



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.

Captain MacNelly offers Duane a pardon if he will accept an offer to become a Ranger and go after Cheseldine's gang. MacNelly had become interested in Duane after a Miss Lee had spoken in his behalf. Duane promises Mac Nelly to do him any service. Meanwhile MacNelly gives Duane much welcome news.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY —

"I was visited by a young woman who claimed to be a member of your household at Wellston. I took her for your sister or near relative—in fact, called her Miss Duane, which at the time she did not correct.

"She had been to see the Governor; and, of course, he had turned her down. The Governor is against outlaws, the same as he is against rangers. This girl wanted an audience with the adjutant-general, and in his absence she ran across me.

"I want to say here that she electrified me. Before she left my office I was ready to fight for her. I promised to speak to the adjutant-general and to use what influence I had in her behalf. She wanted a parole for you, if not a pardon.

"I was absent from Austin when she came the next time. She won the interest of Adjutant-General Reed, and he even went to the Governor with her. Sure, they only got turned down. I learned from Reed's secretary that this girl was a Miss Lee instead of Miss Duane. Evidently she was wealthy.

"I was a fact, however, that she lived at your mother's home in Wellston. If money could have helped your case there at the capital it sure would have been forthcoming.

"All this interested me. I wrote to Miss Lee, and told her that my duties would soon take me to the Nueces country again, and that I would find out all I could about you. She replied—a grateful, sweet, womanly letter.

"That was a fact, however, that the border, and heard from her. It was in this way that I kind of kept in touch with your family. And it was on this trip that I hatched out my plan to make a ranger of you.

"When I got back to Austin I laid my plan before Adjutant-General Reed. He hailed it with enthusiasm. I tell you your cousin, Miss Lee—I presumed she was your cousin—certainly had won over Reed. We went to call upon the Governor.

"I'm not likely to forget that interview in a hurry. We called on him to give us a pardon for you. We promised we would make you render the State a service as a ranger. We found ourselves precipitated into a fierce debate upon the old question of the ranger service."

"The Governor got mad and flayed us alive. Most rangers were lazy, use-

less gun-fighting shysters! Reed lost his temper. He's hot for the service. But I kept cool and told the Governor straight out that if he'd pardon you I'd break up Cheseldine's gang on the river. That sort of floored the Governor. He got interested.

"I talked to him for an hour, explained how there were only two ways to exterminate Cheseldine and the like. Either with an army or with the ranger service, employing such a scout as you. The army idea wasn't possible. But he was impressed by the other. He said: 'Set an outlaw to catch an outlaw, eh?'"

"Then he pondered a while and at last rang for his secretary. 'My political enemies say I'm not liberal-minded,' he went on. 'Now, I'm going to make this a test case of the ranger service. I'll pardon this gunsharp Duane on condition you make him a ranger. That is, he'll not be pardoned until he is a ranger. Then we'll see how the scheme works out.'"

"MacNelly, I want to see this Miss Lee," said Duane.

"I was thinking of that. It's a good chance. Maybe there'll never be another one." He paused a moment, chewing his cigar. "All right; I see no reason against your meeting her," he went on. "But let me arrange the matter as suits me. Tomorrow I'll send a ranger over to Shirley. There's a train and stage, too. Now, let's turn in, Duane. We've talked a deal. And I was tired before we began. Make yourself a bed there. Good night."

Duane stepped upon the porch and rang the bell. After what appeared to be a long time a negro maid opened the door.

"A—caller to see Miss Lee," said Duane.

The maid asked him in and led him to a parlor. It was a large room, light enough, yet full of unfamiliar shapes. He stood there uncertain, waiting. The maid returned to say that Miss Lee would be right in.

Whoever Miss Lee was, she must have connections with wealthy people. Duane felt long-absent associations become vivid in his mind.

Slowly he turned. A slender woman in white stood in the door, one hand clinging to the curtains, the other at her breast. She was whiter than her dress—as white as a flower. Her eyes were dark, strained, staring, beautiful. To look of them Duane had seen before.

Duane's lips uttered her name, yet he had a vague sense of not hearing his own voice. The movement of his lips, his hand, seemed to animate her. She had been as still as a statue, and now she was as if shot through and through with life. That supporting hand upon the curtain appeared to uphold her quivering form.

