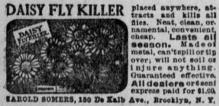


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en's Exchange San Antonio, Texas

Ordered to Be Ignorant.

Miscellany has received a letter from the front for its readers. P gives one or two little stories of ao tual incidents which have occurred it the writer's regiment somewhere in France: All ranks, as soon as they land in France, are urgently warned against answering questions asked them by people whom they don't know even though the questioner is ap parently a British officer, for enemy agents have been found in the uniforn of all ranks. A certain consciention young sub was in the front line the other day when a major of the di visional staff came along and began questioning the boy, with a view to testing his alertness and efficiency. "What trench is this?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What regiment is on your right?"

"I don't know, sir." "How do your rations come up?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, you don't seem to know much young fellow, do you?"

"Excuse me, sir, but I don't know

who you are."-Manchester Guardian,

Not Enough.

-college graduate who had applied for a job, "I think I can find a place for you, but of course you will have to start at the bottom of the ladder. Your salary will be \$10 a week to begin with.'

"Ten dollars!" exclaimed the young man. "Why, my father has been paying me more than that for going to college."

Plenty of It.

"My dear sir, I am an agent for this wonderful heater. Will you not tet us keep you in hot water in your

"Thanks-quite unnecessary. My wife attends to that."

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Made of wheat and a bit of wholesome molasses, it has the rich snap and tang of highgrade Java coffee, yet contains no harmful elements.

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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 FORK AND LONDON MCMXV

CHAPTER MII-(Continued).

She embraced him, and the sudden, violent, unfamiliar contact sent such a shock through him that he all but forgot the deep game he was playing. She, however, in her agitation did not notice his shrinking. From her embrace and the tender, incoherent words that flow-ed with it he gathered that Euchre had

acquainted her of his action with Black.
"He might have killed you!" she
whispered, more clearly; and if Duane
had ever heard love in a voice he heard
it then. It softened him. After all, she was a woman, weak, fated through her nature, unfortunate in her experience of life, doomed to unhappiness and tragedy. He met her advance so far that he returned the embrace and kissed her. Emotion such as she showed would have made any woman sweet, and she had a certain charm. It was easy, even had a certain charm. It was easy, even pleasant, to kiss her; but Duane resolved that whateved her abandonment might become, he would go no further than the lie she made him act.

"Buck, you love me?" she whispered.

"Yes—yes," he burst out, eager to get is over; and even as he spoke he caught the nearly speak through.

the pale gleam of Jennie's face through the window. He felt a shame he was glad she could not see. Did she remem-ber that she had promised not to mis-understand any action of his? What did she think of him, seeing him out there in the dusk with this bold woman in his arms? Somehow, that dim sight in his arms? Somehow that dim sight of Jennie's pale face, the big dark eyes, thrilled him, inspired him to his hard

"Listen, dear," he said to the woman, and he meant his words for the girl.
"Tm going to take you away from this outlaw den if I have to kill Bland, Alloway, Rugg—anybody who stands in my path. You were dragged here. You are good—I know it. There's happiness for you somewhere—a home among good people who will care for you. Just

wait till—"

His voice trailed off and failed from excess of emotion. Kate Bland closed her eyes and leaned her head on his breast. Duane felt her heart beat against his, conscience smote him a keen blow. If she loved him so much! But memory and understanding of her character hardened him again, and he gave her such commiseration as was

due her such commiseration as was due her sex, and no more.
"Boy, that's good of you," she whispered, "but it's too late. I'm done for. I can't leave Bland. All I ask is that you love me a little and stop your gunthersular."

The moon had risen over the eastern

The moon had risen over the eastern bulge of dark mountain, and now the valley was flooded with mellow light, and shadows of cottonwoods wavered against the silver.

Suddenly the clip-clop, clip-clop of hoofs caused Duane to rise his head and listen. Horses were coming down the road from the head of the valley. The hour was unusual for riders to come in. Presently the narrow, moonlit lane was crossed at its far end by black moving objects. Two horses Duane discerned.

"It's Bland!" whispered the woman, grasping Duane with shaking hands.
"You must run! No, he'd see you. That 'd be worse. It's Bland! I know his horse's trot."

"But you said he wouldn't mind my

"But you said he wouldn't mind my

calling here," protested Duane,
"Euchre's with me. It'll be all right."
"Maybe so," she replied, with visible effort at self-control. Manifestly she had a great fear of Bland. "If I could only think!"

