

THE LAST OF THE DUANES

by **Zane Grey**
Illustrated by **Verne C. Christy**

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE—
Buck Duane, quick on the draw, kills Cal Bain in self-defense and finds himself an outlaw. Flying from pursuit, he meets Luke Stevens, another outlaw, and the two become pals. Luke narrowly escapes capture and Duane is shocked to find his brother outlaw severely wounded.

Duane buries Stevens. Then he goes on to Bland's camp, where he gets into a fight with a man called Bosomer and wounds the latter. He makes a friend of an outlaw at Bland's called Euchre, who tells him of Mrs. Bland and the girl Jennie.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY—

"Wal, I got it this way. Mebbe it's straight an' mebbe it ain't. Some years ago Benson made a trip over the river to buy mescal an' other drinks. He'll sneak over there once in a while. An' as I get it he ran across a gang of greasers with some gringo prisoners. 'I don't now, but I reckon there was some barterin', perhaps murderin'. Anyway Benson fetched the girl back. She was more dead than alive. But it turned out she was only starved an' scared half to death. She hadn't been harmed.

"I reckon she was then about fourteen years old. Benson's idee, he said, was to use her in his den, sellin' drinks an' the like. But I never went much on Jackrabbit's word. Bland seen the kid right off an' took her—bought her from Benson.

"You can gamble Bland didn't do that from notions of chivalry. I ain't gainsayin', however, but that Jennie was better off with Kate Bland. She's been hard on Jennie, but she's kept Bland an' the other men from treatin' the kid shameful. Late Jennie has grown into a all-fired pretty girl, an' Kate is powerful jealous of her. I can see trouble brewin' over there in Bland's cabin.

"That's why I wish you'd come over with me. Bland's hardly ever home. His wife's invited you. Shore if she gets sweet on you, as she has on—wal, that'd complicate matters. But you'd get to see Jennie, an' mebbe you could help her.

"Mind, I ain't hintin' nothin'. I'm just wantin' to put her in your way. You're a man an' can think for your self. I had a baby girl once, an' if she'd lived she'd be as big as Jennie now, an' by gosh I wouldn't want her in Bland's camp."

"I'll go, Euchre. Take me over," replied Duane.

Euchre knocked upon the side of the door.
"Is that you, Euchre?" asked a girl's voice, low, hesitatingly.
"Yes, it's me, Jennie. Where's Mrs. Bland?" answered Euchre.

"She went over to Deger's. There's somebody sick," replied the girl.

Euchre turned and whispered something about luck. The snap of the outlaw's eyes was added significance to Duane.

"Jennie, come out or let us come in. Here's the young man I was tellin' you about," Euchre said.
"Oh—I can't! I look so—so—"

"Never mind how you look," interrupted the outlaw in a whisper. "It ain't no time to care for that. Here's your young Duane. Jennie, he's no rustler, no thief. He's different. Come out, Jennie, an' mebbe he'll—"

Euchre did not complete his sentence. He had spoken low, with his glance shifting from side to side.

Euchre went away through the cottonwoods.

"I'm glad to meet you, Miss—Miss Jennie," said Duane. "Euchre didn't mention your last name. He asked me to come over to—"

Duane's attempt at pleasantries halted short when Jennie lifted her lashes to look at him. Some kind of shock went through him.

Her gray eyes were beautiful, but it had not been beauty that cut short his speech. He seemed to see a tragic struggle between hope and doubt that shone in her piercing gaze. She kept looking, and Duane could not break the silence. It was no ordinary moment.

"What did you come here for?" she asked.
"To see you," replied Duane, glad to speak.
"Why?"
"Well—Euchre thought—he wanted me to talk to you, cheer you up a bit," replied Duane somewhat lamely.
The earnest eyes embarrassed him.
"Euchre's good. He's the only person in this awful place who's been good to me. But he's afraid of Bland. He said you were different. Who are

Cast of Principal Characters in This Thrilling Story by Zane Grey
Buck Duane Last of the Duanes
Cal Bain A Texas "Bad Man"
Luke Stevens An Outlaw
Bland Leader of Outlaw Group
Mrs. Bland His Wife
Jennie Girl at Bland's Camp
Capt. McNelly ... Captain of Rangers
Cheseldine Dangerous Outlaw
you?"

