HIS WIFE Stopped Most Terrible Suffering by Getting Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

crimes

Denison, Texas. - "After my little girl was born two years ago I began suffering with female.

trouble and could hardly do my work. I was very nervous but just kept dragging on until last summer when I got where I could not do

my work. I would have a chill every day and hot flashes and dizzy spells and my head would al-

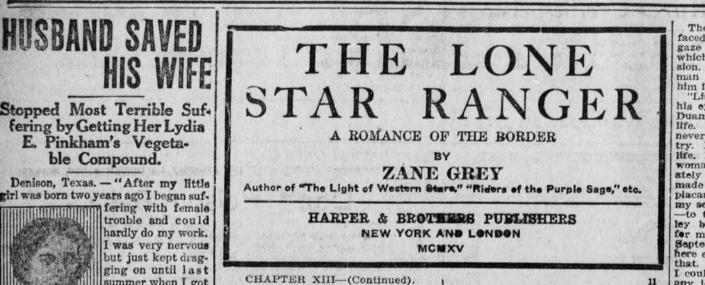
most burst." I got where I was almost a walking skeleton and life was a burden to me until one day my husband's step-sister told my husband if he did not do something for me I would not last long and told him to get your medicine. So he got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound for me, and after taking the first name appeared with that of a sheriff's at the bottom of the placard. Duane read the thing twice. When he straightened he was sick with the hor-ror of his fate, wild with passion at those misguided fools who could believe that he had harmed a woman. Then he remembered Kate Bland, and, as always three doses I began to improve. I continued its use, and I have never had any female trouble since. I feel that I owe my life to you and your remedies. They did for me what doctors could not do and I will always praise it wherever I go."-Mrs. G. O. LOWERY, 419 W. Monterey Street, Denison, Texas.

If you are suffering from any form of female ills, get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and commence the treatment without delay.

MAKE BIG GUNS OBSOLETE

Western Inventor Devises an Aerial Torpedo That Gives Promise of Effectiveness.

What may eventually prove to be a what may eventually prove to be a highly effective war implement, and, if so, possibly render present heavy ar-tillery obsolete for long-range opera-tions, is a self-controlled aerial tor-pedo that has lately been developed in pedo that has lately been developed in Colordo. It is described in the August number of Popular Mechanics Magazine. In a general way, the in-Duane seen just that kind of lazy shirt-sleeved Texas group! Not often, how-ever, had he seen such placid, loiling, good-natured men change their ex-pression, their attitude so swiftly. His advent apparently was momentous. They evidently took him for an unusual visitor. So far as Duane could tell, not one of them recognized him, had a hint of his identity. He slid off his horse and threw the bridle. "Tm Buck Duane." he said. "I saw strument attempts to accomplish over land what the United States navy's new wireless torpedo does at sea. Its principle and method of operation, of course, are entirely different. As is to be inferred, it consists of a small aircraft-much like an ordinary biplane-carrying a large, high-explosive torpedo which it is designed to drop "Tm Buck Duane," he said. "I saw that placard—out there on a sign post. It's a damn lie! Somebody find this man Jeff Aiken. I want to see him." His announcement was taken in ab-solute silence. That was the only effect he noted, for he avoided looking at these villagers. The reason was simple enough; Duane felt himself overcome with emotion. There were tears in his eyes. He sat'down on a bench, put his elbows on his knees and his hands to his face. For once he had absolutely no concern for his fate. This ignominy was the last straw. at any predetermined spot within a certain radius. The projectile, which is about twelve feet in length, forms the body of the machine and is divided into two compartments. The propelter is mounted at the front end of it. while the shaft extends through the entire torpedo to the rear compartment, where an 18-horsepower motor is housed. The speed and course of the machine are regulated by means of a gyroscopic mechanism, while a tim-of some kind of commotion among the of some kind of commotion among the



