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DOGS DEVELOP TAILLESS RAT

Scientific Terriers Nipped So Many Rodents That New Generation Is Deformed.

Thelatest style hereabouts is talltess rats. Several years ago, on the farm of D. D. Hess, near Quarryville, the barn was infested with huge rats, and to get rid of them Hess employed a brace of terrier dogs. The latter chased the rodents to their bloes, but about all they could get hold of were the tails. The result was a large number of tailless rats that year.

For some time no rats were seen, but recently the re appeared a number of young ones minus the usual appendage.-Lancasetr Pa.) Dispatch Phila. North American.

Art Objects Sold.

A rare Flemish tapestry entitled "The Haymakers," dating from late in the seventeenth century, brought \$1,400 at an art sale at the Anderson galleries, New York. It went to M. Kernochan. Other important sales were a large wine jar of the Sung dynasty in China, about 960 A. D., sold for \$175; a Chinese painting from the Ming dynasty, sold to M. Kernochan for \$160; a landscape painting from the Ming dynasty, to the san . buyer for \$150, and another landscape sceen from the Ming dynasty to W. Hotchkiss for \$130.

Had to Hutn for It. Flatbush-Did you ever lose much time house hunting?

Bensonhurst-Oh, yes; we lived out West at one time, and we had a cyclone. I spent six days looking for my house,

A Sensible Thing To Do

When the drug, caffeinethe active principle in coffee - shows in headache, nervousness, insomnia, biliousness, jumpy heart, and so on, the sensible thing to do is to quit the coffee.

It's easy, having at hand the delicious pure food-drink

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THE LONE STAR RANGER

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER

BY ZANE GREY

Author of "The Light of Western Stars," "Riders of the Purple Sage," etc.

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS NEW YORK AND LONDON MCMXV

CHAPTER V .- (Continued).

Duane casually glanced in the direction indicated, and he saw a spare, gaunt man with a face strikingly white beside the red and bronze and dark skins of the men around him. It was a cadaverous face. The black mushair Crooped down over the brow; deep hollow, staring eyes looked out eingly. The man had a restless, piercingly. alert, nervous manner. He put his hands on the board that served as a bar and stared at Duane. But when he met Duane's glance he turned hurriedly to go on serving out liquor.

"What have you got against him" inquired Duane, as he sat down beside Euchre. He asked more for something to say than from real interest What did he care about a mean, haunt

ed, craven faced criminal?
"Wal, mebbe I'm cross grained," re plied Euchre, apologetically. "Shore an outlaw an' rustler such as me can't be touchy. But I never stole nothin' but cattle from some rancher who never missed 'em anyway. Thet sneak Ben son-he was the means of puttin' a tle girl in Bland's way." 'Girl?" queried Duane, now with real

attention. Bland's great on women. I'd tell you about this girl when we get out of here. Some of the gang are goin' to be sociable, an' I can't talk

about the chief." about the chief."

During the ensuing half hour a number of outlaws passed by Duane and Euchre, halted for a greeting or sat down for a moment. They were all gruff, loud voiced, merry, and good natured. Duane replied civilly and agreeably when he was personally addressed, but he refused all invitations to drink but he refused all invitations to drink and gamble. Evidently he had been accepted, in a way, as one of their clan. No one made any hint of an aliusion to his affair with Bosomer. Duane saw readily that Euchre was well liked. One

outlaw borrowed money from him; another asked for tobacco. By the time it was dark the big room was full of outlaws and Mexicans, most of whom were engaged at monte. These or whom were engaged at monte. These gamblers, especially the Mexicans, were intense and quiet. The noise in the place came from the drinkers, the loungers. Duane had seen gambling resorts—some of the famous ones in San Antonio and El Paso, a few in

thing about the gamesters appeared to be their weapons. On several of the tables were piles of silver—Mexican power to tell.

Desos—as large and high as the crown

bright lights, but these served only to make the shadows. And in the shad-ows lurked unrestrained lust of gain, a spirit ruthless and reckless, a some-thing at once suggesting lawlessness, theft, murder, and hell.

