is one of the essentials to be supplied if we are to get good birds. Of course trees are preferable, but in many cases when the yards and houses are new and situated on virgin soil, tree growth is only available a number of years after planting. In such emergencies a simple contrivance like the one herein illustrated will be found generally serviceable. The boards can be of any size convenient for handling, and the whole cost need not be over 50 cents. The frame can be covered with burlap or tar paper, whichever is the more convenient and available. Leave both ends open. This shelter can be moved wherever needed.

Beets for Chickens.—Plan a good patch of beets for the fowls next winter. There's nothing better.