

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.

Duane meets Jennie, and promises to try his utmost to get her away from Bland's camp. To avert suspicion, it is planned that he pretend to care for Mrs. Bland. Euchre introduces him to the latter and he engages in conversation with her.

Evidently the outlaw's wife liked Euchre, for her keen glance rested with amusement upon him.

Buck plays the game, making Mrs. Bland think he loves her. To avert Bland's suspicion, Mrs. Bland pretends to her husband that Buck has come to visit Jennie. Bland urges Buck to become a regular member of his outlaw gang.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY —

Accounting for the short cut across grove and field, it was about five minutes' walk up to Bland's house. To Duane it seemed long in time and distance, and he had difficulty in restraining his pace.

As he walked there came a gradual and subtle change in his feelings. Again he was going out to meet in conflict. He could have avoided this meeting. But despite the fact of his courting the encounter, he had not as yet felt that hot, inexplicable expulsion of blood. The motive of this deadly action was not personal, and somehow that made a difference.

No outlaws were in sight. He saw several Mexican herders with cattle. Blue columns of smoke curled up over some of the cabins. The fragrant smell of it reminded Duane of his home—that he used to cut the wood for the stove. He noted a cloud of creamy mist rising above the river dissolving the sunlight.

Then he entered Bland's lane. While yet some distance from the cabin he heard loud, angry voices of man and woman. Bland and Kate still quarreling. He took a quick survey of the surroundings. There was now not even a Mexican in sight. Then he hurried a little.

Half-way down the lane he turned his head to peer through the cottonwoods. This time he saw Euchre coming with the horses. There was no indication that the old outlaw might lose his nerve at the end. Duane had feared this.

Duane now changed his walk to a leisurely saunter. He reached the porch and then distinguished what was said inside the cabin.

"If you do—Bland, by Heaven, I'll fix you and her!" That was panted out in Kate Bland's full voice.

"Let me loose! I'm going in there. I tell you!" replied Bland hoarsely.

"What for?"

"I want to make a little love to her. Ha-ha! It'll be fun to have the laugh on her new lover."

"You lie!" cried Kate Bland.

"Let me go!" His voice grew hoarser with passion.

"No, no! I won't let you go! You'll choke the—truth out of her! you'll kill her."

"The truth!" gritted Bland.

"Yes, I lied, Jen lied. But she lied to save you. You needn't—murder her—for that."

Bland cursed horribly. Then followed a wrestling sound of bodies in violent straining contact—the space of feet—the jangle of spurs—a crash of sliding table or chair, and then the cry of a woman in pain.

Duane stepped into the open door—inside the room. Kate Bland lay half across a table, where she had been flung, and she was trying to get to her feet. Bland's back was turned. He had opened the door into Jennie's room and had one foot across the threshold. Duane caught the girl's low, shuddering cry.

"Good morning!" he called loud and clear.

With catlike swiftness Bland wheeled—then froze on the threshold. His sight, quick as his action, caught Duane's menacing, unmistakable position.

Bland's big frame filled the door. He was in a bad place to reach for his gun. But he would not have time to

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

step. Duane read in his eyes the desperate calculation of chances. For a fleeting instant Bland shifted his gaze to his wife. Then his whole body seemed to vibrate with the swing of his arm.

Duane shot him. He fell forward, his gun exploding as it dug into the floor, and it dropped loose from stretching fingers. Duane stood over him, stooped to turn him on his back, Bland looked up with clouded gaze, then gasped his last.

"Duane you've killed him!" cried Kate Bland huskily. "I knew you'd have to."

She staggered against the wall, her eyes dilating, her strong hands clenching, her face half stunned, but showed no grief.

"Jennie!" called Duane sharply. "Oh—is it you—Duane?" came a halting reply.

"Yes. Come out. Hurry!"

She came out with uneven steps, seeing only him, and she stumbled over Bland's body. Duane caught her arm, swung her behind him. He feared the woman when she realized how she had been duped. His action was protective, and his movement toward the door equally significant.

"Duane!" cried Mrs. Bland. It was no time to talk. Duane edged on, keeping Jennie behind him. At that moment there was a pounding of iron-shod hoofs out in the lane. Kate Bland bounded to the door. When she turned back her amade was changing to realization.

"Where're you taking Jen?" she cried, her voice like a man's.

"Get out of my way!" replied Duane. His look, perhaps, without speech, was enough for her. In an instant she was transformed into a fury.

"You hound! All the time you were fooling me. You made love to me! You let me believe—you swore you loved me! Now I see what was queer about you! All for that slut! But you can't have her. You'll never leave her alive. Give me that girl! Let me get at her! She'll never win any more men in this camp!"

