

# The Outlaw and the Ranger

By ZANE GREY

Buck Duane is learning fast what it means to be a hunted man. He is getting the outlaw's point of view, yet truly isn't an outlaw. The big question that arises is this: How can Buck make a living? He is not a thief, he doesn't steal horses and cattle or engage in the hold-up business. His brief partnership with an outlaw terminates abruptly. How he meets new dangers when surrounded by bands of desperadoes is told with thrilling emphasis in this installment.

**SYNOPSIS.**  
Buck Duane, inheriting blood lust from his father, kills a law-abiding "bad man" who is best on killing Duane. He escapes the law, Buck flees to the wild country in search of a partner. He is invited to form a partnership for better or worse.

**CHAPTER III—Continued.**  
"Thank, as we're lookin' for grub, an' not trouble, I reckon you'd better hang up over here," Stevens was saying, as he mounted. "You see, towns an' sheriff's an' rangers are always a-comin' an' forgettin' most of the old boys, except those as are plum bad. Now, nobody in Mercer will take nothin' in a thousand men run into the river country to become outlaws since yours truly. You 'jest wait here an' I'll ride here an' see what I can do. I'll be back in a week or so in spite of my good intentions. In which case there'll be—"

His pause was significant. He contemplated his brown eyes danced with a kind of wild humor. "Stevens, have you got any money?" asked Duane. "Money?" exclaimed Luke blankly. "Say, I haven't owned a two-bit piece since—well, for some time." "I'll furnish you for grub," replied Duane. "And for the night, too, providing you hurry back here—without making trouble." "Shore you've a downright good piece," declared Stevens, in admiration, as he took the money. "I give my word, Buck, an' I'm here to say I never broke it yet. Lay low, an' look for me back quick."

With that he spurred his horse and rode out of the mesquites toward the town. At that distance, about a quarter of a mile, Duane saw a small cluster of low adobe houses set in a grove of cottonwoods. Pastures of alfalfa were dotted by horses and cattle. Duane saw a deep herder driving in a meager flock. Presently Stevens rode out of sight into the town. Duane waited, hoping the outlaw would make good—his probably not a quarter of an hour had elapsed when Duane heard the clear reports of a Winchester rifle, the clatter of rapid hoofbeats, and yelling. He kept looking back. The danger for a man like Stevens, Duane mounted and rode to the edge of the mesquites.

He saw a cloud of dust down the road and a bay horse running fast. Stevens apparently had not been wounded by any of the shots, for he rode easily and with his saddle and his riding, even at that moment, struck Duane as admirable. He carried a large pack over the pommel, and he kept looking back. The danger ceased, but the yelling increased. Duane saw several men running and waving their arms. Then he spurred his horse and got into a swift, steady gallop. He would not pass him. Presently the outlaw caught up with him. Stevens was grinning, but there was now no joy in his dancing eyes. Duane said that danced in them. His face seemed a shade paler.

"Was 'jest comin' out of the store," yelled Stevens. "You're a damn good rancher—who knowed me. He opened up with a rifle. Think they'll chase us."

They covered several miles before there were any signs of pursuit, and when horsemen did move into sight out of the cottonwoods Duane and his companion steadily fired from their rifles.

"No horses in that bunch to worry us," called out Stevens. Duane had the same conviction, and he did not look back again. He rode somewhat to the fore, but he was constantly aware of the rapid thudding of hoofs behind, as Stevens kept close to him. At sunset they reached the yellow brakes and the river. Stevens was winded and lashed with sweat and lather. It was not until the crossing had been accomplished that Duane blurted out. "Stevens was riding up the low, sandy bank. He reeled in the saddle. With an exclamation of surprise, Duane leaped off and ran to the water's edge. Stevens was pale, and his face bore beads of sweat. The whole front of his shirt was soaked with blood.

"You're shot," cried Duane. "Wal, who said I wasn't? Would you mind 'gittin' me a lift—on this here pack?" Duane lifted the heavy pack down and then helped Stevens to dismount. The outlaw had a bloody foam on his lips, and he was spitting blood. "Oh, why didn't you rest, you cussed Duane. I never thought, you cried all right."

