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in a jiffy
Let Libby's splendid chefs relieve you of hot-weather cooking. Stock the pantry with Libby's

Sliced Dried Beef
and other good summer meals—including Libby's Vienna Sausage—you'll find them fresh and appetizing.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago



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Did you know that you could buy Hall Insurance buy mail and save the middle men's profits or about one-fourth the cost of your insurance. Write telling us how much you farm, what county you are in, and how much insurance you want to carry and let us figure with you.

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DAISY FLY KILLER
placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. No odor, no mess. Kills all seasons. Metal, can't spill or tip over. Will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Dealers everywhere. Express paid for \$1.00.

SEEDS
Alfalfa 65, Sweet Clover 65, Farms for sale and rent on crop payments. J. M. LUBAL, 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.

Art Objects Sold.
A rare Flemish tapestry entitled "The Hyemakers," 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 wine 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 \$100; a landscape painting from the Ming dynasty, to the buyer for \$150, and another landscape seen from the Ming dynasty to W. Hotchkiss for \$130.

Had to Nutn for It.
Flatbush—Did you ever lose much time 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 delight.
Made in the cup—instantly—with hot water. Convenient, nourishing, satisfying.

There's a Reason for POSTUM

THE LONE STAR RANGER

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, gaunt man with a face strikingly white beside the red and bronze adobe skins of the men around him. It was a cadaverous face. The black mustache hung down a heavy load of black hair cropped down over the brow; deep set, hollow, staring eyes looked 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, for he set 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 stole nothin' but cattle from some rancher who never missed 'em anyway. That sneak Benson—he was the means of puttin' a little girl in Bland's way."
"Girl?" queried Duane, now with real attention.
"Shore. Bland's great on women. I'd tell you about this girl when we get out of here. Some of the girls are goin' to be sociable. 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, and then down for a moment. They were all gruff, loud voiced, merry, and good natured. Duane replied civilly and agreeably when he was personally addressed. Presently he used all invitations to drink and gamble. Evidently he had been accepted, in a way, as one of their clan. No one made any hint of an allusion to his affair with Bosomer. Duane saw readily that Euchre was well liked. One outlaw borrowed money from him, another asked for tobacco.

By the time it was dark the big room was full of outlaws and Mexicans, most of whom were engaged at monte. These gamblers, especially the Mexicans, were intense and quiet. The noise of the place came from the drinkers, the loungers. Duane had seen gambling resorts—some of the famous ones in San Antonio and El Paso, a few in town and towns where license was not checked. But this place of Jackrabbits' Benson impressed him as one where guns and knives were accessories to the game. To his perhaps rather disbelieving eyes the most prominent thing about the gamblers' attitude was that they were accessories to the game. On several of the tables were piles of silver—Mexican pesos—as large and high as the crown of his hat. There were also piles of gold and silver in United States coin. Duane needed no experienced eyes to see that betting was heavy and that heavy sums exchanged hands. The Mexicans showed a sterner obsession, an intense passion. Some of the Americans staked freely, nonchalantly, as befitted men to whom money was nothing. These latter were manifestly winning, for there were another outlaws who wagered coin with grudging, greedy eyes. Both groups talked and laughed among the drinking men, except at intervals, the low, brief talk of the gamblers. The clink of coin sounded incessantly, sometimes just low, steady musical rings, and again, when a pile was rolled quickly, there was a silvery crash. Here an outlaw pounded on a table with the butt of his gun; there another noisily palmed a roll of dollars while his studied his opponent's face. The noises, however, in Benson's den did not contribute to any extent to the sinister aspect of the place. That seemed to come from the grim and reckless faces, from the bent, intent heads, from the dark lights and shadows. There were bright lights, but these served only to make the shadows. And in the shadows lurked unrestrained lust of gain, a spirit ruthless and reckless, a something at once suggesting lawlessness, theft, murder, and hell.

"Bland's not here tonight," Euchre was saying. "He left today on one of his trips, takin' Alloway an' some others. But his other man, Rugg, he's got a gun standin' with them rustlers, all close to Benson. Rugg's the little bow legged man with the half of his face shot off. He's one eyed—but he can shoot see out of the one he's got. An' damn me! there's a man I know him? He's got an outlaw gang as big as Bland's. Hardin is standin' next to Benson. See how quiet an' unassuming he looks. Yes, that's Hardin. He comes here once in a while to see their friends, which is shore strange. Do you see that greaser there—the one with gold an' lace on his sombrero? That's Manuel, a Mexican bandit. He's a great gambler. Comes here to drop his coin. Next to him is Bill Marr—the feller with the bandanna 'round his head. Bill rode in the other day with some fresh bullet holes. He's been shot more'n any feller I ever heard of. He's full of lead. Funny, because Bill's no trouble hunter, an' like me, he'd rather run than shoot. But he's the best rustler Bland's got—a grand rider, an' a wonder with cattle. An' see the tow headed youngster, that's Kid Euchre, the kid of Bland's gang. Fuller has hit the pace hard, an' he won't last the year on the border. He killed his sweetheart's father, got run out of Staceytown, took to stealin' hosses. An' next he's wrong with Bland. Another boy gone wrong, an' now shore a hard nut."

