



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.
 Duane goes to visit the Miss Lee, who had intervened for him with MacNelly, and finds her to be none other but Jennie. They talk and tell each other of their love, and when Duane tells Jennie he is commissioned to capture Cheseldine she breaks down and begs him to break his word with MacNelly.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY —
 Duane stared at her, amazed. He hardly knew what to say. He felt how little he understood women. His heart began to pound, and thrills ran over him. The sweetness of this woman—that she would go back to outlawry with him—appealed with a strange power.
 "That course wouldn't be dishonorable," she continued.
 "No. But it's impossible. I'd die before I'd drag you into that life. You ought to remember the outlaw's days."
 "I do. I'd rather have them again than lose you. Besides, we could hide in some canyon, some valley—and be happy."
 Jennie came closer to him then, so close that she almost touched him. Something about her presence, the look of her eyes of the heave of her breast, made that sweet, vague emotion grow.
 "Duane, do you love me?" she asked.
 "Jennie, you're going to make it harder for me!" he burst out in despair.
 "Tell me," she insisted.
 "Love you? I love you as no man ever loved a woman. Think of my lonely, wretched life! What I have known of women—of the sweetness of one? And now it bursts on me. Jennie, don't ask me that. I'm afraid of myself. I can't understand."
 She came only the closer, until now she touched him, her slender form reaching to his shoulders, and she leaned upon him with her face upturned. He felt her hands on his, and they were soft, clinging, strong, like steel under velvet. He felt the rise and fall—the warmth of her breast.
 A tremor ran over him. He tried to draw back, and if he succeeded a little her form swayed with him, pressing closer. She did not speak. She held her face up, and he was compelled to look. It was wonderful now—white, yet glowing, with the red lips parted, the dark eyes alluring. But that was not all. There was passion,

unquenchable spirit, woman's resolve deep and mighty as life.
 "I love you, Duane," she said. "I could suffer anything for you. I'm not selfish in this. It's for you. I know what your life has been. I can't let you go back to it. Listen—you don't know me. You think you're with the old Jennie. But I'm different. I've suffered and I've learned in these years. I believe I'm right in asking you to give up this ranger service. Will you?"
 "Jennie, I can't. Hoy could you ask it?"
 "How could you go if you love me?"
 "If you were a man you'd understand."
 "But I'm a woman. You don't understand that!" she cried passionately.
 "Can you expect a man who lives like a hunted wolf to understand the finer feelings of a woman? I am outside, Jennie—the outcast—the outlaw. And even so, I've kept myself different from the others. But Heaven knows—perhaps I'm coarse, hard, inhuman."
 "Hush!" She put a hand over his lips. "I didn't mean to hurt you. I meant—Oh, Duane, I'm here ready for your arms—a starved woman—and you don't know it."
 Duane became suddenly weak, and went around his neck and drew him scarcely had strength to lift her to a seat beside him. She seemed more than dead weight. Her calmness had fled. She was throbbing, palpitating, quivering, with hot, wet cheeks and arms that clung to him like vines. She lifted her mouth to him, whispering: "Kiss me!"
 Duane bent down, and her arms went around his neck and drew him close. With his lips on hers, he seemed floated away. That kiss closed his eyes, and he could not lift his head. He sat motionless, holding her blind and helpless, wrapped in a sweet, dark glory.
 She kissed him—one long endless kiss—or else a thousand times. Her lips, her wet cheeks, her hair, the softness, the fragrance of her, the tender, moving clasp of her arms, the swell of her breast—all these enclosed him, bound him. She whispered and murmured broken and incoherent words—words that did not need to be understood, so full were they of sweetness and meaning and love.
 He rose and let Jennie sit back against the cushions. Her fingers clung weakly to him. Her eyes hurt him. While he fumbled in his pocket for papers, to fetch for the Governor's pardon, Jennie watched him; and when he laid the paper in her hands she let it drop.
 "Give that to mother," he said ruskily. "Tell her—maybe I'll come back—there's a chance."
 "Don't go! Don't go!" she cried.
 "I must. Dear, good-by. Remember I loved you! Jennie, let me go!"
 He pulled her hands loose from his; stepped back.
 She fell upon her knees with outstretched arms.
 "Duane! Duane!" she wailed.
 Like a surdiner he backed away.
 "Jennie — dearest, I believe — I'll come back!" he whispered.
 These last words were falsehood.
SUMMONS
 IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF LANE.
 Irvin R. Fox, Plaintiff, -vs- Edna Morphew, whose name is sometimes written E. Morphew, Defendant.
 To Edna Morphew, whose name is sometimes written E. Morphew, Defendant:
 IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and cause on or before four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to appear and answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in his complaint on file herein, to-wit: for the sum of One Hundred Two and 50-100 dollars (\$102.50) and for his costs and disbursements in this action, and for the further order of the Court for the sale of the personal property of the defendant which has been attached by the plaintiff.
 This Summons is published once each week for four successive weeks in the Springfield News, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Lane County, Oregon, by order of the Honorable G. F. Skipworth, Judge of the Circuit Court of Lane County, Oregon, which order bears date the 13th day of February, 1929, and the date of the first publication of this Summons is February 14, 1929.
 POTTER & KING, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Residence and Post Office Address Eugene, Lane County, Oregon.
 F. 14-21-28: M. 7-14.

