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Libby's Sliced Dried Beef  
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Alpha St. Sweet Clover St. Farm for sale and rent on crop payments. J. M. HALL, 800 City, Iowa

**DOGS DEVELOP TAILLESS RAT**  
Scientific Terriers Nipped So Many Rodents That New Generation Is Deformed.

The latest style hereabouts is tailless rats. Several years ago, on the farm of D. D. Hess, near Quarryville, the barn was infested with huge rats, and to get rid of them Hess employed a brace of terrier dogs. The latter chased the rodents to their holes, but about all they could get hold of were the tails. The result was a large number of tailless rats that year.

For some time no rats were seen, but recently the re appeared a number of young ones minus the usual appendage.—Lancaster (Pa.) Dispatch Phila. North American.

**Art Objects Sold.**  
A rare Flemish tapestry entitled "The Flaymakers," dating from late in the seventeenth century, brought \$1,400 at an art sale at the Anderson galleries, New York. It went to M. Kernochan. Other important sales were a large winter jar of the Sung dynasty in China, about 900 A. D., sold for \$175; a Chinese painting from the Ming dynasty, sold to M. Kernochan for \$160; a landscape painting from the Ming dynasty, to the same buyer for \$150; and another landscape scene from the Ming dynasty to W. Hotchkiss for \$130.

**Had to Hutn for it.**  
Flatbush—Did you ever lose much time house hunting?  
Bensonhurst—Oh, yes; we lived out West at one time, and we had a cyclone. I spent six days looking for my house.

**A Sensible Thing To Do**  
When the drug, caffeine—the active principle in coffee—shows in headache, nervousness, insomnia, biliousness, jumpy heart, and so on, the sensible thing to do is to quit the coffee.

It's easy, having at hand the delicious pure food-drink

**Instant Postum**  
It is made from wheat roasted with a bit of wholesome molasses and is free from any harmful substance.

Thousands who prefer to protect their health, use Postum with comfort and safety.

Made in the cup—instantly—with hot water. Convenient, nourishing, satisfying.

**"There's a Reason" for POSTUM**

# THE LONE STAR RANCER

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER

BY ZANE GREY

Author of "The Light of Western Stars," "Riders of the Purple Sage," etc.

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS  
NEW YORK AND LONDON  
MCMXV

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

Duane casually glanced in the direction indicated, and he saw a spare, giant man with a face strikingly white beside the red and bronze and dark skins of the men around him. It was a cadaverous face. The black mustache hung down; a heavy lock of black hair crooked down over the brow, deep set hollow, staring eyes looking out piercingly. The man had a restless, alert, nervous manner. He put his hands on the board that served as a bar and stared at Duane. But when he met Duane's glance he turned hurriedly to go on serving out liquor.

"What have you got against him?" inquired Duane, as he sat down beside Euchre. He asked more for something to say than from real interest. What did he care about a mean, haunted, craven faced criminal?

"Wal, mebbe I'm cross grained," replied Euchre, apologetically. "Shore an outlaw an' rustler, such as me can't be touchy. But I never shot nothin' but cattle from some rancher who never missed 'em anyway. They sneak Benson—he was the means of puttin' a little girl in Bland's way."

"Shore, Bland's great on women. I'll tell you about this girl when we get out of here. Some of the gang are good, but someable, an' I can't talk about the chief."

During the ensuing half hour a number of outlaws passed by Duane and Euchre, halted for a greeting or sat down for a moment. They were all good natured, merry, and good natured. Duane replied civilly and agreeably when he was personally addressed, but he refused all invitations to drink and gamble. Evidently he had been accepted in a way, as one of their young fellows that I was telling you about—he was drinkin' an' losin'. Lost his nut, too, callin' Bud arsh that way. Bud's as straight at cards as any of 'em. Benson grabbed Bud, who shot into the room. Fuller's arm was knocked up. He only hit a greaser."

CHAPTER VI.

