# HEAT FLASHES, **DIZZY, NERVOUS** Mrs. Wynn Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her During Change of Life.

have to!'

and

fury in. "Help!

Richmond, Va. - "After taking seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-



during the Change of Life and was also troubled with other bad \* feelings common at that timedizzy spells, nervous feelings and heat flashes. Now I am in better health

than I ever was and recommend your remedies to all my friends. "-Mrs. LENA WYNN, 2812 E. O Street, Richmond, Va.

While Change of Life is a most crit-(cal period of a woman's existence, the annoying symptoms which accompany it may be controlled, and normal health restored by the timely use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

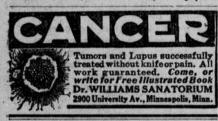
Such warning symptoms are a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness

For these abnormal conditions do not fail to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Kill All Flies! They Spread Disease Placed anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills all diss. Nest, clean, ornamental, convenient, and cheap.



Sold by dealers, or 6 sent by express, prepaid, \$1.00. AROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKaib Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



#### Job for Photographer.

"I want yer to take a picture of our Joe here," said the fond parent to the country photographer.

Joseph was requested to stand in a certain attitude and look towards the photographer. That gentleman's spezialty was quick developing, and in a short space of time a negative was placed in the mother's hand. She looked at it very uneasily for some time, and then remarked:

"I seen a notice in the window there to say you can do photos to custom--er's desire, so I'd be obliged to yer if you could put another face on Joe. You see, it's to be sent with an advertisement which said 'they wanted a boy, smart-looking and honest.""

Breaking It Gently.

After the dynamite fatality, Casey ran to break the news to Mrs. Mur-



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

### HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS NEW YORK AND LONDON MCMXV

## CHAPTER IX (Continued).

She staggered against the wall, her

his movement toward the door

It was no time for talk. Duane edged on, keeping Jennie behind him. At that

back her amazement was changing to "Where 're you taking Jen?"

Shell never win any more men in this

She was a powerful woman, and it

her flercely. Suddenly she snatched a rifle off the

"Jennie, run out. Get on a horse!"

Jennie flashed out of the door.

increased. elp! help! help!" she shrieked, in

she

equally as significant. "Duane!" sried Mrs. Bland.

eyes dilating, her strong hands clinch-

grave apprehension of his life. The clean cut hole made by the builet bled freely both at its entrance and where grave apprehension of his life. Duane shot him. He fell forward, his gun exploding as it hit the floor, and It had come out, but with no signs of hemorrhage. He did not bleed at the dropped loose from stretching fingers. Duane stood over him, stooped to turn mouth; however, he began to cough up a reddish tinged foam. As they rode on, Jennie, with pale him on his back. Bland looked up with clouded gaze, then gasped his last. "Duane, you've killed him!" cried Kate Bland, huskily. "I knew you'd

ast. cried you'd in the state of the stat

enough. "You didn't have to-to-" shivered the girl. "No! no!" he replied.

eyes dilating, her strong hands clinch-ing, her face slowly whitening. She ap-peared shocked, half stunned, but showed no grief. "Jennie!" called Duane, sharply. "Oh--Duane!" came a halting reply. "Yes. Come out. Hurry!" She came out with uneven steps, seeing only him, and she stumbled over Bland's body. Duane caught her arm, swung her behind him. He feared the woman when she realized how she had They did not stop climbing while Du-ane tore a scarf and made compresses, ane tore a scarf and made compresses, which he bound tightly over his wounds. The fresh horses made fast time up the rough trail. From open places Duane looked down. When they surmounted the steep ascent and stood on top of the Rim Rock, with no signs of pursuit down in the valley and with the wild, broken fastnesses before them, Duane turned to the girl and assured her that they now had every chance of escape. woman when she realized how she had been duped. His action was protective, moment there was a pounding of iron-shod hoofs out in the lane. Kate Bland bounded to the door. When she turned

