

Farmers Attention!

the horses.

Did you know that you could buy Hail In-surance buy mail and save the middle men's profits or about one-fourth the cost of your Insurance. Write telling us how much you farm, what county you are in, and how much insurance you want to carry and let us figure



SEEDS Alfalfa 86. Sweet Clover 88. Farms for sale and rent on crop payments. J. MULHALL, Soo City, Iowa

DIFFERENT STRAIN OF BOYS

Little Story Shows Why It is That Some Succeed in Life While Others Don't "Make Good."

Two boys left home with just money enough to take them through college. They both did well at college, took their diplomas in due time, and got from members of the faculty letters to a large shipbuilding firm, with which they desired employment. When the first boy was given an audience with the head of the firm, he presented his letters.

"What can you do?" asked the president.

"I should like some sort of a clerkship.'

"Well, sir, I will take your name and address, and if we have anything of the kind I will write to you."

The other boy then presented himself and his papers.

"What can you do?" the president asked him.

"Anything that a green hand can do, sir," was the reply.

The president touched a bell that called a foreman, and the college graduate went to sorting scrap iron. A week passed, and the president, meeting the superintendent, asked, "How is the new man getting on?"

"Oh," said the superintendent, "he

CHAPTER IX (Continued). Was it the breaking of a branch he

THE LONE

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER

BY

ZANE GREY

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Jennie insisted that he find some shelter where a fire could be built to dry his clothes. He was not in a fit condition to risk catch-ing cold. In fact, Duane's teeth were chattering. To find a shelter in that barren waste seemed a futile task. Quite unexpectedly, however, they happened upon a deserted adobe cabin situated a little off the road. Not only did it prove to have a dry inter-ier, but also there was firewood. Water was available in pochs every-the horses. ran. The mud was deep, and the sharp

A good fire and hot food and drink thorns made going difficult. He came changed the aspect of their condition up with the horse, and at the same

changed the aspect of their condition as far as comfort went. And Jennie lay down to sleep. For Duane, how-ever, there must be vigilance. This cabin was no hiding place. The rain fell harder all the time, and the wind changed to the north. "It's a norther, all right," muttered Duane. "Two or three days." And he felt that his ex-traordinary luck had not held out. Still one point favored him, and it was

Still one point favored him, and it was that travelers were not likely to come along during the storm. Jennie slept while Duane watched. The saving of this girl meant more to him than any task he had ever as-sumed. First it had been partly from a human feeling to succor an unfortu-nate woman, and partly a motive to establish clearly to himself that he was no outlaw. Lately, however, had come a different sense, a strange one, with something personal and warm and pro-tective in it. As he looked down upon her, a slight, slender girl with bedraggled dress and disheveled hair, her face, pale and quiet, a little stern in sleep, and her cheek, long, dark lashes lying on her cheek, long, dark lashes lying on her cheek, he seemed to see her fragility, her pret-tiness, her femininity as never before. But for him she might at that very had disappeared, Jennie was gone. But for him she might at that very moment have been a broken, ruined girl lying back in that cabin of the Blands.' The fact gave him a feeling of his importance in this shifting of her destiny. She was unharmed, still young; she would lorget and be happy; she would live to be a good wife and mother. Somehow the thought swelled his heart. Hic act, death dealing as it

his heart. Hic act, death dealing as it had been, was a noble one, and helped him to hold on to his drifting hopes. Hardly once since Jennie had entered A hundred miles from the haunts most familiar with Duane's needs, far up where the Nueces ran a trickling clear stream between yellow cliffs, stood a small deserted shack of covered mequite poles. It had been made long ago, but was well preserved A door into his thought had those ghosts returned to torment him. Tomorrow she would be gone among