Next morning Duane found that a moody and despondent spell had fastened on him. Wishing to be alone, he went out and walked a trail leading round the river bluff. He thought and thought, but he could not get his mind off the girl who had been in his room. He thought of her face and her eyes, and he thought of the way she had looked at him when he had been talking to her. He thought of the way she had looked at him when he had been talking to her. He thought of the way she had looked at him when he had been talking to her.

That morning Duane spent an unhappy hour wrestling decision out of the unstable condition of his mind. But at length he determined to create interest in his mind. He decided to forget himself as much as possible. He had an opportunity now to see just what the outlaw's life really was. He meant to force himself to be curious, and perhaps he never might be. He would stay there in the valley until his possibilities had been exhausted or until circumstances sent him out upon his uncertain way.

"When he returned to the shack Euchre was cooking dinner. "Say, Buck, I've news for you," he said; and his tone conveyed either pride in his possession of such news or pride in Duane. "Feller named Bradley rode in this mornin'. He heard some about you. Told about the ace of spades they put over the bullet holes in that cowpuncher Bain you plugged. Then there was a rancher shot at a little to the south of Wellston. Reckon you didn't do it?"

"No, I certainly did not," replied Duane.

"Wal, you get the blame. It ain't nothin' for a feller to be saddled with such a load of trouble, which's shore if you ever get famous, as seems like you'll be blamed for many a crime. The border'll make an outlaw a murderer out of you. Wal, there's enough of that. You're more news. You're goin' to be popular."

"Popular? What do you mean?"

"I met Bland's wife this mornin'. She seen you the other day when you rode in. She's shore wantin' to meet you, an' so do some of the other women in camp. They always want to meet the new fellers who've just come in. It's lonesome for women here, an' they like to hear news from the towns."

"Wal, Euchre, I ain't want to be impolite, but I'd rather not meet any women," rejoined Duane.

"I was afraid you wouldn't. Don't blame you much. Women are hell. I was hopin', though, you might talk a little to that poor lonesome kid."

"What kid?" inquired Duane, in surprise.

"Didn't I tell you about Jennie—the girl Bland's boy had—the one Jack-rabbit Benson had a hand in stealin'?"

"You mentioned a girl. That's all. Tell me now," replied Duane, abruptly.

"Wal, I got it this way. Mebbe it's straight, an' mebbe it ain't. Some years ago Benson made a trip over the river to buy mesal an' other drinks. He'll sneak over there once in a while. An' as I get it, he run across a gang of greasers, with some gringo prisoners. I don't know, but I reckon there was some barterin', perhaps murderin'. Anyway, Benson fetched the girl back. She was more dead than alive. But it turned out she was only starved an' scared half to death. She hadn't been harmed. I reckon she was then about 14 years old. Benson's idea, he said was to use her in his den sellin' drinks an' the like. But I never went much on Jack-rabbit's word. Bland seen the kid right off and took her—bought her from Benson. You can gamble Bland didn't do that from notions of chivalry. I ain't gainsayin', however, but that

Jennie was better off with Kate Bland. She's been hard on Jennie, but she's kept Bland an' the other men from treatin' the kid shameful. Late, Jennie has grown into an all-fired pretty girl, an' Kate's jealous of her. I can see her brewin' over there in Bland's cabin. That's why I wish you'd come over with me. Bland's hardly ever home. His wife's invited you. Shore, if she gets sweet on you, as she has it on Wal, that'd be a complicated matter. But you get to see Jennie, an' mebbe you could help her. Mind, I ain't hintin' nothin'; I'm just wantin' to put her in your way. You're a man an' can think for yourself. I had a baby girl once an', if she'd lived, she'd be as big as Jennie now an' by heaven, I wouldn't want her here in Bland's camp."

"I'll go, Euchre. Take me over," replied Duane. He felt Euchre's eyes upon him. The old outlaw, however, had no more to say.

