



# THE LAST OF THE DUANES

by **Zane Grey**  
Illustrated by **Verne C. Christy**

"You can go back to her, Duane! It never seemed possible, but now it's true. Fight with us from cover—then go back to her. You will have served the Texas Rangers as no other man has. I'll accept your resignation. You'll be free, honored, happy—and rich. Jennie's rich, Duane. And she loves you! My God! how that girl loves you! She's—"

But Duane cut him short with a fierce gesture. He lunged up to his feet and the rangers fell back. Dark silent, grim as he had been, still there was a transformation singularly more sinister, stranger.

"Enough. I'm done," he said somberly. "I've planned. Do we agree—or shall I meet Poggin and his gang alone?"

MacNelly cursed and again threw up his hands, this time in baffled chagrin. There was deep regret in his dark eyes as they rested upon Duane.

"I accept, Duane," he rejoined quietly. "I'll go about the arrangements at once."

Duane was left alone.

Never had his mind been so quick, so clear, so wonderful in its understanding of what had heretofore been intricate and elusive impulses of his strange nature. His determination was to meet Poggin. Meet him before any one else had a chance—Poggin first—and then the others! He was as unalterable in that decision as if, on the instant of its acceptance, he had become stone.

At a few minutes before half-past two a dark compact body of horsemen appeared far down, turning into the road. They came at a sharp trot—a group that would have attracted attention anywhere at any time.

They came a little faster as they entered town—then faster still—now they were four blocks away—now three—now two. Duane backed down the middle of the vestibule, up the steps, and halted in the center of the wide doorway.

There seemed to be a rushing in his ears through which pierced sharp ringing clasp-clasp of iron hoofs. He could see only the corner of the street. But suddenly into that shot lead-limbed dusty bay horses. There was a clattering of nervous hoofs pulled to a halt.

Duane saw the tawny Poggin speak to his companions. He dismounted quickly. They followed suit. They had the manner of ranchers about to conduct some business. No guns showed.

Poggin started leisurely for the bank-door, quickening step a little. The others, close together, came behind him. Blossom Kane had a bag in his left hand, Jim Fletcher was left behind, and he had already gathered up the bridles.

Poggin entered the vestibule first, with Kane on one side, Boldt on the other, a little behind him.

As he strode in he saw Duane.

"Great Scott!" he cried.

Something inside Duane burst piercing cold. Was it that fear?

"Buck Duane," echoed Kane.

One instant Poggin looked up, and Duane looked down.

Like a striking jaguar Poggin moved. Almost as quick, Duane threw his arm.

The guns boomed almost together.

Duane felt a blow just before he pulled the trigger. His thoughts came swift like the strange dots before his eyes.

His rising gun had loosened in his hand. Poggin had drawn quicker!

A tearing agony encompassed his breast. He pulled—pulled—at random.

Thunder of booming shots all about him!

Red flashes—jets of smoke—shrills yells.

The end—yes—the end!

With fading sight he saw Kane go down, then Bolt. But supreme torture—bitterer than death—Poggin stood, mane like a lion's, back to the wall, bloody-faced, grand, with his guns spouting red!

All faded—darkened. The thunder deadened. Duane fell, seemed floating.

There it drifted—Jennie Lee's sw et face, white, sad, with dark tragic eyes—fading—fading—fading—

Light shone before Duane's eyes—thick, strange light that came and went. It seemed a long time with dull and booming sounds rushing by, filling all. It was a dream in which there was nothing. Drifting under a burden—darkness—light—sound—movement. Obscure struggling thought—vague sense of time—long time.

There was blackness and fire, creeping consuming fire. He was rolled and wrapped in it—and a dark cloud carried him away enveloped him.

He saw then dimly a room that was strange, strange people moving about, over him, with faint voices, far away, things in a dream.

He saw again, clearly, and consciousness returned, still strange, still unreal, full of those vague and far-away things. He was not dead, then. He lay stiff, like a stone, with a weight ponderous as a mountain upon him. And slow dull beating burning agony racked all his bound body.

A man bent over him, looked deep into his eyes, and seemed to whisper from a distance: "Duane—Duane—Ah, he knew me!"

After that another long time of darkness; when the light came again, clearer, this same dark-eyed earnest man bent over him. It was MacNelly—and with recognition the past flooded back.

Duane tried to speak. His lips were weak and limp. Their movement was barely perceptible.

"Have—you—sent—for her?"

"No, oh no. It's not that bad. You've a chance. Why, man, you'll get well. You'll pack a sight of lead all your life, Duane. The whole Southwest knows your story. You need never be ashamed again of the name Buck Duane. It'll live in Texas with that of Davey Crockett. Think of Jennie—home—mother!"

