HUSBAND OBJECTS TO OPERATION

Wife Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Des Moines, Iowa. - "Four years ago I was very sick and my life was nearly spent. The doctors



stated that I would never get well without an operation and that without it I would not live one year. My husband objected to any operation and got me some of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it and commenced

to get better and am now well, am stout and able to do my own housework. I can recommend the Vegetable Compound to any woman who is sick and run down as a wonderful strength and health restorer. . My husband says I would have been in my grave ere this if it had not been for your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. BLANCHE JEFFERson, 703 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Before submitting to a surgical operation it is wise to try to build up the female system and cure its derangements with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegatable Compound; it has saved many women from surgical operations.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice-it will be confidential.

Imparting Information.

The British soldier will make a joke even against himself. An elderly lady in a bus noticed the initials "R. D. C." on a soldier's tunic. She puzzled her brains, but could not solve the mystery as to their meaning. At last her curiosity overpowered her and she asked what they stood for. "Reformed Drunkards' corps, ma'am," said the soldier gravely. "Dear me," said the lady, "how very interesting." And probably not one of those who laughed at the reply could have explained what "R. D. C." really means,-Londor Chronicle.

Forgot Them. "Mandy," said the lady of the house indignantly, "did you steal my tan silk

stockings? "Lor', Miss Edith, "how you done talk. Me steal? Poor old Mandy never done steal nothing."

"How does it come I found them in your room behind the trunk?"

"Now, Miss Edith, ain't you jes' the smartest, though, finding them stockings there when I done forgot where it was I put them. No'm, I din't stea' 'em; I jes' forget them."

And Appropriate.

After all, the woman expressed a great emotion when she exclaimed, "Oh, those yawning stripes!"

A recess for carrying a nail set fea-

tures a new hammer handle.

Why That Lame Back? Morning lameness, sharp twinges when bending, or an all-day backache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. Americans go it too hard. overdo, overeat and neglect our sleep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths than in 1890 is the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thou sands recommend them.

An Iowa Case

W. H. Simmons, For-

w. H. Simmons, Forest City, Iowa, says:
"My back pained as though it were being pulled apart. Often sharp, knifelike pains darted through me, making me almost helpless. Mornings I could hardly get out of bed and to stoop took all my strength. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills did me so much good that I kept on. I took four box all and since then my back has

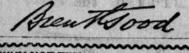
all and since then my back has never DOAN'S HIDNE FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE

LIVER PILLS gently but firmly com pel a lazy liver to **CARTER'S** do its duty. Cures Con-stipation, In-

and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE Genuine must bear Signature



WHY NOT TRY POPHAM'S ASTHMA MEDICINE

APPENDICITIS

WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Props. Cleveland, O.

THE LONE STAR RANGER

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER

ZANE GREY

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

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

CHAPTER XXI (Continued).

Knell. But nobody on earth, not even the boss, had any influence on Pog-gin. Poggin was concentrated ice part of the time; all the rest he was bursting hell. But Poggin loved a horse. He never loved enything else. He could be the contract of the contract never loved anything else. He could be won with that black horse Bullet. Cheseldine was already won by Dunne's monumental nerve; otherwise he would

and facts and places covering a period of 10 years Fletcher had been with Cheseldine. And herewith was unfolded a history so dark in its bloody re-gime, so incredible in its brazen dar-ing, so appalling in its proof of the outlaw's swoop and grasp of the country from Pecos to Rio Grande, that Duane was stunned. Compared to this Cheseldine of the Big Bend, to this rancher, stock buyer, cattle speculator, property holder, all the outlaws Duane had ever known sank into insignificance. The power of the man stunned Duane; the strange fidelity given him stunned Duane; the fidelity given him stunned Duane; the intricate inside working of his great system was equally stunning. But when Duane recovered from that the old terrible passion to kill consumed him, and it raged fiercely and it could not be checked. If that red-handed Poggin, if that cold-eyed, dead-faced Knell had only been at Ord! But they were not and Duane with help of time were not, and Duane with help of time got what he hoped was the upper hand of himself.

CHAPTER XXII.