Euchre went on calling Duane's attention to other men, just as he happened to glance over them. Any one of them would have been a marked man in a respectable crowd. Here each took his place with more or less distinction, according to the record of his past wild prowess and his present pastimes. Duane, realizing that he was tolerated there, received in a careless friendly spirit by this terrible class of outcasts, experienced a feeling of relief that amounted almost to horror. Was his being there not an ugly dream? What had he in common with such ruffians? Then in a flash of memory came the painful proof—he was a criminal in sight of Texas law; he, too, was an outlaw.

For a moment Duane was wrapped in painful reflections; but Euchre's heavy hand, clapping with a warning hold on his arm, brought him back to outside things.
The hum of voices, the clink of coin, the light of fire and took her. There was a silence that manifestly had followed some unusual word or action sufficient to still the room. It was broken by a harsh curse and the scrape of a bench on the floor. Some man had fallen.

"You stacked the cards, you!"
"Say that twice," another voice replied, so different in its cool, ominous tone from the other.
"I'll say it twice," returned the first grunter. "If not haste, I'll say it three times, I'll whistle it. Are you deaf? You light-fingered gent! You stacked the cards!"
Silence ensued, deeper than before, pregnant with meaning. For all that Duane saw, not an outlaw moved for a full moment. Then suddenly the room was full of disorder as men rose and ran and dived everywhere.
"Run or duck!" yelled Euchre, close to Duane's ear. With that he dashed toward the door. Duane leaped after him. They ran into a jostling mob, which shot gun shots and hoarse yells hurried the crowd Duane was with pell mell out into the darkness. There they all halted, and several peeped in at the door.
"How many shots?"
"Bud Marsh," replied another.
"I reckon them last shots was Bud's. Adios Kid. I was comin' to him," went on yet another.
"Three or four, I counted."
"Three heavy an' one light. That light one was the Kid's. Listen! There's the Kid holdin' now. He ain't cashed, anyway."
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 toward the river bank. He thought and thought. After a while he made out that the trouble with him probably was that he could not resign himself to his fate. He abandoned the possibility of going to Benson, and he decided to go to Benson. He decided to go to Benson. He decided to go to Benson. He decided to go to Benson.

CHAPTER VI
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Jennie was better off with Kate Bland. She's been hard on Jennie, but she's been hard on Jennie, an' mebbe treatin' the kid shameful. Late, Jennie has grown into an all-fired pretty girl, an' Kate is powerful jealous of her. I can see hell brewin' over there in Bland's cabin. I wish you could come over with me. Bland's hardly ever home. His wife's invited you. Shore, if she gets sweet on you, as she has on—Wal, the'd complicate matters. But you'd see to 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 remembered it as the one where he had seen the pretty woman watching him ride by. He could not recall whether she looked like Jennie, but the same as the other adobe structures in 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 life well lived. Through the open door Duane caught a glimpse of bright Mexican blankets and rugs.
Euchre knocked upon the side of the door.

"Yes, it's me, Jennie. Where's Mrs. Bland?"
"She went over to Deger's. There's somebody sick," replied the girl.
Euchre turned and whispered something about luck. The snap of the door's eyes was added significance to Duane.
"Jennie, come out, or let us come in. Here's the young man I was tellin' you about," Euchre said.
"Oh, I can't look so—"
"No, mind how you look," interrupted the outlaw, in a whisper. "It ain't no time to care for that. Here's young Duane, Jennie, he's no rustler, no thief. He's different. Come out, Jennie, she ain't complete his sentence. He had spoken low, with his glance shifting from side to side.
But what he said was sufficient to bring a girl quickly. She appeared in the doorway with downcast eyes and a stain of red in her white cheek. She had a pretty, sad face and bright hair.
"Don't be bashful, Jennie," said Euchre. "You an' Duane have a chance to get close. Now, I'll go fetch Mrs. Bland, but I won't be hurryin'."
With that Euchre went away through the cottonwoods.

"I'm glad to meet you, Miss—Miss Jennie," said Duane. "Euchre didn't mark your name. He asked me to come over to—"
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 were beautiful, but he had never seen beauty that cut 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 resist the silence. It was no ordinary moment.
"What did you come here for?" she asked, at last.
"To see you," replied Duane, glad to speak at all.
"Well—Euchre thought he wanted me to talk to you, cheer you up a bit," replied Duane, somewhat lamely.
"Euchre's good. He's the only person in this awkward place who's been good to me. But he's afraid of Bland. He said you were different. Who are you?"
"I'm Jennie," she told her.
"You're not a rustler or rustler or murderer or some bad man come here to live?"
"No, I'm not," said Duane, trying to smile.
"Then why are you here?"
"I'm on the dodge. You know what that means. I got in a shooting scrape at home an' had to run off. When I blew my horn I had to go back."
"You ain't be honest here?"
"Yes, I can."