Tomorrow she would be gone among good, kind people with a possibility of finding her relatives. He thanked God for that; nevertheless, he felt a pang. She slept more than half the day. Duane kept guard, always alert, whether he was sitting, standing, or walking. The rain pattered steadily on the roof and sometimes came in ago, but was well preserved. A door faced the overgrown trail, and another faced down into a gorge of dense thickets. On the border fugitives from law and men who hid in fear of some one they had wronged never lived in houses

with only one door. It was a wild spot, lonely, not fit for on the roof and sometimes came in gusty flurries through the door. The human habitation except for the out-cast. He, perhaps, might have found it hard to leave for most of the other horses were outside in a shed that af-forded poor shelter, and they stamped restlessly. Duane kept them saddled and bridled. wild nooks in that barren country. Down in the gorge there was never,

failing sweet water, grass all the year round, cool, shady retreats, deer, rab-bits, turkeys, fruit, and miles and miles About the middle of the afternoon and afterward sat beside the little fire. She had never been, in his observation and afterward sat beside the little fire. She had never been, in his observation of her, anything but a tragic figure, an unhappy girl, the farthest removed from serenity and poise. That char-acteristic capacity for agitation struck him as stronger in her this day. He attributed it, however, to the long strain, the suspense nearing an end. Yet sometimes when her eyes were on him she did not seem to be thinking and the source of the mocking-bird loud and strain the suspense nearing an end.

At this quiet hour a man climbed up

silence was Duane. And this hut was the one where, three years before, Jen-nie had nursed him back to life.

The killing of a man named Sellers, and the combination of circumstances

that had made the tragedy a memorable regret, had marked, if not a change, at

least a cessation in Duane's activities

least a cessation in Duane's activities. He had trailed Sellers to kill him for the supposed abduction of Jennie. He had trailed him long after he had learned Sellers traveled alone. Duane wanted absolute assurance of Jennie's

death. Vague rumors, a few words here and there, unauthenticated stories, were

all Duane had gathered in years to sub-

stantiate his belief—that Jennie died shortly after the beginning of her sec-

ond captivity. But Duane did not know surely. Sellers might have told him. Duane expected, if not to force it from

and her pale, sad; beautiful face with its dark staring eyes. look she had given Lim, every she had gooken to him, time she had toppled him. everv ories led to bitter, fruitless pain. He had to fight suffering because it was

white haired mother. He saw the old home life, sweetened and filled by dear new faces and added joys, go on before his eyes with him a part of it. Then in the inevitable reaction, 'n

the reflux of bitter reality, he would send out a voiceless cry no less polg-nant because it was silent: "Poor fool! No, I shall never see mother again— never so home porce house t never go home-never have a home. I never go nome-never have a home. I am Duane, the Lone Wolf! "Oh, God! I wish it were over! These dreams tor-ture me! What have I to do with a mother, a home, a wife? No bright-haired boy, no dark eyed girl will ever love me. I am an outlaw, an outcast, dead to the good and decent world. I am alone-alone Better be a collous days, lonely night with phantoms! Or the trail and the road with their bloody tracks, and then the hard ride, the sleepless, hungry ride to some role in rocks or brakes. What hellish thing drives me? Why can't I end it all? What is left? Only that damned un-quenchable spirit of the gun fighter to live—to hang on to miserable life—to have no fear of death, yet to cling like die, with boot

have no fear of death, yet to cling like a leach—to die as gun fighters seldom die, with boots off! Bain, you were first, and you're long avenged. I'd change with you. And Sellers, you were last, and you're avenged. And you other-you're avenged. Lie quiet

in your graves and give me peace?" But they did not lie quiet in their graves and give him peace.

A group of specters trooped out of the shadows of dusk and, gathering round him, escorted him to his bed. When Duane had been riding the trails reaction bent to encour trails passion bent to escape pursuers, or passion bent in his search, the con-stant action and toil and exhaustion

made him sleep. But when in hiding, as time passed, gradually he required less rest and sleep, and his mind be-came more active. Little by little his phantoms gained hold on him, and at

not crazy. I'm in full possession of my faculties. All this is fancy—imagination-conscience. I've no work, no duty, no ideal, no hope—and my mind is ob-sessed, thronged with images. And these images naturally are of the men with whom I have dealt. I can't forget them. They come back to me, hour after hour; and when my tortured mind grows weak, then maybe I'm not

just right till the mood wears out and lets me sleep." So he reasoned as he lay down in

his comfortable camp. The night was star bright above the canon walls, darkly shadowing down between them. The insects hummed and chirped and thrummed a continuous thick song, low and monotonous. Slow running water splashed softly over stones in the stream bed. From far down the canon came the mournful hoot of an owl. The moment he lay down, thereby giving out action for the day, all these things weighed upon him like a great heavy mantle of ioneliness. In truth, they did not constitute ioneliness.