Then she dragged Duane to the door,

pushed him in.
"Euchre, come out with me! Duane

you stay with the girl! I'll tell Bland you're in love with her. Jen, if you give us away I'll wring your neck."

The swift action and fierce whisper told Duane that Mrs. Bland was herself again. Duane stepped close to Jennie, who stood near the window. Neither spoke, but her hands were outstretched to meet his own. They were small, trembling hands, cold as ice. He held them close, trying to convey what he felt—that he would protest her. She leaned against him, and they looked out of the window. Duane felt calm and sure of himself. His most pronounced feeling besides that for the frightened girl was a curiosity as to how Mrs. Bland would rise to the occasion. He saw the riders dismount down the lane

and wearily come forward. A boy led away the horses. Euchre, the old fox, was talking loud and with remarkable ease, considering what he claimed was his natural cowardice.
"—that was way back in the '60c about the time of the war," he was about the time of the war," he was saying. "Rustlin' cattle wasn't nuthin' then to what it is now. An' times is rougher these days. This gun-throwin' has come to be a disease. Men have an itch for the draw same as they used to have fer poker. The only real gambler outside of greasers we ever had here was Bill, an' I presume Bill is burnin' now."

The approaching outlaws, hearing coices, halted a rod or so from the corch. Then Mrs. Bland uttered an ex-

gets thinner and whiter every day. Duane came here one day with Euchre, saw Jen, and went loony over her

pretty face, same as all you men. So I let him come." Bland cursed low and deep under its

on a bench.
"How are you, boss?" asked Euchre.

Duane thought it time to show himself. He had a feeling that Bland and Alloway would let him go for the moment. They were plainly nonplussed, and Alloway seemed sullen, brooding. "Jennie," whispered Duane, "that was clever of Mrs. Bland. We'll keep up the deception. Any day now be ready!"

She pressed close to him and a keep. She pressed close to him, and a bare-audible "Hurry!" came breathing

"Good night, Jennie," he said aloud.

Duane explined the incident. "Tm sorry I happened to be there," he went on. "It wasn't my business."

on. "It wasn't my business."

"Scurvy trick that'd been," muttered Bland. "You did right. All the same, Duane, I want you to stop quarreling with my men. If you were one of us—that'd be different. I can't keep my men from fighting. But I'm not called on to let an outsider hang around my camp and plug my rustlers."

Bland's. He loves her. Thet's the strange part of it.

"Has Duane been comin' here to see my wife?" Bland asked, fierce-like.

"No, said Jennie.

"He's been after you?"

"Yes."

"He has fallen in love with you? Kate said thet."

on to let an outsider hang around my camp and plug my rustlers."

"I guess I'll have to be hitting the trail for somewhere," said Duane.

"Why not join my band? You've got a bad start, already, Duane, and if I know this border you'll never be a respectable citizen again. You're a born killer. I know every bad man on this frontier. More than one of them have told me that something exploded in their brain, and when sense came back there lay another dead man. It's not so with me. I've done a little shooting, too, but I never wanted to kill another man just to rid myself of the last one. My dead men don't sit on my chest at night. That's the gun fighter's trouble. He's crazy. He has to kill a new man—he's driven to it to forget the last one."

one"
"But I'm no gun fighter," protested Duane. "Circumstances made me—"
"No doubt." interrupted Bland, with a laugh. "Circumstances made me a rustler. You don't know yourself. You're young: you've got a temper; your father was one of the most dangerous men Texas ever had. I don't see any other career for you. Instead of going it alone—a lone wolf, as the Texans say—why not make friends with other outlaws? You'll live longer."
Euchre squirmed in his seat.

with other outlaws? You'll live longer."

Euchre squirmed in his seat.

"Boss, I've been givin' the boy egzactly thet same line of talk. Thet's why I took him in to bunk with me. If he makes pards among us there won't be any more trouble. An' he'd be a grand feller fer the gang. I've seen Wild Bill Hickok throw a gun. an' Billy the Kid, an' Hardin, an' Chess here—all the fastest men on the border. An' with apologies to present company, I'm here to say Duane has them all skinned. His draw is different. You can't see how he does it."

Euchre's admiring praise served to create an effective little silence. Alloway shifted uneasily on his feet, his

shortly. "Will you consider the idea?"

Til think it over. Good night."