"Oh, I knew what these outlaws are. Yes, you're different." She kept the strained face upon him, but hope was kindling in her eyes. Her words of her youthful 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. "I'd like to check a blind impulse to run into my 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. "She put up her hand to him. "Cheer up, give 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 help me."
"Yes, Jennie, I will. Tell me how. What must I do? Have you any plan?"
"Oh, no. But take me away."
"I'll try," said Duane simply. "That won't be easy, though. 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 can't 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 and 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. There was a man came here by the name of Spence. She called him 'the thief.' He tried to be kind to me. But she wouldn't let him. She was in love with him. She's a bad woman. Bland finally shot Spence, and that ended his life. She's been jealous ever since. I hear 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 heard Chess Alloway try to persuade Bland to give me to him. But Bland doesn't want me. Just lately before Bland would away things came to a head. I couldn't sleep. I wished Mrs. Bland would kill me. I'll certainly kill myself if she ruin me. Duane, you're the only man I've ever loved. I realize that," replied Jennie, thoughtfully. "I think my difficulty will be to fool Mrs. Bland. If she suspected me she'd have the whole gang of outlaws after me. You've got to be careful—and quick. You've got to get out of here before Bland sees you."
"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 surge of tumult in his breast. The old emotion—the rush of an instinct to kill! He turned cold all over.
"Chess 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 indoors. "We've settled it. Don't forget. I'll find some way to get you away from here, 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—"
Duane checked him with a gesture and a wonderful gray flash of eyes.
"I'll 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 bare feet.
He sat down upon a bench on the porch and directed his attention to the approaching couple. The young man and woman were thick enough for him to make reasonably 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 full blown, bold attractiveness. Duane was more concerned with her expression than with her good looks; and as she appeared unsuspecting he felt relieved. In the situation then took on a singular zest.
Euchre came up on the porch and awkwardly introduced Duane to Mrs. Bland. She was young, probably not over 25, and not quite so prepossessing as her husband. 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.
"Buckley," corrected Duane. "The nickname's not of my choosing."
"I'm certainly glad to meet you, Buckley Duane," she said, as she took Duane's hand. "Sorry to hear you have been out. Kid Fuller's lying over at Deger's. 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 alone? Didn't see that slattern girl of mine?"
She gave him a sharp glance. She had an extraordinary play of feature. Duane could not resist the smile 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?"
"No, that I think of it, he did say something or other."
"What did he tell you about me?" bluntly 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, "I'll go an' talk to Jennie, if I may."
"Certainly. Go ahead. Jen loves you 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 Mrs. 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.
"Oh, you needn't think he's done 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. Sillestest band with a gun I've seen for many a day! I'd like to see him and Chess meet out there in the road. Then Bland went on to tell how you and Bosomer came together."
"What did you say?" inquired Duane, as she paused.
"Me? Why, I asked him what you looked like," she replied, gaily.
"Well?" went on Duane.
"Magnificent chap, Bland said. Bigger than any man in the valley. Just a great blue-eyed sun-burned boy."
"Humph!" exclaimed Duane. "I'm sorry he led you to expect somebody worth seeing."
"But I'm 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 so coquettish about her, had lent her a certain attractiveness, almost beauty and youth. But with some powerful emotion she changed and instantly became a woman of discontent. Duane imagined, of deep, violent nature.

(Continued Next Week.)

This season the American woman is considering the adoption of an evening frock in the bodice of which fine silk net is carried to the collar bone. Sometimes, in deference to accepted custom, there is a V-shaped opening at the back, but in the majority of gowns the neck is high back and front and is caught together at the base of the neck and at the beginning of some kind, and there are sleeves of some kind, either in the form of floating draperies that are caught up again at the wrist, or in the form of flaring elbow sleeves that are edged with marbout or colored beads. These gowns are offered for every kind of evening affair, and it is rumored that they will be worn to some of the smartest balls given in the country, places as a contrast to the winter evening gowns.

A SURVIVAL OF MATRIARCHY
In Harper's Magazine, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt tells of a tribe in Sumatra where there is still a survival of matriarchy, and women play an important part in affairs.
"Now that a closer acquaintance with the Menangkabau is made possible, it is known that their fundamental institutions belong to the Matriarchate, or Age of the Mother's Rights, which many sociologists believe to have been a stage through which all races have passed. They number 1,250,000, and occupy a territory eight times the size of the Netherlands. The women own the land and houses; family names descend in the female line, and mothers are the sole guardians of their children. Some of the customs of the people have been peculiarly feminine, and occupy a territory eight times the size of the Netherlands. The women own the land and houses; family names descend in the female line, and mothers are the sole guardians of their children. Some of the customs of the people have been peculiarly feminine, and occupy a territory eight times the size of the Netherlands. 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