The mob surged closer and was shoved back by the cowboys. "Abe, if you ain't drunk or crazy, tell thet over," ordered Abe's interlo-Toward afternoon, from the top of a long hill, Duane saw the green fields and trees and sbining roofs of a tewn he considered must be Shirley. And at the bottom of the hill he came upon an intersecting road. There was a placard With some show of resentment and

more of dignity Abe reiterated his for-mer statement. nailed on the crossroad sign post. Duane drew rein near it and leaned close to read the faded print. "\$1,000 reward for Buck Duane, dead or alive." Peering closer to read the finer, more

more of dignity Abe renerated ins for mer statement. "If he's Buck Duane how'n hell did you get hold of his gun?" bluntly queried the cowboy. "Why—he set down thar—an' he kind of hid his face on his hand. An' I grabbed his gun an' get the drop on him." Peering closer to read the finer, more faded print, Duane learned that he was wanted for the murder of Mrs. Jeff Alk-en at her ranch near Shirley. The month September was named, but the date was illegible. The reward was of-fered by the woman's husband, whose mame appeared with that of a sheriff's at the bottom of the placard What the cowboy thought of this was expressed in a laugh. His mates like-wise grinned breadly. Then the leader

"Stranger, I reckon you'd better speak up for yourself," he said. That stilled the crowd as no com-

mand had done. "I'm Buck Duane, all right," said

"Tm Buck Duane, all right," said Duane, quietly. "It was this way—" The big cowboy seemed to vibrate with a shock. All the ruddy warmth left his face; his jaw began to buge; the corded veins in his nack stood out in knots. In an instant he had a hard, stern, strange look. He shot out a powerful hand that fastened in the front of Duane's blouse. "Somethin' queer here. But if you're Duane you're sure in bad. Any fool ought to know that. You mean it "I'm Buck Duane, all fight, said Duane, quietly. "It was this way—" The big cowboy seemed to vibrate with a shock. All the raddy warmth left his face; his jaw began to buige; the corded veins in his nack stood out remembered Kate Bland, and, as always when she returned to him, he quaked inwardly. Years before word had gone abroad that he had killed her, and so it was easy for men wanting to fix a crime to name him. Perhaps it had been done often. Probably he bore on his shoulders a burden of numberless

"Somethin' queer here. But if you're Duane you're sure in bad. Any fool ought to know that. You mean it, then?" "Yes." crimes. A dark, passionate fury possessed him. It shook him like a storm shakes the oak. When it passed, leaving him cold, with clouded brow and piercing eye, his mind was set. Spurring his horse, he rode straight toward the vil-

"Yes." "Rode into shoot up the town, eh? Same old stunt of you gun fighters? Want to kill the man who offered a reward? Wanted to see Jeff Aiken bad, huh?"

"No," replied Duane. "Your citizen here misrepresented things. He seems a little off his head." "Reckon he is. Somebody is, that's sure. You claim Buck Duane, then, an' all his deinge?"

all his deings?" "Tm Duane; yes. But I won't stand for the blame of things I never did. That's why I'm here. I saw that pla-card out there offering the reward. Until now I never was within half a day's ride of this town. I'm blamed for what I never did. I rode in here, told whe I was, asked somebody to send for Jeff Akken." "An' then you set down an' let this

send for Jeff Aiken." "An' then you set down an' let this old ruy throw your own gun on you?" queried the cowboy in amazement. "T guess that's it," replied Duane. "Well, it's powerful strange, if you're really Buck Duane." A man elbowed his way into the circle. "It's Duane. I recognize his. I seen him more'n one place," he said. "Si-bert, you can rely on what I tell you. I don't know if he's locced or what. But I do know he's the genuine Buck Duane. Any one whe'd ever seen him onct would never forget him." "What do you want to see Aiken for?" asked the cowboy Sibert. "I want to face him, to tell him I never harmed his wife." "Why?"

'Why?'

"Because I'm innocent, that's all." "Suppose we send for Aiken an' he hears you an' doesn't believe you; what they escorted Duane across the plaza. The fed the horse out of the between them they escorted Duane across the plaza. The fed the horse out of the between them they escorted Duane across the plaza. The fed the horse out of the between them they escorted Duane across the plaza. The fed the horse out of the between them they escorted Duane across the plaza. The fed the horse out of the between them they escorted Duane across the plaza. then?" "If he won't believe me—why, then my case's so bad—I'd be better off dead." to follow. Aiken paused with his big hand on Duane's knee. In it, unconsciously probably, he still held the gun.

