ANDOVER NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By J. HARVEY BACKUS & SON

OUR KEYNOTE:
"If There is Not a Way, Cut a Way."

ANDOVER, N. Y., ...FEB. 22, 1929.

Entered as second-class mail matter under act of Congress, at the Postoffice at Andover, N. Y.

Subscription Rates

One year	$2.00
Six Months	$1.00
Three Months	.50

ACTIVE NEW YORK PRESS ASSOCIATION A DROP OF INK MAKES MILLIONS THINK ORGANIZED SEPT. 8, 1855 MEMBER

George Washington; the Farmer

THE birthday of George Washington, coming as it does during National Farm Equipment Week, which will be observed February 18-23, recalls to mind the fact that by birth and inclination the great Washington was a farmer, a planter and country gentleman. A friend of Washington's who visited Mount Vernon in 1785 said it was his host's "greatest pride to be thought the first farmer in America."

At the time of his death Washington owned some 60,000 acres of land, of which more than five square miles were under cultivation. In his pastures and stables were several hundred horses and cattle, not to mention the sheep, hogs and poultry in his barnlots.

It is a far cry from the wooden moldboard plow with points made of strap iron used in the days of Washington to the powerful two, three, four or more bottom tractor plows now in everyday use. The cradle and flail have given way to the tractor binder and the combine, with one man harvesting 30 acres per day instead of two, which was the maximam under the old method. Near Point Pleasant, Virginia, on a farm once owned by Washington, a modern combined harvester-thresher has been in use for two years, cutting and harvesting the grain in one operation. A powerful tractor now furnishes the motive power at Wakefield, Washington's birthplace, where formerly the first mules raised and used in the United States were employed.

There is plenty of wisdom in the world, but too much of it gets into the hands of the fellows who never use it.

Publicity That is Shunned

THAT publicity attending arrest for commission of crime is one of the penalties paid by the criminal or by the ordinary law violator is being recognized to a greater degree as time goes on. Few, of course, have better opportunities for recognizing it than do the newspaper men and the authorities. That it is also deterrant in divorce cases is quite apparent. Of course, basically this is not so much a fear of publicity as it is of public opinion, but it is the publicity that arouses public opinion and keeps the public informed. One of the first requests made is that newspapers be uninformed.

The thought of having their offenses blazing in black and white for all to read is worse than paying the penalty attached to the offense.

It is surprising, in view of this, that Delaware has passed a law excluding the public and newspapers from court rooms during the trial of divorce cases. England, for instance, passed such a law, and the London Times describes one of the results: "At the beginning of the Hillary sitting (a court session) there were 452 undefended cases entered in London, and at the beginning of the present sitting the figure was 488. A further 282 have been entered during the last two months. We have little doubt that now, owing to the absence of publicity, the divorce courts will be resorted to much more freely."

One who is unscrupulous would hardly hesitate to make charges of any character in asking for a divorce if assured that they (the charges) would not become public. The publicity, however, undoubedly would serve as a deterrent, and in this way is a constructive force.

The Tangle of Life

A CHICAGO scientist says that the child born of older parents has a better chance of attaining distinction in the world than one born of young parents.

He asserts that his investigations covering a period of almost 50 years shows many men were born when their parents were well along in years and that most of the morons had young fathers and mothers at birth.

But is it an infallible rule? For every instance that he has cited, another one could probably be found that would disprove the theory.

While parentage doubtless counts, there is no hard and fixed rule by which the future of boys and girls can be estimated.

There are poor boys whose parental influence was valueless, and who, when they became great, forgot the struggles, the sorrows and the problems of the poor.

And there are rich boys who would be expected to inherit with their riches a kind of contempt for the poor—not bitter, yet sneering or at least patronizing, but who become great public benefactors.

To carry the contrast further—some preachers' sons become drunkards and prodigals and some drunkards' sons become preachers.

Thus it goes. And what does it all prove? Nothing much perhaps except the tangle of life and the uncertainty of all rules.

The accelerator is one disease that contributes to the high death rate, but is not recognized by medical science.

Tax Exempt Bonds

A MAN worth more than $50,000,000 who died last year had paid no federal income taxes since 1916, settlement of his estate revealed.

He didn't defraud the government out of one cent. He bought tax exempt state and municipal bonds yielding four and one-half per cent.

Had he invested his money in tangible property that could be taxed, he would have done his share toward bearing the tax burden of his city, state and nation. And he would have paid the government alone $850,000, not counting the local and state taxes that would have been collected from him.

We complain about high taxes and still permit such things as this to occur every day in every community.

The taxpayers who own the money that makes the business of the country, keep on paying taxes and keep on kicking.

Some day they will awaken to the fact that complaining is not accomplishing anything—that the wealth that should be doing its part will have to be put on the assessors' books before taxes for the average person can be reduced.

Putting education on a practical basis is the object of a high school in a certain city, which has announced a course for pupils in dodging automobiles.

A Delicate Food Product

NO PRODUCT of the farm is as fragile and delicate to transport as is the egg, and the government is now engaged in attempting to aid farmers in marketing their most perishable food product.

R. R. Slocum, a marketing expert of the governmental department, has emphasized the fragile, delicate nature of the egg as food product and the need for proper handling and speed of delivery to insure the consumer the best possible quality.

Eggs are produced for market on specialized poultry farms of the Atlantic and Pacific coast regions, but in greatest volume on the general farms of the Middle West. In these sections they are concentrated at shipping points and transported by express or by refrigerator freight where they go into immediate consumption or are placed in cold storage to take care of seasonal fluctuations at the rate of production. The marketing channels thru which the eggs pass vary greatly in their relative complexity, says the author, depending upon how direct the contacts are between producer and consumer or thru how many different hands the eggs pass during their journey to market. Constant effort has been made to improve methods of handling and marketing, including better care on the farms, more frequent marketing, more favorable temperatures by the use of the chill rooms, better packing materials, better grading and more efficient distribution, all of which is resulting in a gradual raising of the level of quality of eggs reaching consuming markets and a reduction in breakage.

The head of a family may fake figures on his income tax return, but his son usually gets whipped for changing figures on his report card.

Alibi Plays a Big Part

THE inebriated husband who upset his wife's aquarium and later alleged that one of the fish tried to bite him has nothing on the average alibi artist in business. When the office boy stops burying grandmothers he develops better excuses and advances to a desk where there are push buttons.

The elaborate census figures do not shed light on the numerical strength of men, whose fertility of imagination would enable them to buy Rolls-Royce cars if directed to forms of invention other than alibis.

There are plenty of persons today engaged in the alibi business with their business. Some of these people are clerks, some are salesmen on the road, and in many instances the chief alibi clerk is the boss.

Among the forms of alibis will be found the futurist, who lives only in the future, as far as business is concerned. This type looks upon today as being of a dark drab in color, but tomorrow, next week, next month and next year is full of promise.

Then there are climatic salesmen, who are unable to sell only when the weather happens to be right, and usually the weather never is right. The greatest alibi in business is to put off until tomorrow, the opportunity that is beckoning today.

A man once said that he was thinking of publishing an alibi book. It would contain enough ingenious excuses to last an ordinary slacker for the rest of his life. The only objection to such a book is that the prospective purchaser would probably find an alibi not to buy it.

Children are the most valuable crop anybody can raise, but they don't get as much attention as pigs and cows.

Arson—Enemy of Business

IT IS a sorry commentary on the honest and good faith of the average business man of America, that whenever trade in certain lines becomes unprofitable, the number of fires in such occupancies at once increases.

This, however, is the experience of underwriters over a period of many years. It is the results of sins of omission as well as those of commission, for there are passive as well as active incendiaries. Both are being dealt with by The National Board of Fire Underwriters, the service organization of the major stock fire insurance companies of the country. The passive class is being subjected to education, and the active perpetrators of arson to investigation and prosecution.

Contrary to loose statements sometimes heard to the effect that underwriters do not care about reducing the national waste by burning, they are spending much thought and money upon preventive measures of all kinds. The criminals who burn for profit are given due attention for they frequently endanger life and are responsible, altogether, for an appreciable portion of the total fire destruction. The part they play in swelling the fire toll should be realized by the public, especially by citizens who perform jury service, for their depredations add materially to burden borne by the public.

No one denies that love is the greatest thing in the world, but it will not meet the second payment on the furniture.

PROPOSITION
To Be Voted Upon at Annual Village Election.

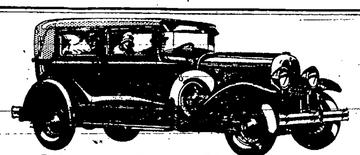
Notice is hereby given that at the annual election to be held in and for the Village of Andover, N. Y., on the 19th day of March, 1929, between the hours of 12 o'clock M., and 5 P. M., the following proposition will be submitted to the electors of said Village to be voted upon at said election, which proposition is as follows:

Shall the Board of Trustees of the Village of Andover, County of Allegany, New York, be authorized to expend the sum of twelve thousand Dollars ($12,000.00) to pay the cost of grading, draining, edging, and paving that portion of East Center Street in said village, extending from the easterly side of the brick pavement of said Center Street easterly to the westerly side of East Avenue in said Village; one-half of such construction and improvement to be paid for by said Village and one-fourth the expense thereof to be paid for by the abutting property owners on each side of said street, and assessed in accordance with the provisions of Section 166 of the Village Law, and be empowered to borrow upon the faith and credit of said Village of Andover, N. Y., the amount necessary to pay the cost of such construction and improvement not to exceed in the aggregate, the sum of Twelve Thousand Dollars ($12,000.00); and issue and sell bonds of said Village upon the faith and credit thereof, to be paid within ten years from the date of such issue in ten equal annual installments with interest at 5% per annum, payable annually; and that a sum be raised annually by tax upon the taxable property of said Village sufficient to pay the principal and interest of said bonds as the same shall become due and payable.

This proposition is submitted in accordance with a petition duly filed with the Board of Trustees of said Village, by property owners abutting on said street, and a resolution passed by the Board of Trustees of said Village at a meeting of said Board held on the 8th day of February, 1929.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., this 13th day of February, 1929.

ROBERT MINGUS, Mayor
EDWARD HORAN,
W. F. O'CONNELL,
JOHN WARD,
WILLIAM F. SNYDER,
Trustees.
PORTER RICHARDSON,
Clerk.
11



The Landaulet Sedan, $1375 Body by Fisher
Bumpers and Wire Wheel Equipment Extra

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Its Pulse-Stirring Performance matches Its New and Original Style

There's no argument anywhere. Everybody agrees. All unite in praising the appearance of the New All-American . . . Its colors and contours and distinguished style . . . And there are many who go even further. The many who have driven this great new car. They enthuse over its pulse-stirring performance. Over its glorious power, acceleration and speed . . . unmatched in any other car offered at such moderate price!

Prices $1145 to $1375, f. o. b. factory, plus delivery charges. Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers and spring covers included in list prices. Bumpers and rear fender guards extra. Check Oakland delivered prices—they include lowest handling charges. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

C. L. LYNCH
Andover, - - - New York

A NEW ALL-AMERICAN SIX BY OAKLAND

Where to Shop in Wellsville

Rockwell Bros & Co.
Wellsville, N. Y.
Dry Goods—Ready-to-Wear
Rugs—Furniture
The largest retail store in Allegany County.
A position held for 47 years.

O. Leigh Smith
TIRES—
—BATTERIES—
—VULCANIZING

The season's here—
HOT CROSS BUNS
Place your standing order with your Grocer for Reunings Hot Cross Buns, fresh every Friday during Lent.
REUNING'S VIENNA BAKERY

Phone 392 Grinding Laboratories
Dr. A. O. Smith
Optometrist
Hours—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
103 North Main St.

Round Oak Ranges and Heaters
COMMUNITY HEADQUARTERS
Estate Heaters
WILLIAMSON FURNACES
Get our prices on home and farm equipment before you buy.
Boyce Hardware Co., Inc.

Miller Hat Shop
MILLINERY
HOSIERY
JEWELRY
NOVELTIES
Next to Babcock

When in Wellsville
EAT
at the
MARATHON RESTAURANT

Special Low Prices on Work Ordered now for Fall or Spring Delivery.
A. D. UMIKER
Wellsville
Monument Works
PHONE 103

Heart's Delight Salad Dressing. All sizes—first class quality. ad.

Used Car
BARGAINS
I have the following cars that I will dispose of at Bargain Prices.
Will take good team in trade for any one of them:
1927 Nash Light Six Coupe
1926 Nash Four Door Coupe
1927 Nash Advanced 6 Sedan
1924 Nash Four Door Coupe
1923 Nash Four Touring
1925 Essex Coach
1923 Chandler Chummy Sedan
1920 Chandler Sedan
1925 Reo Sedan
1922 Maxwell Touring
1924 Ford Sedan
1923 Ford Light Delivery
1925 Gray Sedan
Stewart Truck.
F. L. WELSTEAD
24 E. Fassett St.
Wellsville, N. Y. Phone 499

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to an order of Hon. B. B. Ackerman, surrogate of Allegany County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the Estate of Frank Raufenbarth, late of the Town of Andover, N. Y., deceased, to pre-ent the same with proper vouchers thereof to the undersigned Executrix at her residence in the Village of Andover, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of April, 1929.

MATILDA RAUFENBARTH,
Executrix.
15

ANDOVER LODGE NO. 756 I. O. O. F.
Meets Every Tuesday Evening. Visitors are always cordially welcomed.
AMES L. ROGERS, Secy.
LLEWELLYN CLAIR, Noble Grand

UNION EMCAMPMENT
No. 171, I. O. O. F.
Meets Second and Fourth Monday Evenings of Each Month
G. W. SAUNDERS, C. P.
A. L. ROGERS, Scribe
Visitors are Always Welcome

ANDOVER LODGE NO. 558 F. & A. M.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday evenings of each month at 8 o'clock. Visitors always welcome
B. B. HANN, Secy.
CLARENCE MEAD, W. M.

ANDOVER DAIRYMEN'S LEAGUE Co-Operative Association, Inc.
Meets First Saturday Each Month.
JAMES McANDREW, President
HENRY JOYCE, Vice President
HARRY SMITH, Secretary.

ANDOVER GRANGE NO. 1069
Meets Every Second and Fourth Wednesday Evenings, I.O.O.F. Hall.
LESTER GREEN, Master
EMMETT ROBINSON, Lecturer
AMES L. ROGERS, Secretary
Visitors Always Welcome

MIRA DIFFIN
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office over J. D. Cheesman & Co. Store. Andover, N. Y.

C. W. O'DONNELL, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Office on West Greenwood Street
ANDOVER, N. Y.

S. B. SCOTT, M. D.
Office 56 South Main Street
Andover, N. Y.
Hours—8-9 a. m. 1-3 and 7-8 p. m.
Sundays emergency only.
Telephone 2106.

HENRY STEPHENS
FIRE, LIFE INSURANCE
Offices, No. 13, Main Street
Andover, N. Y.

CRAYTON L. EARLEY
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
Money Loaned on Good Real Estate Security
ALL LEGAL BUSINESS RECEIVES PROMPT ATTENTION
Andover, N. Y.

EARL J. DAWSON
Funeral Director and Embalmer
Courteous and efficient service
Latest Equipment
Calls attended day or night
Lady assistant
Phone 278. Andover, N. Y.

MALCOLM L. FLETCHER
of Hornell
Piano Tuning and Repairing
Successor to Dana Jackman.
Orders may be left at the
City Restaurant
Phone 737

The LAST of the DUANES

by Zane Grey

Illustrated by Verne C. Christy

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Buck Duane, quick on the draw, kills Cal Bain in self-defense, and finds himself an outlaw. Flying from pursuit, he meets Luke Stevens, another outlaw, and the two become pals. Luke narrowly escapes capture and Duane is shocked to find his brother outlaw severely wounded.

Duane buries Stevens. Then he goes on to Bland's camp, where he gets into a fight with a man called Bozomer and wounds the latter. He makes a friend of an outlaw at Bland's called Euchre, who tells him of Mrs. Bland and the girl Jennie.

Dane meets Jennie, and promises to try his utmost to get her away from Bland's camp. To avert suspicion, it is planned that he pretend to care for Mrs. Bland. Euchre introduces him to the latter and he engages in conversation with her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

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 women. "It's a common enough story along this river. Euchre here is a tender-hearted old fool, and Jen has taken him in."

When Euchre had shuffled into the house Mrs. Bland turned to Duane with curiosity and interest in her gaze.

"I'll tell you, Duane," she said earnestly. "I'm sure glad if you mean to bide a while. I'm a miserable woman, Duane. I'm an outlaw's wife, and I hate him and the life I have to lead. I come of a good family in Brownsville.

"I never knew Bland was an outlaw till long after he married me. We were seperated at times, and I imagined he was away on business But the truth came out. Bland shot my own cousin, who told me. My family cast me off, and I had to flee with Bland.

"I was only eighteen, then. I've lived here since. I never see a decent women or man. I never hear anything about my old home or folks or friends. I'm buried here—buried alive with a lot of thieves and murderers. Can you blame me for being glad to see a young fellow—a gentleman—like the boys I used to go with?

"I tell you it maks me feel full—I want to cry. I'm sick for somebody to talk to. I have no children, thank God. If I had I'd not stay here. I'm sick of this hole. I'm lonely—"

There appeared to be no doubt about the truth of all this. Genuine emotion checked—then halted the hurried speach. She broke down and cried. It seemed strange to Duane that an outlaw's wife—and a women who fitted her consort and the wild nature of their surroundings—should have weakness enough to weep.

"Would Bland object if I called on you occasionally?" inquired Duane.

"No, he wouldn't. He likes me to have friends. Ask him yourself when he comes back. The trouble has been that two or three of his men fell in love with me, and when half drunk got to fighting. You're not going to do that."

"I'm not going to get half drunk, that's certain," replied Duane.

Without any solicitation or encouragement from Duane, the Bland woman fell passionately in love with him. His conscience was never troubled about the beginning of the affair. She launched it herself. It took no great perspicuity on his part to see that.

He was playing a game of love. Playing with life and death! Sometimes he trembled, not that he feared Bland or Alloway, or any man, but at the deeps of life he had come to see into. He was carried out of his old mood.

Not once since this daring motive had stirred him had he been haunted by fantoms of Bain beside his bed. Rather had he been haunted by Jennie's sad face—her wistful smile—her eyes. He never was able to speak a word to her. What little communication he had with her was through Euchre, who carried short messages. But he caught glimpses of her every time he went to the Bland house. She contrived somehow to pass door or window, to give him a look when chance afforded.

And Duane discovered with surprise that these moments were more thrilling to him than any with Mrs. Brand. Often Duane knew Jennie was sitting just inside the window, and then he felt inspired in his talk, and it was all made for her. So at least she came to know him while as yet she was almost a stranger.

Jennie had been instructed by Euchre to listen, to understand that this was Duane's only chance to help keep her mind from constant worry, to gather the import of every word had a double meaning.

Euchre said that the girl had begun to wither under the strain, to burn up with intense hope, which had flamed within her. But all the difference Duane could see was a paler face and darker, more wonderful eyes. The eyes seemed to be entreating him to hurry, that time was flying, that soon it might be too late.

Then there was another meaning in them—a light—a strange fire wholly inexplicable to Duane. It was only a flash, gone in an instant. But he remembered it because he had never seen it in any other woman's eyes.

Inside Duane's body there was a strife; his heart pounded, his blood raced, his breast bore a heavy pang. Something hot had dug into his vitals and the pain remained. In the depths of his mind, his soul, there was chaos.

He felt something dying in him. He suffered. Hope seemed far away. Despair had seized upon him and was driving him into reckless mood when he thought of Jennie.

He had forgotten her. He had forgotten that he had promised to save her. He had forgotten that he meant to snuff out as many lives as might stand between her and freedom.

The very remembrance sheared he off his morbid introspection. She made a difference. How strange for him to realize that! He felt grateful to her. He had been forced into outlawry; she had been stolen from her people and carried into captivity.

They had met in the river fastness, he to instill hope into her despairing life, she to be the means, perhaps, of keeping him from sinking to the level of her captors. He became conscious of a strongo beating desire to see her, talk with her.

These thoughts had run thru his mind while on his way to Mrs. Bland's house. He had let Euchre go on ahead because he wanted more time to compose himself.

Darkness had almost set in when he reached his destination. There was no light in the house. Mrs. Bland was waiting for him on the porch.

She embraced him, and the sudden violent, unfamiliar contact sent such a shock thru him that he all but forgot the deep game he was playing. She, however, in her agitation, did not notice his shrinking.

"Duane, you love me?" she whispered.

"Yes—yes;" he burst out, eager to get it over, and even as he spoke he caught the pale gleam of Jennie's face thru the window.

He felt a shame—he was glad she could not see. Did she remember that she had promised not to misunderstand any action of his? What did she think of him, seeing him out there in the dusk with this bold woman in his arms?

Somehow that dim sight of Jennie's pale face, the big dark eyes, thrilled him, inspired him to his hard task of the present.

"Listen, dear," he said to the woman, and he meant his words for the girl. "I'm going to take you away from this outlaw den if I have to kill Bland, Alloway, Rudd—anybody who stands in my path. You were dragged here. You are good—I know it. There's happiness for you somewhere—a home among good people who will care for you. Just wait till—".

His voice trailed off and failed from excess of emotion. Kate Bland closed her eyes and leaned her head on his breast.

Duane felt her heart beat against his, and conscience smote him a keen blow. If she loved him so much! But memory—understanding of her character hardened him again, and he gave her such commiseration as was due her sex, and no more.

