



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.

Despite his care Jennie is lost. Then for three years Buck is on the trail and legends about him spread, and finally he takes the risk of calling on Captain MacNelly of the Rangers, who he has heard wants to see him. MacNelly greets him rather warmly.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY —

He took a long earnest gaze at Duane, and his nervous spontaneity, the manner which had been bright, promising volubility, changed to one of grave thoughtfulness.

"I've lots to say—but where to begin?" 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.

"That's tough. I'm glad to be able to tell you that up to just lately your mother, sister, uncle, all of your folks, I believe, were well. I've kept posted. But haven't heard lately."

Duane averted his face a moment, hesitated till the swelling left his throat, and then said:

"It's worth what I went through today to hear that."

"I can imagine how you feel about it. When I was in the war—but let's get down to the business of this meeting."

He pulled his chair close to Duane's. "You've heard more than once in the last two years that I wanted to see you?"

"Three times, I remember," replied Duane.

"Why didn't you hunt me up?"

"I supposed you imagined me one of those gun-fighters who couldn't take a dare and expected me to ride up to your camp and be arrested."

"That was natural, I suppose," went on MacNelly. You didn't know me, otherwise you would have come. I've been a long time getting to you. But the nature of my job, as far as you're concerned, made me cautious. Duane, you're aware of the hard name you bear all over the Southwest?"

"Once in a while I'm jarred into realizing," replied Duane.

"It's the hardest, barring Murrell and Cheseldine, on the Texas border. But there's this difference. Murrell is his day was known to deserve his infamous name. Cheseldine in his day also.

"But I've found hundreds of men in Southwest Texas who're your friends, who swear you never committed a crime. The farther south I get the clearer this becomes. What I want to know is the truth.

"Have you ever done anything criminal? Tell me the truth, Duane. It won't make any difference in my plan. And when I say crime I mean what I would call crime on any reasonable

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. MacNelly Captain of Rangers
- Cheseldine Dangerous Outlaw Texan.

"That way my hands are clean," replied Duane.

"You never held up a man, robbed a store for grub, stole a horse when you needed him bad—never anything like that?"

"Somehow I always kept out of that just when pressed the hardest."

"Duane, I'm glad?" MacNelly exclaimed, gripping Duane's hand. "Glad for your mother's sake! Glad for the person who has been instrumental in interesting me in your case. But all the same, in spite of this, you're a Texas outlaw, accountable to the State. You're perfectly aware that under existing circumstances, if you fell into the hands of the law, you'd probably hang—at least go to jail for a long term."

"That's what kept me on the dodge all these years," replied Duane.

"Certainly," MacNelly removed his cigar.

His eyes narrowed and glittered. The muscles along his brown cheeks set hard and tense. He leaned closer to Duane, laid sinewy, pressing fingers upon Duane's knee.

"Listen to this," he whispered hoarsely. "If I place a pardon in your hand—make you a free, honest citizen once more—clear your name of infamy, make your mother, your sister proud of you—will you swear yourself to a service, any service I demand?"

Duane sat stock-still, stunned.

Slowly, more persuasively, with show of earnest agitation, Captain MacNelly reiterated his startling query.

"My God!" burst from Duane.

"What's this? MacNelly, you can't be in earnest!"

"Never more so in my life. I've a deep game. I'm playing it square. What do you say?"

He rose to his feet. Duane, as if impelled, rose with him. Ranger and outlaw then locked eyes that searched each other's souls. In MacNelly's Duane read truth, strong, fiery purpose, hope, even gladness, and a fugitive, mounting assurance of victory.

Twice Duane endeavored to speak, failed of all save a hoarse, incoherent sound until, forcing back a flood of speech, he found a voice:

"Any service? Every service! MacNelly, I give you my word," said Duane.

"Right here ends the career of Buck Duane, outlaw and gun-fighter," said MacNelly, and seating himself, he took the pen from Duane's fingers and wrote several lines in several places upon the paper. Then, with a smile, he handed it to Duane.

"That makes you a member of Company A, Texas Rangers."

Light breaking in upon his bewildered "So that's it!" burst out Duane, a ment. "You want me for ranger service?"

"Sure, That's it," replied the captain dryly. "Now to hear what that service is to be. I've been a busy man since I took this job and as you may have heard, I've done a few things. I don't mind telling you that political influence put me in here, and that, up Austin way, there's a good deal of friction in the Department of State in regard to whether or not the ranger service is any good, whether it should be discontinued or not.

"I'm on the party's side who's defending ranger service. I contend that it's made Texas habitable. Well, it's been up to me to produce results. So far I have been successful. My great ambition is to break up the outlaw gangs along the river. I have never ventured in there yet, because I've been waiting to get the lieutenant I needed. You, of course, are the man I had in mind.

"It's my idea to start way up the Rio Grande and begin with Cheseldine. He's the strongest, the worst outlaw of the times. He's more than a rustler. It's Cheseldine and his gang who are operating on the banks. They're doing bank robbing. That's my private opinion; but it's not backed up by any evidence.

"Cheseldine doesn't leave evidences. He's intelligent, cunning. I assume, of

course, that you are a stranger, to him and to the country he dominates. It's five hundred miles west of your ground, big as that is.

"Well, I want you to drift over into Cheseldine's country. Whatever way you decide is best you will proceed to act upon. You are your own boss. You know such men and how they can be approached. You will take all the time needed, it's months.

"It will be necessary for you to communicate with me, and that will be a difficult matter. For Cheseldine dominates several counties. You must find some way to let me know when I any my rangers are needed. The plan is to break up Cheseldine's gang. It's the toughest job on the border.

