

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XLIII

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1917

NO. 3



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FREE DIARY.

We take pleasure in announcing that any of our readers can secure a pretty 1917 pocket diary, free of charge by sending the postage therefor, two cents in stamps, to D. Swift & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. The diary is a gold mine of useful information, contains the popular and electoral vote received by Wilson and Hughes from each State in 1916, and also by Wilson, Roosevelt, and Taft in 1912; states the amount of the principal crops produced in each State in 1916; gives the census population of each State in 1890, 1900, and 1910; the population of about 600 of the largest cities in the United States, a synopsis of business laws, patent laws, household recipes and much other useful information. The diary would cost you 25¢ at a book store. For three cents in stamps we will send a nice wall calendar 12x18 inches. Send five one-cent stamps and get the diary and calendar.

Credit Given to Galileo.

Perhaps the first real step in the development of clock regulation is due to Galileo, who discovered the isochronism of uniformity of the pendulum, using it, however, only for the invention of a little instrument for enabling doctors to count their patients' pulse beats—the precursor of the stethoscope. To his son was left the work of applying the pendulum to the clock.

This One Limped.

Children often puzzle over a matter a long time without asking an explanation. Little Dora had a pet chicken which was a cripple, having had its toes frozen off, and its name got to be "Lamey." For years Dora wondered what connection there was between this pet and her nightly prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."—Christian Herald.

The LONE STAR RANGER AROMANCE OF THE BORDER By ZANE GREY

AUTHOR OF
"THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS"
"RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE, ETC."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Again inaction and suspense dragged at Duane's spirit.

But one day there were signs of the long quiet of Ord being broken. A messenger strange to Duane rode in on a secret mission that had to do with Fletcher. Duane was present in the tavern when the fellow arrived and saw the few words whispered, but did not hear them. Fletcher turned white with anger or fear, perhaps both, and he cursed like a madman. The messenger rode away off to the west. This west mystified and fascinated Duane as much as the south beyond Mount Ord. After the messenger left Fletcher grew silent and surly. It became clear now that the other outlaws of the camp feared him, kept out of his way. Duane let him alone, yet closely watched him.

Perhaps an hour after the messenger had left, not longer, Fletcher manifestly arrived at some decision, and he called for his horse. Then he went to his shack and returned. To Duane the outlaw looked in shape both to ride and to fight. He gave orders for the men in camp to keep close until he returned. Then he mounted.

"Come here, Dodge," he called.

Duane went up and laid a hand on the pommel of the saddle. Fletcher walked his horse, with Duane beside him, till they reached the log bridge, when he halted.

"Dodge, I'm in bad with Knell," he said. "An' it 'pears I'm the cause of friction between Knell an' Poggie. Knell never had any use for me, but Poggie's been square, if not friendly. The boss had a big deal on, an' here it's been held up because of this scrap. He's waitin' over there on the mountain to give orders to Knell or Poggie, an' neither one's shown up. I've got to stand in the breach, an' I ain't enjoyin' the prospects."

"What's the trouble about, Jim?" asked Duane.

"Reckon it's a little about you, Dodge," said Fletcher, dryly. "Knell hadn't any use for you that day. Knell claims to know somethin' about you that 'll make both the boss an' Poggie sick when he springs it. But he's keepin' quiet. Hard man to figure, that Knell. Reckon you'd better go back to Bradford for a day or so, then camp out here till I come back."

"Why?"

"Well, because there ain't any use for you to git in bad, too. The gang will ride over here any day. If they're friendly—I'll light a fire on the hill there, say three nights from tonight. If you don't see it that night you hit the trail. I'll do what I can. Jim Fletcher sticks to his pals. So long, Dodge."