He left the group, followed by Enchre. When they reached the end of the lane, and before they had exchanged a word, Bland called Euchre back. Duane proceeded slowly along the moonlit road to the cabin and sat down under the cottonwoods to wait for Euchre. The night was intense and quiet, a low hun of insects giving the effect of a congestion of life. The beauty of the soaring moon, the cebony and said quiet, a low hun of insects giving the effect of a congestion of life. The beauty of the soaring moon, the cebony and said quiet, a low hun of insects giving the effect of a congestion of life. The beauty of the soaring moon, the cebony and said guiet, a low hun of insects giving the effect of a congestion of life. The beauty of the soaring moon, the cebony and said guiet, a low hun of insects giving the effect of a congestion of life. The beauty of the soaring moon, the cebony and said guiet. I was remarkable that a man and quiet, a low hun of insects giving the foreign moon of shadow under the mountain, the melancholy serenity of the perfect night, made Duane shudder in the realization.

"Buck, the sooner the better now," he declared, with a glint in his eye.

"The more time we use up now the less surprised Bland'il be."

"The more time we use up now the less surprised Bland'il be."

"I'm ready when you are," replied bunded with the promotion of the said and the state.

"Wal, saddle up, then," went on Entire, gruffly. "Tie on them two packs of them had filed.

Still, as he sat there with a forebodded.

Still, as he sat there with a forebodded.

Still, as he sat there with a forebodd in out think of her as a woman, and he did not analyze his feelings. He just had vague, dreamy thoughts and imaghations that were interspersed in the constant and stern revolving of plans to save her.

A suffling step roused him. Euchre's had a suffling step roused him. Euchre's a suffling step roused him. Euchre's had be a suffling step roused him. Euchre's had

him, there was yet a strange sweetclamation, estensibly meant to express
surprise, and hurried out to meet them.
She greeted her husband warmly and
gave welcome to the other man. Duane
could not see well enough in the shadow
to recognize Bland's companion, but
he believed ft was Alloway.

"Dog-tired we are and starved," said
Bland, reavily, "Who's here with you.

"That's Euchre on the porch. Duane
is inside at the window with Jen," replied Mrs. Bland.

"Duane!" he exclaimed. Then he
whispered low—something Duane could
not catch.

"Why, I asked him to come," said
the chief's wife. She spoke easily and
naturally and made no change
in tone. "Jen has been alling. She
gets thinner and whiter every day.

"Duane tree was yet a strange sweethim, and it lay in thought
of Jennie. The pressure of her cold
little hands lingered in his. He did
not analyze his feelings. He just
had vague, dreamy thoughts and insalinations that were interspersed in
the constant and stern revolving of
plans to save her.

A suffling step roused him. Euchre's
dark figure came crossing the moonlit
grass under the cottonwoods. Themoment the outlaw reached him
Duane saw that he was laboring under
great excitement. Is carryin' double. It's good they're both
a wise move of your Uncle Euchre's
wise mote of your hosses an' havin' them
ready?"

"Euchre, I hope you're not going to
get in bad here. I'm afraid you are.
Let me do the rest now," said bringin' in your hosses an' havin' them
ready?"

"Euchre, I hope you're not going to
get in bad here. I'm afraid you are
let me do the rest now," said bringin' in your hosses an' havin' them
ready?"

"Euchre, I hope you're not going to
get in bad here. I'm afraid you are
let me do the rest now,"
The old outlaw eyed him sarcastically.

"The 'd be turrible now, wouldn't it?
If you want to know, why, I'm in bad
already. I' didn't tell you thet Alloway
called me last night. He's gettin' wise
pratice, calmness, strength.

"Bland kept you pretty long,"
"Euchre, You're going with me?"
("Wal, I reckon. Eithe

"Bland kept you pretty long," he said.
"Wal, I reckon. Either to hell or safe over the mountain! I wisht I was a gun fighter. I hate to leave here withfanning himself with a sombrero, though the night was cool, and then he went into the cabin to return presently with a lighted nine.

a lighted pipe.
"Fine night," he said; and his tone

Bland asked me some questions from the shoulder. I was ready for them, an' I swore the moon was green cheese. He was satisfied. Bland But he's a hard man with bad intentions toward Jennie, an I'd double-cross him any day.

called her to come out. She said she was undressin.' An' he ordered her to put her clothes back on. Then, Buck, his next move was some surprisin'. He deliberately throwed a gun on Kate. Yes sir, he pointed his big blue Coltright at her, an' he says:

"I've a mind to blow out your

'Go ahead,' says Kate, cool as could

'You lied to me,' he roars. "Kate laughed in his face. slammed the gun down an' made a grab fer her. She fought him, but wasn't a match fer him, an' he got her by the throat. He choked her till I thought she was strangled. Alloway made him she was strangled. Alloway made him to the choked her till I thought she was strangled. Alloway made him to the choked her till I thought she was strangled. Alloway made him to the choked her till I thought she was strangled. his mouth shut.