"Oh, Duane, don't you—know me?"

She moved, she swept her hands and the wonder of her eyes dimmed in a flood of tears. She stepped blindly. Duane's sight, straining with all the abnormal keenness of stunned faculties leaping back to power, caught a slight but unmistakable limp in her step.

In a flash all that had been strange about her vanished. He knew that faltering step. He was back in another world—one he had sealed over in his heart and closed forever.

"My God! Who are you?" he cried hoarsely.

Then she met him, arms outstretched.

"Jennie! Jennie! Jennie!" she sobbed.

Swift as light Duane caught her up and held her crushed to his breast. The past, like deadening scales, fell from him. He stood holding her tight, with the feel of her warm throbbing breast and the clasp of her clinging arms as flesh and blood realities to fight a terrible fear that this was only another and the worst of those moments haunted by fancies.

Despite a stunned conscience, he never lost the true sense of the exquisite life of that moment. He felt her and the might of it was stronger than all the demons of his unhappy years. Jennie was not dead. She was alive—alive—alive! And he held her as if she had been his soul—his strength on earth—his hope of heaven—against his lips.

The strife of doubt all past, the encroaching of old dark moods fell short and faded. He found his sight again. And there rushed over him a tide of emotion unutterably sweet and full, strong, like an intoxicating wine, deep as his nature, something glorious and terrible as the blaze of the sun to one

long in darkness.

He had become an outcast, a wanderer, a gunman, a victim of circumstances—he had loved and lost and suffered worse than death in that loss—he had gone down the endless bloody trail, a killer of men, a fugitive whose mind slowly and inevitably closed to all except the instinct to survive and a black despair.

And now, with this woman in his arms, her swelling breast against his, in this moment almost of resurrection, he bent under a storm of passion and joy possible only to him who had endured so much.

"Jennie! Jennie!" he whispered unsteadily. "No dream—no ghost—but you! I didn't know you."

"Yes, Jennie. And you never knew me!" She stirred and lifted her face from his breast. He hands unclasped from his neck, fell to his shoulders, and caught there. A stain of red came into her white face. "Have I changed—so much—from the time over the Rim-Rock?"

"Changed! You're not the same girl! You've only that old look in your eyes. I saw you limp—that told me."

"I'm still a little lame."

"It was that. How everything rushed back! I saw you as on that first day in the cabin. It's all clearer than the thousand times I've dreamed it. Euchre and Bland and that fierce woman, his wife, and Alloway! The little shack where you hid and nursed me. Jennie, I went back there—lived there a whole year with dreams and ghosts."

He shuddered and looked out of the window, far beyond, in cold and sick fancy, to the wilds of desert gorge. Jennie lifted a hand and touched his cheek with ineffable tenderness.

"I lived there, alone—alone like a crippled wolf. Oh, the lonely nights—the black nights with their faces. But, Jennie, I found one thing—my salvation then."

He bent over her, looking deep into her dark, wet eyes.

"What?" she whispered.

"I found I loved you, and one of my bitterest regrets was that you never knew it. Hear it now! I love you! I've always loved you! I learned to love you there at Bland's cabin when we planned to save you. But it never came to me till I'd lost you."

"Then the memory was all that kept my mind from going. Your eyes used to haunt me Jennie. I could see them dark and sad and watchful as you

SUMMONS FOR PUBLICATION IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR LANE COUNTY.

Florence McQuillin, Plaintiff, vs. Thomas Crowley and L. Davis, Defendants.

In the name of the State of Oregon: You, and each of you, are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled action within four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in the complaint to-wit:

That the plaintiff have and recover judgment against the defendant, Thomas Crowley, in the sum of \$800.00, together with interest thereon at the rate of seven per cent per annum from and after the 7th day of January, 1927; and the further sum of \$150.00 as a reasonable attorney fee; and for her costs and disbursements herein.