Then for the first time the drawn-faced, hungry-eyed giant turned his gaze upon Duane. He had intelligence Duane dismonanted and, leading his

Duane advanced again until he stood

"Reckon you're a stranger, all right.

Tell Captain MacNelly 1m the man

The ranger bent forward to peer hard

"I met Jeff Aiken today," said Duane.

'You've met Aiken!" exclaimed Mac-

The rangers slowly withdrew. "Buck Duane! It's you?" he whis-

doesn't seem natural, Captain

He led Duane in the direction of the

pered, eagerly.

hand.

of warmth.

present

Duane dismonsted and, leading his horse, slowly advanced a few paces. He saw a dully bright object—a gun— before he discovered the man who held which was not yet subservient to passion. Moreover, he seemed the kind of man Duane would care to have judge him in a critical moment like this. it. A few more steps showed a dark figure halted. blocking the trail. Here Duane

"Listen," said Duane, gravely, with his eyes steady on Aiken's, "Tm Buck Duane. I never lied to any man in my life. I was forced into outlawry. I've "Come closer, stranger. Let's have a look at you," the guast ordered, never had a chance to leave the coun-try. I've killed men to save my own life. I never intentionally harmed any woman. I rede 39 miles today-deliber-ately to see what this reward was, who curtly. before the man. Here the rays of light from the fires flickered upor, Duane's face. What's your name and your business with the captain?" Duane hesitated, pondering what best to say

ately to see what this reward was, who made it, what for. When I read the placard I went sick to the bottom of my soul. So I rode in here to find you —to tell you this: I never saw Shir-ley before today. It was impossible for me to have—killed your wife. Last September I was 200 miles north of here on the upper Nueces. I can prove that. Men who know me will tell you I couldn't murder a woman. I haven't any idea why such a deed should be laid at my hands. It's fust that wild berder gossip. I have no idea what rea-sons you have for heiding me respon-sible. I only know—you're wrong. You've been deceived. And see here, Aiken, You understand I'm a miserable man. I'm about breken, I guess. I don't he's been asking to ride into his camp-after dark," finally said Duane.

The ranger bent forward to peer hard at this night visitor. His manner had been alert, and now it became tense. "Come here, one of you men, quick," he called, without turning in the least toward the camp fire. "Hello! What's up, Pickens?" came the swift reply. It was followed by a repid thud of boots on soft ground. A dark form crossed the gleams from the firelight. Then a ranger loomed up to man. I'm about breken, I guess. I don't care any mere for life, or anything. If you can't look me in the eyes, man to man, and believe what I say—why, by God! you can kill me!" firelight. Then a ranger loomed up to reach the side of the guard. Duane leard the side of the guard. Duane heard whispering, the purport of which he could not catch. The second ranger swore under his breath. Then he turned away and started back. "Here, ranger, before you go, under--stand this: My visit is peaceful— friendly if you'll let it be. Mind, I was needed to come here of the duark."

God! you can kill me!" Aiken heaved a great breath. "Buck Duane, whether I'm impressed or not by what you say needn't matter. You've had accusers, justly or un-justly, as will soon appear. The thing is we can prove you innecent or guilty. My girl Lucy saw my wife's assailant." He motioned for the crowd of men to open up. asked to come here-after dark.' Duane's clear penetrating voice car-ried far. The listening rangers at the

open up. "Somebody — you, Sibert — go for Lucy. That 'll settle this thing." Duane heard as a man in an ugly dream. The faces around him, the hum

"Ho, Pickens! Tell that fellow to wait," replied an authoritative voice. Then a slim figure detached itself from the dark, moving group at the camp fire and hurried out. "Better be foxy, Cap," shouted a ranger in warning.