"Ho, ho, ho!" rolled out Bland's she was strangled. Alloway made him stop. She flopped down on the bed an' gasped fer a while. When she come to them hard-shelled cusses went after spurs clinking, the weapons he was carrying rattling, and he flopped down on a bench. suspected she'd got thick with you an' was foolin' him. I reckon thet's a sore feelin' for a man to have—to guess pretty nice, but not to be sure. Bland gave it up after a while. An' then he "How are you, boss?" asked Euchre.
"Hello, old man. I'm well, but all in."
Alloway slowly waked on to the porch and leaned against the rail. He answered Euchre's greeting with a nod.
Mrs. Bland's full voice in eager questioning had a tendency to ease the situation. Bland replied briefly to her, reporting a remarkably successful trip.
Duane thought it time to show himself. He had a feeling that Bland and self. He had a feeling that Bland and the strength of t

"Then he went in an' dragged poor Jen out. She'd had time to dress. He was so mad he hurt her sore leg. You know Jen got thet injury fightin' off one of them devils in the dark. An' when I seen Eland twist her—hurt her -I had a queer hot feelin' deep down in me, an' fer the only time in my life

in me, an' fer the only time in my life in me, an' fer the only time in my life in me, an' fer the only time in my life in me, an' fer the only time in me, an' fer the was a whiter'n a sheet, an' her eyes were big and stary, but she had nerve. Fust time if ever seen her show any.

"'Jennie,' he said, 'my wife said Duane come here to see you. I believe she's lyin'. I think she's been carryin' on with him, an' I want to know. If "Good night, Jennie," he said aloud.
"Hope you feel better tomorrow."
Then he stepped out into the moonlight and spoke. Bland returned the greeting, and, though he was not amiable, he did not show resentment.

"Met Jasper as I rode in," said Bland, presently. "He told me you made Bill Black mad, and there's liable to be a fight. What did you go off the handle about?"

Duane explined the incident "Tomorphic fields."

"The must hev been a hell of a

"Thet must hev been a hell of a minnit fer Kate Bland. If ever I seen death in a man's eye I seen it in Bland's. He loves her. Thet's the

"But you're in love with him?"
"'Yes,' she said: an' Buck, if you only could have seen her! She throwed up her head, an' her eyes were full of fire. Bland seemed dazed at sight of her. An' Alloway, why, thet little skunk of an outlaw cried right out. He was hit plumb center. He's in love with Jen. An' the look of her then was enough to make any feller quit. He jest slunk out of the look of her then was enough to make any feller quit. He jest slunk out of the look of her then was enough to make any feller quit. He jest slunk out of the look of her then was enough to make any feller quit. He jest slunk out of the look of her then was enough to make any feller quit. He jest slunk out of the look of her then was enough to make any feller quit. He jest slunk out of the look of her then was enough to have the ich want to parley, you can jest say you'd thought over his proposition an' was ready to join his band, or you ain't. You'll have to kill him, an' it'd save time to go fer your gun on sight. Might be wise, too, fer it's likely he'll do thet same."

"How suggestin', if he comes out an' you want to parley, you can jest say you'd thought over his proposition an' was ready to join his band, or you ain't. You'll have to kill him, an' it'd save time to go fer your gun on sight. Might be wise, too, fer it's likely he'll do thet same."

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"'Jennie,' he said, once more turnin' to her. 'You swear in fear of your life thet you're tellin' truth. Kate's not in love with Duane? She's let him come to see you? There's been nuthin' between them?'

"'No. I swear' answered Jennie, or in this," said Duane, earnestly.

"Nope. I'm goin'. You heard what Benson told me. Alloway wouldn't give

Duane did not have a word to say at

ent. You can't see how he does it."

ent. You can't see how he does it."

Ent. You can't see how he does it."

I create an effective little silence. Alloway shifted uneasily on his feet, his sury jangling faintly, and did not lift his head. Bland seemed thoughtful.