"But-your-wound!" she faltered, with dark, troubled eyes. "I see-the blood-dripping from your back!" "Jennie, I'll take a lot of killing," he

said. where 're you taking Jen?" she cried, her voice like a man's. "Get out of my way," replied Duane. His look perhaps, without speech, was enough for her. In an instant she was transformed into a fury. "You hound! All the time you were fooling me! You made love to me! You let me heliave\_you swore you loved Then he became silent and attended rhen he became shent and attended to the uneven trail. He was aware presently that he had not come into Bland's camp by this route. But that did not matter; any trail leading out beyond the Rim Rock was safe enough. What he wanted was to get far away into scene mild retreat where he could let me believe—you swore you loved me! Now I see what was queer about you. All for that girl! But you can't have her. You'll never leave here alive. Give me that girl! Let me—get at her! into some wild retreat where he could hide until he recovered from his wound. He seemed to feel a fire inside his breast, and his throat burned so that it was necessary for him to take a swallow of water every little while. He began to suffer considerable pain, which increased as the hours went by and then gave way to a numbness. From that time on he had need of his great took all Duane's strength to ward off her onslaughts. She clawed at Jennie over his upheld arm. Every second her strength and endurance. Gradually he lost his steadiness and his keen sight: and he realized that if he were to meet foes, or if pursuing outlaws should come up with him, he could make only a poor stand. So he turned off on a trail that appeared seldom traveled. "Help! help! help!" she shrieked in a voice that must have penetrated to the remotest cabin in the valley. "Let go! Let go!" cride Duane, low and sharp. He still held his gun in his right hand, and it began to be hard for him to ward the woman off. His cool-ness had gone with her shriek for help. "Let go!" he repeated, and he shoved her flercely. Soon after this move he became con-scious of a further thickening of his sense. He felt able to hold on to his saddle for a while longer, but he was failing. Then he thought he ought to advise Jennie, so in case she was left slope she would have some idea of Suddenly she snatched a rifle off the wall and backed away, her strong hands fumbling at the lever. As she jerked it down, throwng a shell into the chamber and cocking the weapon, Duane leaped upon her. He struck up the rifle as it went off, the powder burning his face. "Jennie run out Get on a howe!" alone she would have some idea of

what to do. "Jennie, I'll give out soon," he said. "No-I don't mean-what you think. Rut I'll drop soon. My strength's going. If I die—you ride back to the main trail. Hide and rest by day. Ride at night. That trail goes to water. I be-lieve you could get across the Nueces, where some rancher will take you in." Jennie flashed out of the door. With an iron grasp, Duane held to the rifle barrel. He had grasped it with his left hand, and he gave such a pull that he swung the crazed woman off the floor. But he could not loose her grip. She was as strong as he. "Kate! Let go!" He tried to intimidate her. She did not see his gun thrust in her face, or reason had given way to such an ex-tent to passion that she did not care. She cursed. Her husband had used the same curses, and from her lips they seemed strange, unsexed, more deadly. Like a tigress she fought him; her face no longer resembled a woman's. The

tangible sense of time, distance, of something far behind weighed upon him. Sight of the two packs Euchre had made brought his thought to Jeanie. What had become of her? There was evidence of her work in a smoldering fire and a little blackened coffee pot. Probably she was outside looking after the horses or getting water. He thought

the horses or getting water. He thought

felt tired, and presently his eyes closed

and he fell into a doze. Awakening from this, he saw Jennie

sitting beside him. In some way she seemed to have changed. When he

"Duane!" she cried. "Hello. How 're you, Jennie, and how am I?" he said, finding it a little

"Oh, I'm all right," she replied, "And

you've come to-your wound's healed;

but you've been sick. Fever, I guess. I did all I could.

"Bland's men didn't come along

"Have you slept any?" "A little. Lately I couldn't keep

"Good Lord! I should think not.

"Where are the horses?"

spoke

difficult to talk.

here?" he asked.