He reached the door, gave her one last piercing glance—to fix forever in memory that white face with its dark, staring, tragic eyes.
 "Duane!"
 He fled with that moan like thunder, death, hell, in his ears.
 Duane had been three months out of the Nueces country. At El Paso he bought the finest horse he could find, and, armed and otherwise outfitted to suit him, he had taken to unknown trails.
 Leisurely he rode from town to town, village to village, ranch to ranch, fitting his talk and his occupation to the impressin he wanted to make upon different people whom he met.
 He was in turn a cowboy, a rancher, a cattleman, a stockbuyer, a boomer, a landhunter; and long before he reached the wild and inhospitable Ord he had acted the part of an outlaw drifting into new territory.
 He passed on slowly because he wanted to learn the lay of the country, the location of villages and ranches, the work, habit, gossip, pleasures, and fears of the people with whom he came in contact. The one subject most impelling to him—outlaws—he never mentioned; but, by talking all around it, sifting the old ranch and cattle story, he acquired a knowledge calculated to aid him much in his deep-laid plot. In this game time was of no moment; if necessary he would take years to accomplish his task.
 The stupendous and perilous nature of it showed in the slow, wary preparation. When he heard Fletcher's name and faced Knell he knew he had reached the place he had sought—Ord was a hamlet on the fringe of the
 (Continued on Page 3)
Need a Railroad?
 Denver, Col., Feb. 14 (AC)—The Colorado and Southern Railroad announced it was ready to make a gift of a \$3,000,000 branch line, together with sufficient rolling stock for adequate operation, to any person or persons who would take it and run it. The unwanted "baby" is the 185-mile line from Denver to Leadville.
His Gunnymoon
 Los Angeles, Feb. 14, (AC)—Norman M. Britton, teacher of applied psychology, filed suit for divorce and asked for police protection from his wife, Mrs. Myra Britton. Describing his honeymoon as a "gunnymoon," Britton said his wife had a way of emphasizing her side of "psychological discussions" by pointing a pistol at him. Figuratively speaking, Britton said, his wife kept a gun in the small of his back all the time. "Psychology is no match for a six-shooter," said Britton.
Departs for Portland—Mrs. Jennie Carmon left Saturday morning for Portland. She has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Bert Doane.

CHASE FAMILY GATHER AT BIRTHDAY PARTY
 A birthday party given by Mrs. Marvin Chase of the Chase Gardens district to her husband last Tuesday, Mr. Chase's anniversary comes on the same day as that of Abraham Lincoln.
 Those present at the party were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chase and family, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Chase and family, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Chase and family, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Chase and family, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Chase and family, Mrs. Lester Cyr, Miss Maud Chase, J. W. Chase and John Thompson. Refreshments consisted of delicious food provided by a potluck supper.
Wins Quoit Title
 Geneva, N. Y., Feb. 14, (AC)—The title of city champion has been conferred upon A. S. Childs, 76-year-old quoit pitcher. The veteran spends three hours daily tossing three-pound quoits in practice sessions. He is one of the oldest men in his section still loyal to "barnyard golf" and no young man in the neighborhood can beat him at it.
Return to Wendling—Mr. and Mrs. Byrle Crow returned to Wendling last Monday.
SUMMONS
 IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, IN AND FOR LANE COUNTY.
 The Pacific Savings & Loan Association, a Washington corporation, Plaintiff, vs. William W. White and Mary A. White, his wife, W. E. Powells, C. A. Pruitt and Laura May Pruitt, Defendants.
 To A. C. Pruitt and Laura May Pruitt, Defendants:
 To C. A. Pruitt and Laura May Pruitt, Defendants:
 IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, 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, and if you fail to so answer, for want thereof plaintiff will apply to the Court for relief demanded in Plaintiff's Complaint, to-wit: for the foreclosure of a mortgage against the following described real property, to-wit: Beginning at a point 40 feet South of the Northwest corner of Lot One (1) in Block Two (2) of Cherry Grove Addition to Eugene, Oregon, and running thence South 40 feet, thence East 60 feet, thence North 40 feet and thence West 60 feet to the place of beginning, being a part of Lot 1 in Block 2 in Cherry Grove Addition to Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may be deemed to be just and equitable.
 This Summons is served upon you by publication thereof once each week for four successive weeks in the Springfield News by order of Hon. G. F. Skipworth, Judge of said Court, made and entered Feb. 13, 1929, and the first publication thereof being made on the 14th day of Feb. 1929.
 WELLS & WELLS, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Residence and Post Office Address, Eugene, Oregon.
 F. 14-21-28: M. 7-14.