Duane told her.
"You're not a robber or rustler or murderer or some bad man come here to hide?"
"No, I'm not," replied Duane, trying to smile.

"Then why are you here?"
"I'm on the dodge. You know what that means. I got in a shooting scrape at home and had to run off. When it blows over I hope to go back."

"But you can't be honest here."
"Yes, I can."
"You fought Bosomer the other day?"
"In self-defense I crippled him."

"Oh, I know what these outlaws are. Yes, you're different." She kept the strained gaze upon him, but hope was kindling, and the hard lines of her youthful face were softening.

Something sweet and warm stirred deep in Duane as he realized the unfortunate girl was experiencing a birth of trust in him.

"Maybe you're the man to save me—to take me away before it's too late!"
Duane's spirit leaped.
"Maybe I am," he replied instantly. She seemed to check a blind impulse to run into his arms. Her cheek flamed, her lips quivered, her bosom swelled under the ragged dress. Then the glow began to fade; doubt once more assailed her.

"It can't be—you're only—after me, too, like Bland—like all of them."
Duane's long arms went out and his hands clasped her shoulders. He shook her.

"Look at me—straight in the eye. There are decent men. Haven't you a father—a brother?"
"They are dead—killed by raiders. We lived in Dimmit County. I was carried away," Jennie replied hurriedly.

She put up an appealing hand to him.
"Forgive me. I believe—I know you're good. It was only—I live so much in fear—I'm half crazy—I've almost forgotten what good men are like. Mr. Duane, you'll help me?"
"Yes, Jennie, I will. Tell me how. What must I do? Have you any plan?"
"Oh, no. But take me away."

"I'll try," said Duane simply. "That won't be easy, though. I must have time to think. You must help me. There are many things to consider. Horses—food, trails, and then the best time to make the attempt. Are you watched—kept a prisoner?"
"No. I could have run off lots of times. But I was afraid. I'd only have fallen into worse hands. Euchre has told me that. Mrs. Bland beats me, half starves me, but she has kept me from her husband. She's been as good as that and I'm grateful."

"She hasn't done it for love of me, though. She always hated me. And lately she's growing jealous. There was a man came here by the name of Spence—so he called himself. He tried to be kind to me. But she wouldn't let him. She was in love with him. She's a bad woman."

"Bland finally shot Spence and that ended that. She's been jealous ever since. I hear her fighting with Bland about me. She swears she'll kill me before he gets me. And Bland laughs in her face. Then I've heard Chess Alloway try to persuade Bland to give to him. But Bland doesn't laugh then.

Just lately before Bland went away things almost came to a head. I couldn't sleep. I wished Mrs. Bland would kill me. I'll certainly kill myself if—Duane, you must be quick if you'd save me."

"I realize that," replied he thoughtfully. "I think my difficulty will be to fool Mrs. Bland. If she suspected me she'd have the whole gang of outlaws on me at once."

"She would that. You've got to be careful—and quick."
"What kind of a woman is she?" inquired Duane.

"She's brazen. I've heard her with her lovers. They get drunk sometimes, when Bland's away. She's got a terrible temper. She's vain. She likes flattery. Oh, you could fool her

easy enough if you'd lower yourself to—"

"To make love to her?" interrupted Duane.
Jennie bravely turned shamed eyes to meet his.
"My girl, I'd do worse than that to get you away from here," he said bluntly.
"But—Duane," she faltered, and again she put out the appealing hand, "Bland will kill you."

Duane made no reply to this. He was trying to still a rising strange tumult in his breast. The old emotion—the rush of an instinct to kill! He turned cold all over.