"Bland's not here tonight," Euchre was saying. "He left today on one of his t-'ps, takin' Alloway an' some others. But his other man, Rugg, he's here. See him standin' with them three fellers, all close to Benson. Rugg's the little bow legged man with the half of his face shot off. He's one eyed—but he can shore see out of the one he's got. An', darn me! there's Hardin. You know him? He's got an outlaw gang know him? He's got an outlaw gang as big as Bland's. Hardin is standin' next to Benson. See how quiet an' unassumin' he looks. Yes, thet's Hardin. next to Benson. See how quiet an' unassumin' he looks. Yes, thet's Hardin. He comes here once in a while to see Bland. They're friends, which's shore strange. Do you see thet greaser there—the one with gold an' lace on his sombrero? Thet's Manuel, a Mexican bandit. He's a great gambler. Comes here often to drop his coin. Next to him is Bill Marr—the feller with the bandanna 'round his head. Bill rode in the other day with some fresh bullet holes. He's been shot more'n any feller I ever heard of. He's full of lead. Funny, because Bill's no trouble hunter, an', like me, he'd rather run than shoot. But he's the best rustler Bland's got—a grand rider, an' a wonder with cattle. An' see the tow headed youngster. Thet's Kid Fuller, the kid of Bland's gang. Fuller has hit the pace hard, an' he won't last the year out on the border. He killed his sweetheart's father, got run out of Staceytown, took to stealin' hosses. An' next he's here with Bland. Another boy gone wrong, an' now shore a hard nut."

Euchre went on calling Duane's attention to other men, just as he han-

Euchre went on calling Duane's attention to other men, just as he happened to glance over them. Any one of them would have been a marked man in a respectable crowd. Here each took his place with more or less dis-tinction, according to the record of his past wild prowess and his present passibilities. Duane, realizing that he was tolerated there, received in careless friendly spirit by this terrible class of outcasts, experie: ed a feeling of re-vulsion that amounted almost to horror. Was his being there not an ugly dream? What had he in common with such ruffians? Then in a flash of memory came the painful proof—he was a criminal in sight of Texas law; he, too,

was an outcast. For the moment Duane was wrapped up in painful reflections; but Euchre's heavy hand, clapping with a warning hold on his arm, brought him back to

The hum of voices, the clink of coin, the hum of voices, the clink of coin, the loud laughter had ceased. There was a silence that manifestly had followed some unusual word or action sufficient to still the room. It was I ain't gainsayin', however, but thet

broken by a harsh curse and the scrape of a bench on the floor. Some man had risen.

"You stacked the cards, you —!"
"Say that twice," another voice replied, so different in its cool, ominous tone from the other.
"I'll say it twice," returned the first

"I'll say it twice," returned the same start, in hot haste. "I'll say it three gamester, in hot haste. "I'll say it three the open door Duane caught a glimpse the open door Duane caught a glimpse of bright Mexican blankets and rugs.

You light-fingered gent! You stacked Euchre knocked upon the side of the Silence ensued, deeper than before,

pregnant with meaning. For all that Duane saw, not an outlaw moved for a full moment. Then suddenly the room was full of disorder as men rose and ran and dived everywhere.

"Run or duck!" yelled Euchre, close to Duane's ear. With that he dashed for the door. Duane leaped after him. They ran into a jostling mob. Heavy gun shots and hoarse yells hurried the crowd Duane was with pell mell out into the darkness. There they all halted, and several peeped in at the door.
"Who was the Kid callin'?" asked

one outlaw.
"Bud Marsh," replied another.

"I reckon them fust shots was Bud's.
Adios Kid. It was comin' to him,"
went on yet another.
"How many shots?"
"Three or four, I counted." "Three heavy an' one light. Thet ight one was the Kid's .38. Listen!

There's the Kid hollerin' now. He ain't At this juncture most of the outlaws began to file back into the room. Duane thought he had seen and heard

enough in Benson's den for one night and he started slowly down the walk. Presently Euchre caught up with him. "Nobody hurt much, which's short some strange," he said. "The Kid—young Fuller thet I was tellin' you about—he was drinkin' an' losin'. Lost his nut, too, callin' Bud arsh thet way. Bud's as straight at cards as any of 'em. Somebody grabbed Bud, who shot into the roof. An' Fuller's arm was knocked up. He only hit a greaser."

CHAPTER VI.