"Yes."

"No."

awake.

she gave a start and turned

heard a step and listened, but he

caught him, helped him me to a bench. "This man's sick. No; he's shot, or 1 don't know blood stains." front and the other at the back. Duane imagined it had been built by a fugitive Jennie had slipped off her horse and to Duan's side. Duane appeared about -one who meant to keep an eye both ways and not to be surprised. Duane felt weak and had no desire to move. to faint. Where was he, anyway? A strange, in-tangible sense of time, distance, of

don't know whether I was scared most then or when you were quiet, and it was so dark and lonely and still all around. Every day I put a stone in closely. She wore a plain, white dress is so dark and lonely and still all somehow it made him observe her more ound. Every day I put a stone in ur hat." "Jennie, you saved my life," said given her. Sleep and good food had im-proved her. If she had been pretty your hat.

Duane.

"Jennie, we're going to get away," he said, with gladness. "I'll be well in a few days. You don't know how strong I am. We'll hide by day and travel by night. I can get you across the river."

'And then?" she asked.

"And then?" she asked. "We'll find some honest rancher." "And then?" she persisted. "Why," he began, slowly, "that's as far as my thoughts ever got. It was pretty hard, I tell you, to assure my-self of so much. It means your safety. You'll tell your story. You'll be sent to some offers and taken serve of some village or town and taken care of until a relative or friend is notified." "And you?" she inquired, in a strange

"What will you do?" she went on. "Jennie, I'll go back to the brakes. I

'You're no criminal!" she declared.

ference between an outlaw and a crim-inal doesn't count for much."

"You won't go back among those ter-rible men? You, with your gentleness and sweetness—all that's good about you? Oh. Duane, don't—don't go!" "I can't go back to the outlaws, at least not Blande's band. No, I'll gJ alone. I'll lone-wolf it, as they say on the border. What else can I do, Lennie?"

"Oh, I don't know. Couldn't you hide?

out being arrested. I could hide, but a man must live. Never mind about

In three days Duane was able with great difficulty to mount his horse. During daylight, by short relays, he and Jennie rode back to the main trail, where they hid again till he had rested. Then in the dark they rode out of the canons and gullies of the Rim Rock, and early in the morning halted at the

From that point they traveled after nightfall and went into hiding during the day. Once across the Neuces river, the day. Once across the Neuces river, Daune was assured of safety for her and great danger for himself. They had crossed into a country he did not know. Somewhere east of the river there were scattered ranches. But he was as liable to find the rancher in touch with the outlaws as he was likely to find him honest. Duane hoped his good fortune would not desert him in this last serv-ice to Jennie. Next to the worry of that was realization of his condition. He had gotten up too soon; he had rid-den too far and hard, and now he felt den too far and hard, and now he felt that any moment he might fall from his saddle. At last, far ahead over a his sadule, At last, far ahead over a barren mesquite dotted stretch of dusty ground, he espied a patch of green and a little flat, red ranch-house. He headed his horse for it and turned a face he tried to make cheerful for Jennie's sake. She seemed both happy and sorry.

a woman come to the door, then a man. The latter looked keenly, then stepped outside. He was a sandy-haired, freckled Texan.

Duane. "I don't know. Maybe. I did all I know how to do," she replied. "You saved mine—more than my life." Their eyes met in a long gaze, and then their hands in a close clasp. "How have the same dark eyes full of haunting shadows. After Duane's realization of the base of the same than the same dark eyes full of haunting the base of the same dark eyes full of haunting the base of the base same paleness, the same strained look, the same dark eyes full of haunting shadows. After Duane's realization of the change in her he watched her more, with a growing certainty that he would

with a growing certainty that he would be sorry not to see her again. "It's likely we won't ever see each other again," he said. "That's strange to think of. We've been through some hard days, and I seem to have known you a long time." Jennie appeared shy, almost sad, so Duane changed the subject to some

Duane changed the subject to some-thing less personal.