"Shut up-all of you," was the reply. This officer, obviously Captain Mac-Nelly, soon joined the two rangers who were confronting Duane. He had no fear. He strode straight up to Duane. "I'm MacNelly," he said. "If you're my man, don't mention your nameingly to her not to be afraid. Then he fetched her closer to Duane. All this seemed so strange to Duane,

In keeping with much that had hap-pened lately. "Lucy, tell me. Did you ever see this man before?" asked Alken, huskily and low. "Is he the one—who came in the house that day—struck you down—and "He sent medragged mama-

Aiken's voice failed. A lightning flash seemed to clear Duane's blurred sight. He saw a pale, sad face and violet eyes fixed in gloom and horror upon his. No terrible mo-ment in Duane's life ever equaled this

one of silence—of suspense. "It ain't him!" cried the child. Then Sibert was flinging the noose off Duane's neck and unwinding the bonds round his arms. The spellbound crowd awoke to hoarse exclamations. "See there, my locoed gents, hew easy you'd hang the wrong man," burst out the cowboy, as he made the repe-end hiss. "You-all are a lot of wise rangers

Haw! haw!" He freed Duane and thrust the bone-He freed Duane and thrust the bone-handled gun back in Duane's holster. "You Abe, there. Reckon you pulled a stunt! Bet don't try the like again. And, men, I'll gamble there's a hell of a lot of bad work Buck Duane's named for—which all he never done. Clear away there. Where's his hoss? Duane, the road's open out of Shirley." Sibert swept the gaping watchers aside and pressed Duane toward the horse, which another cowboy held. Mechanically Duane mounted, felt a lift as he went up. Then the cowboy's hard face softened in a smile. "Treckon it an't uncivil of me to say —hit that road quick!" he said, frankly.

"Pickens, go back on duty," he or-dered, "and, Beeson, you look after this horse," When Duane got beyond the line of mesquite, which had hid a good view -hit that road quick!" he said, frankly. He led the horse out of the crowd. Aiken joined him, and between them of the camp site, he saw a group of perhaps 15 rangers sitting around the fires, near a long low shed where horses were feeding, and a small adobe house at one side.

"We've just had grub, but I'll see you

WINS FORTUNE AND NOBEL PRIZE WHILE PRISONER

(By Mall.) Vienna-Entering the war as a volunteer furgeon little known outside the circle of pecialists of his own class. Dr. Robert Barany, of Vienna, after 15 months of raptivity in Russia, has at last returned as an "exchange invalid" to find himself amous as the Nobel prize winner in medi-vine.

tine. The knowledge which was the basis of is prize winning book was gained chief-y as surgeon in Pizemysl; the book it-ielf was written in captivity; it has prought him 400,000 crowns in money; and

y as surgeon in Przemysl; the book It-ielf was written in captivity; it has prought him 400,000 crowns in money; and t played no small part in securing his re-ease from Turkestan. The dramatic circumstances surround-ng his achievement have greatly height-smed the effect of his return to his family Nominally he was permitted to leave Rus-sia because he is slightly lame from an affection of one foot from which he has suffered since a child. Actually, his un-expected distinction, plus the efforts of Prince Karl, of Sweden, went far to se-zure his exchange. Despite his lameness, Dr. Barany vol-miteered for service at the outbreak of the war, and was detailed as chief sur-geon of the surgical department of a hos-pital in Przemysl. It was while there, as he modestly explains, that he was "so fortunate as to discover a new method for the treatment of head wounds," a discov-sry that enabled him to cure a vastly greater percentage of cases than before. For four weeks after the fall of Przemysl the Russian commander al-lowed the Austrian physicians to remain. Then in transports of Russia, many to Siberia, the surgeon and many others to Turkestan. Unlike many others, Dr. Bar-any on his return was reported almost universally good treatment in captivity, treatment that included a sufficiency of decent food, liberty not too restricted, and neasant professional relations with Rus-sian commanders and colleagues. Dr. Barany was given fairly ample opportun-ily to study, to practice, and to lecture on his specialty to Russian and captive Austrian physicians.