In the afternoon, Euchre set off with Duane, and soon they reached Bland's cabin. Duane had seen the pretty woman one where he had seen the pretty woman watching him ride by. He could not recall what she looked like. The cabin was the same as the other adobe structures of the valley, but it was larger and pleasantly located rather high up in a grove of cottonwoods. In the windows and upon the porch were evidences of a woman's hand. Through the open door Duane caught a glimpse of bright Mexican blankets and rugs. Euchre knocked upon the side of the door.

"Is that you, Euchre?" asked a girl's voice, low, hesitatingly. The tone of it, rather deep and with a note of fear, struck Duane. He wondered what she would be like.

"Yes, it's me, Jennie. Where's Mrs. Bland?" answered Euchre.

"She's gone over to Deger's. There's somebody sick," replied the girl.

Euchre turned and whispered something about luck. The snap of the outlaw's eyes was added significance to Duane.

"Come out, or let us come in. Here's the young man I was tellin' you about," Euchre said.

"Oh, I can't! I look so—so—" "Never mind how you look," interrupted the outlaw, in a whisper. "It ain't no time to be in a whisper. You're young Duane, Jennie, he's no rustler, no thief. He's different. Come out, Jennie, an' mebbe he'll—"

Euchre did not complete his sentence, for he saw the low, dark, black hair shifting from side to side.

But what he said was sufficient to bring the girl quickly. She appeared in the doorway with downcast eyes and a nervous, furtive look. She had a pretty, sad face and bright hair.

"Don't be bashful, Jennie," said Duane. "You an' Duane have a chance to talk a little. Now, I'll go fetch Mrs. Bland, but I won't be hurryin'."

But the girl went away through the cottonwoods.

"I'm glad to meet you, Miss—Miss Jennie," said Duane. "Euchre didn't mention your last name. He asked me to call you Jennie."

Duane's attempt at pleasantry halted short when Jennie lifted her lashes to look at him. Some kind of a shock went through Duane. Her gray eyes, beautiful, but they had not been beauty that short his speech. He seemed to see a tragic struggle between hope and doubt that shone in her piercing gaze. She kept looking, and Duane could not break the silence. It was no ordinary woman's face.

"What did you come here for?" she asked, at last.

"To see you," replied Duane, glad to speak.

"Well—Euchre thought—he wanted me to talk to you, cheer you up a bit," replied Duane, somewhat lamely. The earnest eyes embarrassed him.

"Euchre's good. He's the only person who's ever been in my place before. He said you were different. Who are you?"

Duane told her.

"You're not a robber or rustler or murderer or some bad man come here to hide?"

"No, I'm not," said Duane, trying to smile.

"I'm on the dodge. You know what that means. I got in a shooting scrape at home and had to run off. When it blows over I hope to go back."

"But you can't be honest here?"

"Yes, I can."

"Oh, I know what these outlaws are. Yes, you're different." She kept the strained gaze upon him, but hope was kindling, and the hard lines of her young face were softening.

Something sweet and warm stirred deep in Duane as he realized the unfortunate girl was experiencing a birth of trust in him.

"Maybe you're the man to save me—to take me away before it's too late!"

Duane's spirit leaped.

"Maybe I am," he replied, instantly. She seemed to check a blind impulse to fling her arms. Her cheeks flamed, her lips quivered, her bosom swelled under her ragged dress. Then the glow began to fade; doubt once more assailed her.

"You're only after me, too, like Bland—like all of them."

Duane's long arms went out and his hands clasped her shoulders. He shook her.

"Look at me—straight in the eye. There are decent men. Haven't you a father—a brother?"

"They're dead—killed by raiders. We lived in Dimmit county. I was carried away," Jennie replied, hurriedly, the girl turned an appealing head to him. "Forgive me, I believe—I know you're good. It was only—I live so much in fear—I'm half crazy—I've almost forgotten what good men are like. Mister Duane, you'll help me?"

"Yes, Jennie, I will. Tell me how. What must I do? Have you any plan?"

"No, but take me away."

"I'll try," said Duane simply. "That won't be easy, but I must have time to think. You must help me. There are many things to consider. Horses, food, trails, and then the best time to make the attempt. Are you watched—kept prisoner?"