Next morning Duane found that a moody and despondent spell had fast-ened on him. Wishing to be alone, he San Antonio and El Paso, a few in border towns where license went unchecked. But this place of Jackrabbit Benson's impressed him as one where guns and knives were accessories to the game. To his perhaps rather dis-tinguishing eye the most prominent chance seemed to hold in store for him.

pesos—as large and high as the crown
of his hat. There were also plies of
gold and silver in United States coin.
Duane needed no experienced eyes to
see that betting was heavy and that
heavy sums exchanged hands. The
Mexicans showed a sterner obsession,
an intenser passion. Some of the Mexicans showed a sterner obsession, and integrity than ne did for life. He saw that it was bad for him to be alone. But, it appeared, lonely months alone. He said you were different. Who are you'r' alone. He said you were different. Who are you'r' alone. He said you were different. Who are you'r' alone. He said you were different. Who are you'r' alone. He said you were different. Who are you'r' alone. He said you were different. Who are you'r' alone. He said you were different. Who are you'r' alone. He said you were different. The salone. He said you were different. The salone. He said you were different. The salone. He said you were different. The could salone. He said you were different. The salone. He said

Here an outlaw pounded on a table with the butt of his gun; there another noisily palmed a roll of dollars while he studied his opponent's face. The noises, however, in Benson's den did not contribute to any extent to the sinister aspect of the place. That seemed to come from the grim and reckless faces, from the bent, intent heads, from the dark lights and shades. There were bright lights, but these served only to meant to force himself to be curious, sympathetic, clear signted. And he would stay there in the valley until its possibilities had been exhausted or until cleaners are to the sympathetic. til circumstances sent him out upon his

uncertain way.
When he returned to the shack

Euchre was cooking dinner.
"Say, Buck, I've news for you," he said; and his tone conveyed either pride in his possession of such news or pride in Duane. "Feller named Brad-ley rode in this mornin". He's heard some about you. Told about the ace of spades they put over the bullet holes in thet cowpuncher Bain you plugged. Then there was a rancher shot at a water hole 20 miles south of Wellston. Reckon you didn't do it?"
"No, I certainly did not," replied

Duane "Wal, you get the blame. nothin' for a feller to be saddled with gun plays he never made. An', Buck, if you ever get famous, as seems likely,

you'll be blamed for many a crime. The border'll make an outlaw an' murderer out of you. Wal, thet's enough of thet. I've more news. You're goin' to

"Popular? What do you mean?"
"I met Bland's wife this mornin'. She seen you the other day when you rode in. She shore wants to meet you, an' so do some of the other women in camp. They always want to meet the new fellers who've just come in. It's lonesome for women here, an' they like to have rower. to hear news from the towns.

"Well, Euchre, I don't wat to be im-polite, but I'd rather not meet any women," rejoined Duane. "I was afraid you wouldn't. Don't blame you much. Women are hell. I was hopin', though, you might talk a little to thet poor lonesome kid."

"What kid?" inquired Duane, in surprise

"Didn't I tell you about Jennie-the

"Didn't I tell you about Jennie—the girl Bland's holdin' here—the one Jack-rabbit Benson had a hand in stealin'?"
"You mentioned a girl. That's all. Tell me now," replied Duane, abruptly,
"Wal, I got it this way. Mebbe it's straight, an' mebbe it ain't. Some years see Benson made a trip over the river ago Benson made a trip over the river to buy mescal an' other drinks. He'll sneak over there once in a while. An', as I get it, he run across a gang of greasers with some gringo prisoners. I don't know, but I reckon there was some barteric' perhaps murderic' some barterin', perhaps murderin' Anyway, Benson fetched the girl back She was more dead than alive. But it turned out she was only starved an' scared half to death. She hadn't been harmed. I reckon she was then about 14 years old. Benson's idee, he said was to use her in his den sellin's drinks an' the like. But I never went much on Jackrabbit's word. Bland seen the kid right off and took her—bought her

Jennie was better off with Kate Bland. | quired Duane. She's been hard on Jennie, but she's kept Bland an' the other men from treatin' the kid shameful. Late, Jennie has growed into an all fired pretty girl, an' Kate is powerful jealous of her. I can see hell brewin' over there in Bland's cabin. Thet's why I wish you'd to be say enough if you'd lower yourself to be she with Kate is powerful jealous of her. I can see hell brewin' over there in likes flattery. Oh, you could fool her easy enough if you'd lower yourself an' Kate is powerful jealous of her.

can see hell brewin' over there in easy enough if you'd lower yoursen to—to—"

Bland's cabin. Thet's why I wish you'd to—to—"

"To make love to her?" interrupted home. His wife's invited you. Shore, if she gets sweet on you, as she has nothin'; I'm just wantin' to put her your way. You're a man an' can think fer yourself. I had a baby girl once an', if she'd lived, she'd be as big as Jennie now an' by heaven, I wouldn't

want her here in Bland's camp."
"I'll go, Euchre. Take me over," replied Duane. He felt Euchre's eyes up-

on him. The old outlaw, no more to say.

