

THE SOUTHERN GEM

This is a story about the Texas Plains People

By ZANE GREY

GOOD FOR HUNGRY CHILDREN.
Children love Omelette Macaroni and Spaghetti because of its delicious taste. It is good for them and you can give them all they want. It is a favorite of the army and navy and does not make them nervous and irritable like meat. The most economical nutritious food known. Made from the finest Durum wheat. Write Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb., for beautiful color books. It is sent free to mothers.—Advt.

BIG GAME STILL IDENTICAL
No Reason to Believe That the Moose is Being Destroyed in the United States.

With the great amount of wild territory yet remaining in this country, with northern Maine and New Hampshire, where the forests are dense and extensive, and the great expanses of the West, where game is still supposed to abound, it is a little surprising to find that hunters in considerable numbers are going every year to New Brunswick. The big game season is now on in that province, and moose, deer and caribou may be taken. One reason why hunters go there is that the province is not necessarily indicated that the herds are being destroyed. Cow moose find caribou may not be taken in New Brunswick. The game license provides that one bull moose, one bull caribou and two deer may be taken. The hunting season was last year, and at those times we have heard of wet and stormy weather, but military operations reduced the number of active hunters. There were 2000 hunters in the province last year by Americans from the States. The birds were taken by residents of eight states.

HOW TO REMOVE DANDRUFF
Itching and Irritation of the Scalp With Cuticura. Trial Free.

On retreating lightly touch spots of dandruff, itching and burning with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo thoroughly with Cuticura Soap and wash hair. These super-concentrated preparations do much to keep the scalp clean and healthy and to promote hair growth. Please sample each by mail with book. All orders to Cuticura, Dept. 1, Boston, Sold everywhere.

WOMAN HAD TRUE CHARITY
Refusal to Judge Others Harshly Prove Possessor of the Highest Christian Character.

There died a short time ago a woman who never accepted, or aspired to occupy, a conspicuous position in the world but who was beloved by all who knew her. The secret of her charity lay in her charity-not the charity of almsgiving, although she was always open-handed to those in need—but the broader charity that counts in its eye toward the traitors of adversity. When gossip, even gossip not unduly harsh, assailed man or woman she invariably uttered the one remark: "I am a theologian never uttered a more beneficial thought for mankind to ponder over. Epigram maker never directed a more perfect shaft."

What an insight into a Christian character that remark conveys. And what a lesson in Christian charity it teaches. It is the true commandment in a single sentence. A philosopher of theologian never uttered a more beneficial thought for mankind to ponder over. Epigram maker never directed a more perfect shaft.

New Fish Bait Declared Good.
The United States Bureau of Fisheries reports that on the first cruise of the Fish Hawk in Chesapeake bay samples of crayfish bait put up in brine, were distributed among crab dealers and dealers to test its value and the possibility of introducing it as a substitute for some of the baits now on the market. Fishermen who have tried the crayfish bait say it is a very good bait.

Time Wasted.
Many a man wastes his time telling other people not to waste their Exchange.

Sunny Dispositions
and good digestion go hand in hand, and one of the biggest aids to good digestion is a regular dish of

Grape-Nuts
This wonderfully delicious wheat and barley food is so processed that it yields its nourishing goodness to the system in about one hour—a record for ease of digestion.

Takes it all 'round, Grape-Nuts contributes beautifully to sturdiness of body and a radiant, happy personality. Every table should have its daily ration of Grape-Nuts. "There's a Reason"

SYNOPSIS

The time of the story is about 1875. The place is Texas country. The old character, Buckley Duane, a young man who has inherited a large fortune, has been driven to a life of wandering. He is the only man in the county who has not been driven to a life of wandering. He is the only man in the county who has not been driven to a life of wandering. He is the only man in the county who has not been driven to a life of wandering.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"I didn't see anybody but the greaser, and I sure looked sharp. Comin' back I cut across the brush and the woods past Bland's cabin plumb into Beppo, an' when I inquired of his boss he said Bland had been up all night fightin' with the Senora. We're pretty lucky."

"It seems so, Well, I'm going," said Duane tersely.

"Back! I should guess Bland's been up all night fightin' most damn' ride him. He'll be fagged out this mornin', sleepy, sore, an' he won't be expectin' to see you. You'll have to go for your gun on sight. Might be wise, too, fer it's likely he'll do you."

Duane's menacing, unmistakable position.

Bland's big frame filled the door. He was in a bad place to reach for his gun. But he had not time for a step. Duane read in his eyes the desperate calculation of chances. For a fleeting instant, Bland shifted his aim, and then his hand, which had seemed to vibrate with the swing of his arm.

Duane shot him. He fell forward, his gun exploding as it hit the floor, and dropped loose from stretching fingers. Duane stood over him, stooped to turn him on his back. Bland looked up with clenched jaws, then gasped his last.

"Duane, you've killed him!" cried Kate Bland, huskily. "I knew you'd do it."

his breast, as in turning to look back he faced her.

"Oh, Duane, your shirt's all bloody!" she faltered, pointing with trembling fingers. "But don't worry, I'll wash it."

With her words Duane became aware of two things—the hand he instinctively placed to his breast still held his gun, and he had been shot through the breast far enough down to give him grave apprehension of his life.

"I'll give you some help," he said. "No—! Don't mean—that you think. No! I'll drop soon. My strength's gone. If I die—you go back to the main trail. Hide and rest by day. Hide at night. That trail goes to the water. I believe you could get across the river. Where some rancher will take you in."

ten forty miles that day we got away.

You bled all the time. Toward evening you lay on your horse's neck. When we came to this place you fell from the saddle, and I carried you in here and stopped your bleeding. I thought you'd die that night, but in the morning I had a little hope. I gave you some food, and you didn't stray far. I caught them and kept them down in the gorge. When your wounds closed and you began to breathe strong, I thought you'd get well quick. It was fever that got you back. You raved a lot, and that worried me, because I couldn't stop your raving. You said you'd never heard you a good way. I don't know whether I was scared most then or when you were quiet, and it was so late and lonely and still all around. Every day I put a stone in your hat.

"Jennie, you saved my life," said Duane.

"You don't know, maybe. I did all I knew how to do," she replied. "You saved mine—more than my life."

a little in the dusk of the evenings.

After that his strength returned rapidly. And it was only at the end of this long sleep that he recovered his spirits. He never forgot his kindness to him.

"Jennie, I'll be riding off soon," he said, one evening. "I can't impose on your good nature any longer. I'll never forget his kindness to me. His wife, too—she's been so good to us. Yes, Jennie, you and I will have to say good-by very soon."

"Don't hurry away," she replied.

Jennie slept while Duane watched.

The saving of this girl meant more to him than any task he had ever assumed, as far as comfort went.

As he looked down upon her, a slight, slender girl with bedraggled dress and disheveled hair, her face pale and quiet, a little stern in sleep, and her long dark lashes lying on her cheeks, he seemed to see her fragility, her weakness, her femininity as never before.

"I'll give you some help," he said.