Andrews returned one evening from Andrews returned one evening from a several days' trip to Huntsville. "Duane, everybody's talkin' about how you cleaned up the Bland outfit," he said, important and full of news. he s: "It's "It's some exaggerated, accordin' to what you told me; but you've shore made friends on this side of the Nueces. I reckon ther ain't a town where you wouldn't find people to welcome you. Huntsville, you know, is some divided in its ideas. Half the people are crooked. Likely enough, all them who was so loud in praise of you are the crookedest. For instance, met King the crookedest. For instance, met King Fisher, the boss outlaw of these parts. Well, King thinks he's a decent citi-zen. He was tellin' me what a grand job yours was for the border an' hon-est cattlemen. Now that Bland and Alloway are done for, King Fisher will find rustlin' easier. There's talk of Hardin movin' his camp over to Bland's. But I don't know how true it is. I reckon ther ain't much to it. In the past when a big outlaw chief went the past when a big outlaw chief went under, his band almost always broke

up an' scattered. There's no one left who could run thet outfit."

"Did you hear of any owlaws hunt-ig me?" asked Duane. "Nobody from Bland's outfit is hunting me

in' you, thet's shore," replied Andrews. "Fisher said there never was a hoss straddled to go on your trail. Nobody straddled to go on your trail. Nobody had any use for Biand. Anyhow, his men would be afraid to trail you. An' you could go right in to Huntsville, where you'd be some popular. Reckon you'd be safe, too, except when some of them fool saloon loafers or bad cow-

punchers would try to shoot you for the glory in it. Them kind of men will bob up everywhere you go, Duane." "Ill be able to ride and take care of myself in a day or two," went on Du-ane. "Then Fil go—Id like to talk to you about lemne." you about Jennie

"She's welcome to a home here with us.

"Thank you, Andrews. You're a kind man. But I want Jennie to get farther away from the Rio Grande. She'd never be safe here. Besides, she may be able to find relatives. She has some, though she doesn't know where they are.

are." "All right, Duane. Whatever you think best. I reckon now you'd better take her to some town. Go north an' strike for Shelbyville or Crockett. Them's both good towns. I'll tell Jen-nie the names of men who'll help her. You needn't ride into town at all." "Which place is nearer, and how far is it?"

is it Shelbyville. I reckon about two

days' ride. Poor stock country, so you ain't liable to meet rustlers. All the same, better hit the train at night an' go careful." At sunset two days later Duane and

Jennie mounted their horses and said goodby to the rancher and his wife. Andrews would not listen to Duane's thanks.

"I tell you I'm beholden to you yet,"

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked Duane. "I may come along here again some day." "Get down an' come in, then, or

you're no friend of mine. I reckon there ain't nothin' I can think of-I just happen to remember—" Here he led Duane out of earshot of the women and went on in a whisper. "Buck, I used to be well to do. Got skinned by a man named Brown—Rod-ney Brown. He lives in Huntsville, an ba's my enemy I never was much on he's my enemy. I never was much on fightin', or I'd fixed him. Brown ruined

her, post-mealtime stumper is a winner, it makes a hit with me; but when I'd do some fancy enoring, all kinds of pounding, rapping, roaring, start up im-mediately. About 1,000 dogs assemble, close by, and make the welkin tremble, with barks and yips and yowls; the cattle all get busy lowing, and I can hear the busy lowing, and I can hear the bughouse crowing of countless nutty fowls. Out in the kitchen the domestic, a damsel haughty and majestic, drops dishes on the floor, and grocers' boys and cranks and peddlers, and 50 other kinds of meddlers, are thumping at the door. I can't de-scribe a fourth or third of the blamedest din you ever heard of —a Dante it demands—when I of snores would have a humber, a little sleep, a little slumber, some folding of the hands. I rise, all sore and katzenjammering, de-nouncing all the frantic slamnouncing all the frantic slamming, the rumpus and the rush; and now that noise would be no matter, there is an end to fuss and clatter, there comes a solemn hush.