In the afternoon, Euchre set off with Duane, and soon they reached Bland's Duane, and soon they reached Bland's "Maybe he will," replied Duane. It was difficult for him to force a smile. But he achieved one. cabin. Duane remembered it as the one where he had seen the pretty woman watching him ride by. He could not recall what she looked like. The cabin was the same as the other adobe cabin was the same as the other adobe structures in the valley, but it was larger and pleasantly located rather high up in a grove of cottonwoods. In the windows and upon the porch were evidences of a woman's hand. Through the open door Duane caught a glimpse

"Is that you, Euchre?" asked a girl's voice, low, hesitatingly. The tone of it, rather deep and with a note of fear, struck Duane. He wondered what she

would be like. "Yes, it's me, Jennie. Where's Mrs. Bland?" answered Euchre.

"She went over to Deger's. There's somebody sick," replied the girl. Euchre turned and whispered some-thing about luck. The snap of the outlaw's eyes was added significance to Duane

'Jennie, come out, or let us come in.

"Jennie, come out, of let us come in.
Here's the young man I was tellin' you
about," Euchre said.

"Oh, I can't! I look so—so—"

"Never mind how you look," interrupted the outlaw, in a whisper. "It rupted the outlaw, in a whisper. "It ain't no time to care fer thet. Here's young Duane. Jennie, he's no rustler, no thief. He's different. Come out, Jennie, an' mebbe he'll—"

Euchre did not complete his sentence. He had spoken low, with his glange splitting from side to the complete of the complete splitting from side to the complete of the complete splitting from the complete splitting from the complete of the complete splitting from the complete complete the complete comp

glance shifting from side to side.

But what he said was sufficient to bring the girl quickly. She appeared in the doorway with downcast eyes and a stain of red in her white cheek. She

had a pretty, sad face and bright hair.

"Don't be bashful, Jennie," said Euchre.

"You an' Duane have a chance to talk a little. Now, I'll go fetch Mrs.

Bland, but I won't be hurryin'." With that Euchre went away through the cottonwoods.

"I'm glad to meet you, Miss—Miss Jennie," said Duane. "Euchre didn't Jennie," said Duane. "Euchre didn't mention your last name. He asked me

to come over to—"
Duane's attempt at pleasantry halted short when Jennie lifted her lashes to look at him. Some kind of a shock went through Duane. Her gray eyes were beautiful, but it had not been beauty that cut short his speech. He seemed to see a tragic struggle between hope and doubt that shone in her piercing gaze. She kept looking, and Duane could not break the silence. It was no ordinary moment.

To see you," replied Duane, glad to

Well-Euchre thought-he wanted me to talk to you, cheer you up a bit," replied Duane, somewhat lamely. The

carnest eves embarrassed him. "Euchre's good. He's the only per-son in this awkward place who's been good to me. But he's afraid of Bland. He said you were different. Who are

"Oh, I know what these outlaws are. Yes, you're different." She kept the

strained gaze upon him, but hope was kindling, and the hard lines of her youthful face were softening. Something sweet and warm stirred deep in Duane as he realized the unfortunate girl was experiencing a birth | fool,

of trust in him.
"O, God! Maybe you're the man to save me—to take me away before it's too late!"

Duane's spirit leaped.
"Maybe I am," he replied, instantly.
She seemed to check a blind impulse to run into his arms. Her cheek flamed, her lips quivered, her bosom swelled under her ragged dress. Then

the glow began to fade; doubt once more assailed her. "It can't be. You're only—after me, too, like Bland—like all of them." Duane's long arms went out and his hands clasped her shoulders. He shook

her.
"Look at me—straight in the eye.
Haven't you

There are decent men. Haven't you a father—a brother?" a father—a brother?"
"They're dead—killed by raiders. We lived in Dimmit county. I was carried away," Jennie replied, hurriedly. She put up an appealing hand to him. "Forgive me. I believe—I know you're good. It was only—I live so much in feer. I'm half gray. I've almost for fear—I'm half crazy—I've almost for-gotten what good men are like. Mister Duane, you'll help me?"