***** THE COMING OF THE EVENING STAR

From Collier's.

<text> Nelly, sharp, eager, low. "By all that's bully! Then he appeared to catch him-self, to grow restrained. "Men, fall back, leave us alone a moment." "Yes." "If I give my word you'll not be ar-rested—you'll be treated fairly—will you come into camp and consult with "Certainly." "Duane, I'm sure glad to meet you," went on MacNelly; and he extended his Amazed and touched, scarcely realiz-ing this actuality, Duane gave his hand and felt no unmistakable grip of MacNelly, but I believe I'm glad to meet you," said Duane, soberly. "You will be. Now we'll go back to camp. Keep your identity mum for the

RESUSCITATION APPARATUS

In the summer season there is special interest in resuscitation apparatus and other means of restoring people who have been made unconscious by inhalhave been made unconscious by innal-ation of gas or by falling in the water. The danger of drowning is largely re-sponsible for this increase of interest. We get many requests, particularly at this season, for advice as to resuscitation apparatus. If the unconscious person is discov-ered within a minute after breathing stops and artificial respiration is em-ployed at once, the manual method is better than the use of any form of ap-paratus. The pressure on the chest stimulates the heart and accounts for the advantage of the method. If efforts to resuscitate are not begun until more than two minutes have elapsed, the use of mechanical apparatus has some advantage over the man-ual method. Theoretically, the use of the mechanical method has some ad-vantages, especially when used from two to 10 minutes after respiration has stopped. It should be possible by artificial respiration of one sort or another to restore every case where efforts at resuscitation were begun within two min-utes after breathing is stopped. If ar-tificial respiration is not begun until more than 10 minutes elapse after breathing stops, neither manual respiration nor the use of apparatus will serve to bring back life. In physiologic aboratories it has never been possible to revive an animal that has not preathed for five minutes before efforts at resuscitation were begun. Right here lies the shortcoming of all mechanical apparatus. Artificial respira-tion can be begun at once. The time lost in getting the pulmotor or lung-motor means a loss of all hope for the anconscious person. The difference of one minute between the time of starting is more than enough to compen-sate for any theoretic advantage of the mechanical apparatus over the manual Universal training in the manual method will accomplish more for resus-citation from drowning, electric shock citation from drowning, electric snock and asphyxia than is possible by pra-viding any amount of apparatus. Artificial respiration with apparatus is superior to the manual method, in that it gives enough ventilation of the mount of the state of the st largs. The manual method does not. If the apparatus is right at hand use but do not wait a single minute for t to arrive. Begin manual artificial The Schafer method of artificial res-portion is better than the Sylvester. After respiration stops the heart may After respiration stops the heart may continue to heat for eight minutes. By the use of the Sylvester method the heart can be kept beating for 12 min-stes, by the Schafer method, 18 minutes. The forms of mechanical apparatus remining work the pulmotor pulmotor axamined were the pulmotor, pulmotor model B. lungmotor, and vivator. Note of the lifemotor is also made.

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15

villagers. He heard whisperings, low, hoarse voices, then the shuffle of rapid er instant for it to strike its target.

Frog Catchers Busy.

It seems that the home side of the frog-catching industry is looking up, because there are disadvantages to people hunting for frogs on parts of France that are battlefields. A handful of men, whose fathers were in the business before them, work frog catchbusiness before them, work frog catch-ing in Epping forest with Seven Dials at the others, who were working themas base, and it is one of the most highly specialized industries in London. With frog catching, snail catching is Allied; the frogs go to some restaucants and to the anatomical laboratories of the hospitals, and the snails are chiefly bought as cleaners of suburban domestic aquariums. The snail that is eaten in Soho comes from the vineyards of France,-London Chronicle.



As the acorn grows to be the mighty oak, so children when rightly nourished, grow to be sturdy men and women.

Good flavor and the essential nourishing elements for mental and physical de-velopment of children are found in the famous food -



Made of whole wheat and maited barley, this pure food supplies all the nutriment of the grains in a most easily digested form.