\*

A LITTLE SLEEP.

By Walt Mason. I like to sleep some after din-ner; post-mealtime slumber is a

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# RAW SAUSAGE.

Perhaps you have noticed some per-son whose eyeballs were constantly rolling. If the habit was very marked the person had nystagmus. In nystagmus the eyes roll back and forth from one to 200 times each minute. On most cases the movement is rotary. Some-

times it is from side to side. Occasion-ally they are up and down. The movements affect both eyeballs, though the two eyeballs may not movo ogether, and sometimes the movement n one is much more rapid than the

h one is much three three the other. Perhaps the first sympton that the patient notices is that objects seem to fance before his eyes. This causes him to be dizzy. Headache develops. If the fyes are examined, and they should be, the probability is that it will be found

that glasses are needed. If these earlier symptoms are ne-glected presently it will be noticed that the eyeballs are dancing. Nystagmus

is well developed. There are two groups of causes for systagmus and it is important that one hould find out to which group his case, belongs. In one group the cause is some organic disease of brain or nerves, especially of the optic nerve. Careful exam-nation of the back of the eye when the rouble is due to disease of the optic herve will show the cause. When the disease is due to organic disease of the rous system will show it. In the other group the train of symptoms—dancing, of cychails, giddiness, headache, nausea, premor—are the result of fatigue, and

especially of great fatigue of the eyes. In Europe, miners' nystagmus is very mportant. In a certain coal mine union ibout four miners out of each 1,000 have niners' nystagmus. No such condition prevails in this country. In 1910 no nys-lagmus was found among coal miners in Illinois. Probably there is practically in Illinois. Probably there is practically aone in this country. The reason is that yoal miners in this country work by good light. The galleries are large, A great deal of the work is done by ma-thinery. There is almost none of the picking while lying on the back, work-ing in narrow quarters, and by poor ight so prevelent in European coal mines. The American miner very much in need of glasses is very apt to wear a pair of properly fitting spectacles. This form of nystagmus being the result of exhaustion, great fatigue, pro-longed eye strain, can be cured if taken in time by extended rest. It is necessary to rest the body and espe-cially to rest the eyes.

cially to rest the eyes.

#### Different Salutations.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer. The parting salutations of various satisfies are strikingly alike. The Greek word, perhaps, has a high-

an.

Duane kept silent.

daren't show my face among respect-able people. I'm an outlaw."

with deep passion. "Jennie, on this border the little dif-

You won't go back among those ter-

Jennie?'

Couldn't you slip out of Texas-go far away?" "I could never get out of Texas with-

me, Jennie."

first water to camp.

sake. She seemed both happy and sorry. When near at hand he saw that the rancher was a thrifty farmer. And thrift spoke for honesty. There were fields of alfalfa, fruit-trees, corrals, windmill pumps, irrigation ditches, all surrounding a neat little adobe house. Some children were playing in the yard. The way they ran at sight of Duane hinted of both the loneliness and the fear of their isolated lives. Duane saw a woman come to the door, then a man.

freckled Texan. "Howdy, stranger," he called, as Duane halted. "Get down, you an' your woman. Say, now, air you sick or shot or what? Let me—" Duane, reeling in his saddle, bent searching eyes upon the rancher. He thought he saw good will, kindness, honesty. He risked all on that one sharp glance. Then he almost plunged from the saddle. The rancher caught him, helped him to a bench

"Have you got Pat's life insured?"

he asked. "Indeed I have, and for a long while," was the reply.

"Well, then," blurted out the tactful messenger, "I hope ye won't have the trouble collecting it that the boys wil' "In collecting Pat."

#### Position of Immunity.

"You people all seem to take a great deal of loose talk from that man in a frock coat.'