Fletcher. When he went away Fletcher became addicted to thoughtful moods and lonely walks. He seldom drank, and this in itself was a striking con-trast to former behavior. The messenger came again. Whatever communication he brought, it had a remarkable effect upon the outlaw. Duane was present in the tavern when the fellow arrived, saw the few words whispered, but did not hear them. Fletcher turned white with anger or fear, perhaps both, and he cursed like a madman. The messenger, a lean, dark-faced, hardriding fellow reminding Duane of the cowboy Guthrie, left the tavern without even a drink and rode away off to the west. This west mystified and fascinated Edane as much as the south beyond Mount Ord. Where were Knell and Foggin? Apparently they were not at present with the leader on the recent and the messenger left the mountain. After the messenger left Fletcher grey silent and surly. He had presented a variety of moods to Duane's observation, and this latest one was provocative of thought. Fletcher was dangerous. It became clear now that the other outlaws of the camp feared him, kept out of his way. Duane let

im alone, yet closely watched him. Perhaps an hour after the messenger Perhaps an hour after the messenger had left, act longer, Fletcher manifest-ly arrived at some decision, and he called for his horse. Then he went to his shack and returned. To Duane the out-law looked in shape both to ride and to fight. He gave orders for the men in camp to keep close until he returned. Then he mounted.

"Come here. Dodge." he called.

"Come here, Dodge," he called.
Duane went up and laid a hand on
the pommel of the saddle. Fletcher
walked his horse, with Duane beside
him, till they reached the log bridge,
when he halted.
"Dodge I'm in had with You

when he halted.
"Dodge, I'm in bad with Knell," he said. "An' it 'pears I'm the cause of friction between Knell an' Poggy. Knell never had any use for me, but Poggy's been square, if not friendly. The boss has a big deal on, an' here it's been held up because of this scrap. He's waitin' over there in the mountain to give orders to Knell or Poggy, ap' neither one's showin' up. I've got to stand in the breach, an' I ain't enjoyin' the prospects."

'What's the trouble about, Jim?"

"Reckon m's a little about you, Dodge," sald Fletcher, dryly, "Knell hadn't any use fer you thet day. He aint got no use fer a man onless he can and got no use fer a man onliss he can rule him. Some of the boys here hev blabbed before I edged in with my say, an there's hell to pay. Knell claims to knew somethin' about you that 'il make both the boss an' Poggy sick when he springs it. But he's keepin' quiet. Hard man to figger, thet Knell. Reckon you'd better go back to Bradford fer a day or then camp out near here till I come

"Wal, because there ain't any use fer you to git in bad, too. The gang will ride over here any day. If they're

The two men spent much time together. Duane made up a short fictitious history about himself that satisfied the outlaw, only it drew forth a laughing jest upon Duane's moderty. For Fletcher did not hide his belief that this new partner was a man of achievements. Knell and Poggin, and then Cheseldine himself, would be persuaded of this fact, so Fletcher boasted. He had influence. He would use it. He thought he pulled a stroke with Knell. But nobody on earth, not even the boss, had any influence on Poggin. Poggin was concentrated ice part in Ord, this new partner of Fletcher's,

that he made use of his name if it were that he made use of his name it is were to help him at all. That name had been MacNally's hope. He had anch-ored all his scheme to Duane's fame. Duane was tempted to ride off after Fletcher and stay with him. This, howhave killed Duane.

Little by little the next few days Duane learned the points he longed to know; and how indelibly they etched themselves in his memory! Cheselding's hiding place was on the far slope of Mount Ord, in a deep, high valled valley. He always went there just before a contemplated job, where he met for a contemplated job, where he met job is a contemplated job, where he met job is a contemplated j valley. He always went there just before a contemplated job, where he met and planned with his lieutenants. Then while they executed he basked it the sunshine before one or another of the public places he owned. He was there in the Ord den now, getting ready to plan the biggest job yet. It was a bank robbery; but where, Fletcher had not as yet been advised.

Then when Duane had pumped the now amenable outlaw of all details pertaining to the present he gathered data and facts and places covering a period of the property o

Meanwhile, instead of waiting, why not hunt up Cheseldine in his mountain retreat? The thought no sooner struck Duane than he was hurrying for his

He left Ord ostensibly toward Bradford, but, once out of sight, he turned off the road, circled through the brush, and several miles south of town struck a narrow grass-grown trail that Fletcher had told him led to Chesel-dine's camp. The horse tracks along this trail were not less than a week old, and very likely much more. It wound between low, brush-covered foothills, through arroyos and gullies lined with mesquite, cottonwood, and scrub-oak.
In an hour Duane struck the slope of

