



**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.

A quarrel later develops in which Duane kills Bland and rushes off with Jennie after a terrific struggle with Mrs. Bland. He plans to leave Jennie in good hands until a relative or friend is located, and then go on alone on the trail. He keeps careful guard over her.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY—**

About the middle of the afternoon Jennie awoke. They cooked a meal, and afterward sat beside the little fire. She had never been, in his observation of her, anything but a tragic figure, an unhappy girl, the farthest removed from serenity and poise. That characteristic capacity for agitation struck him as stronger in her this day. He attributed it, however, to the long strain, the suspense nearing an end. Yet sometimes, when her eyes were on him, she did not seem to be thinking of her freedom, of her future.

"This time tomorrow you'll be in Shelbyville," he said.

"Where will you be? she asked quickly.

"Me? Oh, I'll be making tracks for some lonesome place," he replied.

**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

The girl shuddered.  
"I've been brought up in Texas. I remember what a hard lot the men of my family had. But poor as they were, they had a roof over their heads, a hearth with a fire, a warm bed—somebody to love them.

"And you, Duane, oh, my God! What your life must be! You must ride and hide and watch eternally. No decent food, no pillow, no friendly word, no clean clothes, no woman's hand! Horses, guns, trails, rocks, holes—these must be the important things in your life. You must go on riding, hiding, killing until you meet—"

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

"My girl, thank you for that thought of me," he said, with a tremor in his voice. "You don't know how much that means to me."

She raised her face and it was tear-stained, eloquent, beautiful.

"I've heard tell—the best of men go to the bad out there. You won't. Promise me you won't. I never knew any man—like you. I—I—we may never see each other again—after today. I'll never forget you. I'll pray for you and I'll never give up trying to—to do something.

"Don't despair. It's never too late. It was my hope that kept me alive—out there at Bland's—before you came. I was only a poor weak girl. But if I could hope—so can you. Stay away from men! Be a lone wolf! Fight for your life! Stick out your exile—and maybe—some day—"

Then she lost her voice. Duane clasped her hand, and with feeling as deep as hers promised to remember her words. In her despair for him she had spoken wisdom—pointed out the only course.

Duane's vigilance, momentarily broken by emotion, had no sooner asserted itself than he discovered the bay horse, the one Jennie rode had

broken his halter and gone off. The soft wet earth had deepened the sound of his hoofs. His tracks were plain in the mud. There were clumps of mesquite in sight, among which the horse might have strayed. It turned out however, that he had not done so.

Duane did not want to leave Jennie alone in the cabin, so near the road. So he put her up on his horse and bade her follow. The rain had ceased for the time being, though evidently the storm was not yet over. The tracks led up a wash to a wide flat thornbush grew so thickly that Jennie could not ride into it.

Duane was thorough concerned. He must have her horse. Time was flying. It would soon be night. He could not expect her to scramble quickly through the brake on foot. Therefore he decided to risk leaving her at the edge of the thicket and go in alone.

Suddenly there came an unmistakable thump of horses' hoofs off somewhere to the fore.

Then a scream rent the air. It ended abruptly. Duane leaped forward and tore his way through the thorny brake. He heard Jennie cry again—an appealing call, quickly hushed. It seemed more to his right, and he plunged that way.

He burst into a glade where a smoldering fire and ground covered with footprints and tracks showed that campers had lately been. Rushing across this, he broke his passage out to the open. But he was too late.

His horse had disappeared. Jennie was gone. There was no rider in sight. There was no sound.

It came to him like a blow that he loved the girl.

For three long and terrible years Buck Duane rode up and down the Texas border.

His fame grew steadily until he was the most noted and most misrepresented outlaw of his day.

Hundreds of men in the border towns claimed friendship with him. Every honest rancher between Brownsville and El Paso would have been glad to shake his hand and hide him. Every outlaw along the river feared him; every crooked gambler in the monte dens played fair when Duane happened to drop in; every knavish man in the southwest of Texas wanted to kill him, bragged on his name, hunted him when fired by drink.

The better half of that widely scattered populace especially in localities Duane had visited, was loath to believe him perpetrator of the crimes laid to him. The ignorant and outlawed class fastened on his name all the rustling, hold-ups, robberies, murders, when direct evidence did not point to someone else.

