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Since the beginning of history no nation which has not been saturated in all parts with one language has enjoyed a secure and peaceful solidarity; and subject nations and races have sometimes regained independence by preserving their mother tongue. Political divisions between the nations follow differences in language rather than differences in race or religion. One language may do for two nations, as in the case of Belgium and France, Austria and Germany, Great Britain and the United States. But two languages seldom subsist together in harmony inside one political unit. The Magyars of Hungary for years have protested against the use of German as the official language. Poland, politically divided into three parts under Russia, Germany and Austria, is united by the Polish language, and from the Polish point of view, no other act of the German government is so oppressive as the effort to impose the German language on Polish school children. The appeal of Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, in the name of literature, to intellectual persons in all countries for sympathy with the Poles who are being dispossessed of their language strikes deeper than politics, and has subdivided political camps. From these contentions in Europe a hopeful lesson can be drawn and applied to America, remarks the Youth's Companion. We are putting the children of immigrants through our public schools, blending them with the children of earlier immigrants through the great solvent of language. We do not force them as if they were conquered people; they yield willingly to the amalgam; it penetrates even the clotted ghettos and foreign colonies. The measure of Poland's fear of losing its tongue is the measure of our hope that by language, and all that it carries, we shall bring many races into homogeneity.

A vote of thanks is due the Wisconsin professor who says that our old friend the tired feeling which comes in the spring is not an acquired virtue but is the result of heredity. If it has been handed down to us from our forefathers, who acquired it through much patient endeavor, anyone can see that we are not to blame. Still, we think more of our ancestors because of this discovery. Evidently they were human, remarks the Chicago Daily News, and not mere stern, busy automatons, as we have been taught to believe, who never relaxed but were busy chasing work throughout the livelong day and part of both ends of the night. Besides, we can the more readily resign ourselves to the pleasure of being lazy in the spring when we know that we couldn't help it if we tried.

The British mint has been turning out copper coins at the rate of four tons daily in an attempt to cope with the famine in pence in London and the provinces. This stringency always becomes most acute toward the end of each quarter. The explanation is very simple. Nearly all the English gas companies have adopted the penny-in-the-slot system of selling gas. The automatic meters are emptied at the end of each quarter. The popularity of this system of supplying illumination is shown by the fact that during 1907 pennies weighing 1,336 tons were taken from the meters in London belonging to the Gas Light and Coke Company. This means an average of 4,000,000 pennies a day.

The railroad companies are obeying the new laws passed for their regulation. Reports from 99 per cent. of the railroad mileage of the country have been received by the interstate commerce commission, giving the information about their operations called for by the Hepburn law. One or two of the largest companies put the nine hour rule in operation before March 4, the day after which the employment of railroad men more than nine hours a day is forbidden.

Much is said about the large number of American novels published annually, as if they constituted the chief output of the publishing houses, but people who like other classes of books need not be discouraged. In 1907, for example, the fiction list shows 1171 titles, but religion and theology came second with 876 titles. It is not necessary for anyone to read novels for the lack of other literary productions.

A New Jersey judge says that a woman is justified in slapping and kicking anybody who calls her a liar. Under the judge's rules hat pins, finger nails, side combs and front teeth are barred.

It seems that the government holds $3,000,000 for persons who have never presented their claims. And still you read of timber and water and mining frauds as if that sort of thing were easily loot handy.

SERIAL STORY

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 reluctancy in opposing a band so powerful in politics and so dreaded by all the community. Langford 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 "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. She accepts the invitation and makes her first trip into the wild Indian country. Arriving at Velpen across the river from Kemah, she is met by Jim Munson, a hot 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 Bill Brown he detects old "Mag" a well known "onery" steer belonging to his employer of the "Three Bars" ranch. Munson and Louise start for Kemah. They take lunch at the Bon Ami restaurant, conducted by Mrs. Higgins, a great admirer of Richard Gordon, the county attorney. Louise is told of a meat poisoning plot which resulted in the illness of Williston, Langford and other witnesses for the state in the cattle thief case against Jesse Black. A buckboard tries to block the way of Munson's team at the entrance to pontoon bridge across the river. Munson crowds past the buckboard team wrecking the buckboard. They arrive at Williston's.

CHAPTER VII.

The Preliminary.

Very early in the morning of the day set for the preliminary hearing of Jesse Black the young owner of the Three Bars rode over to Velpen. He identified and claimed the animal held over from shipment by Jim's persuasion. Brown gave possession with a rueful countenance.