In an hour Duane struck the slope of Mount Ord, and as he climbed he got a view of the rolling, black spotted country, partly desert, partly fertile, with long, bright lines of dry streambeds winding away to grow dim in the distance. He got among broken rocks and cliffs and here the open, downward-rolling land disappeared, and he was hard put to it to find the trail. He lost it repeatedly and made slow progress. Finally he climbed into a region of all rock benches, rough here, smooth there, Finally he climbed into a region of all rock benches, rough here, smooth there, with only an occasional scratch of fron horseshoe to guide him. Many times he had to go ahead and then work to right or left till he found his way again. It was slow work; it took all day; and night found him half-way up the mountain. He halted at a little side-canon Again inaction and suspense dragged at Duane's spirit, Like a leashed hound with a keen scent in his face Duane wanted to leap forth when he was bound. He almost fretted. Something cailed to him over the bold, wild brow of Mount Ord. But while Fletcher stayed in Ord waiting for Knell and Poggin, or for orders, Duane knew his game was again a waiting one.

But one day there were signs of the long quiet of Ord being broken. A messenger strange to Duane rode in on a secret mission that had to do with Fletcher. When he went away Fletcher often directed his movements, perhaps his life, and it was on that logic or intelligence could take little stock of. And on this night, lonely like the ones he on this night, lonely like the ones he used to spend in the Nueces gorge, and memorable of them because of a likeness to that old hiding-place, he felt the pressing return of old haunting things—the past so long ago, wild flights, dead faces—and the places of these were taken by one quiveringly allve, white, tragic, with its dark, intent, speaking eyes—Ray Longstreth's. speaking eyes-Ray Longstreth's.

That last memory he yielded to until In the morning, satisfied that he had left still fewer tracks than he had fol-lowed up this trail, he led his horse up to the head of the canon, there a narrow crack in low cliffs, and with branches of cedar fenced him in. Then he went

ack and took up the trail on foot. Without the horse he made better time and climbed through deep clefts. slopes, along precipices—a long, kard climb—till he reached what he cou-cluded was a divide. Going down was easier, though the farther he followed this dim and winding trail the wider the broken battlements of rock. Above him he saw the black fringe of pinon and pine, and above that the bold peak, bare, yellow, like a desert butte. Once, through a wide gateway between great escarpments, he saw the lower country beyond the range, and beyond this, vast and clear at it lay in his sight, was the great river that made the Big Bend. He went down and down, wondering how a horse could follow that broken trail, believing there must be another better one somewhere into Cheseldine's

He rounded a jutting corner, where view had been shut off, and presently came out upon the rim of a high wall. Beneath, like a green gulf seen through blue haze, lay an amphitheater walled in on the two sides he could see. It lay perhaps 1,000 feet below him; and, plain as all the other features of that wild environment, there shone out a big red stone or adobe cabin, white water shin-ing away between great borders, and horses and cattle dotting the levels. It was a peaceful, beautiful scene. Duane could not help grinding his teeth at the thought of rustlers living there

quiet and ease. Duane worked half way down to the level, and, well hidden in a niche, he settled himself to watch both trail and valley. He made note of the position of the sun and saw that if anything de-

There was no garden, no cultivated field, no corral. Excepting for the rude pile of stones and logs plastered together with mud, the valley was as wild, probably, as on the day of discovery. Duane seemed to have been watching for a long time before he saw any sign of man and this one apparently went to you to git in bad, too. The gang will ride over here any day. If they're friendly I'll light a fire on the hill here, say three nights from tonight. If you don't see it thet night you hit the trail. I'll do what I can, Jim Fletcher sticks to his pals. So long, Dodge."

Then he rode away.

He left Duane in a quandry. This news was black. Things had been working out so well. Here was a setback. At the rhoment Duane did not know which

had he taken this arduous climb for? He held back, however, trying to evolve

While he was pondering the shadows quickly gathered and darkened. If he was to go back to camp he must set out at once. Still he lingered. And suddenly his wide roving eye caught sight of two horsemen riding up the valley. They must have entered at a point below, round the huge abutment of rock, beyond Duane's range of sight. Their horses were tired and stopped at the

stream for a long drink.

Duane left his perch, took to the steep trail, and descended as fast a he could

without making noise.

It did not take him long to reach the valley floor. It was almost level, with deep grass, and here and there clumps of bushes. Twilight was already thick down there. Duane marked the location of the trail, and then began to slip like a shadow through the grass and from bush to bush. He saw a bright light before he made out the dark outline of the cabin. Then he heard voices, a merry whistle, a coarse song, and the clink of iron cooking utensils. He smelled fragrant wood smoke. He saw moving dark figures cross the light.

moving dark figures cross the light. Evidently there was a wide door, or else the fire was out in the open.

