

Look For This Name

Libby's On Packages of **Olives and Pickles**

—It's a quality mark for exceptionally good table dainties. Our Manzanilla and Queen Olives, plain or stuffed, are from the famous olive groves in Spain.

Libby's Sweet, Sour and Dill Pickles are piquant and firm. Your summer meals and picnic baskets are not complete without them.

Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

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In business since 1885. Send for Wholesale Grocery Price List No. 48 and by the finest quality of Groceries at Wholesale Prices.

KOHLER & HINRICH'S MERC. CO.
255-265 E. Third St. St. Paul, Minn.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Best, clean, of medicinal, convenient use. Lags all seasons. Made of metal, can't rust or over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or send express paid for.

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RICH BLACK LAND

Agricultural Land, Cheap and Easy Payments

No blizzards, snow or ice. Good crops; healthy climate; land \$50 per acre—soon to \$150. Adjoining land not as good as ours now bringing \$100

MILLER & RUSSELL
% Cattlemen's Exchange San Antonio, Texas

Ordered to Be Ignorant.

Miscellany has received a letter from the front for its readers. I give one or two little stories of actual incidents which have occurred in 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 apparently a British officer, for enemy agents have been found in the uniform of all ranks. A certain conscientious young sub was in the front line the other day when a major of the divisional 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.

"Yes," said the business man to the 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 let us keep you in hot water in your home?"

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

For Pure Goodness

and delicious, snappy flavor no other food-drink equals

POSTUM

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

This hot table drink is ideal for children and particularly satisfying to all with whom coffee disagrees.

Postum comes in two forms: The original Postum Cereal requires boiling; Instant Postum is made in the cup instantly, by adding boiling water.

For a good time at table and better health all round, Postum tells its own story.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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 XIII—(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 flowed 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 pleasant, to kiss her; but Duane resolved that whatever her abandonment might become, he would go no further than the kiss she made him ask.

"Buck, you love me," she whispered. "Yes—yes," he burst out, eager to get it over, and even as he spoke he caught the pale gleam of Jennie's face through the window. He felt a shame he was glad she could not see. Did she remember that she had promised not to misunderstand his 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 of Jennie's pale face, the big dark eyes, thrilled him, inspired him to his hard task.

"Listen, dear," he said to the woman, and he meant his words for the girl. "I'm going to take you away from this outlaw den if I have to kill Black. All-alloway, Rugg—anybody who stands in my path. You were dragged here. You are good—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 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 Black. All I ask is that you love me a little and stop your gun-throving."

The moon had risen over the eastern bank of the river, 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 calling here," protested Duane. "Euchre's with me. It'll be all right."

"You must run! No, he'd see you. That'd be worse. It's Bland! I know his horse's trot."

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an' he's damn dangerous when he's that way. Bland asked me some questions right from the shoulder. I was ready for them, an' I swore the moon was green cheese. He was satisfied. Bland always trusted me, an' I liked me, too. I reckon, I hated to be black that way. But in the harden old outlaw. Time passed slowly. Duane kept glancing at his watch. He hoped to start the thing and get away before the outlaws were out of their beds. Finally he heard the shuffle of Euchre's boots on the hard path. "The sound was quicker than usual."

"Then 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. "Lucky's ours—so—fur, Buck!" he panted.

"You don't look it," replied Duane. "I'm terrible sick. Jest killed a man. Just 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 Jackrabbit an' some greasers he was startin' to work. Benson never had no use fer me. An' he up an' said he wouldn't give a two-bit piece fer my life. I 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 wifited, an' the greasers an' 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 Black'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 worse 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. "Lucky! I should smile! Bland's been up all night after a most draggin' home. He'll be fagged out this mornin', sleepy, sore, an' he won't expectin' hell before breakfast. Now you walk over to his house. Meet him how you like. That's your game. But I'm suggestin', if he comes out an' you want to parley, you can jest say you'd 'gave over his proposition an' was ready to join his band, or you ask. 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 the same."

"I'll fetch them an' come along about two minutes behind you. Pears to me you ought 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 an' his gang gets into action. Jennie ain't much heavier'n a rabbit. That big black will carry you both."

"All right. But once more let me persuade you to stay—not to mix any more in this," said Duane, earnestly. "Yes, I'm goin'. You heard what Benson told me. Alloway wouldn't give me the benefit of any doubts. Buck, a last word—look out fer that Bland woman!"

Duane merely nodded, and then, saying that the horses were ready, he strode 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. The walk was a gradual and subtle change in his feelings. As he went he was going out to meet a man in conflict. He could have avoided this meeting. But despite the fact of his courting the encounter he had not as yet felt that inexplicable rush of 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 orders with cattle. Blue columns of smoke curled up over the tops 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 sunlight.

Then he entered Bland's lane.

While yet some distance from the cabin he heard loud angry voices of man and woman. Bland and Kate were quarrelling! He took a quick survey of the surroundings. There was now not even a Mexican in sight. Then he hurried a little. Halfway down the lane he turned his head to peer through the cottonwoods. This time he saw Euchre coming with the horses. There was no indication that the old outlaw might lose his nerve at the end. Duane had feared this.

Duane now changed his walk to a leisurely saunter. He reached the porch 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. "Get 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'll be fun to have the laugh on her new lover."

"You lie!" cried Kate Bland.

"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 her—the truth out of her—you'll kill her."

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

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 door, inside the room. Kate Bland lay half across a table where she had been flung, and she was trying to get to her feet. Bland's back was turned. He had opened the door into Jennie's room and had one foot across the threshold. Duane caught the girl's low, shuddering cry. 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 position.

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's eyes in his eyes the desperate calculation of chances. For a fleeting instant Bland shifted his glance to his wife. Then his whole body seemed to vibrate with the swing of his arm.

agitation of any kind. There was no more thinking and planning to do, the hour had arrived, and he was ready. He understood perfectly the desperate chances he must take. His thoughts became confined to Euchre and the surprisingly loyalty and goodness of the hardened old outlaw. Time passed slowly. Duane kept glancing at his watch. He hoped to start the thing and get away before the outlaws were out of their beds. Finally he heard the shuffle of Euchre's boots on the hard path. "The sound was quicker than usual."

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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?"

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 they did.



Caustic Rebuke.

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 ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—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.

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Co-Operators.

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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 as preparations for the toilet.

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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.

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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 me in the back so that I could hardly move. I was also subject to rheumatic twinges. Since taking Doan's Kidney Pills I have improved wonderfully and my kidneys have given me but very little trouble."

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