not constitute ioneliness. And he could no more have dispelled thought than he could have reached out to touch a cold, bright star. He wondered how many outcasts like him lay under this star stubbed, velvety sky across the fifteen hundred miles of wild country between El Paso and the mouth of the river. A vast wild territory—a refuge for outlaws! Somewhere he had heard or read that the Texas Rangers kept a book with somewhere he had heard or read that the Texas Rangers kept a book with names and records of outlaws-three thousand known outlaws! Yet these could scarcely be half of that unfor-

round arms and swelling throat, this fear, by every victim calling from He remembered every corner, hid in every shadow, bit evitable as death, which lurked behind every corner, hid in every shadow, bit evoken to him, deep in the dark tube of every gun. These men could not have a friend they have their one charge of holding. every time she had toowhed him. He though of her beauty and sweet-ness, of the few things which had come to mean to him that she muge have loved him; and he trained his s. to think of these in preference to be life lay in their own distrust, think of these in preference to be life lay in their own distrust, think of these in preference to be life lay in their own distrust, then the recapture, because such be at ther the recapture, because such be at the the recapture because it was had to fight suffering because it was eating out his heart. Sitting there, eyes wide open, he dreamed of the old homestead and his white haired mother. He saw the old proaching every hour—what, then, but

> The hell in Duane's mind was not fear of man or fear of death. He would have been glad to lay down the burden of life, providing death came naturally. Many times he had prayed for it. But that over developed, superhuman spirit of defense in him precluded suicide or of defense in him precluded suicide of the inviting of any enemy's bullet. Sometimes he had a vague, scarcely analyzed idea that this spirit was what had made the southwest habitable for the white man.

hell?

Every one of his victims, singly and collectively, returned to him for ever,

After nearly six months in the Nueces gorge the loneliness and inac-tion of his life drove Duane out upon the trails seeking anything rather than to hide longer alone, a prey to the scourage of his thoughts. The moment he rode into sight of men a remarkable transformation occurred in him. A strange warmth stirred in him—a longstrange warmth stirred in him—a long-ing to see the faces of people, to hear their voices—a pleasurable emotion sad and strange. But it was only a precursor of his old bitter, sleepless, and eiernal vigilance. When he kid alone in the brakes he was safe from all except his deeper, better self; when he escaped from this into the haunts of men his force and will went to the preservation of his life. Mercer was the first village he rode into. He had many friends there. Mer-cer claimed to owe Duane a debt. On, the outskirts of the village there was a grave overgrown by brush so that the

the outskirts of the village there was a bench, but for the saving power of his dreams, they would have claimed him utterly. How many times he had said to him-the outskirts of the village there was a grave overgrown by brush so that the rude lettered post which marked it was scarcely visible to Duane as he rode by. He had never read the inscription. But he thought now of Hardin, no But he thought now of Hardin, no other than the ertswhile ally of Bland. For many years Hardin had harassed the stockmen and ranchers in and around Mercer. On an evil day for him he or his outlaws had beaten and rob-bed a man who once succored Duane when sore in need. Duane met Hardin in the little plaza of the vilage, called him every name known to border men, taunted him to draw, and killed him in the cast

in the act. Duane went to the house of one Jones, a Texan who had known his father, and there he was warmly received. The feel of an nonest nand, the voice of a friend, the prattle of children who were not afraid of him or his gun. good wholesome food, and change of clothes—these things for the time being made a changed man of Duane. To be sure, he did not often speak. The price of his head and the weight of his The burden made him silent. But eagerly he drank in all the news that was told him. In the years of his absence from home he had never heard a word about home he had never heard a word about his mother or uncle. Those who were his real friends on the border would have been the last to make inquiries, to write or receive letters that might give a clue to Duane's whereabouts. Duane remained all day with this hospitable Jones, and as twilight fell was loath to go and yielded to a press-ing invitation to remain overnight. It was seldom indeed that Duane slept



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Returning Tourists Speak Wel of Their Treatment in Canada.

