



WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Buck Duane, quick on the draw, kills Cal Blain in self-defense and becomes an outlaw. After adventures on the road he goes to Bland's camp. There he wounds a man named Bosmer and becomes a bonon friend of another named Eubree. He meets Mrs. Bland and also a girl Jennie, held prisoner by Bland, whom he rescues after a series of intrigues in which he is forced to deceive Mrs. Bland.

This leads to Duane's killing of Bland, the outlaw leader, and rushing off with Jennie, who is lost later. Duane roams the roads for years as an outlaw, finally going to meet Captain MacNelly of the Rangers, who has asked to see him. MacNelly is kind to him, and offers him a pardon if he will accept an offer to become a Ranger and go after Cheseildine's gang. MacNelly had become interested in Duane after a Miss Lee had spoken in his behalf. Duane promises MacNelly 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 Cheseildine she breaks down and begs him to break his word to 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 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 an 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 or 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. How 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 when he did take her into his arms he 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 to float 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 forth 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 huskily. "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.

"Jennie—dearest, I believe—I'll come back!" he whispered.

These last words were falsehood.

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 impression he wanted to make upon different people whom he met.

He was in turn a cowboy, a rancher, a cattleman, a stock-buyer, 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 grazing country, of doubtful honesty, from which surely winding trails led down into the free and never disturbed paradise of outlaws—the Big Bend.

He saw a bright light before he made out the dark outline of the cabin. Then he heard voices, a merry whistle, a coarse song, and the clink of iron cooking utensils. He smelled fragrant wood-smoke. He saw moving dark figures cross the light. Evidently there was a wide door, or else the fire was out in the open.

Fortune favored him. There was bushes, an old shed, a wood pile, all the cover he needed at that corner.

Before he peered between the rough corner of wall and the bush growing close to it Duane paused for a moment. This excitement was different from that he had always felt when pursued. It had no bitterness, no pain, no dread. There was much danger here, perhaps more, yet it was not the same. Then he looked.

He saw a bright fire, a red faced man bending over it whistling while he handled a steaming pot. Over him was a roofed shed built against the wall with two open sides and two supporting posts. Duane's second glance, not so blinded by the sudden bright light, made out other men, three in the shadows, two in the flare, but with backs to him.

"It's a smoother trail by long odds, but ain't so short as this one right over the mountain," one outlaw was saying.

"What's eatin' you, Pan Handle?" ejaculated another. "Blossom an' me rode from Faraway Springs, where Poggins is with some of the gang."

"Excuse me, Phil. Shore I didn't see you come in, an' Boldt never said nothin'."

"It took you a long time to get here, but I guess that's just as well," spoke up a smooth, suave voice with a ring in it.

Cheseildine's voice!

Here they were—Cheseildine—Phil Knell—Blossom Kane—Pan Handle Smith—Boldt—how well Duane remembered the names—all here, the big men of Cheseildine's gang, except the biggest—Poggins.

Duane had holed them, and his sensations of the moment deadened sight and sound of what was before him. He sank down, controlled himself, silencing a mounting exultation, then, from a less strained position, he peered forth again.

The outlaws were waiting for sup-

per. Their conversation might have been that of cowboys in camp, or ranchers at a roundup. Duane listened with eager ears, waiting for the business talk he felt would come. All the time he watched with the eyes of a wolf upon its quarry.

Blossom Kane was the lean limbed messenger who had so angered Fletcher. Boldt was a giant in stature, dark, bearded, silent. Pan Handle Smith was the red faced cook, merry, profane, a short, bow legged man resembling many rustlers Duane had known, particularly Luke Stevens.

And Knell, who sat there, tall, slim, like a boy in build, like a boy in years, with his pale, smooth, expressionless face and his cold gray eyes.

And Cheseildine, who leaned against the wall, handsome, with his pointed face and beard, like an aristocrat, resembled many a rich Louisiana planter Duane had met.

The sixth man sat so much in the shadow that he could not be plainly discerned, and though addressed, his name was not mentioned.

Pan Handle Smith carried pots and pans into the cabin, and cheerfully called out: "If you gents air hungry fer grub don't look fer me to feed you with a spoon."

The outlaws piled inside, made a great bustle and clatter as they sat to their meal. Like hungry men

they talked little.

Duane waited there a while, then guardedly got up and crept round to the other side of the cabin. After he became used to the dark again he ventured to steal along the wall to the crack, and peeped in. The outlaws were in the first room and could not be seen.