"Yes," replied Bronco Bob. "He sort o' puts it over on us, because he knows the kin. He's the only undertaker in Crimson Gulch. No matter what kind o' trouble comes up, there's necessarily an understandin' that he's to be a survivor."

**The Fine** Flavor-

the delicate taste of malted barley blended with the sweets of whole wheatis sufficient reason in itself for the wonderful popularity of

# **Grape**-Nuts FOOD

But it is more than delicious-it is the finest kind of concentrated nourishment to thoroughly sustain body and brain tissue -a food that benefits users remarkably.

# A short trial proves

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

no longer resembled a woman's. The evil of that outlaw life, the wildness and rage, the meaning to kill, were even in such a moment terribly im-pressed upon Duane.

He heard a cry from outside—a man's cry, hoarse and alarming. It made him think of loss of time.

This demon of a woman might yet block his plan.

"Let go!" he whispered, and feit his lips stiff. In the grimness of that in-stant he relaxed his hold on the rifle barrel.

With sudden, redoubled, irresistible strength she wrenched the rifle down and discharged it. Duane felt a blowshock—a burning agony tearing trough his breast. Then in a frenzy a shock—a burning agony tearing through his breast. Then in a frenzy he jerked so powerfully upon the rifle that he threw the woman against the wall. She fell and seemed stunned. Duane leaped back, whirled, flew out of the door to the porch. The sharp cracking of a gun halted him. He saw Janue beldung to the bridle of his her

Jennie holding to the bridle of his bay Jennie holding to the bridle of his bay horse. Euchre was astride the other, and he had a Colt leveled, and he was firing down the lane. Then came a single shot, heavier, and Euchre's ceased. He fell from the horse. A swift glance back showed to Duane a man coming down the lane. Chess Alloway! His gun was smoking. He broke into a run. Then in an instant he saw Duane, and tried to check his pace as he swung up his arm. But that

pace as he swung up his arm. But that slight pause was fatal. Duane shot,

and Alloway was falling when his gun went off. His bullet whistled close to Duane and thudded into the cabin.

Duane bounded down to the horses. Jennie was trying to hold the plunging bay. Euchre lay flat on his back, dead, a bullet hole in his shirt, his face set hard, and his hands twisted around gun me

and bridle. "Jennie, you've nerve, all right!" here?

"I keep them grazing down in a gorge back of here. There's good grass and water."

"Jennie. you've nerve, all right!" cried Duane, as he dragged down the horse she was holding. "Up with you now! There! Never mind—long stir-runs! Hang on somehow!" He caught the bridle out of Eu-chre's clutching grip and leaped astride. The frightened horses jumped into a run and thundered down the lane into the road. Duane saw men running from the road. Duane saw men running from cabins. He heard shouts. But there were no shots fired. Jennie seemed able You've had a time of it sitting here day and night nursing me, watching for the outlaws. Come, tell me all about it." "There's nothing much to tell." to stay on her horse, but without stir-rups she was thrown about so much that Duane rode closer and reached out

Thus they role through the valley to the trail that led up over the steep and broken Rim Rock. As they began to climb, Duane looked back. No pursuers were in sight.

"Jennie, we're going to get away!" he cried, exultation for her in his voice. She was gazing horror stricken at is breast, as in turning to look back he faced her.

"Oh. Duane, your shirt's all bloody!" she faltered, pointing with trembling

"Air you his wife?" asked the rancher.

"No. I'm only a girl he saved from outlaws. Oh, he's so pale! Duane, Duane." Duane! "Buck Duane!" exclaimed the ranch-

er, excitedly. "The man who killed Bland an' Alloway? Say, I owe him a good turn, an' I'll pay it, young wom-women.

The rancher's wife came out, and with a manner at once kind and prac-tical essayed to make Duane drink from tical essayed to make buane drink from a flask. He was not so far gone that he could not recognize its contents, which he refused, and weakly asked for water. When that was given him he found his voice

Yes, I'm Duane. I've only overdone myself—just all in. The wounds I got at Bland's are healing. Will you take this girl in—hide her awhile till the excitement's over among the outlaws?"

