

# THE LAST OF THE DUANES

by Lane 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.

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.

Duane set forth on the hunt for Cheseldine. At Ord he locates the band of outlaws. At Bradford, later, he gives the night operator, Buell, instructions, saying he is going to arrest a man.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY—**

"This will probably happen after I take the train with my man. What I want you to do it to post the other operator. Then in case this does happen to either of you be cool and pretend to send the message given you. But send the wrong message—anything at random. Bluff the thing so these allies of my man will think they can still operations east."

Buell promised with a heightened color and considerable show of pleasure to go at once and relieve the day operator, who, he said, wanted some time off duty, and to stay by his instrument as long as needed.

"Who're you after?" he asked excitedly.

"You'll know presently. Another thing—my horse is over at the inn. I'll have to leave him and I'd like you to take care of him till you hear from me. If you don't hear—he's yours."

The time passed. When he went out he saw several Mexicans, a cowboy, and two men, and they all watched him curiously. Next he ran into Sheriff Bridger.

He laid a heavy hand on Bridger. "I want Cheseldine. Is he coming?" The sheriff gasped, and his swarthy face turned green. He looked sick. He could not speak.

Over his shoulder Duane saw Cheseldine coming with a group of men, all intent upon themselves.

"I'm Buck Duane, Taxes Ranger," he said, close to Bridger's ear. And he drew his gun and pressed it against the sheriff. "Look down! he added.

Bridger saw the gun and almost collapsed.

"Give me your hand-cuffs," went on Duane.

Bridger produced them and held them out with shaking fingers. Duane

snatched them, and, with a look at Bridger that meant death, he shoved him back.

Then Duane with gun high leaped in front of the approaching men.

"Cheseldine!" he yelled piercingly. All of them halted as if the word had petrified. One of them turned a ghastly stricken white.

"Hands out! Not up! In front of you! Quick!"

As Duane's look had meant death so here did his voice. The manacles clicked. Cheseldine was a prisoner. Duane turned to the paralyzed men.

"Gentlemen, you look honest," he said. "But I can take no chances. You must be judged by your company. I'm Duane, Texas Ranger. I arrest this man Cheseldine. I advise you all to be careful with your hands."

He grasped Cheseldine and backing away led him up to the station, pushed him against the wall. Duane's eyes covered every point before him. Bridger had disappeared.

Cheseldine's friends, recovering from their stupefaction, broke into a frenzy of excitement. But they did not approach closer. One by one the little crowd of astounded men was enlarged by others. Sight of Duane and his gun was enough, both to make them gape and hold them back.

Cheseldine remained white but calm. He had nerve. He seemed to want to hide his manacled hands.

"Duane, why did you make an exception of me?" he asked.

Duane did not reply. At the moment he heard the train whistle. Probably Cheseldine was wondering why he had not met the same fate as Bland, Alloway, Hardin. Duane wondered grimly the same thing.

The eastbound rolled into the station. Duane, waving the crowd back with his gun, made Cheseldine walk ahead of him, climb the steps of the car.

"Hurry this train," called Duane to the amazed conductor.

Then he got on, entered the car, put Cheseldine in a seat and sat facing him and all the passengers.

The train started up almost immediately, and left behind on the platform a yelling gesticulating crowd. Duane had a glimpse of Buell waving his hand from the station window.

It was a fast train, yet the ride seemed slow. Duane disliking to face Cheseldine and the watching conjecturing passengers in the car, changed his seat to one behind his prisoner. They had not spoken.

Cheseldine sat with bowed head, deep in thought. Occasionally the train halted briefly at a station.

They got off the car at Val Verde. The station was a good deal larger than that at Bradford, and there was considerable action and bustle incident to the arrival of the train.

Duane's sweeping gaze searched faces, rested upon a man who seemed familiar. This fellow's look too, was that of one who knew Duane, but was waiting for a sign, a cue. Then Duane recognized him—MacNelly, clean-shaven, without mustache he appeared different—younger.

"Duane! Lord, I'm glad to see you," was the captain's greeting.

Then at closer look into Duane's face his warmth fled—something he saw there checked his enthusiasm, or at least its utterance.

"MacNelly, shake hands with Cheseldine," said Duane, low-voiced.

The ranger captain stood dumb, motionless. But he saw Cheseldine's instant action and awkwardly he reached for the outstretched hand.

"Any of your men down here?" queried Duane sharply.

"No. They're up town."

"Come, Cheseldine, walk between us, and look straight ahead. Don't see anybody."