Duane swerved to the left, out of direct line with the light, and thus was able to see better. Then he advanced noiselessly but swiftly toward the back of the house. There were trees close to the wall. He would make no noise, and he could scarcely be seen—if only to the wall. He would make no noise, and he could scarcely be seen—if only there was no watch dog! But all his outlaw days he had taken risks with only his useless life at stake; now, with that changed, he advanced stealthy and bold as an Indian. He reached the cover of the trees, knew he was hidden in their shadows, for at a few paces' distance he had been able to see only their tops. From there he slipped up to the house and felt along a wall with to the house and felt along a wall with

his hands. He came to a little window where He came to a little window where light shone through. He peeped in. He saw a room shrouded in shadows, a lamp turned low, a table, chairs. He saw an open door, with bright flare beyond, but could not see the fire. Voices came indistinctly. Without hesitation Duane stole farther along—all the way to the end of the cabin. Peeping round, he saw only the flare of light on bare ground. Retracing his cautions steps, he paused at the crack cautions steps, he paused at the crack again, saw that no man was in the room, and then he went on round that end of the cabin. Fortune favored him. There were bushes, an old shed, a wood pile, all the cover he needed at that He did not even need to crawl.

Before he peered between the rough corner of wall and the bush growing close to it Duane paused a moment. This excitement was different from that he had always felt when pursued. It had no bitterness, no pain, no dread. There was as much danger here, perhaps more, yet it was not the same. Then he looked.

He saw a bright fire, a red faced man bending over it, whistling, while he handled a steaming pot. Over him was a roofed shed built against the wall, with two open sides and two sup-porting posts. Duane's second glance, not so blinded by the sudden bright light, made out other men, three in the shadow, two in the flare, but with backs to him.

backs to him.

"It's a smoother trail by long odds, but ain't so short as this one right over the mountain," one outlaw was saying.

"What's eatin' you, Panhandle?" ejaculated another. "Blossom an' me rode from Faraway Springs, where Poggin is with some of the gang."
"Excuse me, Phil. Shore I didn't see you come in, an' Boldt never said nothin'."

"It took you a long time to get here, but I guess that's just as well," spoke up a smooth, suave voice with a ring

Longstreth's voice - Cheseldine's

voice! voice!

Here they were—Cheseldine, Phil
Knell, Blossom Kane, Panhandle
Smith, Boldt—how well Duane remembered the names!—all here, the big
men of Cheseldine's gang, except the
biggest—Poggin. Duane had holed
them, and his sensations of the moment deadened sight and sound of what

was before him. He sank down, controlled himself, silenced a mounting exultation, then from a less strained position he peered forth again.

The outlaws were waiting for supper. Their conversation might have been that of cowboys in camp, ranchers at a rounding Duane listened with ers at a roundup. Duane listened with eager ears, waiting for the business talk that he felt would come. All the talk that he felt would come. All the time he watched with the eyes of a wolf upon its quarry. Blossom Kane was the lean limbed messenger who had so angered Fletcher. Boldt was a giant in stature, dark, bearded, silent. Panhandle Smith was the red faced cook, merry, profane, a short, bow legged man resembling many rustlers. legged man resembling many rustlers Duane had known, particularly Luke Stevens. And Knell, who sat there, tall, slim, like a boy in build, like a boy in years, with his pale, smooth, expressionless face and his cold, gray eyes. And Longstreth, who leaned against the wall, handsome, with his dark face and beard like an aristocrat, resembled many a rich Louisians plant. resembled many a rich Louisiana plant-er Duane had met. The sixth men sat so much in the shadow that he could not be plainly discerned, and, though addressed, his name was not men-

tioned. Panhandle Smith carried pots and pans into the cabin and cheerfully called out: "If you gents air hungry fer grub, don't look fer me to feed you with a recen".

with a spoon.' The outlaws piled inside, made a great bustle and clatter as they sat to their meal. Like hungry men, they

Duane waited there awhile, then guardedly got up and crept round to the other side of the cabin. After he became used to the dark again he ventured to steal along the wall to the window and peeped in. The outlaws Ord were in the first room and could not

endlessly. His heart pounded. Long-streth entered, turned up the light, and, taking a box of cigars from the table, he carried it out.