"I shore will," replied the Texan. "Thanks. I'll remember you—I'll square it."

"What 're you goin' to do?" "I'll rest a bit-then go back to the

Duane saw now that the difference in her was a whiteness and tightness of skin, a hailowness of eye, a look of brakes. "Young man, you ain't in any shape to travel. See here—any hustlers on your trail?" "I think we gave Bland's gang the stin." strain. "Fever? How long have we been She took some pebbles from the crown of his sombrero and counted

slip

Good. I'll tell you what. I'll take them. "Nine. Nine days," she answered. "Nine days!" he exclaimed, incredulyou in along with the girl, an' hide both of you till you get well. It 'll be safe. My nearest neighbor is five miles ously. But another look at her assured him that she meant what she said. "Tve off. We don't have much company." "You risk a great deal. Both outlaws been sick all the time? You nursed

and rangers are hunting me," said

'Never seen a ranger yet in these parts. An' have always got along with outlaws, mebbe exceptin' Bland. I tell you I owe you a good turn."

"My horses might betray you," added Duane.

"Til hide them in a place where there's water an' grass. Nobody goes to it. Come now, let me help you in-

Duane's last fading sensations of that hard day were the strange feel of a bed, a relie! at the removal of his heavy boots, and of Jennie's soft, cool hands

on his hot face. He lay ill for three weeks before he began to mend, and it was another week then before he could walk out a little in the dusk of the evenings. After that his strength returned rapidly. And it was only at the end of this long siege that he recovered his spirits. During most of his illness he had been silent, moody

"There's nothing much to tell." "I want to know, anyway, just what you did—how you felt." "I can't remember very well." she re-plied, simply. "We must have ridden 40 miles that day we got away. You bled all the time. Toward evening you lay on your horse's neck. When we came to this place you fell out of the saddle. I dragged you in here and stopped your bleeding. I thought you'd die that night. But in the morning I had a little hope. I had forgotten the horses. But luckily they didn't stray far. I caught them and kept them down in the gorge. When your wounds closed "Jennie, I'll be riding off soon," he "Jennie, I'll be riding off soon," he sald, one evening. "I can't impose on this good man Andrews much longer. I'll never forget his kindness. His wife, too-she's been so good to us. Yes, Jennie, you and I will have to say goodhy very soon." "Don't hurry away," she replied. I atley Jennie, bad appeared strange

With her words Duane became aware of two things—the hand he instinctive-in the gorge. When your wounds closed in the gorge. When you way. I would have heard you good ways. I in the gorge way. I in

-stole all I had. He's a hoss an' cattle thief, an' he has pull enough at "Martha, come out here!" he called. home to protect him. I reckon I needn't "Is this Brown a man who shot an

outlaw named Stevens?" queried Duane, curiously. "Shore, he's the same. I heard thet

story. Brown swears he plugged Ste-vens through the middle. But the outlaw rode off, an' nobody ever knew for shore." "Luke Stevens died of that shot. I

buried him," said Duane. Andrews made no further comment,

"The main road for about three miles, then where it forks take the left hand road and keep on straight. That what you said, Andrews?"

"Shore. An' good luck to you both!" Duane and Jennie trotted away into the gathering twilight. At the moment an insident thought bothered Duane. Both Luke Stevens and the rancher