The Canadian Government, having made extensive preparations during the last few years to impart to the National Park system a degree of comfort and pleasure to the visitor, combining the best efforts of man with the very best gifts of creation, has now the satisfaction of seeing an appreciation of the efforts they have made. Tourists returning from a trip over the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern railways speak enthusiastically of the beauties that are revealed as these roads enter and pass through the mountains. The government has spent enormous sums of money laying out roads, and developing easy means of access to glacier, hill, valley, lake and stream. For what purpose? That the wonders that Canada possesses in its natural parks may become more easily accessible and afterward talked about that a tourist travel through Canada would result. Tourist travel means business, and it is business that Canada seeks. To make it even more easy for this travel, the Government has taken pains to make every step of the tourist's entry into Canada one that will give the very least degree of trouble. On crossing the border, there is only the ordinary examination of baggage, and the only precaution is that in the case of foreign aliens, and even in their case there is no difficulty when the officials are satisfied that they are not attempting entry as ene-

Although officials of the Government have taken every means to bring to the attention of the tourists and others that no difficulty could be placed in the way of their admission, there still remained doubt in the minds of some, Only the other day the Government took action again, and authorized the statement that no measures taken for recruiting the forces either have been or will be applied to any persons who are not ordinarily resident in the Dominion. Nor is it the intention to ask for volunteers except from among Brit, ish subjects, resident in Canada. Moreover, the Military Service Act, under which conscriution is applied in Great Britain, affects only persons "ordinarily resident in Great Britain."

mies.

Americans and British subjects resident in the United States who desire to visit Canada will find no more trouble at the border than they have experienced in the past, anl upon arriving they will be made as welcome as ever. War conditions of any kind will not inconvenience or interfere with them.

The immigration authorities suggest that, as a precaution against inconvenience, naturalized Americans whose country of origin was one of those at war with the British empire,

did his work so well that I put him over the gang."

In two years that young man was the head of a department, and on the way to a salary larger probably than his friend will ever earn.-Youth's companion.

Human Nature.

"Why that hospital is so popular beats me. It hasn't the best system, and it certainly hasn't the most sucssful doctors.

"But it has the prettiest nurses."

That "good fellow" mask quite often hides a hyenalike home disposition.

Adds a Healthful Zest to any Meal

Most everyone likes a hot table drink, but it must have a snappy taste and at the same time be healthful. Probably no beverage answers every requirement so completely as does

POST

This famous pure fooddrink, made of roasted wheat and a bit of wholesome molasses, affords a rich Javalike flavor, yet contains no harmful element.

The original Postum Cereal must be boiled; Instant Postum is made in the cup "quick as a wink," by adding hot water, and stirring.

Both forms of Postum have a delightful aroma and flavor, are healthful, and good for children and grown-ups.

"There's a Reason" Sold by Grocers everywhere. Yet sometimes when her eyes were on him she did not yeem to be thinking of her freedom, of her future. sweet and mocking above the rest.

On clear days—and rare indeed were cloudy days—with the subsiding of the wind at sunset a hush seemed to fall around the little hut. Far-distant dim-blue mountains stood gold-rimmed "This time tomorrow you'll be in Shelbyville," he said. Where will you be?" she asked, gradually to fade with the shading of

quickly. "Me?" Oh, I'll be making tracks for light out of the gorge and sat in the west-ward door of the hut. This lonely watcher of the west and listener to the

"Me?" Oh, I'll be making tracks for some lonesome place," he replied. The girl shuddered. "I've been brought up in Texas. I remember what a hard lot the men of my family had. But poor as they were, they had a roof over their heads, a hearth with a fire, a warm bed-somebody to love them. And you, Duane-oh, my God! What must your life be? You must ride and hide and watch eternally. No decent food, no watch eternally. No decent food, no pillow, no friendly word, no clean clothes, no woman's hand! Horses, guns, trails, rocks, holes—these must be the important things in your life. You must go on riding, hiding, killing until you meet—" until you meet-

She ended with a sob and dropped her head on her knees. Duane was amazed, deeply touched.

"My girl, thank you for that thought me," he said, with a tremor in his blce. "You don't know how much at means to me." of me," voice. that means to me." She raised her face, and it was tear

stained, eloquent, beautiful.
"I've heard tell—the best of men go to the bad out there. You won't.
Promise me you won't. I never—knew any man—like you. I—I—we may never see each other again—after to-day. Fil never forget you. TH print to—to do something. Don't despair.
It's never too late. It was my hope that kept me alive—out there at Bland's— before you came. I was only a poor weak girl. But if I cou thope—some day.—"
Then she lost her voice Duane clasped her hand and with feeling as doct as hers promised to remeat the rest becarble.