Then there was a white house—home—and his heart beat thick.

How familiar it all was—how strange, too! And all seemed magnificent.

The someone in white cried low and knelt by his bed.

His mother flung wide her arms with strange gesture.

"That man—that's his father! Where is my boy? My son, oh, my son!"

It was sheer pleasure to lie by the west window and watch Uncle Jim whittle his stick and listen to him talk. He was old now and broken.

He told so many interesting things about people Duane had known, people who had grown up and married, succeeded, gone away, died. But it was hard to keep Uncle Jim off the subject of guns, fights, outlaws. He could not seem to divine how mention of those things made Duane shrink.

Uncle Jim, old, childish now, and he had a pride in Duane. He wanted to hear it all—all of Duane's exile. And if there was one thing more than another that pleased him it was to speak of the bullets Duane carried in his body.

"Nine bullets, wasn't it? Nine in that last scrap. By gum! A man's a man to carry them. And you had three before."

"Yes, uncle," replied Duane.

"Nine and three—that makes twelve. An even dozen. You could pack more with them. There's Cole Younger—I've seen him. He's got twenty-three. But he's a bigger man than you—more flesh."

"Funny, wasn't it, about the doctors only cuttin' one bullet out of you—that one was in your breast bone? It was a forty-one calibre, an unusual cartridge."

"There was one bullet left in Poggin's gun, and it was the same—and as the one cut out. By gum! boy, that bullet would have killed you if it'd stayed there."

"It would indeed, uncle," said Duane, and the old, haunting, somber mood returned.

But Jennie was with him most of the time, and when she was by there was a deep, quiet joy such as had never been his.

She knelt by him at the window, her sweet face still white, but with warm life beneath the marble, her dark eyes still intent, haunted by shadows, but no longer tragic.

"The pain, Duane—is it any worse today, dear?" she asked.

"No, it's the same. It will always be the same, Jennie. I'm full of lead, you know. But I don't mind that."

"It's the old mood—the fear?"

"Yes. It haunts me. I'll be able to go out soon. Then it'll come back."

"No—no, Duane," she said.

"Some drunken cowboy—some fool with a gun will hunt me out," he said miserably. "Buck Duane! To kill Buck Duane!"

"Hush! Listen to me," she whispered, with tender arms round him. "I understand. But you will never have to draw again, Duane. You'll

never kill another man, thank God! For you will have me with you always. Soon you'll be well. Then, Duane, we'll—we'll be married."

"We'll take Uncle Jim and mother and go far from Texas, north somewhere—to Indiana, Michigan, anywhere that we want. I have money, Duane! Isn't it wonderful? The little, ragged girl you met out in Bl— out in the Rio Grande!"

"Do you remember my breaser sandals—no stockings! And I was lame then. Oh, it all comes back! But that's past. We'll buy a farm, and you will be busy with horses and cattle and sheep."

"You'll forget. I'll love you so. Maybe—I—I hope—oh, I pray—there'll be children. We'll be happy, Duane."

They watched the sun set golden over the line of low hills in the West, brown over the Nueces, far beyond the wild country of the Rio Grande which they were never to see again.

THE END



**Two Aces**  
Frank Hawks and his mechanic, Oscar E. Grubb, flew from Los Angeles to the Eastern Coast in 18 hours, 21 minutes and 59 seconds, beating the record of Colonel Art Goebel by more than 6 minutes.

Here from Signal—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Clark of Signal, were in Springfield Wednesday.

Scout Mountaineer Club to Meet—A meeting of the Cascade Mountaineer club of the boy scouts will be held next Monday evening.

Move to Eugene—Mrs. Ray Wright plans on moving from her place at 922 B street into Eugene some time next week. Dr. Eugene Koster and family of 442 B street will move into the house to be vacated by Mrs. Wright, sometime next month.

Has Painful Accident—Dennis Post, employe at the Junction Sashier mill at Mable had a timber fall on him Wednesday. He suffered injury to his arm and was compelled to come to a Springfield physician for treatment.

Stop Over Enroute—Mr. and Mrs. Bill Stuber, former resident of Springfield, who have been in Butte, Montana during the past year, stopped over in this city last Monday enroute to Roseburg where they will visit Parents.

Takes Over Tire Sales—Lum Anderson of the Lum's Service station on Main and Second street has taken over the sales agency for the Firstone tires which was held by Danner Motor company. Mr. Anderson has put in a complete line of Firstone tires, having bought those left by the Danner Motor company.

Thawing out pipes caused a fire that completely destroyed the ranch home and garage of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grimes on Williamson river, near Klamath Falls. Nothing was saved from the burning building.