Andrews had hinted to Duane to kill a man named Brown. Duane wished with all his heart they had not mentioned it, let alone taken for granted the ex-ecution of the deed. What a bloody place Texas was! Men who robbed and men who were robbed both wanted murder. It was in the spirit of the country. Duane certainly meant to avoid ever meeting this Rodney Brown. And that very determination showed Duane how dangerous he really wasto men and to himself. Sometimes he had a feeling of how little stood be-tween his sane and better self and a self utterly wild and terrible. He rea-soned that only intelligence could save him—only a thoughtful understanding of his danger and a hold upon some

ideal. Then he fell into low conversation Then he fell into low conversation with Jennie, holding out hopeful views of her future, and presently darkness set in. The sky was overcast with heavy clouds; there was no air mov-ing; the heat and oppression threat-ened storm. By and by Duane could not see a rod in front of him, though his horse had no difficulty in keeping to the road. Duane was bothered by the blackness of the night. Traveling fast was impossible, and any moment fast was impossible, and any moment he might miss the road that led off to the left. So he was compelled to give the left. So he was compelled to give all his attention, to peering into the thick shadows ahead. As good luck would have it he, came to higher ground where there was less mesquite, and therefore not such impenetrable dorkness; and at this point he came to where the road split. Once headed in the right direction, he fail easier in mind. To his annov-

he felt easier in mind. To his annoy-ance, however, a fine, misty rain set in. Jennie was not well dressed for wet weather; and, for that matter, neither was he. His coat, which in that dry climate he seldom needed, was tied behind his saddle, and he put it on Jen-

nie. They waveled on. The rain fell steadly: if anything, growing thicker. Duane grew uncomfortably wet and Jennie, however, fared some-better by reason of the heavy. The night passed quickly dechilly what coat. spite the discomfort, and soon a gray dismal, rainy dawn greeted the travelers.

(Continued next week.)

er significance than the Latin: for it was not a mere complimentary salu-tation. St. John forbids it to be given to heretical teachers. The French, on taking leave, say,

The French, on taking leave, say, "Adieu," thus distinctly recognizing the providential power of the Creator; and the same meaning is indeed conveyed in our own word "goodby," which is a corruption of "God be with you." The Irish, in their warmth of manner and leave of words, of the avtor of the ave

and love of words, often extend the expression.

well-known guide, upon one of our A well-known guide, upon one of our friends leaving oue of the loveliest spots in Wicklow, shook hands with him heartily and said, in a voice some-what more tremulous through age than it may when Term More lowed to his it was when Tom Moore loved to listen to it: "God Almighty bless you, be with

you, and guide you safely to your journey's end." This salutation, when used thought-fully and aright, has not only a pleas-port sound but deen meaning

ant sound, but deep meaning.

#### Needed No Help.

Needed No Help. From the Blair, (Neb.) Democrat. "After this," warns Judge Blowup, "when a man who has had a mishap with his car wants us to stop and help him, he must have a red light or some other stopping signal." For one night recently, while the judge was coming in from south of town he noticed a car stopped by the side of the road. Thinking the driver was in distress, the judge stopped and asked if they needed any assistance. The driver of the car by the side of the road took his arms from around a young lady sitting beside him and said to her, "Do you need any help, dear?" She replied, "No, you seem to be doing all that can be done." Hence the ultimatium.

Many of the war zone children wear as masks on their way to and from chool.

#### The Peasant War Mother.

t used to be a-dreamin' of my little youngest son-(The number of my other sons is three), of the length of limb he'd have-O, he'd be the tallest one And the strongest of them all this one would be.

be a man And impatient for the happy time to be. All my other sons was bonny, but I dreamed as mothers can That not one of them would be as fine as he. used to be a-dreamin' of him grown to

The time seemed slow in goln' for my lit-tle, youngest son. So long 'twixt two foot six and six foot

two, Though in fancy I could see him grown to be the tallest one In the silly, prideful way that mothers

Eut now l've stopped my dreamin' of my little, youngest child, And I hug him to my lonely heart that's

sore, And I want to keep him little with a wantin that is wild, And I wish he'd never, never grow no

For I used to dream the same things of my other sons, as well (The number of my other sons is three)

t's the tall ones make good soldiers (and good targets for the shell), oh, I would to God they all was wee as he!

-Mary Woodson Shippey.