Then she lost her voice Duane Then she lost her voice Duane live with the hell in his mind. The sunset and the twilight hour made all the rest bearable. The little hut on the rim of the gorge seemed to hold Jennie's presence. It was not as if he det her spirit. If it had been he

course. Diane's vigilance, maymentarily broken by emotion, had no sconer re-asserted itself than he discovered the bay horse, the one Jennie rode, had broken his halter and gone off. The soft wet earth had deadened the sound of his hoofs. His tracks were plain in the mud. There were clumps of misguite in sight, among which the horse might have strayed. It turned out, howeve, that he had not done so. Duane did not want to leave Jennie mementarily he felt her spirit. If it had been he would have been sure of her death. He cat. howeve, that he had not done so. Duane did not want to leave Jennie slone in the cabin so near the road. So he put her up on his horse and bade her follow. The rain had ceased for the time being though and ceased for

So he put her up on his horse and bade her follow. The rain had ceased for the time being, though evidently the storm was not yet over. The tracks led up a wash to a wide flat where mes-quite, prickly pear, and thorn bush grew so thickly that Jennie could not ride into it. Duane was thoroughly concerned. He must have her horse. Time was flying. It would soon be night. He could not expect her to scramble quickly through that brake night. The could not expect her to scramble quickly through that brake on foot. Therefore, he decided to risk leaving her at the edge of the thicket and go in alone. As he went in a sound startled him.

tunate horde which had been recruited from all over the states. Duane had traveled from camp to camp, den to den, hiding place to hiding place, and

he knew these men. Most of them were hopeless criminals; some were aveng-ers; a few were wronged wanderers; and among them occasionally was a man, human in his way, honest as he

man, human in his way, honest as he could be, not yet lost to good. But all of them were akin in one sense—their outlawry; and that starry night they lay with their dark faces up, some in packs like wolves, others alone like the gray wolf who knew no mate. It did not make much difference in Duane's thought of them that the majority were steened in orime, and majority were steeped in crime and brutality, more often than not stupied from rum, incapable of a fine feeling, just lost wild dogs. Duane doubted that there was a man

among them who did not realize his moral wreck and guin. He had met poor, half witted wretches who knew it. He believed he could enter into their minds and feel the truth of all their lives—the hardened outlaw, coarse, ignorant, bestial, who murdered as Bill Black had murdered, who stole

for the sake of stealing, who craved money to gamble and drink, defiantly ready for death, and, like that terrible Helm, who cried out on the "Let her rip!" outlaw, scaffold,

boastful pride in the knowledge that tney were marked by rangers; the crocked men from the north, defaulters, forgers, murderers, all pale faced, flat chestel men not fit for that wilderness and not surviving; the dishonest cattle-men, hand and glove with outlaws, driven from their homes; the old grizzied, bow legged genuine rugtlers these Duane had come in contact y had watched and known, and as he felt with them he seemed to see that as their lives were bad, sooner or later to end dismally or tragically, so they must pay some kind of earthly penalty—if not of conscience, then of fear; if not of fear, then of that most terrible of all things to restless, active men-pain,

the pang of flesh and bone. Duane knew, for he had seen them pay. Best of all, moreover, he knew the internal life of the gun fighter of that select but by no means small class of which he was representative. The world that judged him and his kind judged him as a machine, a killing machine, with only mind enough to hunt, to meet, to slay another man. It had taken three en lless years for Duane to understand his own father. Duane knew beyond all doubt that the gun fighters like Bland, like Alloway, like Sellers, men who were evil and had no remorse, no spiritual accusing Nemesis, had something far more torturing to mind, more haunting, more murderous of rest and sleep and peace, and that some-

thing was abnormal fear of death. Duane knew this, for he had shot these men; he had seen the quick, dark shadow in eyes, the presentiment that the will could not control, and then the horrible certainty. These men must

visit down to the postoffice. Summar-ily he sent the boys off. He labored under intense excitement.