"Wal, who said Stevens may be as gassy as an old woman, but sometimes he does no good." Duane had him sit down, removed his shirt, and washed the blood from his breast and back. Stevens had been shot in the breast, fairly low down, and the bullet had gone clear through him. He rode, riding himself and Duane. He was sitting in the saddle, had a fat little short of marvelous

laws. King Fisher—you know him. It's been for half the time livin' among respectable folks. King is a good feller. It'll do to tie up with him an' his gang. It's in the Rim Rock way up the river. He's an outlaw chief. I never seen him, though I begged once right in his camp. He's a pretty well hid. But Blaud—I knowed Blaud for years. An' I haven't any use fer him. You're likely to make straits his place sometime or other. He's got a regular town, I might say. Shore there's some gamblin' an' gunnery goin' on in Blaud's camp all the time. Blaud has killed some twenty men, an' there's not countin' greasers."

Here Stevens' countenance darkened, and he rested for a while. "You ain't likely to get on with Blaud," he resumed presently. "You're too strappin' big an' good-looking. You're in his camp. He'd be jealous of your possibilities with a gun. Shore I reckon he'd be careful, though. He'd not let you get a hold on him. I reckon any of the other gangs would be better for you when you ain't got it alone."

That seemed to exhaust the fund of information and advice Stevens had been eager to impart. He lapsed into silence and lay with closed eyes. Duane had a queer feeling. The breeze waned the mesquites; the birds came down to splash in the shallow stream; Duane dozed in a comfortable way. Stevens was once more talking, but with a changed tone. "Fellers name—was Brown," he rambled. "He got out over a boss I stole him from—in Huntsville. He stole it fast. Brown's one of them sneaks—afraid of the open—he steals an' pretends to be a hero. Buck, I reckon you'll meet Brown soon—"

"You're an me pardns now," "I'll remember, if I ever meet him," said Duane. That seemed to satisfy the outlaw. Presently he tried to lift his head, but had not the strength. A strange sound was sweeping across the tumbled, such face.

"You feet are pretty heavy. Shore you've hid hoodoo up, but was not certain the Stevens could see them. The outlaw closed his eyes again and muttered incoherently. Then he fell asleep. Toward midnight Duane awoke, and his eyes seemed clearer. Duane went to get some fresh water, thinking his comrades would surely wake some time or other. He found no sign that he wanted anything. There was something bright about him, and suddenly Duane realized what it meant.

"Fard, you—stick-to-me!" the outlaw whispered. Duane caught a hint of sluggishness in the voice; he closed a couple of his eyes. Stevens seemed like a little child. Duane buried him in a shallow arroyo and hooped up a rifle. He found no sign that he wanted anything. There was something bright about him, and suddenly Duane realized what it meant.

"Fard, you—stick-to-me!" the outlaw whispered. Duane caught a hint of sluggishness in the voice; he closed a couple of his eyes. Stevens seemed like a little child. Duane buried him in a shallow arroyo and hooped up a rifle. He found no sign that he wanted anything. There was something bright about him, and suddenly Duane realized what it meant.

**CHAPTER IV.**  
Two days later, about the middle of the forenoon, Duane dragged the two horses up the last ascent of an exceedingly rough trail, and found himself in a beautiful, green valley at his feet, the yellow, sluggish Rio Grande shining in the sun, and the great, wild mountains of the Sierras of Mexico stretching to the south.

No wonder outlaws were safe in that wild refuge! Duane had spent the last two days climbing the roughest and most difficult trail he had ever seen. From the looks of the descent he imagined the worst part of his travel was yet to come. The trail proved to be the kind that could not be descended slowly. He

appeared on 'change wearing the wooden shoes and the stakes were handed over to him. Perhaps the limit was reached in a certain town in Canada, where a man propelled a green team with lightning speed. It is a long way from the stipulated time and was his wage.