That the mortgage referred to in Plaintiff's complaint be declared to be a first and valid lien upon the following described real premises, to-wit: All of the North half of the Northwest Quarter of Section 3, Township 15 South of Range 6 West of the Willamette Meridian; and also the Southwest Quarter of the Southwest Quarter of Section 24, Township 15 South of Range 6 West of the Willamette Meridian, according to the Government survey thereof, all the above land being located in Lane County, Oregon, and all thereof, and that the same be foreclosed in the manner provided by law, and that the said premises be sold by the Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon, to satisfy plaintiff's judgment above referred to, and that plaintiff have and recover a judgment against the defendant, Thomas Crowley, for any deficiency thereafter remaining unpaid; and

That the defendants, and each of them, and all persons claiming by, through or under any of them, be foreclosed and forever barred from any right, title or interest in and to said real premises, save only the right of redemption allowed by law; and

For such other and further relief as to the Court may seem equitable in the premises.

IMMEL & EVANS, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Residence and Postoffice Address, Eugene, Oregon.
F. 7-14-21-28; Mar. 7.

peered through the window at me with that woman, Kate Bland. It all comes back.

"Jennie, you must have much to tell me; and I have much to tell you. Can you tell me—you care for me? When I think of what you must have done! Jennie, haven't you loved me—a little?"

She uttered a low laugh that was half sob and her arms slipped up to his neck again.

"A little! I nearly died of love for you," she whispered. "I've never lived a wakeful hour without loving you, longing for you, praying for you. Oh, Duane, Duane, I love you!"

Their lips met in their first kiss. The sweetness, the fire, of her mouth seemed so new, so strange, so irresistible to Duane. His sore and hungry heart throbbed with thick and heavy beats. He felt the outcast's need of love and he gave up to the entrancing moment.

She met him half-way, returned kiss for kiss, clasped her face scarlet, her eyes closed, till her passion and strength spent, she fell back upon his shoulder.

Duane suddenly thought she was going to faint. He divined then that she had understood him, would have denied him nothing, not even her life, in that moment. But she was overcome, and he suffered a pang of regret at his unrestraint.

"Jennie—don't mind it—I'm rough—I was carried away," he said. "I never knew life could be so sweet."

"I don't mind it—I'm glad," she replied, slipping out of his arms. "But my breath went—and—and—come, let's sit down here by the window."

She led him to a sofa and they sat down. It seemed then that each looked at the other with different eyes, hers dark and sad troubled, his glowing and soft, full of wonder.

Jennie slipped to her knees and her trembling hands reached up to Duane. "Don't tell me MacNelly has made you a ranger?" she implored.

"That's it," replied Duane and brought himself to face her. He feared a breakdown or at least a storm of weeping. But apparently she grew calmer now that the truth was out.

"He didn't make you a ranger just for an excuse for the pardon?"

"No. It's a secret special service."

"Ah! What is it, Duane?"

"I'm to make my way west, find where Cheseldine hides out with his picked men, get in with them, and when they're ready to ride out on another raid or bank robbery I'm to plan a trap so MacNelly can kill them or capture them."

"Oh, Heaven! Duane, was it for that MacNelly got your pardon? He might as well have killed you. To send you on a mission like that! Duane it's impossible. With your reputation, your known hatred of border criminals—with the death of Bland, Alloway,

Hardin, all those outlaws against you, why, it would be utterly hopeless—impossible."

"No, Jennie, not that. It could be done by good management and luck."

"I mean you'd never succeed—and then come back," said Jennie. "You might do the same out there as you did in Bland's camp. But the risk's greater. I remember all about Cheseldine. I've never heard his name since we got away from Bland; but now it all come back—Bland and Alloway, Hardin, too, in their talks."

"Duane, let me go back to MacNelly?"

"What for?"

"To entreat him to release you."

"Why, he wouldn't. He's keen to do this thing. And I don't blame him. MacNelly's a fine fellow; he's not wanting in sympathy. But he's got a man's job, and you couldn't move him."

"Yes, I could. At least, if I couldn't persuade him, I could buy your release. The ranger service is poorly paid. They need money. He could do much with money. I'll pay him ten thousand dollars to release you."

"Jennie! Oh, you mustn't think of such a thing! He wouldn't consent. Remember, I'm practically bound to Governor Stone as well as Captain MacNelly."

"What Governor Stone would never know wouldn't hurt him," muttered Jennie.