In a sense, the reputation of every famous outlaw developed by these long years had suffered more or less from this natural exaggeration and misrepresentation. But no outlaw before him ever had such a host of admirers and partisans who fiercely gave the lie to any accusation of robbery or crime attributed to him.

It was widely known that he had never earned a dollar in his outlaw career. It was sworn by many and reputable men that he had never stolen one. Few towns or villages on that border had no storekeeper who had not a tale to tell about Duane, the Lone Wolf.

One afternoon, from the top of a long hill, Duane saw the green fields and trees and shining roofs of a town he considered must be Shirley; and at the bottom of the hill he came upon an intersecting road. There was a placard nailed on the cross-road 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 faded print, Duane learned that he was wanted for the murder of Mrs. Jeff Aiken at her ranch near Shirley. The month of September was named, but the date was illegible. The reward was offered by the woman's husband, whose 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 horror of his fate, wild with passion at those misguided fools who could believe that he harmed a woman.

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 decis-

ion in favor of that direction. He answered here to unfathomable impulse. In Duane's state of mind, clear reasoning, common sense, or keenness were out of the question. He went because he felt that he was compelled.

Dusk had fallen when he rode into a town which inquiry discovered to be Fairfield. Captain McNelly's camp was stationed just out of the village limits on the other side.

No one except the boy Duane questioned appeared to notice his arrival. Like Shirley, the town of Fairfield was large and prosperous, compared to the innumerable hamlets dotting the vast extent of southwestern Texas. As Duane rode through, being careful to get off the main street, he heard the tolling of a church bell that was a melancholy reminder of his old home.

There did not appear to be any camp on the outskirts of the town. But as Duane sat on his horse, peering around and undecided what further move to make, he caught the glint of flickering lights through the darkness.

Heading toward them, he rode perhaps a quarter of a mile to come upon a grove of mesquites. 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 man—alone," replied Duane.

"A stranger?"

"Yes."

"What do you want?"

"I'm trying to find the ranger camp."

"You've struck it. What's your errand?"

"I want to see Captain McNelly."

"Get down and advance. Slow Don't move your hands. It's dark, but I can see."

Duane dismounted and leading his horse, slowly advanced a few paces. He saw a dully bright object, a gun, before he discerned the man who held it. A few more steps showed a dark figure blocking the trail. Here Duane halted.

"Come closer, stranger. Let's have a look at you," the guard ordered curtly.

Duane advanced again until he stood before the man. Here the ray of lights from the fire flickered upon Duane's face fantastically.

"Reckon you're a stranger all right. What's your name and your business with the captain?"

Duane hesitated, pondering what best to say.

"Tell Captain McNelly I'm the man 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 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 rapid thud of boots on soft ground. A dark form crossed the gleams from the firelight. Then a ranger loomed up, to reach 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, understand this. My visit is peaceful—friendly, if you'll let it be. Mind, I was asked to come here after dark."

Duane's clear penetrating voice carried far. The listening rangers at the camp-fire heard what he said.

"No, 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 McNelly, 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 the man don't mention your name—yet."

All this seemed so strange to Duane, in keeping with much that had happened lately.

"Buck Duane! It's you!" he whispered eagerly.

"Yes."

"If I give my word you'll not be arrested—you'll be treated fairly—will

you come into camp and consult with me?"

"Certainly."  
"Duane, I'm sure glad to meet you," went on MacNelly and extended his hand.

Amazed and touched, scarcely realizing this actuality, Duane gave his hand and felt no mistakeable grip of warmth.

"It doesn't seem natural, Captain 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 present."

He led Duane in the direction of the camp-fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**ORDER IN THE COUNTY COURT OF EUGENE, OREGON, IN AND FOR LANE COUNTY.**

In the Matter of the Adoption of George Raymond Gabe, Minor.

This matter coming on for hearing at this time upon the Petition of Madge Evelyn Woodruff and Perry C. Woodruff, husband and wife, for the adoption of George Raymond Gabe, who was born on the 16th of January, 1921, being the son of the said Madge Evelyn Woodruff, the petition in this matter being filed in this Court in cause on the 23rd day of January, 1929, and it appearing that the Court has jurisdiction herein.