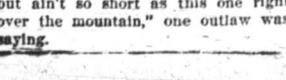
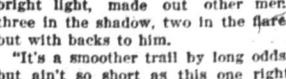
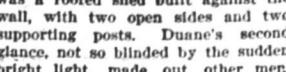
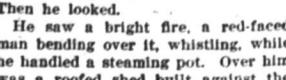
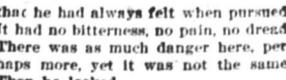
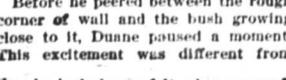
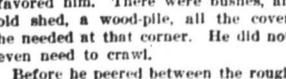
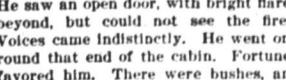
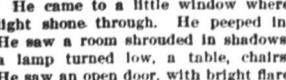
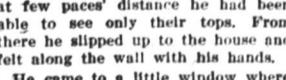
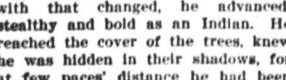
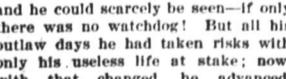
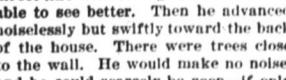
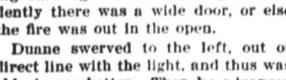
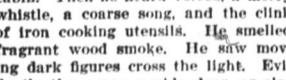
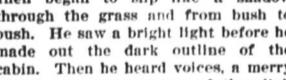
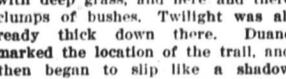
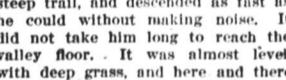
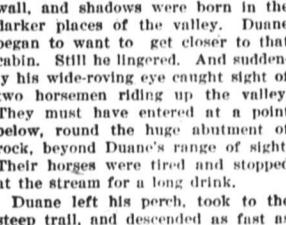
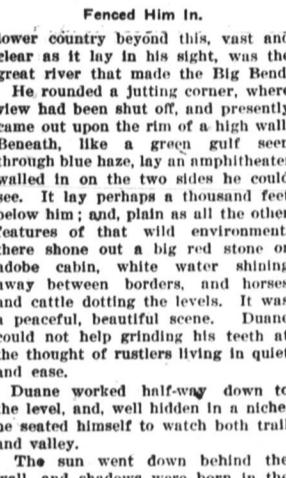
He left Duane in a quandary. This news was black. At the moment Duane did not know which way to turn, but certainly he had no idea of going back to Bradford. Friction between the two great lieutenants of Cheseldine! Generally such matters were settled with guns. Duane gathered encouragement even from disaster. If Knell knew anything it was that this stranger in Ord, this new partner of Fletcher's, was no less than Buck Duane. Well, he was about time, thought Duane, that he made use of his name if it were to help him at all. That name had been MacNelly's hope. He had anchored all his schemes to Duane's fame. Duane was aghast to ride off after Fletcher and stay with him. This, however, would hardly be fair to an outlaw who had been fair to him. Duane concluded to await developments, and when the gang rode in to Ord, probably from the various hiding places, he would be there ready to be denounced by Knell. Duane could not see any other culmination of this series of events than a meeting between Knell and himself. If that terminated fatally for Knell there was all probability of Duane's being in no worse situation than he was now. If Poggie took up the quarrel? Here Duane accused himself again—tried in vain to revolt from a judgment that he was only reasoning out excuses to meet these outlaws.

Meanwhile, instead of waiting, why not hunt up Cheseldine in his mountain retreat? The thought no sooner struck Duane than he was hurriedly for his horse. In an hour he struck the slope of Mount Ord, and as he climbed he got among broken rocks and cliffs, and was hard put to it to find the trail. He halted at a little side-canyon with grass and water, and here he made camp. And on this night, lonely like the ones he used to spend in the Nueces gorge, and memorable of them because of a likeness to that old hideaway-place, he felt the pressing return of old hauntings—the past so long ago, wild flights, dead faces—and the places of these were taken by one quivering alive, white, tragic, with its dark, intent, speaking eyes—Longstreth's.

That last memory he yielded to until he slept.