Fingerlings released during 1928 by the Oregon state game commission into the streams of the Columbia river basin district totaled 47,312,136, according to Hugh Mitchell, superintendent of hatcheries.

Charley Burke, powderman and foreman of the Oregon Portland Cement company, suffered a broken leg and arm and lost the sight of both eyes in an explosion at the Dallas plant when he lit a defective fuse.

The Roseburg land office, with \$56,449.31, is third in the United States from the standpoint of receipts during the last fiscal year. The Lakeview office transacted business amounting to \$73,324.31.

Ashland, which has large investments in municipal public utilities, electric light and water plants, will contest the legislation advanced to tax such properties, the utilities being

### Father of Corn Cob



Anton A. Tibbe, 70, the father of the modern corn cob pipe, and the man who put Washington, Mo., on the map as capital of the "Missouri Meerschaum" industry, died at Oakland, Cal., after an illness of six months.

Falls and Breaks Ribs—Charles Rivett, formerly of Springfield, s n the Bryan Memorial hospital at Lincoln Nebraska, with four ribs and a shoulder broken, as the result of a fall from a building. He is in a serious condition according to information received here by his daughter, Mrs. W. P. Tyson. Mr. Rivett, who is a contractor, built several of the business blocks in Springfield and is well known by many people here.

Ill with Pneumonia—The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Jean Martin is quite seriously ill with pneumonia at the home of Mrs. Martin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lambert.

No Gas Tax for Mail Carriers  
Salem, Feb. 28—"The mail carriers should not be obliged to pay the state gasoline tax because they use only five per cent of the state highways, for the upkeep of which this tax is designated," was Senator E. F. Bailey's version of S. B. 69 which passed the Senate and is now under consideration in the House. The bill proposes that the state should refund the gasoline tax to the rural mail carriers.

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

Florence McQuillin, Plaintiff, v. s. Thomas Crowley and L. Davis, Defendants.  
To 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 amended complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within a 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 amended complaint to-wit:

That the description included in that certain mortgage recorded at Page 195 in Book 75 of the Mortgage Records of Lane County, Oregon, be amended so as to read as follows, to-wit:

The North half of the Northwest Quarter of Section 3, Township 16 South of Range 6 West of the Willamette Meridian; and also the Southwest Quarter of the Southwest Quarter of Section 34, Township 15 South of Range 6 West of the Willamette Meridian, according to the Government survey thereof.

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 above referred to be declared to be a first and valid lien upon the real premises above described, 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, and that plaintiff have and recover 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 them or any of them, be foreclosed and forever barred from any right, title or interest in or to said real premises or any part thereof; and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem equitable in the premises.

This Summons is published by order of the Hon. J. W. Hamilton, Judge of the above entitled Court.  
Date of first publication February 28, 1929; Date of last publication, March 28, 1929.

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



The partially completed inaugural stand in front of the Capitol where Herbert C. Hoover will take the oath of office as the thirty-first president of the United States.

Gannett Expands Used Car Business  
A new used car lot on Seventh and Oak streets Eugene has been recently opened by the Gannett Motor company to take care of their increased business in used cars which will run in conjunction with the main establishment. Extensive improvements including a sales house powerful lights, and attractive advertising posters are planned for the lot.

Here from Waltherville—Lawrence Millican of Waltherville, was a Sunday visitor in Springfield.

### U. OF O. SURVEY PLAN OF MERGER COMMITTEE

A meeting of the two committees on Springfield-Eugene consolidation was held in the Chamber of Commerce rooms here last Thursday. A committee consisting of H. E. Maxey and Frank Jenkins was appointed to interest the University of Oregon in a fact-finding survey of the situation. So far the University has not signified their willingness to do this.

To Resume Operations Monday—The Booth-Kelly mill which has been shut down during the week will start up again next Monday according to information given out now.

The Aeneas Club met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. N. E. Christensen. Mr. and Mrs. Christensen are leaving shortly for the north and the club made this meeting the occasion for a handkerchief shower for Mrs. Christensen. Sewing and visiting were the afternoons diversion. A delightful two course luncheon was served. Those present were Mesdames S. E. Wright, M. J. McKlin, N. W. Emery, Ella Lombard, John Parker, L. L. May, C. E. Kenyon, Frederick W. N. Williams, the hostess and Mrs. E. R. Danner, who was a guest of the club.

Here from Heather—Mr. and Mrs. George Boyd, of Heather, were in town this week. They report two feet of snow still at Heather while it is up in the hills on the S. P. line.

**HEILIG**  
EUGENE, OREGON

**'TAYLOR PLAYERS'**

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