"Chess Alloway will kill you, if Bland doesn't," went on Jennie, with her tragic eyes on Duane's.
"Maybe he will," replied Duane. It was difficult for him to force a smile. But he achieved one.
"O, better take me at once," she said. "Save me without risking so much—without making love to Mrs. Bland!"
"Surely, if I can. There! I see Euchre coming with a woman."

"That's her. Oh, she mustn't see me with you."
"Wait—a moment," whispered Duane, as Jennie slipped indoors. "We've settled it. Don't forget. I'll find some way to get word to you, perhaps through Euchre. Meanwhile keep up your courage. Remember I'll save you somehow. We'll try strategy first. Whatever you see or hear me do not think less of me—"

Jennie checked him with a gesture and a wonderful gray flash of eyes.
"I'll bless you with every drop of blood in my heart," she whispered passionately.

It was only as she turned away into the room that Duane saw she was lame, and that she wore Mexican sandals over bare feet.

He sat down upon a bench on the porch and directed his attention to the approaching couple. The trees of the grove were thick enough for him to make reasonably sure that Mrs. Bland had not seen him talking to Jennie.

When the outlaw's wife drew near Duane saw that she was a tall, strong, full-bodied woman, rather good-looking with full-blown, bold attractiveness. Duane was more concerned with her expression than with her good looks; and as she appeared unsuspecting he felt relieved. The situation then took on a singular zest.

Euchre came up on the porch and awkwardly introduced Duane to Mrs. Bland. She was young, probably not over twenty-five, and not quite so prepossessing at close range. Her eyes were large, rather prominent, and brown in color. Her mouth too was large, with the lips full, and she had white teeth.

Duane took her proffered hand and remarked frankly that he was glad to meet her.

Mrs. Bland appeared pleased; and her laugh, which followed, was loud and rather musical.

"Mr. Duane—Buck Duane, Euchre said, didn't he?" she asked.
"Buckley," corrected Duane. "The nickname's not of my choosing."
"I'm certainly glad to meet you, Buckley Duane," she said, as she took LAST OF THE DUANES

the seat Duane offered her. "Sorry to have been out. Kid Fuller's lying over at Deger's. You know he was shot last night. He's got fever today.

"When Bland's away I have to nurse all these shot-up boys, and it sure takes my time. Have you been waiting alone? Didn't see that slattern girl of mine?"

She gave him a sharp glance. The woman had an extraordinary play of feature, Duane thought, and unless she was smiling was not pretty at all.

"I've been alone," replied Duane. "Haven't seen anybody but a sick-looking girl with a bucket. And she ran when she saw me."

"That was Jen," said Mrs. Bland. "She's the kid we keep here, and she hardly pays her keep. Did Euchre tell you about her?"
"Now that I think of it he did say something or other."

"What did he tell you about me?" bluntly asked Mrs. Bland.
"Wal, Kate," replied Euchre, speaking for himself, "you needn't worry none, for I told Buck nothin' but compliments."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Needlecraft Club to Meet
Mrs. Walter Gossler and Mrs. Floyd Westerfield will be hostesses to the local Needlecraft club at the home of Mrs. Gossler this afternoon.

20 Baskets on the Head!

Jimmy Sainsbury is the champion basket juggler of London. He is shown in this photo eclipsing his own record by juggling twenty baskets on his head in Convent Garden recently. The fellow on the left is making a noble effort to imitate the master juggler, but his limit is evidently three baskets.



An Old Couple



Mr. and Mrs. Tex Cooper of New York. He is over 6 feet high, while the "little woman" measures just 17 inches.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

On the 2nd day of February, 1929, at the hour of One o'clock at the front door of the Court House, in Eugene, Oregon, Lane County, Oregon, I will sell at auction to the highest and best bidder for cash the following described real property located in Lane County, Oregon, to-wit:

The East half of the northwest quarter, the Southwest quarter of the Northwest quarter, and the Northwest quarter of the Southwest quarter of Section Thirteen in Township Sixteen South Range Four (4) East of the Willamette Meridian, all in Lane County, Oregon.