It doer the heart good to see little folks enjoy Grape-Nuts and cream.

"There's a Reason" Sold by Grocers.

feet moving away. All at once a violent hand jerked his gun from its holster. When Duane rose a gaunt man. livid of face, shaking like a leaf, confronted him with his own gun.

lage. Shirley appeared to be a large, pre-

tentious country town. A branch of some rainroad terminated there. The

halted him, plunging and snorting, be-fore a group of idle men who lounged on benches in the shade of a spreading

cottonwood. How many times had Duane seen just that kind of lazy shirt-

"I'm Buck Duane," he said. "I saw

him with his own gun. "Hands up, thar, you Buck Duane!" he roared, waving the gun. That appeared to be the cue for pan-cemonium to break loose. Duane opened his lips to speak, but if he had yelled at the top of his lungs he could not have made himself heard. In weary disgust selves into a frenzy. He made no move, however, to hold up his hands. The villagers surrounded him, scholdened by finding him now unarmed. Then several men lay hold of his arms and pinioned them behind his leack. Resist-ance was useless even if Duane had had the spirit. Some one of them fetched his halter from his saddle, and with this they bound him helpless.

People were running now from the street, the stores, the houses. Old men, cowboys, clerks, boys, ranchers came on the trot. The crowd grew. The increasing clamor began to attract women as

ing clamor began to attract women as well as men. A group of girls ran up, then hung back in fright and pity. The presence of cowboys made a dif-ference. They split up the crowd, got to Duane, and lay hold of him with rough, business-like hands. One of them lifted his fists and roared at the frenzied mob his fists and roared at the frenzied mob to fall back, to stop the racket. He beat them back into a circle; but it was some little time before the hubbub quieted down so a voice could be heard. "——shut up, will you-al?" he was yelling. "Give us a chance to hear some-thin'. Easy now—soho. There ain't no-body gcin' to be hurt. Thet's right; everybody quiet now. Let's see what's come off." come off.

This cowboy, one of authority, or at least one of strong personality, turned to the gaunt man who still waved

Duane's gun. "Abe, put the gun down," he said. "It might go off. Here, give it to me. Now, what's wrong? Who's this roped gent, an' what's he done?"

The gaunt fellow, who appeared now about to collapse, lifted a shaking hand d opinted. "Thet thar feller--he's Buck Duane!" and

he panted.

An angry murmur ran through the surrounding crowd. "The rope! The rope! Throw it over a branch! String his up!" cried an ex-

cited villager. "Buck Duane! Buck Duane!"

"Hang him!"

The cowboy silenced these cries. Abe, how do you know this fellow Buck Duane?" he asked sharply. "Why—he said so," replied the man

called Abe. "What!" came the exclamation, incredulously.

'It's a tarnal fact," panted Abe, way-"He like to rid his hoss over us-all. Then he jumped off, says he was Buck Duane, an' he wanted to see Jeff Aiken bad.

bad." This speech caused a second commo-tion as noisy though not be enduring as the first. When the cowboy, as-sisted by a couple of his mates, had re-stored order again, some one had slipped the noose end of Duane's rope over his head. "Up with him!" screeched a wild eyes youth. Abe Strickland grab his gun an' get the drop on him. More'n that, he gives the some strange talk about how, if he couldn't make you believe he's in-nocent, he'd better be dead. You see for yourself Duane ain't drunk or as a man who rode in here huntin' blood. So I reckon you'd better hold on till you hear what he has to say."

A momentary silence was broken by Sibert.

"If this isn't a queer deal! Boys, reckon we'd better send for Jeff." "Somebody went fer him. He'll be comin' soon." replied a man.

Duane stood a head taller than that circle of curious faces. He gazed out above and beyond them. It was in this way that he chanced to see a number of women on the outskirts of the of women on the outskirts of the crowd. Some were old, with hard faces, like the men. Some were young hard and comely, and most of these seemed agitated by excitement or distress.