"First time Billy Brown ever was taken in," he said, with great disgust.

Langford met with no interruption to his journey, either going or coming, although that good cow-puncher of his, Jim Munson, had warned him to look sharp to his pistols and mind the bridge. Jim being of a somewhat belligerent turn of mind, his boss had not taken the words with seriousness. As for the fracas at the pontoon, cowmen are touchy when it comes to a question of precedence, and it might well be that the inflammable Jim had brought the sudden storm down on his head. Paul Langford rode through the sweet early summer air without let or hindrance and looking for none. He was jubilant. Now was Williston's story verified. The county attorney, Richard Gordon, had considered Williston's story, coupled with his reputation for strict honesty, strong and sufficient enough to bind Jesse Black over to appear at the next regular term of the circuit court. Under ordinary circumstances the state really had an excellent chance of binding over; but it had to deal with Jesse Black, and Jesse Black had flourished for many years west of the river with an unsavory character, but with an almost awesome reputation for the phenomenal facility with which he slipped out of the net in which the law—in the person of its unpopular exponent, Richard Gordon—was so indefatigably endeavoring to enmesh him. The state was prepared for a hard fight. But now—here was the very steer Williston saw on the island with its Three Bars brand under Black's surveillance. Williston would identify it as the same. He, Langford, would swear to his own animal. The defense would not know he had regained possession and would not have time to readjust its evidence. It would fall down and hurt itself for the higher court, and Dick Gordon would know how to use any inadvertencies against it—when the time came. No wonder Langford was lighthearted. In all his arrogant and unhampered career he had never before received such an affront to his pride and his sense of what was due to one of the biggest outfits that ranged cattle west of the river. Woe to him who had dared tamper with the concerns of Paul Langford of the Three Bars.

Williston drove in from the Lazy S in ample time for the mid-day dinner at the hotel—the hearing was set for 2 o'clock—but his little party contented itself with a luncheon prepared at home and packed neatly and appetizingly in a tin bucket. It was not likely there would be a repetition of bad meat. It would be poor policy. Still, one could not be sure, and it was most important that Williston ate no bad meat that day

Gordon met them in the hot, stuffy little parlor of the hotel.

"It was good of you to come," he said to Louise, with grave sincerity.

"I didn't want to," confessed Louise, honestly. "I'm afraid it is too big and lonesome for me. I am sure I should have gone back to Velpen last night to catch the early train had it not been for Mary. She is so—good."

"The worst is over now that you have conquered your first impulse to fly," he said.

"I cried, though. I hated myself for it, but I couldn't help it. You see I never was so far from home before."

He was an absorbed, hard-working lawyer. Years of contact with the plain, hard realities of rough living in a new country had dried up, somewhat, his stream of sentiment. Maybe the source was only blocked with debris, but certainly the stream was running dry. He could not help thinking that a girl who cries because she is far from home had much better stay at home and leave the grave things which are men's work to men. But he was a gentleman and a kindly one, so he answered quietly, "I trust you will like us better when you know us better," and, after a few more commonplaces, went his way.

"There's a man," said Louise, thoughtfully, on the way to McAllister's office. "I like him, Mary."

"And yet there are men in this country who would kill him if they dared."

"Mary! what do you mean? Are there then so many cut-throats in this awful country?"

"I think there are many desperate men among the rustlers who would not hesitate to kill either Paul Langford or Richard Gordon since these prosecutions have begun. There are also many good people who think Mr. Gordon is just stirring up trouble and putting the county to expense when he can have no hope of conviction. They say that his failures encourage the rustlers more than an inactive policy would."

"People who argue like that are either tainted with dishonesty themselves or they are foolish, one of the two," said Louise, with conviction.

"Mr. Gordon has one stanch supporter, anyway," said Mary, smiling. "Maybe I had better tell him. Precious little encouragement or sympathy he gets, poor fellow."

"Please do not," replied Louise, quickly. "I wonder if my friend, Jim Munson, has managed to escape 'battle, murder and sudden death,' including death by poison, and is on hand with his testimony."

"One of 'Em, I'm a Thinkin', Was Jake Sanderson."

As they approached the office the crowd of men around the doorway drew aside to let them pass.

"Our chances of worming ourselves through that jam seem pretty slim to me," whispered Mary, glancing into the already overcrowded room.

"Let me make a way for you," said Paul Langford, as he separated himself from the group of men standing in front, and came up to them.