Duane, you'll help me?"
"Yes, Jennie, I will. Tell me how.
What must I do? Have you any plan?"
"Oh no. But take me away."
"Ill try," said Duane simply. "That
won't be easy, though. I must have
time to think. You must help me.
There are many things to consider.
Horses, food, trails, and then the best There are many things to consider. Horses, food, trails, and then the best

watched—kept prisoner?"

"No. I could have run off lots of times. But I was afraid. I'd only have fallen into worse hands, Euchre has told me that. Mrs. Bland beats me, half starves me, but she has kept me from her husband and these other me from her husband and these other dogs. She's been as good as that, and I'm gratsful. She hasn't done it for love of me, though. She always hated me. And lately she's growing jealous. There was a man came here by the name of Spence—so he called himself. He tried to be kind to me. But she wouldn't let him. She was in love with him. She's a bad woman. Bland finally shot Spence and that ended finally shot Spence, and that ended that. She's been jealous ever since. I hear her fighting with Bland about me. She swears she'll kill me before he gets me. And Bland laughs in her face. Then I've heard Chess Alloway try to persuade Bland to give me to him. But Bland doesn't laugh then. Just lately before Bland went sway things carry before Bland went away things came to a head. I couldn't sleep. I wished Mrs. Bland would kill me. I'll certainly kill myself if they ruin me. Duane, you must be quick if you'd save me." "I realize that," replied he, thoughtfully. 'I think my difficulty will be to fool Mrs. Bland. If she suspected me she'd have the whole gang of out-

Jennie bravely turned shamed eyes on— Wal, thet'd complicate matters.

But you get to see Jennie, an' mebbe you could help her. Mind, I ain't hintget you away from here," he said bluntly.

"But-Duane," she faltered, and

"But—Duane," she faltered, and again she put out the appealing hand. "Bland will kill you."

Duane made no reply to this. He was trying to still a rising strange tumult in his breast. The old emotion—the rush of an instinct to kill! He turned cold all over.

"Chess Allowers will kill you if Pland."

"Oh, better take me off at once," she said. said. "Save me without risking so much—without making love to Mrs. Bland!"

"Surely, if I can. There! I see Euchre coming with a woman."
"That's her. Oh, she mustn't see me

with you."
"Wait—a moment," whispered Duane, as Jennie slipped indoors. "We've settled it. Don't forget. I'll find some way to get word to you, perhaps through Euchre. Meanwhile keep up your courage. Remember I'll save you somehow. We'll try strategy first, Whatever you see or hear me do, don't think less of me-

Jennie checked him with a gesture and a wonderful gray flash of eyes. "I'll bless you with every drop of blood in my heart," she whispered pas-

sionately. It was only as she turned away into the room that Duane saw she was

the room that Duane saw she was lame and that she wore Mexican sandals over bare feet.

He sat down upon a bench on the porch and directed his attention to the approaching couple. The trees of the grove were thick enough for him to make reasonably sure that Mrs. Bland had not seen him talking to Jennie. When the outlaw's wife drew near Duane saw that she was a tall, strong. When the outlaw's wife drew near Duane saw that she was a tall, strong, full bodied woman, rather good looking with a full blown, bold attractiveness. Duane was more concerned with her expression than with her good looks; and as she appeared unsuspicious he felt relieved. The situation then took

on a singular zest.

Euchre came up on the porch and awkwardly introduced Duane to Mrs.
Bland. She was young, probably not over 25, and not quite so prepossessing at close range. He eyes were large, rather prominent, and brown in color.

Her mouth too was large with the

Her mouth, too, was large, with the lips full, and she had white teeth.

Duane took her proffered hand and remarked frankly that he was glad to meet her.

meet her.

Mrs. Bland appeared pleased; and her laugh, which followed, was loud and rather musical.

and rather musical.

"Mr. Duane—Buck Duane, Euchre said, didn't he?" she asked.

"Buckley," corrected Duane, "The nickname's not of my choosing."

"I'm certainly glad to meet you, Buckley Duane," she said, as she took the seat Duane offered her. "Sorry to have been out. Kid Fuller's lying over at Deger's. You know he was shot last night. He's got fever today. When Bland's away I have to nurse all these shot up boys, and it sure takes my time. Have you been waiting here alone? Didn't see that slattern girl of mine?"

of mine?"
She gave him a sharp glance. She had an extraordinary play of feature, Duane thought, and unless she was smiling

was not pretty at all.
"I've been alone," replied Duane.
"Haven't seen anybody but a sick looking girl with a bucket. And she ran when she saw me."
"That was Jen," said Mrs. Bland.

