

# THE LAST OF THE DUANES

## Zane Grey

Illustrated by Verne C. Christy

# Extra Bales — EXTRA DOLLARS

Start now to make them

It is the extra yield per acre that makes real cotton profit.

See you made one-third bale per acre last year. Feed your next crop plenty of Chilean Nitrate of Soda and you ought to at least double your yield, for Chilean Nitrate sets a larger crop, then helps it through to early maturity. Stronger plants. Better cotton too. More strength to fight bad weather and early bolts to beat the weevil.

L. D. Mosely of Edgewood Farms, Simpson, N. C., has had good results year after year with Chilean Nitrate of Soda. On one crop he made 86 bales on 75 acres. On another crop he made 100 bales on 100 acres. On both of these profitable crops he used Chilean Nitrate of Soda liberally.

Chilean Nitrate is the old, original "Soda", the natural product—not synthetic. Used profitably for over 50 years. Last year every cotton champion used it to make his winning crop. Place your order now for all the Chilean Nitrate you need and be sure of extra bales from your new crop.

A New Fertilizer Book—FREE

Our valuable book "Low Cost Cotton" will help you make a better crop. It is free. Ask for Book No. 2 or tear out this ad and mail with your name address on the margin.

### Chilean Nitrate of Soda

"IT'S SODA NOT LUCK"

EDUCATIONAL BUREAU

220 Professional Bldg., Raleigh, N. C.

In writing please refer to Ad No. B-69

## ADVERTISE OR BE FORGOTTEN

### \$1 TO PAY WORLD DEBTS

Some one the first of this year deposited One Dollar with instructions to let it and accumulated interest stand till the year 3600 A. D., when the accumulations are to be used to pay off the indebtedness of the world in general.

4 per cent compound interest, that will be a pile of money in 1700 years and might pay off the indebtedness of all the countries in the world, so surely and constantly does money at interest multiply.

Start a small saving account with us to grow into a sum for the education of your tot or to buy a home. A dollar will not do the job in so short a while, but it will surprise you to learn how few will do it in the course of 15 or 20 years.

### THE BANK OF MONCURE

MONCURE, N. C.

### The Laziest Woman

It is said that the laziest woman in the world has been found. She puts popcorn in the pancakes so they will turn over themselves.

But we can't all be that smart—or even that lazy. Most of us have to work. Money earned by hard labor is too valuable to spend or to be lost in any way. We invite you to keep your surplus funds at our Bank, where the money is always safe and subject to your check if needed.

### THE BANK of GOLDSTON

HUGH WOMBLE, Pres. T. W. GOLDSTON Cashier  
GOLDSTON, N. C.

#### 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 Bosomer and becomes a bosom friend of another named Euchre. 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 had 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 Cheseldine's gang. MacNelly had become interested in Duane after a Miss Lee had spoken in his behalf. Duane promises MacNelly to do him 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 to MacNelly.

Duane sets 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

"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 Ranger as no other man has. I'll accept your resignation. You'll be free, honored, happy—and rich. Jennie's rich, Duane. And loves you! She's—"

But Duane cut him short with a fierce gesture. He sprang up to his feet and the ranger fell back. Dark silent, grim as he had been, still there was a transformation singular

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 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 stranger 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 horse-men 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 rush in his ears through which pierced sharp ringing clip-clop of iron hoofs. He could see only the corner of the street. But suddenly into that shot lean-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 brides.

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. Something inside Duane burst, something inside Duane burst, piercing all of him with 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 before he pulled 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 Boldt. 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 sweet 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 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 Davy 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 magnified.

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 and broken.

He told so many interesting things about people Duane had known, people who had grown up and married, failed, 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 than that, my boy, and get away 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—one in your breast bone? It was a forty-one calibre, an unusual calibre."

There was one bullet left in Poggin's gun, and it was the same kind as the one cut out. By gum! But that bullet would have killed

you if it'd stayed there."

"It would, indeed, uncle," said Duane, and the old, haunting, sombre 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 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.

"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 greaser 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, down over the Necesses, far beyond the wild country of the Rio Grande which they were never to see again.

#### THE END

### Stomach Trouble

If gas, dyspepsia, heartburn, bloating, sour stomach, and poor digestion make you miserable and grouchy, and many foods do not agree with you, why not make the Diotex, 15 minute test? Diotex is harmless to young or old, yet works with surprising speed. One ingredient has the remarkable power to digest 3,000 times its own weight. Don't give up. Get Diotex at any drug store. Put it to a test. Money back if you don't soon feel like new, and able to eat most anything. Only 60c.

### It May Be Urgent



### When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done, for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors' word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle, unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.

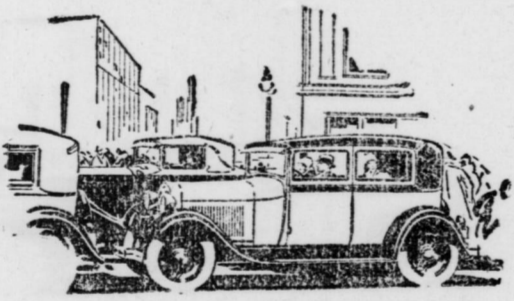


### Government Money To Loan

In Chatham and Lee Counties, 3-1-4 and 1 per cent principal annually pays off loan in 33 years.

W. W. Stedman

## Safety, silence and simplicity are features of the new Ford six-brake system



ONE of the first things you will notice when you drive the new Ford is the quick, effective, silent action of its six-brake system.

This system gives you the highest degree of safety and reliability because the four-wheel service brakes and the separate emergency or parking brakes are all of the mechanical, internal expanding type, with braking surfaces fully enclosed for protection against mud, water, sand, etc.

The many advantages of this type of braking system have long been recognized. They are brought to you in the new Ford through a series of mechanical improvements embodying much that is new in design and manufacture. A particularly unique feature is the simple way by which a special drum has been constructed to permit the use of two sets of internal brakes on the rear wheels.

A further improvement in braking performance is effected by the self-centering feature of the four-wheel brakes—an exclusive Ford development. Through

this construction, the entire surface of the shoe is brought in steady, uniform contact with the drum the instant you press your foot on the brake pedal. This prevents screeching and howling and makes the Ford brakes unusually silent in operation.

Another feature of the Ford brakes is the ease of adjustment.

The four-wheel brakes are adjusted by turning a screw conveniently located on the outside of each brake plate. This screw is so notched that all four brakes can be set alike simply by listening to the "clicks."

The emergency or parking brakes on the new Ford require little attention. However, should they need adjustment at any time, consult your Ford dealer for prompt, courteous, and economical service. He works under close factory supervision and he has been specially trained and equipped to help you get the greatest possible use from your car over the longest period of time at a minimum of trouble and expense.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY