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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 election returns received by Wilson and Hughes from each State in 1916, also by Wilson, Roosevelt, and Taft in 1912; states the amount of principal crops produced in each State in 1916; gives the census population of each State in 1910, and 1912; the population of 1900, of the largest cities in the United States, a synopsis of business patent laws, household receipts, and other useful information. The diary would cost you 25c at a store. For three cents in stamps we will send a nice wall calendar, 16x11 inches. Send five one-cent stamps and get the diary and calendar.

Chance to See a Thrill.

Special Attention—Get your head out of the elevator shaft. What's the matter with you? Uncle Eben—Just a minute, son. There's a fellow just made an ascension in that durn thing, and I'm going to watch him make the parachute drop.—Puck.

Tager's Philosophy.
My heart is full and I feel that happiness is simple like a meadow flower. . . . I look around me and see the silent sky and flowing water and feel that happiness is spread abroad as simply as a smile on a child's face.—Tager's.

Everything Complete.
"Well, Henry," I said to my neighbor's little boy, "I suppose you will soon be running the new automobile?" "O, no," he said. "My papa bought a chauffeur with the car."—Exchange.

The Lone Star Ranger

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER
By ZANE GREY

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 strange nature. His determination was to meet Poggin; meet him before anyone else had a chance—Poggin first—and then the others! He was as unalterable in that decision as if on the instant of his acceptance he had become stone. Why? Then came realization. He was not a ranger now. He cared nothing for the state. He had no thought of freeing the community of a dangerous outlaw, of ridding the country of an obstacle to its progress and prosperity. He wanted to kill Poggin. It was significant now that he forgot the other outlaw. He was the gunman, the gun-thrasher, the gun-fighter, passionate and terrible. His father's blood, that dark and fierce strain, his mother's spirit, that strong and unquenchable spirit of the surviving pioneer—these had been in him; and the killings, one after another, the wild and haunted years, had made him, absolutely in spite of his will, the gunman. He realized it now, bitterly, hopelessly.

The thing he had intelligence enough to hate he had become. At last he shuddered under the driving, ruthless, inhuman blood-lust of the gunman. Actual pride of his record! Actual vanity in his speed with a gun! Actual jealousy of any rival! Duane could not believe it. But there he was, without a choice. What he had feared for years had become a monstrous reality. He stood stripped bare, his soul naked—the soul of Cain. And at the utter abasement the soul he despised suddenly leaped and quivered with the thought of Ray Longstreth.

Then came agony. He loved the girl. He wanted her. All her sweetness, her fire, and pleading returned to torture him. At that moment the door opened, and Ray Longstreth entered.

"Duane," she said, softly. "Captain MacNelly sent me to you."

"But you shouldn't have come," replied Duane.

"As soon as he told me I would have come whether he wished it or not. You let me—all of us—stunned. I had no time to thank you. Oh, I do—with all my soul. It was noble of you. Father is overcome. He didn't expect so much. And he'll be true. But, Duane, I was told to hurry, and here I'm solemnly using time."

"Go, then—and leave me. You mustn't unnerve me now, when there's a desperate game to finish."

"Need it be desperate?" she whispered, coming close to him.

"Yes; it can't be else."

Her eyes were dark, strained, beautiful, and they shed a light upon Duane he had never seen before.

"You're going to take some mad risk," she said. "Let me persuade you not to. You said you cared for me—and I—oh, Duane—don't you know—?"

The low voice, deep, sweet as an old chord, faltered and broke and faded.

Duane sustained a sudden shock that an instant of paralyzed confusion of thought.

She moved, she swept out her hands, and the wonder of her eyes dimmed in a flood of tears.

"My God! You can't care for me!" he cried, hoarsely.

Then she met him, hands outstretched.

"But I do—I do!"