"That's about the only qualification I have to make me eligible for your band." said Duane, easily.

"It's good enough," replied Bland, shortly. "Will you consider the idea?"

"I'll think it over. Good night."

He left the group, followed by Euchre. When they reached the characterists are the sure of the lane, and he characterists.

"I'll think it over. Good night."

Both men were that abandoned despite the fact of his counting the encounter he had not as yet feit that despite the fact of his counting the encounter he had not as yet feit that tow, investigate mention of stands now," resumed Euchre, meditatively. "You know, Buck, as well as me tively my ou'd been some feller who hadn't shown he was a wonder with a gun you'd now be full of lead. If you'd happen to kill Blands an' Alloway, I reckon you'd be as safe on this here border as you would in Santone. Such is gun fame in this land of the draw."

"I'll think it over. Good night."

He left the group, followed by Euchre. When they reached the creatures were!

"Wal, there's where our little deal stands now," resumed Euchre, meditatively. "You know, Buck, as well as me tively my or blood. The motive of this deadly action was not personal, and somehow that made a difference.

No outlaws were in sight. He saw several Mexican cerders with cattle. Blue columns of smoke curled up over some of the cabins. The fragrant smell of it reminded Duane of his home and cutting wood for the stove. He noted a cloud of creamy mist rising above the river, dissolving in the could have avoided this meeting. But despite the fact of his countries.

He could have avoided this meeting. But despite the fact of his countries.

"Wal, there's where our little deal stands on ow." resumed Euchre, as well as me tively my our deal.

while I go nosin' around. It's pretty early, which's all the better."

Euchre put on his sombrero, and as he went out Duane saw that he wore a gun and cartridge belt. It was the first

Bland cursed low and deep under its breath. The other man made a violent action of some kind and apparently was quieted by a restraining hand.

"Kate, you let Duane make love to Jennie?" queried Bland, incredulously.

"Yes, I did," replied the wife stubbornly. "Why not? Jen's in love with him. If he takes her away and marries her she can be a decent woman."

Bland kept silent a moment, then his langth pealed out loud and harsh.

"Chess, did you get that? Well, by God! what do you think of my wife?" "She's lyin' or she's crazy," replied Alloway, and his voice carried an unpleasant ring.

Mrs. Bland promptly and indignantly

"Mrs. Bland promptly and indignantly"

"Bland cursed low and deep under its breath. The other man made a violent further acquainted Duane with Euchre's quaint humor. 'Fine night for love affairs, by gum!"

"T'd noticed that," rejoined Duane,
"Wal, I'm a son of a gun if I didn't stand an' watch Bland choke his wife time Duane had ever seen the outlaw armed.

Duane packed his few belongings into his saddlebags, and then carried the saddles out to the corral. An abundance of alfalfa in the corral showed that the horses had fared well. They into the borse, had gotten almost fat during his stay in the valley. He watered them, put on the saddles loosely cinched, and then the bridles. His next move was to fill the two canvas water bottles. That done, he returned to the cabin to wait.

At the moment he felt no excitement was the went out Duane saw that he wore a gun and cartridge belt. It was the first time Duane armed.

Duane packed his few belongings into his saddlebags, and then carried the stand an' watch Bland choke his wife time Duane armed.

Duane packed his few belongings into his saddlebags, and then carried the saddles out to the corral An abundance of alfalfa in the corra

an' he's damp dangerous when he's that or agitation of any kind. There was no more thinking and planning to do the hour had arrived, and he was ready. He understood perfectly desperate chances he must take. always trusted me, an' liked me, too, thoughts became confined to Euchre I reckon. I hated to lie black thet way. and the surprisingly loyalty and goodand the surprisingly loyalty and good-ness in the hardened old outlaw. Time passed slowly. Duane kept glancing at his watch. He hoped to start the thing oss nim any day.

"Then we went into the house, Jennie d gone to her little room, an' Bland lled her to come out. She said she shuffle of Euchre's boots on the hard shuffle of Euchre's boots on the hard path. The sound was quicker than

usual.

When Euchre came around the corner of the cabin Duane was not so astounded as he was concerned to see the outlaw white and shaking. Sweat dripped from him. He had a wild look. "Luck's ours-so-fur, Buck!"

panted. 'You don't look it," replied Duane.