Said sale is made under execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane to me directed in the case of Anna W. Ogden vs. Maude S. Tuell, Gladys E. Tuell, Holden, Edwin R. Holden, Dave M. Zent, as Guardian of the Person and Estate of Maude S. Tuell, Dave E. Zent, as Administrator de bonis non of the Estate of Frank W. Tuell, in the State of Washington, and Josephine L. Veatch, as Ancillary nexed of the Estate of Frank W. Tuell, deceased, in the State of Oregon.

FRANK E. TAYLOR, Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.
By BEULAH BRINNICK, Deputy.
J. 3-10-17-24-31:

"PRIZE WINNERS!"



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Nelson Poultry Farm Showing Is Progressive

By G. K. WILSHIRE

From a \$50 investment to a net income of \$3500.00 per year is the achievement of R. B. Nelson of the Nelson Poultry farm three miles east of Springfield. Mr. Nelson's success is not one of those whims of luck which elevate men from obscurity to the high pinnacles of success, but it is the result of an idea plus vision, thrift and level-headed tenacity.

This is the story of Mr. Nelson and his experiment which developed into one of the most remarkable successes in poultry experimentation. In 1916 Mr. Nelson and his wife with nothing but an idea and \$50.00 bought upon a contract sale plan, ten acres of land east of Springfield and began raising and breeding chickens. Before this time Mr. Nelson had been an electrician in the mill in Springfield. During the twelve year intervening between then until now they have increased their brood flock which at the present time numbers some 1200 chickens a great portion of which are pedigreed poultry, and are considered among the best on the Pacific coast. Upon his ten-acre tract bought on contract, now paid for, a neat modern farm house faces the McKenzie highway and in the back ground are the several long screened structures which house the poultry.

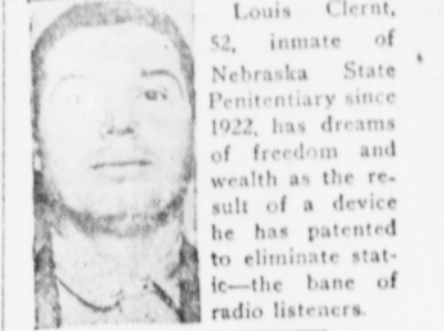
Besides building for himself a lucrative business, Mr. Nelson has placed Springfield and vicinity on the map in the poultry world. At the Pacific International exposition in 1925 his hens and cockerels stood high above other competitors and brought him a silver cup as a trophy of their excellence, also at the Western Winter show in Portland in 1926 Mr. Nelson's poultry drew first recognition.

Perhaps the most interesting and instructive phase of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson's performance is the marked success they have achieved in "line breeding" through which they have brought their brood flock to the present high status. By this method the best hens, that is, those which pass a certain standard of production, are segregated and tagged and grouped as individual pedigreed poultry. The standard which Mr. Nelson imposes upon his pedigreed chickens is 250 eggs per year. The eggs from his pedigreed hens are marked before incubation, and immediately before the time for them to hatch are segregated. When the chicks are hatched, a tag is put upon their legs showing their ancestry. Accompanying this very careful selective process is an equally careful set of records showing the pedigree of all of the hens as well as a record of their production. This very effective method of segregation

and recording was planned and executed by Mr. and Mrs. Nelson.

Mr. Nelson markets his poultry all over the world. Even that most remarkable state of California which boasts its perfection in so many lines and especially so in the poultry has been recipients of Mr. Nelson's poultry. He has sent chicks and eggs to various places among which are Sacramento, Baldwin Park near Los Angeles and Hydeville in Humboldt county.

Riches for Convict



Louis Clernt, 52, inmate of Nebraska State Penitentiary since 1922, has dreams of freedom and wealth as the result of a device he has patented to eliminate static—the bane of radio listeners.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, has, by an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane been appointed Administrator of the estate of Arnold O. Tomseth, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the said administrator at the office of Frank A. DePue, the attorney for the estate at Springfield, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated December 29th, 1928.
PETER M. TOMSETH, Administrator.
FRANK A. DEPUÉ, Attorney for the estate.
J. 3-10-17-24-31:



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