"She's the kid we keep here, and she sure hardly pays her keep. Did Euchre tell you about her?"
"Now that I think of it, he did say

something or other."
"What did he tell you about me?"
bluntly asked Mrs. Bland. "Wal, Kate," replied Euchre, speak-ing for himself, "you needn't worry none, for I told Buck nothin but com-

iments. Evidently the outlaw's wife liked Euchre, for her keen glance rested with amusement upon him.
"As for Jen, I'll tell you her story

some day," went on the woman. "It's a common enough story along this river. Euchre here is a tender-hearted old fool, and Jen has taken him in."

"Wal, seein' as you've got me figgered correct," replied Euchre, dryly,
"I'l go in an' talk to Jennie, if I may."

"Certainly. Go ahead. Jen calls you her best friend," said Mrs. Bland, amiably. "You're always fetching some Mexican stuff, and that's why, I guess."
When Euchre had shuffled into the house Mrs. Bland turned to Duane with curiosity and interest in her gaze. curiosity and interest in her gaze.
"Bland told me about you." 'What did he say?" queried Duane, in

what did he say? 'queried Duane, in pretended alarm.

"Oh, you needn't think he's done you dirt. Bland's not that kind of a man. He said: 'Kate, there's a young feldirt. low in camp—rode in here on the dodge. He's no criminal, and he refused to join my band. Wish he would. Slickest hand with a gun I've seen for many a day! I'd like to see him and Chess meet out there in the road.' Then Bland went on to tell how you and Bosomer came together."

"What did you say?" inquired Duane, as she paused.

what dud you say: Inquired Duane, as she paused.
"Me? Why, I asked him what you looked like," she replied, gayly.
"Well?" went on Duane.

"Magnificent chap, Bland said, Bigger than any man in the valley. Just a great blue-eyed, sun-burned boy!"
"Humph!" exclaimed Duane. "I'm sorry he led you to expect somebody

worth seeing. "But I'm not disappointed," she returned, arch!y. "Duane, are you going to stay long here in camp?"
"Yes, till I run out of money and have

to move. Why?"
Mrs. Bland's face underwent one of the singular changes. The smiles and flushes and glances, all that had been coquettish about her, had lent her a certain attractions. ertain attractiveness, almost beauty and youth. But with some powerfu emotion she changed and instantly be ame a woman of discontent. Duane magined, of deep, violent nature.

(Continued Next Week.)

This season the American woman is considering the adoption of an evening frock in the bodice of which fine sillnet is carried to the collar bone. Some times, in deference to accepted custom there is a V-shaped opening at the back, but in the majority of gowns the net comes high back and front and is caught together at the base of the neck and at the beginning of the arm, and there are sleeves of some kind, either in the form of floating draperies that are caught up again at the wrist or in the form of flaring elbow sleeve that are edged with maribou or col-ored beads. These gowns are offered for every kind of evening affair, and laws on me at ence."

"She would that. You've got to be careful—and quick."

"What kind of woman is she?" in
"It is rumored that they will be worn to some of the smartest balls given in the country places as a contrast to the winter evening gowns.

MATRIARCHY

In Harper's Magazine, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt tells of a tribe in Sumatra where there is still a survival of matriarchy, and women play an important part in affairs.

"Now that a closer acquaintance with the Menangkabau is made possible, it is known that their fundamental institutions belong to the Matriarchate, or Age of the Mother's Rights, which many sociologists believe to have been a stage through which all races have passed. They number 1,320,000, and occupy a territory eight times the size of the Netherlands. The women own the land and houses; family names de-scend in the female line, and mothers are the sole guardians of their chil-dren. Some of the customs of the people have been deflected from their normal course of development by two powerful patriarchal influences. At a remote period of unknown date the Hindus overran the chief islands of the archipelago. How long they remained, or why they withdrew, or if they merely intermarried with the native peoples they visited and thus lost their identity, are questions that are asked many times, though never answered; but they left a permanent impress of their arts, religion, and ideas of caste. The other external influence came through Arab traders and priests, probably about the Thirteenth century, who converted the people to Mohammedanism and formed a connection which has been intermittently continued until the present day. Since Hindus and Mo-hammedans alike assign women to seclusion and a position of utter subordination to men, it is evident that there was something tremendously virile in the 'Mother's Rights' institutions of the Menangkabau, or some-thing unusual in their environment, to have withstood such all dominating forces. This conclusion becomes the more apparent when taken in connection with the fact that distinct traces of the Mariarchate are to be found throughout the Malay race, to which these people belong, though nearly all tribes have substituted patriarchate institutions.