"You don't look it," replied Duane.
"Tm turrible sick. Jest killed a man.
Fust one I ever killed!"
"Who?" asked Duane, startled.
"Jackrabbit Benson. An' sick as I am, I'm gloryin' in it. I went nosin' round up the road. Saw Alloway goin' into Deger's. He's thick with the Degers. Reckon he's askin' questions. Anyway, I was sure glad to see him away from Bland's. An' he didn't see me. When I dropped into Benson's there wasn't nobody there but Jackrabit an' some greasers he was startin' bit an' some greasers he was startin' to work. Benson never had no use fer nt an some of the second never had no use to work. Benson never had no use to me. An' he up an' said he wouldn't give a two-bit piece fer my life. I give a two-bit piece in asked him why.

"'You're double crossin' the boss an'

Chess, he said.

"Jack, what'd you give fer your own life?" I asked him.

"He straightened up surprised an' mean lookin'. An' I let him have it, plumb center! He wfited, an' the

greasers run. I reckon I'll never sleep again. But I had to do it."

Duane asked if the shot had attracted any attention outside.
"I didn't see anybody but the greasers, an' I sure looked sharp. Comin' back I cut across through the cottonwoods past Bland's cabin. I meant to keep out of sight, but somehow I had an idee I might find out if Bland was awake yet. Sure enough, I run plumb into Beppo, the boy who tends Bland's hosses. Beppo likes me. An' when I inquired of his boss he said Bland had been up all night fightin' with the senora. An', Buck, here's how I figger. Bland couldn't let up last night. He was sore, an' he went after Kate again, tryin' to wear her down. Jest as likely he might have went after Jennie, with wuss intentions. Anyway, he an' Kate must have had it hot an' heavy. We're

pretty lucky.' "It seems so. Well, I'm going," said Duane, tersely.

"'Has Duane been comin' here to see my wife?' Bland asked, fierce-like.
"'No, said Jennie.
"'He's been after you?'
"'Yes.'
"'He has fallen in love with you?
Kate said thet.'
"'I—I'm not—I don't know—he hasn't told me.'

Buane, tersely.

"Lucky! I should smile! Bland's been up all night after a most draggin' ride home. He'll be fagged out this mornin', sleepy, sore, an' he won't be expectin' hell before breakfast. Now you walk over to his house. Meet him how you like. Thet's your game. But I'm suggestin', if he comes out an' you want to parley, you can jest say you'd want to parley.

An' the look of her then was enough to make any feller quit. He jest slunk out of the room. I told you, mebbe, thet he'd been tryin' to git Bland to marry Jen to him. So even a tough like Alloway can love a woman!

"Bland stamped up an' down the room. He sure was dyin' hard.

"Jennie,' he said open and tough the said open and tough to have the job done an' Jennie outside by the time I git there. Once on them hosses, we can ride out of camp before Alloway or anybody else gits into action. Jennie ain't much heavier'n a rabbit. Thet big black will carry you

"Nope. I'm goin'. You heard what Benson told me. Alloway wouldn't give me the benefit of any doubts. Buck, a

between them?"

"'No. I swear,' answered Jennie; an' Bland sat down like a man licked.

"'Go to bed, you white-faced,—' Bland choked on some word or other—a bad one, I reckon—an' he positively shook in his chair.

"Jennie went then, an' Kate began to have hysterics. An' your Uncle Euchre ducked his nut out of the door an' come home."

Benson told me. Alloway would be a last word—look out fer thet Bland woman!"

Duane merely nodded, and then, saying that the horses were ready, he strede away through the grove. Accounting for the short cut across grove and field, it was about five minutes' walk up to Bland's house. To Duane it seemed long in time and distance, and he had difficulty in restraining his pace. experienced relief. As a matter of fact, he had expected a good deal worse. He thrilled at the thought of Jennie perjuring herself to save that abandoned woman. What mysteries these feminine creatures were!

As he walked there came a gradual and subtle change in his feelings. Again he was going out to meet a man in conflict. He could have avoided this meeting. But despite the fact of his counting the encounter he had not as yet felt that het inexplicable much subtle that het inexplicable much subtle subtle matter and subtle change in his feelings. Again he walked there came a gradual and subtle change in his feelings. Again he was going out to meet a man in conflict.