"Duane, there's rangers in town," he whispered. "It's all over town, too, that whispered. It's all over town, too, that you're here. You rode in long after sunup. Lots of people saw you. I don't belleve there's a man or boy that 'd' squeal on you. But the women might. They gossip, and these rangers are handsome fellows—devils with the

What company of rangers?" asked

Duane, quietly. "Company A, under Captain Mac-Nelly, that new ranger. He made a big name in the war. And since he's been in the ranger service he's done won-the based up some had places ders. He's cleaned up some bad places south, and he's working north." "MacNelly. I've heard of him. De-

"MacNelly. I've heard of him. De-scribe him to me." "Slight built chap, but wirv and tough. Clean face, black moustache and hair. Sharp black eyes. He's got a look of authority. MacNelly's a fine man, Duane. Belongs to a good south-ern family. I'd hate to have him look you up." you up." Duane did not speak.

"MacNelly's got nerve, and his rangers are all experienced men. If they find out you're here they'll come after you. MacNelly's no gun-fighter but he wouldn't hesitate to do his duty The wild youngsters seeking notor-iety and reckless adventure; the cow-boys with a notch on their guns, with boastful pride in the knowledge that tney were marked by rangers; the rotten sheriff now and theo, like Rod

> Still Duane kept silence. He was not thinking of ounger, but of the fact of how fleeting must be his stay among friends.

"I've already fixed up a pack of "I've already fixed up a pack of sub," went on Jones. "I'll slip out to saddle your horse. You watch here." He had scurcely uttered the last words when soft, swift footsteps sounded on the hard path. A man turned in at the gate. The light was dim, set clean enough to disclose an unusually tall figure. When it appeared neare, he was seen to be walking with both arms raised, hands high. He

slowed his stride. "Does Burt Jones live here?" he asked, in a low, hurried voice.

"I reckon. I'm Burt. What can I do r you?" replied Jones. for you?"

The stranger peered around, stealthily came closer, still with his hands up. "It is known that Bucke Duane is here. Captain MacNelly's camping or the river just out of town. He send word to Duane to come out there after dark.

The stranger wheeled and departed as swiftly and strangely as he had come. "Bust me! Duane, whatever do you make of that?" exclaimed Jone

"A new one on me," replied Duane, thoughtfully.

"First fool thing I ever heard of Mac-Nelling doing. Can't make head nor tails of it. I'd have said offhand that MacNelly wouldn't double cross any-body. He struck me as a square man, sand all through. But, hell' he nust mean treachery. I can't see anything else in that deal."

(Continued next week.)

should provide themselves with their certificates of naturalization.

Now that it is impossible to visit Europe, the planning of your vacation trip through Canada is one to give consideration to. The Government has taken an active interest in its National Parks in the heart of the Rocky mountains. These can be reached by any of the lines of railways, and the officials at these parks have been advised to render every attention to the visiting tourists who in addition to seeing the most wonderful scenery in the world-nothing grander-nothing better-have excellent wagon and motor roads, taking them into the utter recesses of what was at one time considered practically inaccessible.

In addition to this the tourist will not be inactive to the practical possibilities that will be before him as hq passes over the great plains of the Western Provinces. The immense wheat fields, bounded by the horizon, no matter how far you travel. The wide pasture lands, giving home and food to thousands of heads of horses and cattle. The future of a country that he before only heard of but knew so little about, will be revealed to him in the most wonderful panorama, and impunted in the lens of his brain in suc ha way that he will bring back with him the story of the richness of Agricultural Western Canada. And he will also have had an enjoyable outing .--- Advertisement.

"Thirty-Nine; Going on Fifty." "How old are you?"

Charles Pettijohn, a lawyer, was questioning a woman client, seemingly fifty or more.

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"Thirty-nine."

"Speak right up," urged Pettijohn as the woman answered in a low tone. "You need not be ashamed of the questions."

"Thirty-nine," reiterated the woman, in the same tone.

"What did you say?"

"Thirty-nine, going on fifty."-Ip dianapolis Star.

Fitting and Proper.

"Now, what do you think of a man who would kiss and tell?" 'Oh, 'there's no harm in telling." said the fair debutante, "if he limits himself to telling the kisser how much pleasure it gave him."-Birmingham Age-Herald.

Old age is the evening of life. Secnd childhood is the next morning.