They set off up town. Cheseldine walked as if he were with friends on the way to dinner, except that his lips were mute. MacNelly walked like a man in a trance. There was not a word spoken in four blocks.

Presently Duane espied a stone building on a corner of the broad street. There was a big sign: Rancher's bank. Duane touched Cheseldine's elbow, pointed to the bank.

"Cheseldine, do you want to go in the bank and see if the shipment of gold has come—the big haul?" asked Duane sarcastically. He hated to taunt the man, but could not resist that much.

Cheseldine gave a violent start. Perhaps in that moment he understood. He made no reply.

"There's a hotel," said MacNelly,

"Some of my men are there. We're scattered round."

They crossed the street, went in through the lobby, office, saloon, to a large room, like a nail, and here were men reading and smoking. Duane knew them—rangers!

When he snapped the handcuffs back on Cheseldine it was with a strange air of finality. It was as if he renounced, MacNelly, the rangers, and certainly Cheseldine, all of Duane's strange action and look.

"There, Cheseldine!"

And with a something almost of passion and violence he pushed the outlaw toward MacNelly. He was done with him. Did that action mean that, as ranger, he was turning Cheseldine over to the law, when as Buck Duane he wanted to meet him, to face him, to make him draw, to kill him?

MacNelly beckoned to his men.

"Boys, here he is, Cheseldine! Russell, you and Mills take him in the small room and guard him. Don't take your eyes off him till we decide what to do."

The rangers led Cheseldine away.

"Duane, what had we better do with him for the present?" queried MacNelly. "There's a jail here. We can put him away till we're through. But would that be best? We've been lying low."

"No. How many men have you?"

"Fifteen."

"Keep two men here guarding Cheseldine."

MacNelly left to go into the other room, and returned closing the door. Then he almost embraced Duane, would probably have done so but for the dark grimness that seemed to be coming over the man.

Instead he glowed, he sputtered, he tried to talk, to wave his hands. He was beside himself. And his rangers crowded closer, eager, like hounds ready to run. They all talked at once, and the word most significant and frequent in their speech was Cheseldine.

MacNelly clapped his fist in his hand.

"This'll make the adjutant sick with joy. Maybe he won't have it on the Governor? We'll show them about the ranger service, Cheseldine! How'd you ever do it? Oh, I knew you were a wonder. But I was sure you'd kill him."

"He didn't give me a chance," replied Duane. "Now, captain, not the half, nor the quarter of this job's done. The gang's coming down the road. I saw them from the train. They'll ride into town on the dot—two-thirty."

"How many?" asked MacNelly.

"Poggin, Blossom Kane, Pan Handle"

Continued on Page 7

**Down from Walterville—**George and Carl Kramer were down from Walterville Monday.

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

Emery D. Lake, Adelaide Lake and Emery D. Lake, Guardian of the Estate of Bertha M. Lake, Insane, Plaintiffs, vs. The Unknown Heirs of Joseph Bradford, Deceased, and also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title or interest in and to the real property described in the Complaint, Defendants.

To the Unknown Heirs of Joseph Bradford, Deceased, and also all other persons unknown claiming any right title or interest in and to the real property described in the Complaint, 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 Court and cause on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication of this Summons, and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in their Complaint, herein, to-wit: for a decree of this Court forever quieting the title of the plaintiffs in and to the premises described in the Complaint herein, and described as follows, to-wit:

Lots Numbered Twenty-nine (29), Thirty (30) and Thirty-one (31) of Denmore's Plat of Lane County, Oregon, and part of Lot Thirty-two (32) of said plat bounded as follows: Beginning at the Northeast corner of said Lot Numbered Thirty-two (32) being in the center of County Road at angle in boundary of the William Luckey Donation Land Claim No. 52 in Township 18 South, Range 3, West of the Willamette Meridian; thence Southerly along center of said Road and East line of said Lot 774 feet; thence South 88 degrees 40 minutes West 593.7 feet, more or less, to the West line of said Lot No. 32; thence North 774 feet to Northwest corner thereof; thence North 88° 40' East 8.11 chains to place of beginning, containing 10.03 acres, containing in all 48.46 acres of land in Lane County, Oregon, and all being a part of said Donation Land Claim No. 52, all in the County of Lane and State of Oregon;

and further decreeing that the defendants have not, nor have either of them, any right, title or interest in and to the said premises or any part thereof. That the plaintiffs be decreed to be the owners in fee simple of the said premises, and that the defendants and each of them be forever barred from claiming any right, title other and further relief as to the Court may seem equitable.