Both men were awake early, silent with the premonition of trouble ahead, thoughtful of the fact that the time for the long planned action was at hand. It was remarkable that a man so loquacious as Euchre could hold his tongue so long; and this was significant of the deadiy nature of the intended deed. During breakfast he said tended deed. indication that the old outlaw might lose his nerve at the end. Duane had

Duane now changed his walk to a leisurely saunter. He reached the porch and then distinguished what was said

and then distinguished what was said inside the cabin.
"If you do, Bland, by heaven I'll fix you and her!" That was panted out in Kate Bland's full voice.
"Let me loose! I'm going in there, I tell you!" replied Bland, hoarsely.
"What for?"
"I want to make a little love to her. Ha! ha! It 'Il be fun to have the laugh on her new lover."

"I'm not saying what I'll do to her afterwards!" His voice grew hoarser with passion. "Let me go now!"
"No! no! I won't let you go, You'll choke the—the truth out of her—you'll

"The truth!" hissed Bland.
"Yes, I lied, Jen lied, But she lied to ave me. You needn't-murder her-for

Bland cursed horribly. Then followed a wrestling sound of bodies in violent straining contact—the scrape of feet the jangle of spurs—a crash of sliding table or chair, and then the cry of a woman in pain.

Duane stepped into the open foor, inside the room. Kate Bland lar lalf across a table where she had feen flung, and she was trying to get i her feet. Bland's back was turned. He had opened the door into Jennie's room and had one foot across the thres old. Duane caught the girl's low, shuddering ry. Then he called out loud and clear With cat-like swiftness Bland wheeled, then froze on the threshold. His sight, quick as his action, caught Duane's menacing, unmistakable posi-

Bland's big frame filled the door. He was in a bad place to reach for his gun. But he would not have time for a step, Duane read in his eyes the desperate calculation of chances. For a fleeing instant Bland shifted his glance to his Then his whole body vibrate with the swing of his arm.

(Continued next week.)

WHY WOMEN WRITE LETTERS

To Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

Women who are well often ask "Are the letters which the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. are continually publishing, genuine?" "Are they truthful?"
"Why do women write such letters?" Why do women write such letters?"

In answer we say that never have we

published a fictitious letter or name.

Never, knowingly, have we published an untruthful letter, or one without the full and written consent of the woman who wrote it. The reason that thousands of women from all parts of the country write such grateful letters to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. is that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought

health and happiness into their lives, once burdened with pain and suffering. It has relieved women from some of the worst forms of female ills, from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, nervousness, weakness,

stomach troubles and from the blues. It is impossible for any woman who is well and who has never suffered

to realize how these poor, suffering women feel when restored to health: their keen desire to help other women who are suffering as (

Caustic Rebuke.

they did.

There is loud chuckling in British naval circles over the latest story: "Somewhere in the North sea" a certain flotilla was ordered to proceed to sea for gunnery practice. During the practice a heavy fog came on, and the ship whose turn it was to fire did not sight the target until with 300 yards' range. She immediately opened fire, and blew the target clean out of the water. The senior officer of the flotilla, who is noted for his caustic tongue, thereupon made the following signal to the vessel in question: "S. O. to captain of ---: Why did you not proceed closer and bite it?"

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Co-Operators. Nearly 770,000 persons, largely successful farmers, are now aiding the United States department of agriculture by furnishing information, demonstrating the local usefulness of new methods, testing out theories, experimenting and reporting on conditions in their district-by helping, in short, in almost every conceivable way to increase the knowledge of the department and to place that knowledge at the service of the people.

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Frequent Shampoos With Cuticura Soap Will Help You. Trial Free.

Precede shampoo by touches of Cuticura Ointment if needed to spots of dandruff, itching and irritation of the scalp. Nothing better for the complexion, hair, hands or skin than these super-creamy emollients. Also

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

as preparations for the toilet.

Boasting of an old love affair is a poor way to boost a new one. Failure is another thing always

spoiled by success. Achy Joints Give Warning

A creaky joint often predicts rain. It may also mean that the kidneys are not filtering the poisonous uric acid from the blood. Bad backs, rheumatic pains, sore, aching joints, headaches, dizziness and urinary disorders are all effects of weak kidneys and if nothing is done, there's danger of more serious trouble. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended kidney remedy.

An Iowa Case

824

C. H. McKernan, retired farmer, Illinois Ave., Lenox, Iowa, says: "My back pained me so badly at times I could hardly get around. After stooping it was all I could do to straighten and sharp pains caught sharp pains caugh me in the back s that I could hard! move. I was also subject to rheumatic twinges. Sinc taking Doan's Kidney Pills I have in proved wonderfully and my kidney have given me but very little trouble.

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