"Swift as light Duane caught her and held her to his breast. He stood holding her tight, with the feel of her warm, throbbing breast and the clasp of her arms and flesh and blood realities to fight a terrible fear. He felt her, and for the moment the might of it was stronger than all the demons that possessed him. And he held her as if she had been his soul, his strength on earth, his hope of heaven, against his lips.

The strife of doubt all passed. He found his sight again. And there rushed over him a tide of emotion unutterably sweet and full, strong like an intoxicating wine, deep as his nature, something glorious and terrible as the blaze of the sun to one long in darkness. He had become an outlaw; a wanderer, a gunman, a victim of circumstances; he had lost and suffered worse than death in that loss; he had gone down the endless, bloody trail, a killer of men, a fugitive who had slowly and inevitably closed to all except the instant to survive and a black despair; and now, with this woman in his arms, her swelling breast against his, in this moment almost of resurrection, he bent under the storm of passion and joy possible only to him who had endured so much.

"Do you care—a little?" he whispered unsteadily.

He bent over her, looking deep into the dark, wet eyes.

She uttered a low laugh that was half sob, and her arms slipped up to his neck.

"A little! Oh, Duane—Duane—a great deal!"

Their lips met in their first kiss. The sweetness, the fire of her mouth seemed so new, so strange, so irresistible to Duane. His sore and hungry heart throbbed with thick and heavy beats. He felt the outcast's need of love. And she gave up to the entrancing moment. She met him half-way,



A clock inside pointed the hour of two. He went through the door into the vestibule, looked around, passed up the steps into the bank. The clerks were at their desks, apparently busy. But they showed nervousness. The cashier paled at sight of Duane. There were men—the rangers—crouching down behind the low partition. All the windows had been removed from the iron grating before the desks. The side windows close there were no money in sight. A customer came in, spoke to the cashier, and was told to come to-morrow.

Duane returned to the door. He could see far down the street, out into the country. There he waited, and minutes were eternities. He saw no person, close to there was no money in sight. A customer came in, spoke to the cashier, and was told to come to-morrow.

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At a few minutes before half past two a dark, compact body of horsemen 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 rustling in his ears through which pierced sharp, ringing echoes of iron hoofs. He drew only the closer, and the rustling was only the corner of the street. But suddenly into that short, un-lambled dusty bay horses. There was a clattering of nervous hooves pulled to a halt.

Duane saw the tawny Poggin speak to his companions. He dismissed quickly. They fell away to the right. The man of ranchers about to conduct some business. No guns showed. Poggin started leisurely for the bank door, quickening a step a little. The others, close together, came behind him. Blossom Jim had a bag in his left hand. Jim Fletcher was left at the curb, and he had already gathered up the bridles.

Poggin entered the vestibule first, with Kane on one side, Boldt on the other, a little in the rear.

As he strode in he saw Duane. "Hell's Fire!" he cried.

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 jagger Poggin moved. Almost as quickly Duane threw his arm.

The guns boomed almost together. Duane felt a blow just before he pulled-trigger. His thoughts came fast, like the strange dots before his eyes. But before he could utter a word, he was in a dream, a dream of darkness, light, sound, movement; and vague, obscure sense of time—time that was very long. There was fire—creeping, consuming fire. A dark cloud of flame enveloped him, rolled him away.

He saw then, dimly, a room that was strange, strange people moving about over him, with faint voices, far away. His raising gun had torn, bit, and stung, and consciousness returned, still unreal, still strange, full of those vague and far-away things. Then he was not dead. He lay stiff, like a stone, with a weight ponderous as a mountain upon him and all his bound body racked in slow, dull-beating agony.

A woman's face hovered over him, white and tragic-eyed, like one of his old haunting phantoms, yet sweet and eloquent. Then a man's face bent over him, looked deep into his eyes, and seemed to whisper from a distance: "Duane—Duane! Ah, he knew me! That there was another long interval of darkness. When the light came again, clearer this time, the same earnest-faced man bent over him. It was MacNelly. And with recognition the past flooded back.