"Here, you fellows, go outside and moke," he said. "Knell, come on in smoke.

feet on the table.

Duane saw that the room was comfortably, even luxuriously furnished. There must have been a good trail, he thought, else how could all that stuff have been packed in there. Most assuredly it could not have come over the trail he had traveled. Presently he veloped or if he decided to descend any farther there was small likelihood of his gettling back to his camp before dark. To try that after nightfall he imagined would be vain effort.

Then he bent his keen eyes downward. The cabin appeared to be a crude structure. Though large in size, it had, of course, been built by outlaws.

There was no garden, no cultivated the trail he had traveled. Presently he heard the men go outside and their voices became indistinct. Then Knell came in and seated himself without any of his chief's ease. He seemed prescued and, as always, cold.

"What's wrong, Knell? Why didn't you get here sooner?" queried Longstreth.

"Poggin, damn him! We're on the over

"What for?"
"Aw, he needn't have got sore. He's

want to get closer to that cabin. What familiar to me. But I wasn't sure. We looked him over, an' I left, tryin' to place him in my mind."

"What'd he look like?" "Rangy, powerful man, white hair over his tempies, still, hard face, eyes like knives. The way he packed his guns, the way he walked an' stood an' swung his right hand showed me what he was. You can't fool me on the gun sharp. An' he had a grand horse, a big black."

"I've met your man," said Longstreth.
"No!" exclaimed Knell. It was wonderful to hear surprise expressed by
this man that did not in the least show this man that did not in the least show it in his strange physiognomy. Knell laughed a short, grim, hollow laugh. "Boss, this here big gent drifts into Ord again an' makes up to Jim Fletcher. Jim, you know, is easy led. He likes men. An', when a posse come along trailin' a blind lead, huntin' the wrong way for the man who held up No. 6, why Jim—he up an' takes this stranger to be the fly road agent an' cottons to him. Got money out of cottons to him. Got money out of him sure. An' that's what stumps me more. What's this man's game? I happen to know, boss, that he couldn't have held up No. 6." do you know?" demanded "How

How do you know?" demanded Longstreth.
"Because I did the job myself."
A dark and stormy passion clouded the chief's face.

"Damn you, Knell! You're incorrig-le. You're unreliable. Another break like that queers you with me. Did you tell Poggin?"
"Yes. That's one reason we fell out.

He raved. I thought he was goin' to

kill me."
"Why did you tackle such a risky job

without help or plan?"

"It offered, that's all. An' it was easy. But it was a mistake. I go the country an' the railroad hollerin' for nothin'. an' the railroad hollerin' for nothin'. I just couldn't help it. You know what idleness means to one of us. You know also that this very life breeds fatallty. It's wrong—that's why. I was born of good parents, an' I know what's right. We're wrong, an' we can't beat the end, that's all. An', for my part, I don't care a damn when that comes."

"Bline wise talk from you. Knell"

"Fine, wise talk from you, Knell," said Longstreth, scornfully. "Go on with your story."

"As I said, Jim cottons to the pretender, an' they get chummy. They're together all the time. You can gamble Jim told all he knew an' then some. A little liquor loosens his tongue. Several of the boys rode over from Ord, an' one of them went to Poggin an' says Jim Fletcher has a new man for the gang.
Poggin, you know, is always ready for
any new man. He says if one doesn't
turn out good, he can be shut off easy.
He rather liked the way this new pard of Jim's was boosted. Jim an' Poggin always hit it up together. So, until I got on the deal, Jim's pard was already got on the deal, Jim's pard was already in the gang, without Poggin or you ever seein' him. Then I got to figurin' hard. Just where had I ever seen that chap? As it turned out, I never had seen him, which accounts for my bein' doubtful. I'd never forget any man I'd seen. I dug up a lot of old papers from my kit an' went over them. Letters, pictures, clippin's, an' all that. I guess I had a pretty good notion what I was lookin' for an' who I wanted to make sure of. At last I found it. An' Iknew sure of. At last I found it. An' I knew my man. But I didn't spring it on Poggin. Oh, no! I want to have some fun with him when the time comes. fun with him when the time comes. He'll be wilder than a trapped wolf. I sent Blossom over to Ord to get word from Jim, an', when he verified all this talk, I sent Blossom again with a message calculated to make Jim hump. Poggin got sore, said he'd wait for Jim, an' I could come over to see you about the new job. He'd meet me in Ord."