The fire in her eyes had spread. Faint red spots appeared in her white cheeks. Her bosom rose and fell with deep, hurried breaths. Duane saw in her the fighting spirit of Texas and sensed a bursting storm.

"Dear Jennie, look at it this way, he said persuasively. "Thank Heaven I'm a free man now! Think how glad my mother will be. I've a hard job on hand. But you know I'm pretty well able to tackle it. I'll break up Cheseldine's band. And maybe I'll get away safe. There's a chance. Can't you imagine what I'll do with that chance—when all the time I'll know you love me—are waiting for me?"

For all the effect this speech produced he might as well have kept all out. Her eyes, black now and blazing, were on him.

"Duane, return the pardon to MacNelly and go back to the Nueces. Be an outlaw again. I'll go with you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FATHER SENDS CALL FOR MISSING GIRL

Mr. Boggs, of Marcola, has sent out a call to officers of the state to search for his 15 year old daughter, Lorraine,

who left her home at 8:30 a. m. on February 5.

Mr. Boggs stated in his message to Eugene police that he thought the girl left with another girl of her own age, Mildred Rodgers. It is supposed the girls are headed for Portland. Word was received at the Eugene police station yesterday that so far no word has been received from them.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That Floyd L. Mourer has been appointed executor of the Last Will and Testament of W. F. Mourer, deceased, by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present them, with the proper vouchers, within six months from the 7th day of February, 1929, to the said executor at the law office of L. L. Ray in the Miner Building, Eugene, Oregon.

L. L. RAY, Attorney for Estate.
FLOYD L. MOUREL, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of W. F. Mourer, deceased.
F. 7-14-21-28; Mar. 7.

36 STORES
C.J. Breier Co
IN THE WEST
605-609 Willamette St.
EUGENE, OREGON

MEN'S HIGH TOP SHOES

16-Inch Top
Veal Stock
Goodyear Welt
Leather Sole
Plain Toe

\$8.45

RAIN TEST PANTS

\$2.98 - \$3.98 - \$4.98

IT ALWAYS PAYS TO BUY AT BREIER'S

There are many reasons for the ease of steering the new Ford



The new Ford is exceptionally easy to steer because of the well-proportioned weight of the car, the steel-spoke wheels, the co-ordinated design of springs and shock absorbers, the size and design of the steering wheel, and the simple mechanical construction of the steering gear.

The Ford steering gear is of the worm and sector type used on high-priced cars and is three-quarter irreversible.

In simple, non-technical language, this means that the car responds easily and quickly to the steering wheel, yet there is no danger of the wheel being jerked from the hands of the driver by ruts or bumps in the road. A light touch guides the car, yet you always have that necessary feel-of-the-road so essential to good driving.

Strength of materials and careful workmanship give unusual stability to the Ford steering gear and housing.

The steering worm, for instance, is splined to the steering worm shaft and is stronger, of course, than if a single key were used to hold

the shaft and worm together. The steering worm sector is forged and machined in the same piece with its shaft.

The housing of the steering gear mechanism is made of three steel forgings, electrically welded together. This housing is then electrically welded to the steering column. Such a one-piece steel unit is naturally much sturdier than if several parts were used and bolted or riveted together.

Throughout, the new Ford steering mechanism is so simple in design and so carefully made that it requires practically no attention.

The only thing for you to do is to have the front steering spindles, spindle connecting rods, and drag link lubricated every 500 miles and the steering gear lubricated every 2000 miles.

For this work, you will find it best to consult the Ford dealer. He has been specially trained and equipped to help you get the greatest possible use from your car over the longest period of time at a minimum of trouble and expense.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY

SAVE WITH SAFETY AT THE Rexall Store

Super Cream

To those who really want to enjoy the wintery out-of-doors and yet desire to retain lovely, soft white skin, we recommend daily application of LEMON COCOA BUTTER LOTION AND SKIN CREAM.



LOTION AND CREAM 39 cents each

Lemon and cocoa butter combined make the best possible skin treatment to restore vitality to the tissues. Use them frequently. You may secure both the lotion and the skin cream at

Flanery's Drug Store
The Rexall Store