Duane tried to speak. His lips were weak, and he could scarcely move them.

"Poggin!" he whispered. His first real conscious thought was for Poggin. Ruling passion—eternal instinct!

"Poggin is dead, Duane; shot to pieces," replied MacNelly, solemnly.

"What a fight he made! He killed two of my men, wounded others. God! he was a tiger. He used up three guns before we downed him."

"Who—got—away?"

"Fletcher, the man with the horses. We downed all the others. Duane, the job's done—it's done! Why, man, you're—"

"What of—of—her?"

"Miss Longstreth has been almost constantly at your bedside. She helped the doctor. She watched your wounds. And, Duane, the other night, when you sank low—so low—I think it was her spirit that held yours before we downed him."

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She was leading an old lady. Duane never again felt ashamed of the name. He was washed out. Texas believes you've been a secret ranger all the time. You're a hero. And now think of home, your mother, of this noble girl—of your future."

The rangers took Duane home to Wellington.

A railroad had been built since Duane had gone into exile. Wellington is washed out. Texas believes you've been a secret ranger all the time. You're a hero. And now think of home, your mother, of this noble girl—of your future."

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There was a white house, his old home. How strange, yet how real! His heart beat fast. Had so many, many years passed? Familiar yet strange it was, and all seemed magnified.

They carried him in, these ranger comrades, and laid him down, and lifted his head upon pillows. The house was still, though full of people. Duane's gaze sought the open door. "No, no, no!" he cried. "Do you understand? We'll take Uncle Jim and your mother. We'll go to Louisiana to my old home. It's far from here. There's a plantation to work. There are horses and cattle—a great cypress forest to cut. Oh, you'll have much to do. You'll forget them. You'll learn to love my home. It's a beautiful place. There are groves where the gray moss blows all day and the night-lingales sing all night."

"My darling!" cried Duane, brokenly. "No, no, no!"

Yet he knew in his heart that he was yielding to her, that he could not resist her a moment longer. What was this madness of love?

"We'll be happy," she whispered. "Oh, I know. Come!—come!—come!"

Her eyes were closing, heavy-lidded, and she lifted sweet, tremulous, waiting lips.

With bursting heart Duane bent to her. Then he held her, close pressed to him, while with dim eyes he looked out over the line of low hills in the west, down where the sun was setting gold and red, down over the Noces and the wild brakes of the Rio Grande which he was never to see again.

It was in this solemn and exalted moment that Duane accepted happiness and faced new life, trusting this brave and tender woman to be stronger than the dark and fateful passion that had shadowed his past.

It would come back—that wind of flame, that madness of love, that forgetfulness, that reckless instinct for blood. It would come back with those pale, drifting, haunting faces and the accusing fading eyes, but all his life, always between them and him, rendering them powerless, would be the faith and love and beauty of this noble woman. (THE END)

OCCASION FOR GOOD LAUGH

Contemporary Points Out Opportunities That Are Offered at Dancing Teachers' Convention.

"There is a dancing teachers' convention on up at the Martineau. It ought to make a good job story."

And so it ought. There is probably nothing funnier than teaching dancing, unless it be the domestic troubles of a decent family. They are both essentially josh stories. Heaven knows there is enough sombre stuff in the papers nowadays, without missing a chance to do something funny on a convention of people who teach dancing in their home towns! It makes one laugh just to think of it.

When the next convention comes to town, don't fail to drop in to see it. In the first place, when you go up to the headquarters you will see an aggregation of men and women who are rather more neatly dressed than the average New Yorker. That in itself is comical. Then they will proceed to discuss what they have found to be the prevailing fashion in dancing in their respective fields, and will suggest reforms and improvements. By this time you will have to step outside for a few minutes, you will be laughing so hard.

If you can stand it, you can watch them eat at their convention dinner. The speeches will be good comic relief from the inspiring but serious speeches heard at other banquets, dealing with national honor and preparedness.