She was a heavy, powerful woman, and it took all of Duane's strength to ward off her onslaught. She clawed at Jennie over his upheld arm. Every second her fury increased.

"Help! Help! Help!" she shrieked in a voice that must have penetrated to the remotest cabin in the valley.

"Let go! Let go!" cried Duane, low and sharp. He still held his gun in his right hand, and it began to be hard for him to ward the woman off. His coolness had gone with her shriek for help. "Let go!" he repeated, and he shoved her fiercely.

Suddenly she snatched a rifle off the wall and backed away, her strong hands fumbling at the lever. As she jerked it down, throwing shell into the chamber and cocking the weapon, Duane leaped upon her. He struck up the rifle as it went off, the powder burning his face.

"Jennie, run out! Get on a horse!" he said, still low and sharp.

Jennie flashed out of the door.

With an iron grasp Duane held to the rifle-barrel. He had grasped it with his left hand, and he gave such a powerful pull that he swung the woman off the floor. But he could not loose her grip. She was as strong as he.

"Kate, Let go!"

He tried to intimidate her. She did not see his gun thrust in her face, or reason had given away to such an extent to passion that she did not care. She cursed. Her husband had used the same curses, and from her lips they seemed strange, unsexed, more deadly.

Like a tigress she fought him. Her face no longer resembled a woman's. The evil of that outlaw life, the wildness and rage, the meaning to kill was, even in such a moment, terribly impressed upon Duane.

He heard a cry from outside—a man's cry, hoarse and alarming.

It made him think of loss of time. This demon of a woman might yet block his plan.

"Let go!" he whispered and felt his lips stiff. In the grimness of that in-

stant he relaxed his hold on the rifle-barrel.

With a sudden, redoubled, irresistible strength, she wrenched the rifle down and discharged it. Duane felt a blow—a shock—then a burning agony tearing through his breast. He staggered backward, almost falling. The woman's strong hands, awkward from passion, again fumbled at the

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UPPER WILLAMETTE

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Balls of Philomath spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Kilpatrick. Mrs. Balls is a sister of Mr. Kilpatrick.

At the annual meeting of the Upper Willamette Telephone company recently, E. A. Lewis was re-elected president, E. E. Schrenk, secretary-treasurer. An extra assessment of one dollar was levied per member for the purpose of repairing and keeping the line in repair. E. A. Lewis was elected director on 51 line, J. W. Wheeler on the 12 line, H. M. Parivu on the 21 line, H. Merriam on the 25 line and Morton Bristow on the 33 line.

Several residents of the Pleasant Hill district are recovering from the flu, among them Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Schrenk and family, Mrs. O. H. Wangelin, C. L. Williams, Mrs. Frank Smith.

Mrs. Ralph Laird has recently received a shipment of 1100 Rhode Island Red baby chicks from Corvallis.

The cooking club of the Pleasant Hill public school met Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. E. E. Kilpatrick, their leader. After making plans for the coming week the club was entertained with several piano solos by Mrs. Mildred Swift. Those present were Mildred Swift, Lucretia Baughman, Bonnie Jeanne Tinker, Nancy Barnum, Euna Drew, Helen Settle and Evelyn Phelps.

Basketball fans were treated to a very lively game of basketball in the Pleasant Hill gymnasium Friday night when the Coburg teams were defeated by the Pleasant Hill teams. The scores were as follows: Second string boys Pleasant Hill, 24, Coburg 14; Pleasant Hill girls 32, Coburg 11; Pleasant Hill boys 41, Coburg 34. When time was called the boys game stood 28 to 28. After five minutes more play the game stood 32 to 32 and another five minutes play brought the score to 41 to 34 in favor of Pleasant Hill. There was much excitement and a lot of cheering.

The Pleasant Hill Athletic club was defeated by the Eugene Fruit Growers by a score of 41 to 40 at Pleasant Hill Monday night. Those playing on the Pleasant Hill team were: E. E. Kilpatrick, "Tubby" Laird, Jim Dilley, Lotus Cole, Lyman Tinker and Bill Sharp.

THURSTON

Mrs. Margaret Campbell who has been seriously ill with pleurisy—pneumonia following influenza at the hospital in Eugene is much improved and expects to be able to leave the hospital in a few more days.

There was a basketball game last Friday between the high school teams of Dorena and Thurston on the local floor. Thurston teams won.

The Waltherville district Bible school convention was held at Thurston last Sunday afternoon there were many from different Sunday schools in attendance and a very interesting program given, Waltherville won the banner.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Weaver enjoyed a short visit from their grand daughter and family from San Francisco, California, last week. They were driving through to Seattle.