Whell had speken humiedly and lever the second of the se

Knell had spoken hurriedly and low, now and then with passion. His pale eyes glinted like fire in ice, and now his voice fell to a whisper. "Who do you think Fletcher's new

man is?"
"Who?" demanded Longstreth. "Buck Duane!"

"Buck Duane!"
Down came Longstreth's boots with a crash, then his body grew rigid.
"That Nucces outlaw? That two-shot ace of spades gun thrower who killed Bland, Allowoy—?"
"An' Hardin." Knell whispered this last name with more feeling than the apparent of counstance demanded.

apparent circumstance demanded.
"Yes; and Hardin, the best one of the Rim Rock fellows-Buck Duane!'

Longstreth was so ghastly white now that his black mustache seemed outlined against chalk. He eyed his grim lieutenant. They understood each other without more words. It was enough that Buck Duane was there in the Big Bend. Longstreth rose presently and reached for a flask, from which he drank, then offered it to Knell. He Bend. waved it aside.

"Knell," began the chief, slowly, as he wiped his lips, "I gathered you have some grudge against this Buck Duane." Yes."
"Well, don't be a -

do what Poggin or almost any of you men would—don't meet this Buck Duane. I've reason to believe he's a Tex-

"The hell you say!" exclaimed Knell.
"Yes. Go to Ord and give Jim Fletcher a hunch. He'll get Poggin, and they will fix even Buck Duane."
"All right. I'll do my best. But if I run into Duane." run into Duane-"Don't run into him!" Longstreth's voice fairly rang with the force of its

passion and command. He wiped his face, drank again from the flask, sat down, resumed his smoking, and, drawing a paper from his vest pocket, he began to study it.

"Well, I'm glad that's settled," he said, evidently referring to the Duane matter. "Now for the new job. This is October 18. On or before the 25th, there will be a shipment of gold reach the Ranchers' bank of Val Verde. After you return to Ord, give Poggin these orders. Keep the gang quiet. You, Poggin, Kane, Fletcher, Panhandle Smith, and Boldt to be in on the secret ured to steal along the wall to the vindow and peeped in. The outlaws vere in the first room and could not be seen.

Duane waited. The moments dragged ndlessly. His heart pounded, Long-toth horizont turned turned turned turned turned turned to the secret and the job. Nobody else. You'll leave twithin sight of Mercer. It's 100 miles from Bradford to Val Verde and the same from Ord. Time your travel to get you hear Val Verde on the secret and Bold to be in on the secret and the job. Nobody else. You'll leave to be in on the secret and the job. Nobody els travel to get you near Val Verde on the morning of the 26th. You won't have to more than trot your horses. At a o'clock in the afternoon, sharp, tide into town and up to the Ranger's bank. Val he returned, sat down, and lighted a cigar for himself. He put his booted feet on the table.

Town and up to the Ranger's tenk, value to the Range

Knell did not even ask for the dates "Suppose Poggin or me might be detained?" he asked. Longstreth bent a dark glance upon

his lieutenant. "You never can tell what 'll comoff," continued Knell. "I'll do my best."
"The minute you see Poggin tell him.
A job on hand steadies him. And I say again—look to it that nothing happens.
Either you or Poggin carry the job
through. But I want both of you in it.
Break for the hills, and when you get
up in the rocks where you can hide your tracks head for Mount Ord. When all's quiet again I'll join you here. That's all. Call in the boys."

******* THE LITTLE VOYAGE

******** From the Indianapolis News. Of course I had heard preachers and rators speak of life as a voyage, but iving all my days in an inland town, where the only water with which I am in speaking terms is a sluggish little creek, zigzagging its way to the river. his particular figure of speech never appealed to me. I did like the sound of the word voyage, however, and I had always onged for the sight of big waters, so even tiny one-day voyage was a big event. it was down at the docks, when the boat ame in, that I had a sudden memory of

hat old picture. "From Shore to Shore," which many of us knew and loved in our shidthood, and I determined to see if there was any likeness between life and a little voyage. Perhaps even its brevity would make it all the more like life's little day.