In enjoying yourself a lot depends on knowing just where to go to get a good laugh.—New York Gleaner.

RESOURCES OF THE NATION ARE READY

SHOULD SUBMARINE ATTACK AMERICAN SHIP ALL FORCES WILL RESIST.

SHIP OWNERS ARE NOTIFIED

Vessels May Now Mount Guns and Will Have Full Backing of Government Forces, But Shoot-on-Sight Policy Is Not Announced.

Washington.—The United States Government has begun actual preparations for arming Germany's submarine warfare. Ship owners have been notified of President Wilson's decision that he has full authority to proceed with this policy, details were taken up so there might be as little delay as possible in granting requests for defensive armament.

When vessels sail under the policy of armed neutrality, they will have the full backing of the Administration, expressed in the form of naval guns and gunners and war risk insurance. It was made clear that the entire resources of the United States will be ready for action should Germany attack an American armed ship in violation of the warning of the American Government.

The State Department's view of defensive armament, was that the mere appearance of a German submarine periscope near an American armed vessel would entitle the ship to take all measures of protection on the presumption that the U-boat's purpose was hostile. This was based on Germany's announcement that her submarines would attack without warning any belligerent or neutral merchantmen encountered within the barred zone.

Whether this position will be embodied in instructions to commanders of American armed ships, and whether arms and ammunition will be furnished to vessels carrying contraband were up for discussion, but no announcement on either point was authorized.

President Wilson's attitude has been that no steps of a belligerent character should be taken and that if a state of war comes, it must be through Germany's commission of acts in clear violation of international law. Despite the State Department's ruling, some officials are known to feel that in line with this policy the United States should not sanction a shoot-on-sight program which might be construed as aggression.

TORNADO IN INDIANA KILLS MORE THAN SCORE.

Newcastle Wrecked by Storm, Dabney Estimated at \$1,000,000.

Newcastle, Ind.—Twenty-one are known to have been killed, several are missing, more than 100 persons were injured, some fatally and property damaged to the extent of \$1,000,000 was the toll of a tornado which struck Newcastle.

The damage was roughly estimated at \$1,000,000, but may exceed that figure. The storm swept over the city in a southwesterly direction, demolishing practically everything in its path almost two blocks wide and more than ten blocks long. For several hours the city was entirely cut off from communication.

Appeals for help were sent out by Mayor Leab Watkins, and Governor Goodrich was asked to send troops to police the city, which is in darkness owing to the demolition of the power plant.

The exact number of dead my not be known for a day or two, as practically all the bodies thus far found have been dug out of the wreckage.

Although the skies had been threatening during the early afternoon, there was little warning of the approaching tornado. A huge funnel-shaped cloud suddenly appeared in the west, hanging low and sweeping toward the city. Groups of persons in the streets began seeking shelter, men and women running wildly through the streets.

GEN. CARRANZA ELECTED PRES. IDENT WITHOUT OPPOSITION.

Mexico City.—Gen. Venustiano Carranza was elected President of Mexico by what is believed to have been the largest vote ever cast in the Republic.

Although the voters had the privilege of writing in or declaring any name they desired, General Carranza received all but a few scattering ballots. The estimated vote cast runs all the way from several hundred thousand to a million.

Washington.—More than 10,000,000 men are recorded as killed, wounded, captured or missing in the European War in the first complete tabulation of official and authenticated semi-official reports of the various belligerents. Among the military proper, 4,441,200 are reported dead; 2,598,500 wounded and 2,564,500 captured and missing. Among civilians, another 400,000 are figured as either dead or wounded through the war.

APPALPING TOTAL OF TEN MILLION IS WAR'S TOLL.

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Methodist Episcopal, south—cor. Main and Maple St., H. E. Myers, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—W. B. Green, Supt.

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Presbyterian—W. Elm Street—Rev. T. M. McConnell, Pastor. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Superintendent.

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