NOW THEREFORE, BASED UPON SAID PETITION, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED AND ADJUSTED that hearing thereon be had in the Court Room of this Court in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon on the 9th day of March, 1929, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and it appearing from said petition that George Sterling Gabe is the father of said child and that he is not a resident of the State of Oregon, and cannot be found therein and that he resides at and his Post Office address is 624 West 42nd Place, Los Angeles, State of California, and that a copy of said petition, together with a copy of this Order be served personally upon said father of said child and that a copy of said petition together with a copy of this Order be forthwith mailed to the said father of said child at his said place of residence and Postoffice address by United States Mail, postage prepaid, and that a copy of this Order be published once a week for three successive weeks in The Springfield News, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published at Springfield in Lane County, Oregon the first publication being January 24th, and the last publication being February 7th, 1929, and that a copy of the petition and Order herein be served upon the CHILD WELFARE COMMISSION of Oregon, more than twenty days prior to said day set for hearing herein.

Done in open Court this 23rd day of January, 1929.

C. P. BARNARD, County Judge.

Ja. 24-31; P. 7.

**SUMMONS IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LANE SUIT IN EQUITY.**

Elmer A. Miller, Eliza J. Amen, Lula Etha Nelson and Alvin L. Nelson, Plaintiffs, versus, William F. Kelsay, Pearl Kelsay, Floyd E. Kelsay, Margaret Kelsay, Clayton Kelsay, Mary T. Kelsay, Effie Robinson, Belle Farrler, John Farrler, Ethel Dyer, Joseph Dyer, Lavina Hills, Charles Hills, Bessie Hills, Amos Hills, Leatha Kelsay, Margaret A. Schmidt, E. F. Schmidt, John S. Miller, Julia Miller, and Nellie L. Bane, Defendants.

To Bessie Hills, Amos Hills, Leatha Kelsay, and Nellie L. Bane, defendants named above and to all other defendants named above: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, which is first published on January 24, 1929; and you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer, your default will be entered for want of an answer and the plaintiffs will make application to the court for the relief prayed within the said complaint which is that the following described real estate located in Lane County, Oregon, be sold in this partition suit, to-wit: All of section 35 in township 19 south in range One (1) east of the Willamette Meridian in Lane County, Oregon, containing 640 acres of land, and that after attorney fees and other expenses are paid the proceeds of said sale be divided as follows, to-wit: Each of the seven heirs at law of Abraham Miller receive 3.31 thereof, and each of the nine heirs at law of Robert B. Kelsay receive 10.279 part thereof.

An order of the above entitled court dated January 23, 1929, directs that this summons be published once each week for a period of four successive weeks in the Springfield News, and that you appear and answer the said complaint within four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons.

H. E. SLATTERY, Attorney for Plaintiffs and my residence and post office address is Eugene, Oregon.

Ja. 24-31; P. 7-14-21.

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Ja. 24-31; P. 7-14-21.

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**Dr. Sherman W. Moody**  
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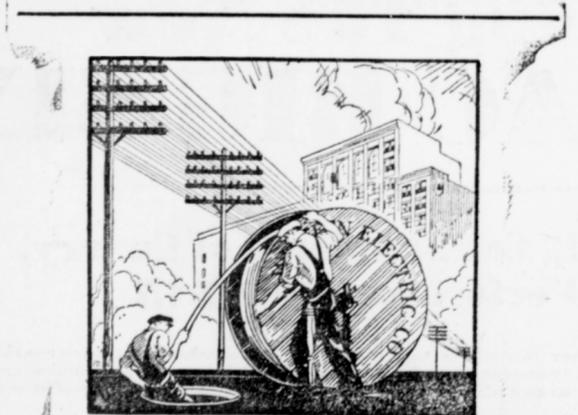
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ONE of the first things you will notice when you drive the new Ford is the quick, effective, silent action of its six-brake system.

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The many advantages of this type of braking system have long been recognized. They are brought to you in the new Ford through a series of mechanical improvements embodying much that is new in design and manufacture. A particularly unique feature is the simple way by which a special drum has been constructed to permit the use of two sets of internal brakes on the rear wheels.

A further improvement in braking performance is effected by the self-centering feature of the four-wheel brakes—an exclusive Ford development. Through

this construction, the entire surface of the shoe is brought in steady, uniform contact with the drum the instant you press your foot on the brake pedal. This prevents screeching and howling and makes the Ford brakes unusually silent in operation.

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The four-wheel brakes are adjusted by turning a screw conveniently located on the outside of each brake plate. This screw is so notched that all four brakes can be set alike simply by listening to the "clicks."

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