Well, like life, the beginning of the voyage was under strange conditions, among strange people and strange scenes. The fay itself was like life, with its mixture of sunshine and clouds. The path up the shining waters was like life, sometimes smooth, sometimes ruffled, but like that of my own individual life so far, with no great storms nor overwhelming waves. The people were like life—laughing, chattering groups, and sad faced silent ones. There was much for all, gay music, and music that brought tears to the eyes. The morning was long and delightful—but we have a last to the turning point, when we knew that our voyage was half over. How we dread it in life—the time when we know we are on the home stretch—but why? The last half of the journey may be even sweeter and more beautiful than the first. We have grown accustomed to the boat. We have become reconciled to the people who must share it with us. There are still lovely scenes ahead, and after the close of the calm afternoom—the sunset!

We know at sunset why we needed both clouds and sunshine through the day. Oh it was so wonderful—that sunset! Away out there on the water the king of the stage, and he meant to let us know what he could really do in the line of setting. At first, he sank lower and lower, in a dignified manner befitting a king, then suddenly growing mischlevous, he dropped behind a bank of soft blue clouds so like the water you couldn't tell where clouds left off and water began. He got busy with his palnt brush and pale the a great blue cloud so deftly and swiftly that we never knew when it all happened. Then he pui in a soft rose colored background for the blue and gold, and gold trimmings on all the fleevy little world on either side of wonderful light houses to guide us on our way, and a feel

Romance Comes Riding a Horse. From "The Point of View" in Scribner's,

From "The Point of View" in Scribner's.

Romance likes to come on horseback, the jingling spurs and bridle irons chanta happy paean in his ears; and from the saddle, as from a throne, he looks out over the workaday world. Romance always has been linked with riding; in the playroom mounted on a gallant rocking chair youth rides into a land of golden deeds; later he swings in long gallops on the faithful hobby horse into spicy and fugitive adventure. To the page on a prancing palfrey and to the cavairy man in khaki the lure of romance is the same.

the faithful hobby horse into spicy and fugitive adventure. To the page on a prancing palfrey and to the cavalry man in khaki the lure of romance is the same; the rhythm of galloping hoofs thuds always in the imagination, the lady's favor on the lance and the quivering scarlet guidon flutter alike a mysterious and eternal challenge to the spirit of youth, "To horse and away" and all the world's before one. Though at first the child demands that his stage be set—let the properties be grotesque and absurd as they will—he later enters a land of pure imagination and lives unhampered by the necessities of stage invention; "the hobby-horse is forgot"—and he gallops vicariously and battles by proxy. But after a time there comes a regeneration of the dramatic, and his roving eye lights in newly realized wonder on the docile, quietly blinking family horse.

So was Bobby, our staid old carriage horse, commandeered by me in my youth to serve the spirit of romance. At the time I saw in him a gallant companion he was fast becoming an introspective; they have not the inscrutability of the cat, or, having it, because of their larger form and because of their service to man, cannot express it. Cats live in a world of past ages on some other plane, and we call them inscrutable because they so seldom hasten to leave that other plane when we thrust ourselves upon them. Horses live in a sort of pathos of loneliness. A colt has an outward looking eye, but as he grows older his interests swing in constantly decreasing circles until finally he is almost purely subjective. And as this comes upon him his eyes turn inward and gradually he holds converse with the outer world only through the medium of expressive ears.

Mexico's Land System. From the Dayton News.

Whatever the outcome of the present uncertainties of Mexico, the country can not
nope to prosper until the present land system is corrected. It has been demonstrated in every nation on earth that large
and holdings by individuals is not a good
ching. Those countries have prospered
greatest where the land was held by the
greatest number of people. Landlordism
s doomed in the world, whatever the reult of the present strife that is to be
found today in so many nations.

Horrible Tragedy.

The Author—What has become of that pair of cuffs I laid aside after breakfast?
The Sad Wife—I sent them to the laun-The Author—Good heavens! I had the plot of a great novel written on them!

At Parting.

Now must we go our separate ways, Beloved. : may not follow you 'mid shot and shell— Whatever to this hate-racked world war means, To women it must ever mean, "Farewell!" Unmurmuring must we send you forth to death,
The love-locked gates of life fling open
wide,

wide,
Bid you troop out—you dear ones whom
We've kept
So close and warm!—and see you go dryeyed. From out seared, silent hearts must thrust you forth With no caress, no word, lest courage fail— Crumble beneath the dear, familiar touch, And love, with traitor-tenderness, prevail.

Oh, God of Battles! is there yet some land, Some happy land, where partings have surcease? Where unwrung heart leans to another heart

heart,
And breathes in tranquil rapture, "Here
is peace!"?

-Abble Carter Goodloe in Scribner's.