"I have watered my horse," he said, flashing a merry smile at Mary as he began shoving his big shoulders through the press, closely followed by the two young women.

It was a strange assembly through which they pressed; ranchmen and cowboys, most of them, just in from ranch and range, hot and dusty from long riding, perspiring freely, redolent of strong tobacco and the peculiar smell that betokens recent and intimate companionship with that part and parcel of the plains, the horse. The room was indeed hot and close and reeking with bad odors. There were also present a large delegation of cattle dealers and saloon men from Velpen, and some few Indians from Rosebud agency, whose curiosity was insatiable where the courts were concerned, far from picturesque in their ill-fitting, nondescript cowboy garments.

Yet they were kindly, most of the men gathered there. Though at first they refused, with stolid resentment, to be thus thrust aside by the breezy and aggressive owner of the Three Bars, planting their feet the more firmly on the rough, uneven floor, and serenely oblivious to any right of way so arrogantly demanded by the big shoulders, yet, when they perceived for whom they way was being made, most of them stepped hastily aside with muttered and abashed apologies. Here and there, however, though all made way, there would be no red-faced or stammering apology. Sometimes the little party was followed by insolent eyes, sometimes by malignant ones. Had Mary Williston spoken truly when she said the will for bloodshed was not lacking in the country?

But if there was aught of hatred or enmity in the heavy air of the improvised courtroom for others besides the high-minded counsel for law and order Mary Williston seemed serenely unconscious of it. She held her head proudly. Most of these men she knew. She had done a man's work among them for two years and more. In her man's work of riding the ranges she had had good fellowship with many of them. After to-day much of this must end. Much blame would accrue to her father for this day's work among friends as well as enemies, for the fear of the law-defiers was an omni-present fear with the small owner, stalking abroad by day and by night. But Mary was glad and there was a new dignity about her that became her well, and that grew out of this great call to rally to the things that count.

At the far end of the room they found the justice of the peace enthroned behind a long table. His honor, Mr. James R. McAllister, more commonly known as Jimmie Mac, was a ranchman on a small scale. He was ignorant, but of an overweening conceit. He had been a justice of the peace for several years and labored under the mistaken impression that he knew law; but Gordon, on short acquaintance, had dubbed him "Old Necessity," in despairing irony, after a certain high light of early territorial days who "knew no law."

The prisoner was brought in. His was a familiar personality. He was known to most men west of the river—if not by personal acquaintance, certainly by hearsay.

Then came the first great surprise of this affair of many surprises. Jesse Black waived examination. It came like a thunderbolt to the prosecution. It was not Black's way of doing business, and it was generally believed that, as Munson had so forcibly though inelegantly expressed it to Billy Brown, "He would fight like hell" to keep out of the circuit courts. He would kill this incipient Nemesis in the bud. What, then, had changed him? The county attorney had rather looked for a hard-fought defence—a shifting of the burden of responsibility for the misbranding to another, who would, of course, be off somewhere on a business trip, to be absent an indefinite length of time; or it might be he would try to make good a trumped-up story that he had but lately purchased the animal from some Indiana cattle-owner from up country who claimed to have a bill-of-sale from Langford. He would not have been taken aback had Black calmly produced a bill-of-sale.

The absoluteness of the surprise flushed his clean-shaven face a little, although his grave immobility of expression underwent not a flicker. It was a surprise, but it was a good surprise. Jesse Black was bound over under good and sufficient bond to appear at the next regular term of the circuit court in December. That much accomplished, now he could buckle down for the big fight. How often had he been shipwrecked in the shifting sands of the really remarkable decisions of "Old Necessity" and his kind. This time, as by a miracle, he had escaped sands and shoals and sunken rocks and rode in deep water.

A wave of enlightenment swept over Jim Munson.

"Boss," he whispered, "that gal reporter's a hummer."

"How so?" whispered Langford, amused. He proceeded to take an interested, if hasty, inventory of her charms. "What a petite little personage, to be sure! Almost too colorless, though. Why, Jim, she can't hold a tallow candle to Williston's girl."

"Who said she could?" demanded Jim, with a fine scorn and much relieved to find the boss so unappreciative. Eden might not be lost to them after all. Strict justice made him add: "But she's a wise one. Spotted them blamed meddlin' hoss thieves right from the word go. Yep. That's a fac'."