"No, I could have run off lots of times. But I was afraid. I'd only have fallen into worse hands. Euchre has told me that. Mrs. Bland beats me, half starves me, but she has kept me from her husband's hand these other dogs. She's been as good as that, and I'm grateful. She hasn't done it for love of me, though. She always hated me. And lately she's growing jealous. She's been jealous ever since I heard her fighting with Bland about me. She swears she'll kill me before he gets me. And Bland laughs in her face. Then I've seen Chesh Alloway try to persuade Bland to give me to him. But Bland doesn't laugh then. Just lately before Bland went away things came to a head. I couldn't sleep. I wished Mrs. Bland would kill me. I'll certainly kill myself if they ruin me. Duane, you must be quick if you'd save me."

"I realize that," replied he, thoughtfully. "I think my difficulty will be to fool Mrs. Bland. If she suspected she was the king of the whole gang of outlaws on me at once."

"She would that. You've got to be careful—and quick."

"What kind of woman is she?" in-

quired Duane.

"She's—she's brazen. I've heard her with her lovers. They get drunk sometimes when Bland's away. She's got a terrible temper. She's vain. She likes flattery. Oh, you could fool her easy enough if you'd lower yourself to—"

"To make love to her?" interrupted Duane.

Jennie bravely turned shamed eyes to meet his.

"My girl, I'd do worse than that to get you away from here," he said bluntly.

"But—Duane," she faltered, and again she put out the appealing hand. "Bland will kill you."

Duane made no reply to this. He was trying to still a rising strange tumult in his breast. The old emotion—the old instinct to kill! He tried cold all over.

"Chesh Alloway will kill you if Bland doesn't," went on Jennie, with her tragic eyes on Duane's.

"Maybe he will," replied Duane. It was difficult for him to force a smile. But he achieved one.

"Oh, better take me off at once," she said. "Save me without risking so much—without making love to Mrs. Bland!"

"Surely, if I can. There! I see Euchre coming with a woman."

"That's her. Oh, she mustn't see me with you."

"Wait—a moment," whispered Duane, as Jennie slipped in. "We've settled it. Don't forget. I'll find some way to get word to you, perhaps through Euchre. Meanwhile keep up your courage. Remember I'll save you somehow. We'll try strategy first. Whatever you see or hear me do, don't think less of me."

Jennie checked him with a gesture and a wonderful gray flash of eyes. "Oh, bless you! With every drop of blood in my heart, she whispered passionately.

It was only as she turned away into the room that Duane saw she was lame and that she wore Mexican sandals over her feet.

He sat down upon a bench on the porch and directed his attention to the approaching couple. The trees of the grove were thick enough for him to make reasonable sure that Mrs. Bland had not seen him talking to Jennie. When the outlaw's wife drew near Duane saw that she was a tall, strong, full bodied woman, rather good looking, with a face blown, bold attractiveness. Duane was more concerned with her expression than with her good looks; and as she appeared unsuspecting he felt relieved. The situation then took on a singular zest.

Euchre stepped up on the porch and awkwardly introduced Duane to Mrs. Bland. She was young, probably not over 25, and not quite so prepossessing at close range. Her eyes were large, rather prominent, and brown in color. Her mouth, too, was large, with the lips full, and she had white teeth.

Duane took her proffered hand and remarked frankly that he was glad to meet her.

"Mrs. Bland appeared pleased; and her laugh, which followed, was loud and rather musical.

"Mr. Duane—Buck Duane, Euchre said, didn't he?" she asked.

"Euchre didn't mention your name," Duane said, "but he said you were different. I'm certainly glad to meet you, Buck Duane," she said, as she took the seat Duane offered her. "Sorry to have been out. Kid Fuller's lying over here. You know he was shot last night. He's got fever today. When Bland's away I have to nurse all these shot up boys, and it sure takes my time. Have you been waiting here long? Don't see that slattern girl of mine?"

She gave him a sharp glance. She had an extraordinary play of feature, Duane thought, and unless she was smiling was not pretty at all.

