

THE LAST OF THE DUANES

by *Zane Grey*

"Where're you taking Jen?" she cried, his voice like a man's.

"Get out of my way!" replied Duane. His look, perhaps, without speech, was enough for her. In an instant she was transformed into a fury.

"You hound! All the time you were fooling me. You made love to me! You let me believe—you swore you loved me! Now I see what was queer about you! All for that slut! But you can't have her. You'll never leave here alive. Give me that girl! Let me get it her!—She'll never win any more men in this camp!"

She was a heavy, powerful woman, and it took all of Duane's strength to ward off her onslaughts. She clawed at Jennie over his upheld arm. Every second her fury increased.

"Help! Help! Help!" she cried in a voice that must have penetrated the remotest cabin in the valley.

"Let's go! Let's go!" cried Duane, low and sharp. He still held his gun in his right hand, and it began to be hard for him to ward the woman off. His coolness had gone with her shriek for help. "Let's go!" he repeated, and he shoved her fiercely.

Suddenly she snatched a rifle off the wall and backed away, her strong hands fumbling at the lever. As she jerked it down, throwing a shell into the chamber and cocking the weapon, Duane leaped upon her. He struck up the rifle as it went off, the powder burning his face.

"Jennie, run out! Get on a horse!" he said, still low and sharp.

Jennie flashed out of the door. With an iron grasp Duane held to the rifle barrel. He had grasped it with his left hand and he gave such a powerful pull that he swung the woman off the floor. But he could not loose her grip. She was as strong as he.

"Kate! Let go!"

He tried to intimidate her. She did not see his gun thrust in her face, or reason had given way to such an extent to passion that she did not care. She cursed. Her husband had used the same curses and from her lips they seemed strange, unsexed, more deadly.

Like a tigress she fought him. Her face no longer resembled a woman's. The evil of that outlaw life, the wildness and rage, the meaning to kill was, even in such a moment, terribly impressed upon Duane.

He heard a cry from outside—a man's cry, hoarse and alarming. It made him think of loss of

time. This demon of a woman might yet block his plan.

"Les go," he whispered and felt his lips stiff. In the grimness of that instant he relaxed his hold on the rifle barrel.

With a sudden, redoubled, irresistible strength she wrenched the rifle down and discharged it. Duane felt a blow—a shock—then a burning agony tearing through his breast. He staggered backward, almost falling. The woman's strong hands, awkward from passion, again fumbled at the lever of the gun.

He caught the rifle barrel again, this time in his right hand, and pulled. She tripped over a chair and crashed down.

Duane leaped back, whirled, flew out of the door to the porch. The sharp crackling of a gun halted him. He saw Jennie holding to the bridle of his bay horse.

Euchre sat astride the other end he had a Colt leveled and he was firing down the lane. Then came a single shot, heavier, and Euchre ceased. He fell from his horse.

A swiftly shifted gaze showed to Duane a man coming down the lane. Chess Alloway! His gun was smoking. He broke into a run. Then, in an instant he saw Duane, tried to check his pace, as he swung up his arm. But that slight pause was fatal.

Duane shot, and Alloway was falling when his gun went off. His bullet whistled close to Duane and thudded into the cabin.

Duane bounded down to the horses, Jennie was trying to hold the plunging bay. Euchre lay flat on his back, dead, a bullet-hole in his shirt, his face set hard, and his hands twisted around gun and bridle.

"Jennie, you've nerve all right," said Duane as he dragged down the horse she was holding. "Up with you now. There! Never mind long stirrups! Hang on somehow!"

He caught his bridle out of Euchre's clutching grip and leaped astride. The frightened horse jumped into a run and thundered down the lane into the road. Duane saw men running from the cabins. He heard shouts. But there were no shots fired.

Jennie seemed able to stay on her horse; but without stirrups she bounced so hard that Duane rode closer and reached out to grasp her arm.

Thus they rode through the valley to the trail that led up over the steep and broken rim-rock. As they began to climb Duane looked back. No pursuers were in sight.

"Jennie, we're going to get away!" he cried in exultation for her in his voice.

She was gazing horror-stricken at his breast as, in turning to look back, he faced her.

"Oh, Duane, you shirt's all bloody!" she filtered, pointing with trembling finger.

With her words Duane became aware of two things—the hand he instinctively placed to his breast still held his gun—and he had sustained a terrible wound.

He had been shot through the breast far enough down to give him grave apprehension of his life. Little pain attended the injury, and no sense of weakness yet. The clean-cut bullet-hole bled freely, both at its entrance and where it had come, but with no signs of hemorrhage. He did not bleed at the mouth; however, he began to cough up a reddish-tinged foam.

Jennie, with a pale face and mute lips looked at him.

"I'm badly hurt, Jennie," he said, "but I guess I'll stick it out."

"The woman—did she shoot you?"

"Yes. She was a devil. Euchre told me to look out for her. I was

not quick enough."

"You didn't have to—"

"shivered the girl.

"My God, no!" he replied.

They did not stop climbing white Duane tore a scarf and made compresses which he bound tightly over his wounds. The fresh horses made fast time up the rough trail. From open places Duane looked down.

When they surmounted the steep ascent and stood on top of the rim rock with no signs of pursuit down the valley, and with the wild broken fastnesses before them, Duane turned to the girl and assured her that they now had every chance of escape.

"Jennie, we're going to get away," he said with gladness. "I'll be well in a few days. You don't know how strong I am. We'll hide by day and travel by night. I can get you across the river."

"And then?" she asked.

"We'll find some honest rancher."

"And then?" she persisted.

"Why—" he began slowly. "That is as far as my thoughts ever got. It was pretty hard, I tell you, to assure myself of so much. It means your safety. You'll tell you

story. You'll be sent to some village or town and taken care of until a relative or friend is notified."

"And you?" she inquired in a strange voice.

"Duane kept silence.

"What will you do?" she went on.

"Jennie, I'll go back to the brakes. I daren't show my face among respectable people, I'm an outlaw."

"You're no criminal!" she declared with deep passion.

"Jennie, on this border the little difference between an outlaw and a criminal doesn't count for very much!"

"You won't go back among those terrible men? You, with your gentleness and sweetness—all that is

good about you! Oh, Duane, don't, don't go!"

"I can't go back to the outlaws, at least Bland's band. No, I'll go alone. I'll lone wolf it as they say on the border. What else can I do, Jennie?"

"Oh, I don't know. Couldn't you hide? Couldn't you slip out of Texas—go far away?"

"I could never get out of Texas without being arrested. I could hide, but a man must live. Never mind, about me, Jennie."

"Duane, if ever I'm safe out of this awful country," she said, "I'll go to the Governor. I'll tell him your story. I'll tell him mine. I'll get you pardoned."

(To be continued next week.)

ATTABOY EDDIE

YES SIR!

(Illustration of a character with a peach and a sign saying "SERVICE" and "PEACH")

In work, Eddie's up to his knees! He's striving forever to please. He waits on the trade, and does as he's bade, and with you he always agrees.

PURINA

Chickens

The Market Is Good On Fat Hens.

Now is the time to cull your hens for spring breeding. We have an experienced man to cull your chickens without cost to you.

Just another service we give our customers. Get in touch with us at once.

Get our prices before you sell.

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FRIDAY and SATURDAY

- Gallon Solid Pack Peaches ----- 50c
 - Gallon Italian Prunes 50c
 - 3 pounds Maxwell House Coffee -- \$1.50
 - No. 2 Can Corn ----- 11c
 - No. 2 Can Tomatoes -- 10c
- Just received shipment of Spiced Fish

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All orders \$1.00 or over delivered free; under \$1.00 charge will be made.

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A Farm Tractor Sensation

Will Break Before Long

—It's an entirely new tractor, put out by a standard national concern, that will develop 35 draw-bar horsepower, AND THAT WILL SELL AT THE PRICE OF THE ORDINARY 15 to 18 HORSEPOWER TRACTOR! If you are interested

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Dependable Used Cars

- We have a few good used cars on hand and of course they are for sale.
- Essex Coach, 1925 model, new tires.
- Dodge Special Touring, 1925 model, good shape.
- Chevrolet Coupe, 1927 model, good rubber, good shape mechanically.
- Chevrolet coupe, 1926 model, new tires and in good shape.
- We invite you to see and try these cars out to your satisfaction.

General Repairing—U. S. Tires—Gas and Oil

Beavers Bros.

Phone 383

Something New

THE NEW PETER PAN MATERIALS FOR ENSEMBLES

A heavy-weight suiting for the Coats and lighter weight print for the Dresses.

A wonderful assortment of materials in the most attractive and colorful designs.

We have other materials in prints and plain colors, just received.

New Dress Shoes

A large shipment of new Dress Shoes just in. In black, blonde, and parchment, in beautiful new fancy patterns

We will continue selling Dress Shoes that have been in the Store for as long as thirty days at \$2.98 and \$3.98

WELCOME

Hereford Breeders

January 30-31

Make the Corner Drug Store Your Store

- We are headquarters for Cattle Dips, Disinfectants, Fattor Inks, Horn Paints, Etc.
- Agents for Franklin Blackleg Serum Company products.
- Hemorrhagic Septicemia Aggressin is cheap insurance.

Corner Drug Store

REX TYNES
Registered Pharmacist, Manager

We Fill Any Doctor's Prescriptions

The Best Hardware at Low Prices

We are not entirely straightened up yet, but we are not too busy to serve your every Hardware need—promptly, courteously and efficiently. We invite our friends and the public generally to come visit our new Hardware Store, whether in the market for anything in our line or not, and see the big stock and fine assortment we are putting in to serve the people of this community.

WON'T YOU PAY US A SOCIAL VISIT?

KERR-ANTHONY HARDWARE COMPANY

(Formerly Dunlap Hardware)

Sprohls-Cronin & Company

DOG-GONE!

Galesburg, Ill., Jan. 14, 1929.
The Hereford Brand,
Hereford, Texas.
Enclosed find check for \$2.50
subscription for paper. Was
very sorry to hear of the passing of
my old friend "Red" Smith.
Hope you have better weather
in Texas than we are having here.
After the Fourth of March we
hope it will moderate some—in
fact it may get real hot, when
Herb calls that extra session of
Congress and unfords his plan on
farm relief, and the revision of
the present tariff. It is to be hoped
that in his message he gives some
word of appreciation to the
staunch Democrats of Texas who
so nobly climbed into the big bus-
ness band wagon. It is also re-
minded that our ex-Governor Small
is thinking of moving to Texas
and become a candidate on the Re-
publican ticket for some state job
as he feels that the new Demo-
cracy of that state is a very lib-
eral and broad-minded people.
Yours very truly,
"SOL E. TOWNSEND."

First Methodist Church
E. B. BOWEN, Pastor.

Sunday school at 9.45 a. m.
The pastor's subject for the morn-
ing hour will be "Sorrow Succeed-
eth by Joy," and for the evening
hour, "That Which is Lost." Spe-
cial music at each service. We
trust all our people will make an
effort to be present this Sunday.
You will find an hour spent in
Gods house helpful and inspiring.
Mid-week service and choir prac-
tice each Wednesday. Epworth
League 6:30 p. m. Both Mission-
ary societies meet Wednesday af-
ternoon. Our revival will begin
the 7th of April. We have secur-
ed Rev. J. Ed Morgan of Texark-
ana to do the preaching and Rev.
Harry Rankin of Walnut Ridge,
Arkansas, to conduct the singing
and young people's work.
Worship with us.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.
To the Sheriff or any Constable of
Deaf Smith County—Greeting:
You are hereby commanded to
summon Mrs. Norman H. Parks
(nee Lucian P. Farley), Norman
H. Parks, A. S. Farley, J. B. Far-
ley, Mrs. Gilliam Parker, D. M.
Parker, E. B. Heckenkamp, if liv-
ing, and if dead their unknown
heirs, and all unknown heirs of E.
T. Farley, by making publication
of this Citation once in each week
for four successive weeks previous
to the return day hereof, in some
newspaper published in your coun-
ty, if there be a newspaper pub-
lished therein, but if not, then in
any newspaper published in the
nearest county where a newspaper
is published, to appear at the next
regular term of the District Court
of Deaf Smith County, to be hold-
en at the Court House thereof, in
Hereford, on the first Monday in
February A. D. 1929, the same
being the 4th day of February A.
D. 1929, then and there to answer
a petition filed in said Court on
the 31st day of December A. D.
1928, in a suit numbered on the
docket of said Court No. 1706,
wherein F. W. Zaffke is Plain-
tiff, and Mrs. Norman H. Parks
(nee Lucian P. Farley), Norman
H. Parks, A. S. Farley, J. B. Far-
ley, Mrs. Gilliam Parker, D. E.
Parker, E. B. Heckenkamp, if
living, and if dead their unknown
heirs, and the unknown heirs of
E. T. Farley, are Defendants, and
said petition alleging:
That the plaintiff was on the first
day of September, 1928, and still
is the owner in fee simple and in
possession of and entitled to the
possession of the following prem-
ises situated in Deaf Smith Coun-
ty, Texas: the southeast quarter
of section 46, certificate number
1301, block K-4, containing about
100 acres of land. That thereafter,
about the second day of Septem-
ber, 1928, came the defendants, or
some of them, and entered upon
the premises and set up some kind
of right, title, or lien adverse to

plaintiff's title; and that they
claimed a lien by virtue of some
vendor's lien notes executed or
assumed by plaintiff, which notes
do not appear released of record,
which notes were payable to L. P.
Farley and to E. B. Heckenkamp.
That the last of said notes to be-
come due became due in 1919, that
more than four years has elapsed
since the last of said notes to be-
come due became due, and that
they are conclusively presumed to
be paid. That the plaintiff has
otherwise perfected title to said
premises under the three, five and
ten year statutes of limitation.
Said petition further prays for
title and possession of said prem-
ises, that plaintiff's title be es-
tablished and freed of cloud, that
plaintiff have costs, damages and
such legal and equitable relief as
he may be entitled to. Said peti-
tion bears the indorsement that

this action is brought as well to
try title as for damages.
Herein fail not, but have before
said Court, at its aforesaid next
regular term, this writ with your
return thereon, showing how you
have executed the same.
Given under my hand and the
Seal of Said Court, at office in
Hereford, Texas, this, the 31 day
of December A. D. 1928.
(SEAL) L. H. FOSTER,
Clerk, District Court, Deaf Smith
County.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.
To the Sheriff or any Constable of
Deaf Smith County—Greeting:
You are hereby commanded to
summon Teressa Davy, Helen Rose
Davy, Dorothy Jane Davy, Mary
Irene Davy, John F. Gutz, A. F.
Volberding, who are non-residents

of this state, and any unknown
heirs of George N. Davy, by mak-
ing publication of this Citation
once in each week for four suc-
cessive weeks previous to the re-
turn day hereof, in some newspaper
published in your County, if there
be a newspaper published
therein, but if not, then in any
newspaper published in the near-
est county where a newspaper is
published, to appear at the next
regular term of the District Court
of Deaf Smith County, to be hold-
en at the Court House thereof, in
Hereford, on the first Monday in
February A. D. 1929, the same
being the 4th day of February A.
D. 1929, then and there to answer
a petition filed in said Court on
the 31 day of December A. D.
1928, in a suit numbered on the
docket of said Court No. 1705,
wherein C. R. Smith Jr. is Plain-
tiff, and Teressa Davy, Helen Rose

Davy, Dorothy Jane Davy, Mary
Irene Davy, John F. Gutz, A. F.
Volberding, any unknown heirs
of George N. Davy, are Defendants,
and said petition alleging:
That the plaintiff was on the
first day of November, 1928, and
still is the owner in fee simple and
entitled to the possession and was
in possession of all of the south-
east quarter of section 9, town-
ship 5, north of range 4 east,
of a Capitol Syndicate Subdivisa-
of League number 375 as shown
by the deed records of Deaf
Smith County, Texas, all in said
county and state. That thereaf-
ter came the defendants or some
of them, about the nineteenth day
of December, 1928, and made en-
try and set up some kind of
right, title, or interest in said
premises adversely to plaintiff;
that they are withholding and
claiming said right, title, and in-

terest to plaintiff's damage through
said right, title, or interest are
ungrounded and invalid only cast-
ing cloud on plaintiff's true title.
And that plaintiff prayed for le-
gal and equitable relief, that he
have title and possession to the
premises, and that cloud be remov-
ed from his title, and that he have
damages and costs. Said petition
bearing the indorsement that this
action was brought as well as to
try title as for damages.
Herein fail not, but have before
said Court, at its aforesaid next
regular term, this writ with your
return thereon, showing how you
have executed the same.
Given under my hand and the
Seal of Said Court, at office in
Hereford, Texas, this, the 31 day
of December A. D. 1928.
(SEAL) L. H. FOSTER,
Clerk, District Court, Deaf Smith
County.



Phillip-up and Fly

Free 2 Quarts of Phillips' Oil

Saturday, January 26th
with every purchase of 5 gallons or more of--

Phillips 66

THE new Phillips highly volatile
gasoline which was used by Col.
Arthur Goebel on his flight to
Honolulu in his Woolaroc ship and
used extensively by aviators through-
out the country, is now available in a
grade adaptable to automobile use.

This new gasoline, in which the vola-
tility is controlled in its manufacture
according to the season and climate
for which it was intended, has met
with tremendous success in other
cities where introduced. You, too,
will find that it actually is a new, bet-
ter and different fuel—yet sold at no
increase in price.

Easier starting, more speed, more
power, and more mileage, may now be
yours—at the usual price.

THIS new volatile gasoline —
"Phillips 66"—will be formally
introduced to motorists of Here-
ford and vicinity at the formal open-
ing of our new and modern service
station located at Schley Avenue
and Third Street, on Saturday, Jan-
uary 26.

We want to meet every automobile
owner in Hereford and vicinity on that
opening day and in order to acquaint
the motorists with the exceptional
merits of this new gasoline, we are
making a special introductory offer.

To every motorist who purchases five
or more gallons of "Phillips 66" on the
opening day, we will give FREE two
quarts of Phillips oil or a coupon good
for two quarts at a later date.

You will like this new products and
we want you to have an opportunity
to give it a fair trial.



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are Stylish by Design
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Keen Appreciation
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What's What
that Keeps
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Aloft on the
Pedestal of the
Pioneers!
Not merely
Good Styles too—
But Really
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Most Styles \$10

Fox Mercantile Co.
HEREFORD, TEXAS

Phillips Petroleum Company
Schley Avenue and Third Street



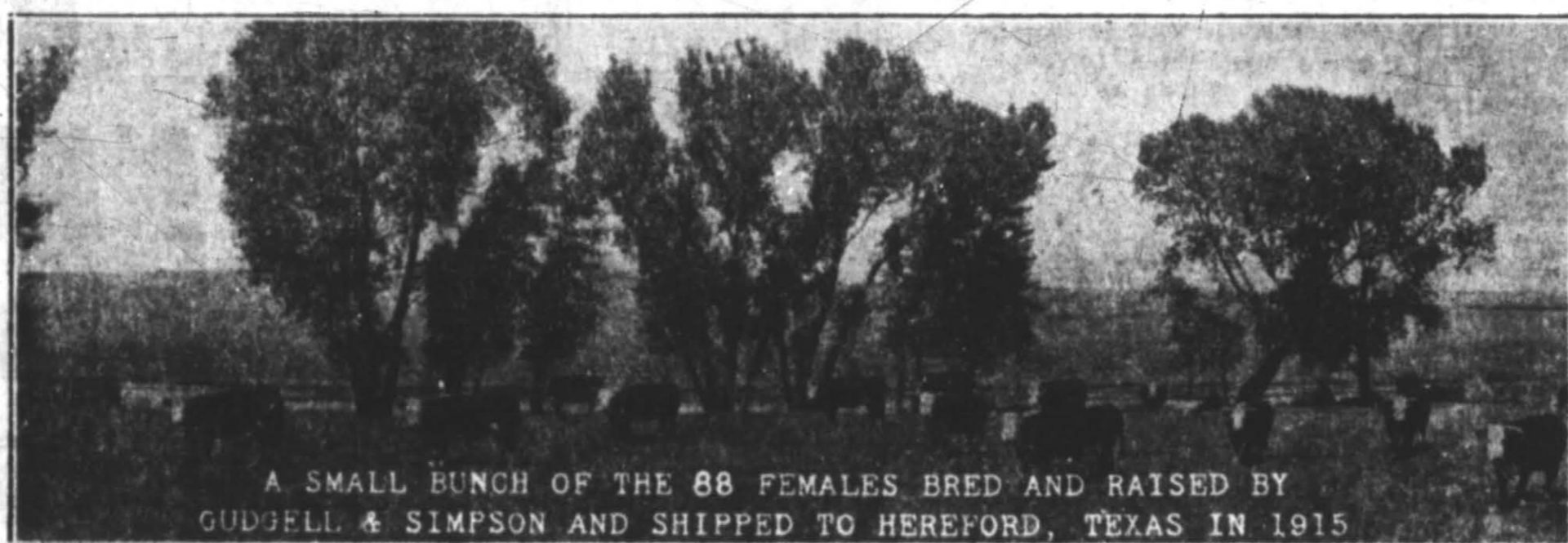
AUCTION SALE

ANXIETY 4TH HEREFORDS

Wednesday and Thursday, January 30 and 31

HEREFORD SALES PAVILION

Comes now the second annual combination Auction Sale of the Hereford Breeders in the Sales Pavilion next Wednesday and Thursday, January 30 and 31



A SMALL BUNCH OF THE 88 FEMALES BRED AND RAISED BY GUDGELL & SIMPSON AND SHIPPED TO HEREFORD, TEXAS IN 1915

Old Anxiety 4th himself sticking out all over the young Prince Paladins, Super-Anxietys, Timberlines, Superiors, Beau Blanchards, Anxiety Dominos and Superior Diamonds.

Fine sales pavilion, new amphi-theatre, Panhandle natural gas—all slicked up—snug and comfortable—best in Texas.

Great crowd of Hereford breeders from over the Southwest—and the North, too—real gathering of the Hereford hard-boiled.

Boosting this one—criticizing that one—knocking the whole bunch—surprised—disappointed—pleased.

Condition — development — size — bone — loins — ribs — heads — color — blood—even hair — discussed in dead earnest.

AND, the “cow-hand” smoker at night—all set—Bill Womble and his chuck wagon—son-of-a-gun—pure bred Hereford steaks—all the trimmings—Herefords in the air—Herefords everywhere.

R. J. Kinzer (Silent Bob), Secretary and builder of the greatest cattle organization on earth—Albert K. Mitchell, President of the same—Hayes Walker, daddy of the Great Hereford Journal, and his boy, Alton, the Texas Scout—the genial Ralph Dawson from the Drovers Telegram—flowery Fred Reppert, King of White Face Auctioneers—and our own G. R. (Rat) Jowell, the great Webster’s unabridged pedigree expert—what a world of Hereford ability back of this sale.

Pedigrees—sure—Anxiety 4th—line bred—G. & S.—air-tight—and 100 head of real, honest-to-goodness Hereford blue bloods to back up every word said about this great sale.

Buy them at your own prices—every animal sold to the highest bidder—a square deal—fair treatment—come to Hereford “Where Anxiety blood flows thickest”—next Wednesday and Thursday.

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FRED REPERT, Auctioneer

**RALPH DAWSON, Drovers Telegram
ALTON WALKER, Hereford Journal**