Near the trunk of the cottonwood Near the trunk of the cottonwood stood a slorder woman in white. Du-ane's wandering glance rested upon her. Her eyes were riveted upon him. A soft hearted woman, probably, who did not want to see him hanged! "Thar comes Jeff Aiken now," called a man, loudly.

a man, loudly. The crowd shifted and trampled in eagerness.

eagerness. Duane saw two men coming fast, one of whom. in the lead was of stal-wart build. He had a gun in his hand, and his manner was of fierce energy. The cowboy Sibert thrust open the jostling circle of men. "Hold on, Jeff," he called, and he blocked the man with the gun. He spoke so low Duane could not hear what he said, and his form hid Aiken's face. At that juncture the crowd

acce. At that juncture the crowd spread out, closed in, and Aiken and face. Sibert were caught in the circle. There was a pushing forward, a pressing of many bodies, hoarse cries and fling-ing hands—again the insane tumult was about to break out—the demand for an outlaw's blood, the call for a wild justice executed 1,000 times before on Texas' bloody soil.

on rexas bloody soil. Sibert bellowed at the dark en-croaching mass. The cowboys with him beat and cuffed in vain. "Jeff, will you listen?" broke in Si-

these, recognized the spirit that domi-nated Aiken. He was white, cold, pas-sionless. There were lines of bitter grief deep round his lips. If Duane ever felt the meaning of death he felt it then

"Sure this 's your game, Aiken." said Sibert. Sibert, "But hear me a minute. Reckon there's no doubt about this man bein'

Buck Duane. He seen the placard out at the cross roads. He rides in to Shiring his hands importantly. He was an ley. He says he's Buck Duane an' he's old man and appeared to be carried lookin' for Jeff Alken. That's all clear away with the significance of his deed. enough. You know how these gun enough. You know how these gun fighters go lookin' for trouble. But here's what stumps me. Duane sits down there on the bench and lets old Abe Strickland grab his gun an' get

"Duane, a word with you," he said. "I believe you're not so black as you've been painted. I wish there was time to say more. Tell me this, anyway. Do you know the Ranger Captain Mac-Nelly?

"I do not," replied Duane, in surprise. "I met him only a week ago over in Fairfield," went on Aiken, hurriedly. "He declared you never killed my wife. I didn't believe him—argued with him. We almost had hard words over it Now-I'm sorry. The last thing he said was: If you ever see Duane don't kill him. Send him into my camp after dark!' He meant sometting strange. asitated by excitement or distress. They cast fearful, pitying glances upon Duane as he stood there with that noose round his neck. Women were more human than men, Duane thought. He met eves that dilated, seemed fas-cinated at his gaze, but were no averted. It was the old women who were voluble, loud in expression of you for all it's worth. Goodby. May God help you further as he did this

day!' Duane said goodby and touched the horse with his spurs.

"So long, Buck!" called Sibert, with that frank smile breaking warmly over his brown face; and he held his sombrero high.

CHAPTE XIV.

When Duane reached the crossing of the roads the name Fairfield on the sign post seemed to be the thing that tipped the oscillating balance of de-cision in favor of that direction.

He answered here to unfathomable mpulse. If he had been driven to hunt impulse. If he had been driven to hunt up Jeff Aiken, now he was called to find this unknown ranger captain. In Duane's state of mind clear reasoning, common sense, or keenness were out common sense, or keenness were out of the question. He went because he felt he was compelled.

Dusk had fallen when he rode into a town which inquiry discovered to be Fairfield. Captain MacNelly's camp was stationed just out of the village limits on the other side. No one except the boy Duane ques-tioned appeared to notice his arrival. Like Shirley, the town of Fairfield was large and prosperous compared to the

nim beat and cuffed in vain. "Jeff, will you listen?" broke in Si-bert hurriedly, his hand on the other man's arm. Alken nodded cooly. Duane, who had seen many men in perfect control of themselves under circumstances like

circumstances like the spirit that domi-was white, cold, pas-were lines of bitter is lips. If Duane ever and undecided what further move to make, he caught the glint of flickering lights through the darkness. Heading

towards them, he rode perhaps a quar-ter of a mile to come upon a grove of mesquite. The brightness of several fires made the surrounding darkness all the blacker. Duane saw the moving forms of men and heard horses. He advanced naturally, expecting any moment to be halted.