"I've been alone," replied Duane. "Haven't seen anybody but a sick looking girl with a bucket. And she ran when she saw me."

"That was Jen," said Mrs. Bland. "She's the kid we keep here, and she sure hardly pays her keep. Did Euchre tell you about her?"

"Now that I think of it, he did say something or other."

"What do you tell you about me?" Duane asked Mrs. Bland.

"Wal, Kate," replied Euchre, speaking for himself, "you needn't worry none, for I told Buck nothin' but compliments."

Evidently the outlaw's wife liked Euchre, for her keen glance rested with amusement upon him.

"As for Jen, I'll tell you her story some day," went on the woman. "It's a common enough story along this river. Euchre here is a tender-hearted old fool, and Jen has taken him in."

"Wal, seein', as you've got me figured correct," replied Euchre, dryly. "Certain'ly go ahead, Jen, call you her best friend," said Mrs. Bland, amiably. "You're always fetchin' some Mexican stuff, and that's why, I guess."

When Euchre had shuffled into the house, Bland turned to Duane with curiosity and interest in her gaze.

"Bland told me about you."

"What did he say?" queried Duane, in pretended alarm.

"Mrs. Bland's not that kind of a man you dirt. Bland's not that kind of a man. He said: 'Kate, there's a young fellow in camp—rode in here on the dodge. He's no criminal, and he refused to join my band. Wish he would. Slickest kind of a kid you I've seen for many a day.' I'd like to see him and Chesh meet out there in the road.' Then Bland went on to tell how you and Bommer came together."

"Bland told me about you," inquired Duane, as she paused.

"Me? Why, I asked him what you looked like," she replied, gayly.

"Well?" went on Duane.

"A decent chap, Bland said. Big, tall, blue-eyed, sun-burned. Just a 'humph'!" exclaimed Duane. "I'm sorry he led you to expect somebody worth seeing."

"I'm not disappointed," she returned, archly. "Duane, are you going to stay long here in camp?"

"Yes, till I run out of money and have to move. Why?"

"Mrs. Bland's face underwent one of the singular changes. The smiles and flushes and glances, all that had been coquettish about her, had lent her a certain attractiveness, almost beauty and youth. But with some powerful and instantaneously, Duane imagined, of deep, violent nature.

(Continued Next Week.)

**A WORD TO YOUTH.**

Josiah Royce, in the Harvard Graduates' Magazine.

What great crises teach all men whom the example and counsel of the brave inspire is the lesson: Fear not, view all the tasks of life as sacred, have faith in the triumph of the ideal, give daily, all waking you have to give, be loyal, and rejoice whenever you find yourselves part of a great ideal enterprise.

You, at this moment, have the honor to belong to a generation whose lips are touched by fire. You live in a land that now enjoys the blessings of peace. But let nothing human be wholly alien to you. The human race now passes through one of its great crises. New ideas, new issues—a new call for men to carry on the work of righteousness, of charity, of courage, of patience, and of loyalty—all these things have come and are daily coming to you. When you are old you will look back on these days. Perhaps, with the strange joy that memory throws, like a sunset glow, over even the most tragic events when once they are long past, you will some day say of these times of perplexity, of doubt, of fear, of world-wide suffering: "Wordsworth said in the well known words which he recalled the French revolution and the hopes of his youth:

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven.

But however memory brings back this moment to your mind, let it be able to say to you: That was a great moment. It was the beginning of a new era. The world was passing to a new life, and was greeting the new life with a loud call and with a strength of the passions of the nations, and was never known before. This world, in its crisis called for volunteers, for men of faith in life, of patience and of charity, and of courage. I responded to the call, however I could. I volunteered to give myself to my master, the cause of humane and brave living. I studied, I loved, I labored, unsparringly and hopefully, to be worthy of my generation.

**Heavy Drinking Diplomats.**

From the Chicago Post.