The high school took their play to Pleasant Hill last Tuesday evening and are planning to take it to Leaburg next Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Edmiston are planning to move to Eugene in the near future where Mr. Edmiston is acting as deputy sheriff.

Misses Ruth Whitlock and Hazel Russell also Jerry Hanson attended the high school conference at the University of Oregon in Eugene last week.

The Ladies' Aid society held their annual meeting at the church last Thursday afternoon and elected officers for the coming year. Mrs. John Price was elected president with Mrs. Arch Shough assistant; Mrs. Charles

Taylor, secretary. They will meet with Mrs. James Hill on Wednesday to make costumes for Mrs. Paul Jenkins' class of folk dancing, which will give an entertainment in the near future.

The parent-Teacher association met at the high school last Wednesday afternoon, there was a program given. The students sold candy.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. George Hart at the Pacific Christian hospital in Eugene Saturday January 12, twins, a boy and a girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Gossler are the parents of a baby girl born Sunday January 6, 1929.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Needham and son, Ray Mitchell, and mother, Mrs. Teeters motored to Hadleyville last Sunday and visited Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Hadley. They returned Monday.

FORMER WENDLING BOY GETS NATIONAL HONOR

Orlo Cummings, a former Wendling boy, was recently awarded national honor in form of the president's medal of the National Safety Council for saving the life by resuscitation of the little Damaschafski girl at Weidling last year. Orlo had learned the proper pressure method while he was in the boy scout organization and on this occasion had the presence of mind to use it.

Makes Nudity Charge



Ann Moss Gaynor of New York charges Earl Carroll, producer, with rejecting her and Louise Blakely because they refused to appear before him nude, as he was casting his next production.

HOWARD AND MCCREADY ARE BUSY LAW MAKERS

Salem, Jan. 17—Lynn S. McCready, representative from Lane county Oregon legislature was appointed chairman of the education committee by R. S. Hamilton, speaker, at the first day's session. McCready is also vice-chairman of the banking and corporation committee and military and taxation and revenues committee. McCready is serving his second term as a state representative.

While in Salem, Mr. and Mrs. McCready are living at 1284 Court street. Mrs. McCready will serve as her husband's secretary during the session. Their home is in Eugene.

Emmett Howard, Motor Route A., Eugene, beginning his third session as Representative of Lane county, is living at 876 Chemekeka street. None of Mr. Howard's family accompanied him to Salem this time.

R. S. Hamilton, Speaker of the House of Representatives, has appointed Mr. Howard Chairman of the committee on Roads and Highways, vice-chairman of the committee on Game, and a member of the committees of Administration and Reorganization, and Bills and Mailing. The appointment of Mr. Howard's secretary has not been announced.

UNIVERSITY MAN TO SPEAK AT M. E. MEET

Harold S. Tuttle, of the school of education of the University of Oregon will be the speaker at the monthly meeting of Methodist brotherhood here which will be held in the Methodist church next Monday night. The subject of the address will be, "Character, Education and School." A dinner will be served at 6:30.

Marriage Licenses Issued

During the past week marriage licenses have been issued by County Clerk W. B. Dillard to the following: John Bass and Hazel Bass, both of Eugene; David Hill, Springfield, and Frances Averbeck, San Diego, California; Wayne Walker, Eugene, and Anna Tucker, Lebanon; C. A. Winge and Jule A. Selm, both of Eugene; Asa Hadley, Springfield and Ila Anderson, Eugene; Verne Culp and Iva Shirley, both of Eugene.



This baby was found in a sewer in New York by milkman Joseph Berowitz while he was making his early morning rounds. Hearing sounds issuing from a sewer Berowitz investigated and found this little tot.

EVANGELIST TO GIVE MEETINGS NEXT WEEK

A. Ted Goodwin of Bellingham, Washington, who is holding evangelistic meetings at the Baptist church here has announced his subjects for the coming week. The subjects follow: Thursday evening, "Branded"; Friday evening, "Calling on the Name of the Lord"; Sunday morning, "Bound

and Crucified"; Sunday evening, "The Second Coming of Christ"; There will be no service on Saturday evening. These meetings are being well attended by both members and friends and more than 22 have made confession of faith so far. On Wednesday evening the church was crowded. The meetings will continue through to and including the evening of January 24.

Patient Convalescing — Miss Kate Baxter, secretary of Dr. Carl H. Photoplace, has been confined to her home during the past week with the quily. She is improving and is expected back to work next week.

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