This Summons is published once each week for six successive weeks in the Springfield News, a weekly news paper of general circulation, published in Lane County, Oregon, by order of the Honorable J. W. Hamilton, Judge of the Circuit Court of Lane County, Oregon, which order bears date the 20th day of February, 1929, and the first publication of this Summons is February 21st, 1929.

WALTER & KING, Attorneys for Plaintiffs, Residence and Post Office Address Eugene, Lane County, Oregon.

F. 21-28. M. 7-14-21-28. A. 4

**Here from Wendling—**Mrs. Jennie Kann was a Springfield visitor last Saturday.

**IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR LANE COUNTY**

Viola B. Larsen, plaintiff, v. Jane Griffiths Jones, or her unknown heirs, if deceased, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described herein, defendants.

**SUMMONS IN FORECLOSURE OF DELINQUENT TAX CERTIFICATE**

To Jane Griffiths Jones, or her unknown heirs, if deceased, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described herein, defendants:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you are hereby notified that Viola B. Larsen, the holder of Certificate of Delinquency numbered 2493 issued on the 29th day of January 1929, by the Tax Collector of the County of Lane, State of Oregon, for the amount of One Hundred Ninety-eight and 18/100ths Dollars, the same being the amount then due and delin-

Year's Tax	Date Paid	Tax Receipt No.	Amount	Rate of Interest
1923	Jan. 29, 1929	30552	\$174.90	12%
1924	(July 1, 1926)	29920	115.06	12%
	(Jan. 29, 1929)	31334	33.00	12%
1925	Feb. 21, 1927	31328	18.63	12%
	Feb. 21, 1927	31329	70.48	12%
	Feb. 21, 1927	31330	39.70	12%
1926	Jan. 29, 1929	31313	156.20	12%
1927	Jan. 29, 1929	30472	107.27	12%

Said Jane Griffiths Jones as the owner of the legal title of the above described property as the same appears of record, and each of the other persons above named are hereby further notified that Viola B. Larsen will apply to the Circuit Court of the County and State aforesaid for a decree foreclosing the lien against the property above described and mentioned in said certificate. And you are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the service of this summons upon you, or of the date of the first publication of this summons, exclu-

quent for taxes for the years 1922, together with penalty, interest and costs thereon upon the real property assessed to you, of which you are the owner as appears of record, situated in said County and State and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

An undivided one-half of Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, the west half of the southeast quarter and the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of Section 22; the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter; the southwest quarter; the south half of the southwest quarter; the south half of the southeast quarter of Section 26; the northeast quarter; the east half of the northwest quarter; the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter; the north half of the southeast quarter; and lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 of Section 27, all in Township 16, South, Range 12 West of the Willamette Meridian, in Lane County, Oregon.

You are further notified that said Viola B. Larsen has paid taxes on said premises for prior or subsequent years with the rate of interest on said amounts as follows:

clusive of the day of such service, or of the date of the first publication, and defend this action or pay the amount due as above shown together with costs against the land and the premises above named.

All process and papers in this proceedings may be served upon the undersigned residing within the State of Oregon at the address hereafter mentioned.

Date of first publication February 21, 1929.

DONALD YOUNG, 860 Willamette Street, Eugene, Oregon.

F. 21-28; M. 7-14-21;



**Injured in Opera**  
Mary Garden, opera star, injured accidentally during an opera scene in a Chicago Theatre, stifled her cries until she was carried behind the wings, and refused to allow news of her injury to be made public. Patrons did not suspect the substitution of a double.

store at Lowell last Sunday morning and took merchandise and money. The county police are working on the case.

The robber who got into Mammy's Cabin on the road between here and Eugene last Sunday morning is also still at large. The robber affected his entrance into Mammy's Cabin by breaking a window pane. He had been in the cabin for a few moments before he was detected. Mrs. Crawford, who heard him first, summoned her husband, but before he could capture the marauder, the man was making his get-away. Mr. Crawford fired two shots, but the robber escaped. Over \$40 was taken in silver and currency and 1200 pennies.

**CALL FOR WARRANTS**

Notice is hereby given that School District No. 19, Springfield Lane County, Oregon, will pay at the office of the Clerk of said district all warrants issued prior to October 13, 1928, to and including No. 109. Interest ceases after February 23, 1929.

WM. G. HUGHES, Clerk, District 19.

**SUNDAY ROBBERS STILL AT LARGE NO CLEW YET**

So far no clew has been gotten of the robbers who broke into the Frank Blair

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**Wm. Rodenbough Garage**

PHONE 95

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