"Who goes there?" came the sharp call out of the gloom. Duane pulled his horse. The gloom was impenetrable.

"One raan-alone," replied Duane. "A stranger?"

"Yes

"What do you want?" "Tm trying to find the ranger camp." "You've struck it. What's your errand ?"

"I want to see Captain MacNelly." "Get down and advance. Slow. Don't

get some. Then we'll talk," said Mac-Nelly. "I've taken up temporary quarters here. Have a rustler job on hand. Now, when you've eaten, come right into the house.

Duane was hungry, but he hurried through the ample supper that was set before him, urged on by curlosity and astonishment. The only way he could account for his presence there in a ranger's camp was that MacNelly hoped to get useful information out of him. Still that would have hardly made this contain account There captain so eager. There was a mys-tery here, and Duane could scarcely wait for it to be solved. While eating he had bent keen eyes around hem. After a first quiet scrutiny the rangers apparently paid no more attention to him. They were all veterans in ser-vice—Duane saw that—and rugged, powerful men of iron constitution. De-spite the occasional joke and sally of the more youthful members and a gen-eral conversation of camp fire nature, Duane was not deceived about the fact Duane was not deceived about the fact that his advent had been an unusual and striking one, which had caused an undercurrent of conjecture and even consternation among them. These rangers were too well trained to ap-pear openly curious about their cap-tain's guest. If they had not deliber-ately attempted to be oblivious of his presence, Duane would have concluded they thought him an ordinary visitor they thought him an ordinary visitor, somehow of use to MacNelly. As it was, Duane felt a suspense that must have been due to a hint of his identity. He was not long in presenting him-self at the door of the house.

"Come in and have a chair," said MacNelly, motioning for the one other occupant of the room to rise. "Leave us, Russell, and close the door. I'll be through these reports right off."

MacNelly sat at a table upon which was a lamp and various papers. Seen in the light he was a fine looking, sol-dierly man of about 40 years, dark dierly man of about 40 years, dark haired and dark eyed, with a bronzed face, shrewd, stern, strong, yet not wanting in kindliness. He scanned hastily over some papers, fussed with them, and finally put them in envel-opes. Without looking up he pushed a eigar case toward Duahe and, upon

Duane's refusal to smoke, he took a cigar, rose to light it at the lamp chimney, and then, settling back in his chair, he faced Duane, making a vain attempt to hide what must have been the fulfilment of a long nourished curiosity.

"Duane, I've been hoping for this for two years," he began

Duane smiled a little—a smile that felt strange on his face. He had never been much of a talker. And speech ficult.

MacNelly must have felt that. He looked long and earnestly at Duane, and his quick, nervous manner changed to grave thoughtfulness. "Tve lots to say, but where to be-gin—" he mused. "Duane, you've had a hard life since you went on the dodge. I never met you before; don't know what you looked like as a boy. But I can see what-well, even ranger life isn't all roses. He rolled his cigar between his lips

and puffed clouds of smoke. "Ever hear from home since you left Wellston?" he asked, abruptly.

'No.' "Never a word?" "Not one" replied Duane, sadly.

(Continued Next Week.)

Cause of Tranedy.

From Stray Stories. "They say Tony's injuries were the re-sult of a practical joke." "Yes. The chappies told him that a big. "Yes. The chapples told him that a big, urly fellow in the smoking room was leaf and dumb, and Tony walked over to him with a sweet smile and told him he vas a fool."

"The man wasn't deaf and dumb.

A Grateful Weman

From the Washington Star. "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Tor-kins, "they have dog tents in the army, Jon't they?"

don't they?" "Why, yes. You see, it's a sort of tech-nical term—" "You needn't trouble to explain. I guess I understand words of one sylla-ole. What I wanted to say is that I'm giod our faithful four-footed friends are provided for. Only I suspect the S. P. C. A. made them do it."