"What 'blamed meddlin' hoss thieves,' Jim? You are on intimate terms with so many gentlemen of that stripe—at least your language so leads us to presume—that I can't keep up with the procession."

"At the bridge yistidy. I told you 'bout it. Saw 'em first at the Bon Amy—but they must a trailed me to the stockyards. She spotted 'em right away. She's a cute'n. Made me shet my mouth when I was a blabbin' too much, jest before the fun began. Oh, she's a cute'n!"

"Who were they, Jim?"

"One of 'em, I'm a thinkin', was Jake Sanderson, a red-headed devil who came up here from hell, I reckon, or Wyoming, one of the two. Nobody knows his biz. But he'll look like a stepped-on potato bug 'gainst I git through with him. Didn't git on to t' other feller. Will next, you bet!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Keep Burglars Out.

Buy at any hardware store a small, plain hinge, one and one-half inches long by one inch wide when closed, or smaller. Screw one side of hinge upright on to the lower right-hand corner of upper window sash, directly above the slight flange on all upper sashes. See that the hinge is toward and almost touching the window casing. This will leave one side of the hinge free to turn. When wishing to fasten window turn the free side of the hinge as far back as possible. This brings it over the lower sash. It will be invisible from the outside, but will prevent the lower sash being raised or the upper one lowered. When hinge is closed it will not interfere with raising window, and does not disfigure or weaken the window sash

SUICIDE PLAYS MATADOR; ALLOWS BULL TO KILL HIM

RANCH OWNER COURTS DEATH AFTER STIRRING BEAST TO FURY IN VIEW OF GUESTS.

Guadalajara, Mexico.—Boasting that he possessed the courage of the matadors whose combats in the arena had thrilled him since childhood, Jose Maria Moreno, owner of the San Pedro ranch, in Compostal, committed suicide by allowing a bull to gore him to death in full view of 300 people.

The spectators were friends and neighbors whom he had invited to the scene, promising an exhibition superior to the regulation bull fight.

For several moments they watched him as he tormented a bull in the cattle pen, which he had entered armed only with a stick, at the end of which was fastened an iron prong, and applauded his cleverness in side-stepping the charges of the enraged animal.

The Animal Struck Him.

Suddenly it became apparent that he was taking risks greater than the professional bull-fighter usually exposes himself to, and a cry of horror went up from the crowd when he stood directly in the path of the bull and adjusted his body so that one of the horns must penetrate near his heart.

The animal struck him, and as he fell it became maddened by the sight of blood and gored him repeatedly.

Women in the crowd fled shrieking, and some of the men went to his rescue. After a battle with the beast they succeeded in driving it back and drawing the lifeless body away.

GIRL, 15, REFUSES TO WED.

Fiance Was 45 and "Too Old," She Says—He Gets Trousseau.

Chester, Pa.—"You're too old for me and I won't marry you," declared 15-year-old Tisha Halpin when Steven Ferdina, old enough to be her father, insisted that she fulfill her promise to him.

Tisha was firm in her resolve not to marry Steven, who owns up to being 45, even when she was summoned to Alderman Holt's court, charged by Ferdina with obtaining money from him under false pretense, Ferdina alleging that he had supplied the funds with which Tisha was to buy her wedding outfit.

After the girl had promised to give back the clothes and return all the money intended for wedding finery, Ferdina withdrew the charge.

"But I still love her," he wailed, as he walked out of the alderman's office with Tisha's trousseau under his arm. "I guess I've been 'stung.'"

THIS HEN WORKED OVERTIME.

Laid Double-Barreled Egg After Seven O'Clock at Night.

Sterling, Mass.—A hen's egg of extraordinary proportions and peculiarities was laid after seven o'clock at night by a Barred Plymouth Rock on the Lucius E. Shepard farm.

The egg was three inches long and seven and one-fourth in circumference. Mrs. Shepard opened the egg the other day, and found, in addition to the usual contents, a second egg of ordinary size and shape, surrounded by the yolk of the big egg. Each egg was complete in every particular.

The shell of the big egg was clear white and that of the inner egg was a dark brown.

The hen that laid the egg was hatched from an egg produced at the University of Maine agricultural college at Orono.

Rats Hoarded the Coin.

Cincinnati.—Rats at the Oxford cafe, kept by Conroy Bros., recently started a bank, or rather they began hoarding coin. Proprietor Tom Conroy has been in the habit of concealing fractional currency, nickels, dimes and quarters in an obscure place back of the bar. At times he noted the ravages made by the rodents on the canvas sack, but couldn't understand why the rats should carry off any of the coin.