"It's Bland!" whispered the woman, grasping Duane with shaking hands. "You must run! No, he'd see you. That'd be worse. It's Bland. I know his horse's trot."

"But you said he wouldn't mind my calling here," protested Duane. "Euchre's with me. It'll be all right."

"Maybe so," she replied, with visible effort at self control. Manifestly she had a great fear of Bland. "If I could only think!"

Then she dragged Duane to the door, and pushed him in.

"Euchre, come out with me. Duane, you stay with the girl. I'll tell Bland you're in love with her. Jen, if you give us away I'll wring your neck!"

The swift action and fierce whisper told Duane that Mrs. Bland was herself again. Duane stepped close to Jennie, who stood near the window.

Neither spoke, but her hands were outstretched to meet his own. They were small, trembling hands, cold as ice. He held them closely, trying to convey what he felt—that he would protect her. She leaned against him, and they looked out of the window.

The approaching outlaws halted a rod or so from the porch. Then Mrs. Bland uttered an exclamation, ostensibly meant to express surprise, and hurried out to meet them.

She greeted her husband warmly and gave welcome to the other man. Duane could not see well enough in the shadow to recognize Bland's companion, but he believed it was Alloway.

"Dog tired we are and starved," said Bland heavily. "Who's here with you?"

"That's Euchre on the porch. Duane is inside at the window with Jen," replied Mrs. Bland.

"Duane!" he exclaimed. Then he whispered low—something Duane could not catch.

"Why, I asked him to come," said the chief's wife. She spoke easily and naturally, and made no change in tone. "Jen has been ailing. She gets thinner and whiter every day. Duane came here one day with Euchre, saw Jen, and went loony over her pretty face, same as all you men. So I let him come."

"Kate, you let Duane make love to Jennie?" queried Bland incredulously.

"Yes, I did," replied the wife stubbornly. "Why not? Jen's in love with him. If he takes her away and marries her, she can be a decent woman."

Bland kept silent a moment, then his laugh peeled out loud and harsh.

"Jennie," whispered Duane, "that was clever of Mrs. Bland. We'll keep up the deception. Any day now be ready."

She pressed close to him, and a barely audible "hurry" came breathing into his ear.

Then he stepped out into the moonlight and spoke. Bland returned the greeting and, tho he was not amiable, he did not show resentment.

"Met Jasper as I rode in," said Bland presently. "Duane, I want you to stop quarreling with my men. If you were one of us that'd be different. I can't keep my men from fighting. But I'm not called on to let an outsider hang around my camp and plug my rustlers."

"I guess I'll have to be hitting the trail for somewheres," said Duane.

"Why not join my band? You've got a start already, Duane, and if I know this border you'll never be a respectable citizen again. You're a born killer. I know every bad man on the frontier."

"More than one of them have told me that something exploded in their brain, and when sense came back there lay another dead man. It's not so with me. I've done a little shooting, too; but I never wanted to kill another man just to rid myself of the last one.

"My dead men don't sit on my chest at night. That's the gunfighter's trouble. He's crazy. He has to kill a new man—he's driven to it to forget the last one."

"But I'm no gun fighter," protested Duane. "Circumstances made me—"

"No doubt," interrupted Bland with a laugh. "Circumstances made me a rustler. You don't know yourself. You're young; you've got a temper; your father was one of the most dangerous men Texas ever had. I don't see any other career for you. Instead of going it alone—a lone wolf, as the Texans say—over her pretty face, same as all you men. So I let him come."

"Kate, you let Duane make love to Jennie?" queried Bland incredulously.

"Yes, I did," replied the wife stubbornly. "Why not? Jen's in love with him. If he takes her away and marries her, she can be a decent woman."

Bland kept silent a moment, then his laugh peeled out loud and harsh.

"Jennie," whispered Duane, "that was clever of Mrs. Bland. We'll keep up the deception. Any day now be ready."

She pressed close to him, and a barely audible "hurry" came breathing into his ear.

Then he stepped out into the moonlight and spoke. Bland returned the greeting and, tho he was not amiable, he did not show resentment.

"Met Jasper as I rode in," said Bland presently. "Duane, I want you to stop quarreling with my men. If you were one of us that'd be different. I can't keep my men from fighting. But I'm not called on to let an outsider hang around my camp and plug my rustlers."

"I guess I'll have to be hitting the trail for somewheres," said Duane.

"Why not join my band? You've got a start already, Duane, and if I know this border you'll never be a respectable citizen again. You're a born killer. I know every bad man on the frontier.