"Arresting him alone isn't to be heard of. He couldn't be brought out. Killing him isn't much better, for his select men, the ones he operates with, are as dangerous to the community as he is.

"We want to kill or jail this choice selection of robbers and break up the rest of the gang. To find them, to get among them somehow, to learn their movements, to lay your trap for us rangers to spring—that, Duane, is your service to me; and God knows, it's a great one!"

"I have accepted it," replied Duane. "Your work will be secret. You are now a ranger, in my service; but no one except the few I choose to tell will know of it till we pull off the job. You will simply be Buck Duane, the Lone Wolf, till it suits our purpose to acquaint Texas with the fact that you are a ranger.

"You'll see there's no date on that pardon. No one will ever know just when you entered the service. Perhaps we can make it appear that all or most of your outlawry has really been good service to the State. At that, I'll believe it'll turn out so."

"Captain MacNelly, I'd like to know how this came about. I can't realize it yet. Some things are strange to me. Who interested you in my case? Won't you explain?"

"Sure I will," replied Captain MacNelly as he reached for another cigar. "It must have been three years ago when I first began to hear your name mentioned at Austin, in the adjutant-general's office and elsewhere. Just casually, you understand, and I took no particular notice.

"Then I heard that women of your family were working to get influence for you. This was before you became famous as an outlaw. Of course, a little later, after the Bland affair, your name grew to be a household word in Texas. From then on your reputation grew.

"About this time which was about the time I became exceedingly busy with my rangers, I got an anonymous letter. It was from a woman, and it entreated me not to go on your trail. It was a remarkable letter. I have it somewhere, and shall find it for you. (TO BE CONTINUED)

REGINALD DENNY IN FIRST TALKIE NOW AT McDONALD THEATRE

A gay, light-hearted comedy which comes as Reginald Denny's first talking show, is to be at the McDonald Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. It is "Red Hot Speed," a story of a young assistant district attorney who wages an anti-speed campaign. He gets into trouble, however, when the daughter of the newspaper owner backing his campaign proves to be the liveliest speeder of them all. Alice Day is cast in the leading feminine role.

Morrissey and Miller in their "Vita-phone Revue" will be the special feature preliminary to the feature picture at the McDonald Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The two have been in all kinds of vaudeville and musical comedy plays and now present their idea of what the public wants in a revue.

Arriving here somewhat later than expected, but still the first and only photographic record of the much publicized Lewis-Sonnenberg wrestling match will be shown at the McDonald this Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The films, which are described as the best photographed of any sporting event, show in great detail the many highlights of the match, the finale, during which the smaller Sonnenberg puts the up-untill-then champion, "Strangler" Lewis, out of the ring time after time.

The McDonald's Sunday bill will include "The Midnight Taxi," which will

hold the talking screen for three days, starring Antonio Marino and Helene Costello. It is a Warner Brothers Vita phone show. A run-running kind of thieves, bond purloiners, and rival hi-jackers aboard a train and a few of the characters in the play, Myrna Loy, Tommy Dugan, William Russell, Bobbie Agnew, and others are in the supporting cast.

Accident Victim Improves—Word received today from the Eugene hospital says that Ily Casteel, who was injured in an automobile accident last week is improving. Mr. Casteel had several ribs broken in the accident.

PRIZES TO BE AWARDED FOR BEST MODEL PLANE

The contest among the boy scouts to make the best model airplane will close today. The planes now being placed on display in the windows of Ketsels drug store will be judged and prizes will be awarded for the best.

Following are the prizes: a \$5.00 vest pocket folding kodak, first prize; a \$3.00 fountain pen, second prize; and a \$1.50 scout knife, third prize.

R. L. BURNETT'S NEPHEW MEETS DEATH IN CRASH

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Burnett, of this city received the sad news the first of the week of the tragic death of Mr. Burnett's nephew Robert Burnett of Albany, in an automobile accident on the Pacific highway close to that city.

The accident happened when the car in which young Burnett was riding met head-on with another car. A boy by the name of Ackerman was driving the car he was riding in.

Robert Burnett was 19 years old and had just recently finished high school and preparing to come to the university.

PARENT TEACHERS PLAN SILVER TEA FEBRUARY 15

At the meeting of the executive board of the Parent-Teachers association held last Friday afternoon in the Lincoln school it was voted to have a silver tea to be held in the Lincoln

school Friday afternoon, February 15. A short program will be given. The committee in charge include: Mrs. G. L. Prochnow, Mrs. D. C. Ogilvie, Mrs. O. H. Smith, Mrs. Walter Laxton, Mrs. D. Thatcher, Mrs. Otto McPherson.

The meeting Friday was called for the purpose of considering financial and other matters of concern to the Parent-Teachers group. Those present at the meeting were: Mrs. Pratt Holverson, who presided; Mrs. W. C. McLagan, Mrs. W. W. Walker, Mrs. G. L. Prochnow, Mrs. D. C. Ogilvie, and Page.

LOCAL UNDERTAKERS FORM CORPORATION

The Walker-Poole Undertaking company incorporated last Saturday under the name of the Walker-Poole Undertaking Company Inc.

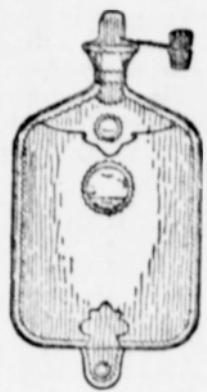
The officers elected were: president, W. F. Walker; vice-president, C. P. Poole; secretary, Mrs. W. F. Walker; treasurer, Mrs. C. P. Poole. The above-named officers are the sole directors and stockholders of the company.

Walker-Poole Undertaking company operates both here and in Eugene.

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Comes equipped with necessary cord and plugs.

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