For Duane the twenty-fifth of October seemed a whole lifetime in coming. When that day dawned he left a lonely camp in the brush and rode into Bradford.

He went to the old inn-keeper, with whom he had made acquaintance, and leaving his horse in the stable set off in search of Buell.

Inquiry discovered the night operator at his boarding-house asleep. Duane had him awakened. Buell came in heavy-eyed, but curious, half-expectant.

"Buell, I'm sorry to disturb you," said Duane, "but my business is urgent. You can aid me. I'm going to arrest a man here today, a prominent citizen. Now it's likely some of his friends—somebody, at any rate—will shove a gun in your face, or the day operator's, and make you send telegrams along the line."

(Continued Next Week)

For Sale—John Deere tractor, nearly new. Address John Michels, book, Lone, Ore.

No Posters Allowed On Car Windshields

Oregon is one of the states which prohibits the pasting of signs or posters upon the front windshields of automobiles, according to the Oregon State Motor association.

The states having laws upon this subject are Arizona, Connecticut, District of Columbia, Idaho, Michigan, Minnesota, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Virginia,

Washington and Wisconsin.

The language of the laws covering this matter in the above states vary, but the following is the typical provision in effect:

"It shall be unlawful for any person to drive any vehicle upon a highway with any sign, poster or other non-transparent material upon

on the front wind-shield, side wings, side or rear windows of such automobile, other than a certificate or other paper required to be so displayed by law."

Chas. Marquardt, Lexington farmer, was a Heppner visitor Monday.

Cummings & Witercraft
U. S. L. BATTERY SALES
Complete Battery Service—
Recharge — Rental — Repair
Satisfaction Guaranteed

BAYNARD SAGER
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Terms \$5.00 Monthly.
Box 521, Pendleton.

For a
GOOD
MEAL
at
ANY
TIME

ASK FOR

OLYMPIC

Sperry's high test, hard wheat flour. You will find it superior for best baking results.

A full line of Sperry's Cereals
always to be had at

PHELPS
Grocery Co.

THE HOME OF GOOD EATS
Phone Main 53 We Deliver

ELKHORN
RESTAURANT

ED CHINN, Prop.

Heppner Gazette Times, Only \$2.00 Per Year

Central Market

for the best in Meats.

FRESH AND CURED MEATS

Fish on Fridays. Oysters, Clams,
Shell Fish.

Central Market

HENRY SCHWARZ & SON

ARE YOU
SHIPPING TURKEYS?

Get our rates for dressed poultry of all kinds before you ship. We will pick them up any place on our route.

John Day Valley Freight Line

(Incorporated)

Operating between Heppner and Portland and John Day Highway Points.
CITY GARAGE, Local Agent, Phone 172



When you build, we are ready to serve you

WHEN you build it is always a comforting thing to know that the building materials you buy are going to be up to specifications.

Cheap, flimsy construction usually goes hand in hand with poor quality materials.

Safeguard your building by letting us know what you require and we will work with you to see that your interests are well protected.

We are headquarters for all dependable building materials and can also help you select a good, reliable contractor.

Tell us what you plan to do—we can and will give you helpful advice.

TUM-A-LUM LUMBER
COMPANY

Yards at Heppner, Lexington and Ione

Matches
6-Box Cartons
2 Cartons **35c**

PINEAPPLE
Broken Slice
4 Cans **79c**
No. 2½ Tins.

Campbell's SOUP
All Kinds
Per Can **10c**

CRESCENT
BAKING POWDER
5 Lbs. **\$1.19**

Raisins
Thompson Seedless
5 lbs. **33c**

SPUDS
Netted Gems
100 lbs. **\$1.19**

BANANAS
FANCY YELLOW
FRUIT
3 lbs. **25c**

STONE'S COFFEE
SPECIAL BLEND
1 Lb. **39c**
3 Lbs. **\$1.10**
SUPREME BLEND
1 Lb. **49c**
3 Lbs. **\$1.45**
Why Buy the Tin?

RED MEXICAN
Beans
10 lbs. **79c**

SPERRY'S FLOUR
White Down
49 Lbs. **\$1.85**
Barrel **\$7.25**

STONE'S SYRUP
Cane and Maple
½-Gallon **89c**
1 Gallon ... **\$1.45**

SUPER SUDS
3 Packages ... **25c**

Bread
FRESH
3 Loaves **19c**
Full Pound Loaves

PHONE

or leave orders at

Phelps Grocery Co.

Home Phone 1102

HEPPNER TRANS-

FER COMPANY