COLD WAVE MODERATES LONGEST COLD SPELL FELT HERE FOR YEARS

For the first time since a gripping cold descended down over the northwest over a week ago, yesterday evidenced a real moderation in temperature. Maximum temperature yesterday was 45 which was 5 degrees higher than the day before. The maximum last night was 22 and the night before 18.
 According to the report given by G. M. de Brockhert, weather man of Eugene, this last spell has been the longest severe snap since he began keeping record in 1915. During the winter of 1924-25 the mercury dropped lower, going down at one time as low as 4 below zero, but the duration of the severe cold weather was short.

The following are minimum temperatures recorder in degrees above zero since last Wednesday night when the severe cold commenced: Wednesday night, February 6, 15; Thursday night, 15; Friday night, 14; Saturday night, 17; Sunday night, 16; Monday night, 18.
 According to a report from the county agent's office the greatest damage to crops has been done to fall seeded clover, which had just gotten above the ground when the frost came. Kale

crops in this section have suffered some from frost, farmers report, although the damage so far is not great.
 The hay situation is tighter than it has been for several years with practically all of the saleable hay gone. Hay from Portland and Klamath Falls is being shipped in at \$25 per ton and more. The frost has nipped down the grass making pasture short.
 Warning has been sent out by county officers to owners of heavy trucks for them to load as lightly as possible and use the highways as little as possible when the weather begins to soften because of the danger of cutting up the roads. The macadem surface of the highways has been frozen, Clifton Hurd, county commissioner has explained, and when the three or four inches of frosted surface thaws the resulting expansion will soften the macadem.

Harding's Dog Dies
 Newton, Mass., Feb. 14, (AC)—Laddie Boy is dead. Once he was the "first dog in the land." The famous Airdale, who was White House mascot during the administration of the late President Harding, succumbed to age and illness at the Newtonville home of Harry L. Baker, Secret Service man. Laddie Boy was a half brother of President Coolidge's Laddie Buck.

...OPENING...
V. R. Jones Super-Service Station
Saturday, Feb. 16th
 We Will Carry Exclusively
RED CROWN GASOLINE
 and New Zerolene and Mobiloil, all Well-Known Products of the Standard Oil Company
 The new plant is the Only Super-Service Station in Springfield. It is equipped to take care of you every service need.
Hydraulic Hoist For Greasing, Two Grease Pits and other Conveniences Ready for you here.
Seiberling Patented Tires and a full Line of Accessories for Sale.
OPENING DAY
FREE GREASE JOB
 With Each Five Gallons of Red Crown Gasoline Purchased ... Everybody Invited to Come and Get Acquainted With This
NEW SUPER-SERVICE STATION
 Southwest corner 2nd and Main Sts. Springfield

2459 Oregon People Serve Your Telephone
They are your neighbors, and their task is to bring all your neighbors closer to you
A SMALL ARMY—one Oregon resident to every 58 telephones, or in all 2459 Oregon people—are in the ranks of the telephone company, engaged in serving you.
 That you may better understand what these telephone people are doing, we cordially invite you to visit any of our central offices.
 The switchboards, with their miles of wiring, will fascinate you. You will be surprised to find that the familiar telephone on your desk, which is one of the 143,000 in the Oregon exchanges, amounts to but **three per cent** of the total equipment needed to carry your voice over the state.
 The first Oregon telephone exchange opened in Portland in 1878 with 12 subscribers, just two years after the invention of the telephone itself.
 Oregon men and women have not only used the telephone from the beginning, but have helped develop the very art of telephony. J. H. Thatcher of this company has been here continuously since the advent of the telephone. Patrick Bacon, now Portland manager, began as a boy operator more than 40 years ago.
 Good telephone service requires the mutual cooperation of the public and the telephone company. Pay a visit to any central office—it is an interesting sight. Individuals and organizations are welcome.
 J. L. BLAND, Manager
The PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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