"Marriage is exogamic, and before the days of Mohammedanism all husbands doubtless went to live in the homes of their motherinlaw, as is the usual custom under the Matriarchate. The polygamy allowed by Mohammed interfered with this practice, and a curious compromise was effected between these opposing institutions which has permitted both to exist. The polygamous husband now remains in the family of his own mother, and merely visits his wife in the home of his motherinlaw. If he takes the four wives authorized by the Koran, he usually spends a week with each, or at least he times his visits of equal lengths—watchful mothersinlaw, with an eye to the family exchequer, see to it that he does not overstay the prescribed period. Here he eats and sleeps in the apartment of his wife. In former times, since the women controlled the land and carried the family pocketbook, the husbands made no contribution toward the family expenses. Instead, the men were supported by their wives and received their pocket money as a gift from them. Now, many men have at-tained 'economic independence' through the opening of new occupations and business opportunities brought about by the Dutch occupacy, and such men are expected to bring a gift of food, clothing, or money to their wives upon the occasion of each visit. No law com-pels this attention, but popular opinion has thus far done its perfect work, and few men avoid the obligation.

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"As social intercourse is as free as in America, young people fall in love in a natural way and make their own choice of matrimonial partners, but when the choice is made negotiations between the parents of the young couple begin and the price which the bride shall pay for the husband is determined, as well as details for the proper celebration of the wedding. For an ordinary man the sum paid rarely exceeds \$80, but \$250 is gladly paid for a head man, whose is gladly paid for a head man, whose position is regarded as one of great dignity."

Love of Country.

In these days of rapid national growth, when the citizen of today is supplanted by the youth and franchised emigrant tomorrow; when 1,000,000 voters cast their ballots with no higher motive than compliance with a custom or the dictates of party henchmen; when one-fourth of our henchmen; have no stronger ties of residence than avarice, whose strength varies with the financial fluctuations of the business mortid; when war by year our shores. world; when year by year our shores receive the restless spirits of other lands who acknowledge no higher authority than their own caprice; when so many of our youth are growing into manhood ignorant of everything save the means of licensed indulgences and frivolity our liberty affords; when, as partakers of the grandest political in-heritance ever transmitted from one generation to another, we are all about to forget the fearful responsibilities thrust upon us in our acceptance of the blessings of liberty we enjoy, it is time to halt.

"Let us gather the fragments that nothing be lost, To tell the next ages what liberty cost."

Let us teach the coming citizen that, next to the love of Cod—implanted at the mother's knee and cultivated by daily acts of piety and benevolence—is the love of country, its flag, the martyrs who fell in its defense, and last, but greatest of all, an abiding faith in its institutions and an undying devotion to its peace, happiness and pervetion to its peace, happiness and perno its institutions and an undying devotion to its peace, happiness and perpetuity. Let the examples of patriots, in deeds of heroism and self sacrifice, be our theme of meditation and ciscus-

be our theme of meditation and ciscussion. Let our literature gleam with the noble efforts, the grand achievements of those who gave their all that we, their dependents, might tasts the sweets of freedom undisturbed.

Let us realize that this grandest neritage of earth's martyrs came to us, not alone through the business tact and prudent foresight of our sires, but by years of toil and suffering, of cold and hunger, of want and privation, and by the generous sacrifice of precious blood; and that, though it be vouchsafed to us through blessings of a noble ancestry, its possession implies no ble ancestry, its possession implies no permanence to an unworthy race. It is ours, not alone to enjoy, but to

foster and protect: ours to guarl from schi m, vice and crime; ours to purity, exalt, ennoble; ours to prepare a dwelling place for the purest, fairest, best of earth's humarity.

I. H. Brown.

Flowered cotton voile is one of the prettiest summer fabrics, and there are ovely colored organdles and delicately hued batistes. These are generously trimmed with narrow quillings, touches of hand embroideries and showers of abbon bows. The sleeves are always Some of these dresses are worn over a princess slip of taffeta or washable satin, which has a crinoline or haircloth lining arranged in the form of strips on the under side. Other ideas simply employ a cable cord inserted at intervals from hem to hip.

Gray is a fashionable color and it is often brightened with a bit of coral