Bismarck was an extremely heavy drinker, yet one of the most clear headed men that ever lived. It was a favorite boast of his that he achieved all of his early diplomatic successes through his ability to take his liquor better than his rivals. For in his early days, when diplomats drank until the weaker ones were well nigh intoxicated, when the older hands did as they liked with them, who were the nation's secrets, Bismarck made them act contrary to instructions. He boasted, too, that he once drank three liters of a bottle of champagne at a single draught.

But Bismarck was not the only statesman who could take his liquor in abundance. The younger Pitt was noted for his port drinking. He would drink a couple of bottles at a sitting as a matter of everyday occurrence, and would sit drinking port, with an occasional dash of cognac, all night, going down to parliament next day with a comparatively clear head.

Dr. Johnson was a great tea drinker. It is stated that he would drink 20 or 40 cups of tea during an evening. Yet he lived to a fair age, and apparently suffered no very ill effects from his great thirst for tea.

He was one of the most notable of feeders, and ate his food in what we should now think rather a piglish fashion, making great grunts and groans of satisfaction or enjoyment, and making the round of the menu very thoroughly.

Charles Reade, the famous novelist, is reported to have been one of the strangest feeders on record. A contemporary, writing of his meals at the Garrick club, says: "I never saw a man, flanked by a jug of cream, as his first course, and said to follow, washed down by cold drinks of the shandygaff order. He would drink coffee as sociably with a stack of pudding and toasted cheese, to the amazement of any onlooker."

It is a shrewd observation that a connoisseur in the matter of wine, though by no means a heavy drinker. He was, however, best with a huge appetite.

Robert Browning, too, was fond of a glass of rare old port. He related a story bearing on this subject about his father. One day he (the poet) asked for a glass of water. "Water, Robert?" exclaimed his father. "For washing purposes it is, I believe, often employed, and for navigable I admit it is to be indispensable for drinking. Robert, God never intended it for that."

**Farmers Grow Weary.**

From the Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Gazette.

The farmers of Johnson county have begun an organization among themselves whereby they propose to apply a brake to a extravagance in local government, and to impress their views, as owners of real property and as taxpayers, upon the official class who make politics a religion and have turned a profession.

Something of the same attitude is observable in Linn—possibly in other counties. When republican and democrat from the farms meet in town they do not immediately unlimber their partisan artillery and begin an active offensive for the purpose of taking prisoners and capturing positions. In fact they appear to get along famously and are quite as likely to seek seats in a quiet place and talk things over in an amicable way.

So long as the politicians are able to create and maintain divisions among the farmers whose actual interests are identical, and who are more able to counsel and aid each other, the minority, composed of schemers, holding the balance of power and most of the offices, prosper splendidly at the expense of the general public. The farmers and the public in general are becoming aware that they owe not one cent to politics and politicians of the ordinary kinds and that the wind dedicated to their interests in campaigns has turned to a mere whiff of vanity.

The farmers are becoming weary of following a long line of the successors of Moses, who have taken school and advertising and fame, and a large number of "leading citizens" would be wise to proceed immediately to equip themselves with shock absorbers.

**Neither Fire Nor Water.**

"I heard an alarm of fire," said the bored husband, watching a very dull play. "I must go and see where it is." His wife, whose hearing was less acute, made way for him in silence, and he disappeared.

"It wasn't a fire after all," he said on his return. "Nor water, either," said his wife, coldly.

**Indifferent.**

From the New York World.

"Scientists are now generally agreed that drunkenness is a disease, and that the man who drinks should be treated by a physician."

"Oh, well, most men who drink don't care who treats them."

**A Social Factor.**

From the Boston Transcript.

"The telephone is a great social factor."

"You bet! We wouldn't have called on the people next door at all if we hadn't wanted to use their telephone."

**The Only Kind In Use.**

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Professor, I want to take up international law. What course of study would you recommend?"

"Constant target practice."

**Quick Aid Needed.**

Beggar—Stranger, I have a sick wife. Could you help me out?

Passer-by—I can give you a job next week.

Beggar—Too late; she'll be able to go to work herself by then.

Pastel blue is charming over petals rose chiffon.