While the help was overhauling the back bar, a nice pile of nickels, dimes and quarters, aggregating $3.35, was found.

Nation Loses Two-Tailed Cow.

Aurora, Mo.—The two-tailed cow raised in Dallas county has been sold to Baron von Theissen, a Dutch breeder. The milkers at the farm threatened to strike unless the animal was sold, as they found it too hard to dodge two tails while milking in fly time

ALL AFTER THE BLUE RIBBON.

Remarkable Unanimity of Knowledge in Sunday School Class.

"Now, children," said the teacher of the infant class of a Sunday school, "I told you last Sunday that each of you who learned a verse from the Bible and recited it to-day would receive a large blue ribbon. Let me see how many of you have learned a verse."

There were 20 or 30 boys and girls from four to eight years of age ranged about her in a circle. For a moment there was no response to her question. Then a bright looking girl timidly raised a hand.

"Ah! Julia has learned a verse," the teacher said. "I am sorry that no more hands are raised. I had hoped that nearly all of you would get a blue ribbon. But I suppose your mammas and papas have been very busy and some of you forgot. Well, Julia, let us hear your verse."

"Walk in the light," the little girl repeated. Then a boy who sat near Julia put up his hand.

"Oh!" exclaimed the teacher, "Charlie has a verse, too. What is it, my boy?"

"Walk in the light," responded Charlie.

"Well," said the teacher, "you learned the same verse, didn't you? It's a very good verse, too. 'Walk in the light.' I hope we may all do so. Now, is there any one else who has learned a verse? Why, I see five, six, seven, eight hands raised. I will hear from you, Arthur, first."

"Walk in the light," said Arthur.

The teacher looked rather hard at Arthur, and said:

"Gladys next. What is your verse? Speak out loudly so that all the class may hear."

"Walk in the light!" shouted Gladys.

By this time all but two of the children who had not been heard from were holding up their hands. The teacher looked at a boy whose name she had forgotten and asked: "What verse have you learned?"

"Walk in the light," replied the whole crowd in chorus, each little one apparently fearing there would not be another chance to win the blue ribbon.

The Wizard.

Some years ago an expedition from the University of Pennsylvania was sent to one of our southern states for the purpose of observing a solar eclipse.

The day before the event one of the professors said to an old darky belonging to the household wherein the scientist was quartered:

"Tom, if you will watch your chickens to-morrow morning you'll find that they'll all go to roost at 11 o'clock."

Tom was, of course, skeptical; but at the appointed hour the heavens were darkened, and the chickens retired to roost. At this the negro's amazement showed no bounds, and he sought out the scientist.

"Professor," said he, "how long ago did you know dem chickens would go to roost?"

"About a year ago," said the professor, smiling.

"Well, ef dat don't beat all!" was the darky's comment. "Professor, a year ago dem chickens wa'n't even hatched!"—Harper's Weekly.

One of Britain's "Little Wars."

Trouble is expected in India, where the most troublesome and pugnacious of the Afridi tribes, the Zakka Khels, tall, powerful, fierce and cunning, have worn out the patience of the government, and a punitive expeditionary force had been dispatched against them. Seven thousand carefully selected men compose the force and they will be pitted against 30,000 warriors. The present expedition was only decided upon after a number of the most serious raids, in which treachery, plunder and murder figured in great degree. On account of the inherent treachery and natural wickedness of the warlike tribes Great Britain is called upon to engage in a war with them about once in every ten years.

A Comparison.

"What we want," said the economist, "is some plan by which a dollar can be made to do more work."

"That's right," answered Farmer Corntossel; "my experience with a dollar is like my experience with the horse over in that field. Even when I manage to get hold of it I find it has kicked up its heels and run away before I can get it half-way hitched up."

In Wrong.

"Your husband is greatly in need of exercise," said the doctor. "He's indoors too much. He'll have to get out more."

"Out more!" exclaimed the wife. "He's been out every night this week. That's what's the matter with him."

Realizing that he was in the wrong, the doctor left a prescription and promised to call later.

The Ways of Counts.

"Isn't it strange that foreign counts never see anything attractive about poor American girls?"

"No more strange than the fact that counts with money don't see anything attractive in any kind of American girls."

A Difficulty.

"My boy, marry a wife who can give you a home."

"I'd like to, but so few girls I know own their own houses."—Baltimore American