In the morning, satisfied that he had left still fewer tracks than he had followed up this trail, he led his horse up to the head of the canyon, into a narrow crack in low cliffs, and with branches of cedar fenced him in. Then he went back and took up the trail on foot.

Without the horse he made better time. Once, through a wide gateway between great escarpments, he saw the



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

"Excuse me, Phil. Shore I didn't see you come in, an' Boldt never said nothing."

"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.

Longstreth's voice—Cheseldine's voice!

Here they were—Cheseldine, Phil Knell, Blossom Kane, Panhandle Smith, Boldt—how well Duane remembered the names—all here, the big men of Cheseldine's gang, except the biggest—Poggie. Duane had holed them, and his sensations of the moment deadened sight and sound of what was before him. He sank down, controlling himself, silenced a mounting exaltation, then from a less strained position he peered forth again.

The outlaws were waiting for supper. Their conversation might have been that of cowboys in camp, ranchers at a round-up. Knell sat there, tall, slim, like a boy in years, with his pale, smooth, expressionless face and cold, gray eyes. And Longstreth, who leaned against the wall, handsomely with his dark face and beard like an aristocrat, resembled many a rich Louisiana planter Duane had met.

Panhandle Smith carried pots and pans into the cabin, and cheerfully called out: "If you gents air hungry for 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 for 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 window and peep in. The outlaws were in the first room and could not be seen.

Duane waited. The moments dragged endlessly. His heart pounded.

Longstreth entered, turned up the light, and taking a box of cigars from the table, he carried it out.

"Here, you fellows, go outside and smoke," he said. "Knell, come in. Let's get it over."

He returned, sat down, and lighted a cigar for himself. He put his boot-foot on the table.

Duane saw that the room was comfortably, even luxuriously furnished. There must have been a good trail, he thought, else how could all that stuff have been packed in there. Then Knell came in and seated himself without any of his chief's ease. He seemed preoccupied and, as always, cold.

"What's wrong, Knell? Why didn't you get here sooner?" queried Longstreth.

"Poggie! We're on the outs again."

"What for? Get it out of your system so we can go on to the new job."

"Well, I'm back on a ways. I know how long ago—weeks—a stranger rode into Ord an' got down easy-like air if he owned the place. Then Knell came in and seated himself without any of his chief's ease. He seemed preoccupied and, as always, cold.

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from which he drank, then offered it to Knell. He waved it aside.

"Knell," began the chief, slowly, as he wiped his lips, "I gathered there's some grudge against this Buck Duane."

"Yes."

"Well, don't be a fool now and do what Poggie or almost any of you men would—don't meet tiffs Buck Duane. I've reason to believe he's a Texas Ranger now."

"All right. I'll do my best. But if

"Don't run into him!" Longstreth's voice fairly rang with the force of his passion and command. He wiped his face, drank again from the flask, sat down, resumed his smoking, and, drawing a paper from his vest pocket, began to study it.

"Hours passed as moments. Duane was equal to his great opportunity. But he could not quell that self in him which reached back over the lapse of lonely, searing years and found the boy in him. Duane knew he was not just right in part of his mind. Small wonder that he was not insane, he thought! He tramped on downward, his marvelous faculty for covering rough ground and holding to the true course never before even in flight so sure and acute. Yet all the time a spirit was keeping step with him. Thought of Ray Longstreth as he had left her made him weak. He saw her white face, with its sweet sad lips and the dark eyes so tender and tragic.

The moon sloped to the west. Shadows of trees and crags now crossed to the other side of him. The stars dimmed. Then he was out of the rocks, with the dim tall pale at his feet. Mounting Bullet, he made short work of the long slope and the foothills and the rolling land leading down to Ord. The little outlaw camp, with its shacks and cabins and row of houses, lay silent and dark under the pallid moon. Duane passed by on the lower trail, headed into the road, and put Bullet to a gallop. He watched the dying moon, the wan stars, and the east. He had time to spare, so he saved the horse. Knell would be leaving the rendezvous about the time Duane turned back toward Ord. Between noon and sunset they would meet.

The night