**Stroll With the Girls.**  
"How did you rather do—take a short walk with a long girl or a long walk with a short girl?" "That would depend on my finances. If I were to be short with a short girl or long with a long girl I couldn't go with the long girl long." "But suppose you were rich?" "An' I was Luke's party, then I'd go with the long girl and even the short girl could come along."

**Carf Shows a Cat.**  
How a Jersey calf, one month old, shot with a revolver a big tonnet had not place in this column except for the fact that the innocent bystander formerly lived at Fredericksburg. The ex-Missourian lives in Oregon and carries a lot. When he went down to the lot of the tonnet to feed his horse, he asked him, the tonnet was knocked from his pocket and discharged, the bullet killing a cat asleep in the barn.—Kansas City Times.

**Daily Thought.**  
It seems to me it is the same with love and happiness as with sorrow—the more we know of it, the more we love it, and so we shall only be more tender to them and wishful to help them.—Ellis

Duane dismounted and threw his rifle. "Stranger, Bosomer is shore hot here," he said to the man Euclure. He did not appear unfriendly, nor were the others hostile.

At this juncture several more outlaws entered the scene. One of the lead riders was a tall man of stalwart physique. His manner proclaimed him a leader. He had a long coat and a wide-brimmed hat. He rode close to Duane. He was not a Texan; in truth, Duane did not recognize one of these outlaws as native to his state.

"In Blaud," said the tall man, authoritatively. "Where you, and what're you doing here?" Duane looked at Blaud as he had at the others. This outlaw chief appeared to be reasonable, if he was not courteous. Duane told his story, this time a little more in detail. Blaud and the other outlaws listened. "Think I know where a fellow is lying."

"I reckon you're on the right trail," Blaud said. "You've got about Luke wadin' his boots took out—thet sattle, me. Luke had a mortal dread of dyin' with his boots on."

At this point the chief and his men laughed. "You said Duane—Buck Duane," queried Duane. "Are you an' son of that Duane who was a gun-fighter some years back?" "Yes," replied Duane.

"Never met him, and glad I didn't," said Blaud, with a grim humor. "So you're the one who shot at me an' the dodge? What kind of trouble?" "Had a fight."

"Fight? Do you mean gun-play?" "Yes," replied Blaud. "He seemed eager, curious, speculative. I'm sorry to say," answered Duane. "I'm sorry I couldn't see the son of Duane, if he had. I'd have been a gun-fighter, but I'm not. I'm in a camp. But, as it is, I guess you'd want to make your own way."

"Do you mean, I'm politely to move on?" asked Duane, quietly. "Not exactly that," said Blaud, a few minutes. "If this isn't a free place, you can go on over to the west. Do you want to join my gang?" "No, don't."

"Well, even if you did, I imagine that wouldn't stop Bosomer. He's an ugly fellow. Merely for your own sake, I advise you to let the trail."

"I'll stay here, if that's all I'll stay," returned Duane. Even as he spoke he felt that he did not know himself. Bosomer appeared at the door, pushing men who tried to detain him, and he uttered a snarl like an angry dog. Blaud and the other outlaws quickly moved aside, letting Duane pass. Duane stood motionless and watchful, a strange change passed quickly in him.

Stevens saw all the swift action, felt intuitively the meaning of it, and in Bosomer's sudden change of front, the outlaw was keen, and he had expected a shrilling, but at least a frightened language. Bosomer knew he was not after. He felt like iron, and yet thrill after thrill ran through him. The outlaw had come out to kill him. And yet he had not seen him. He stood on the stand of a stranger, he still meant to kill. But he did not speak a word. He remained motionless for a long while, his face pale and steady, his right hand like a claw.

"That instant gave Duane a power to read in his enemy's eyes the thought that he intended to kill him. Duane did not want to kill another man. Still, he would have to fight, and he decided to cripple Bosomer. When Bosomer's hand was raised, Duane's gun was out. Two shots out—both from Duane's gun—and the outlaw fell with his right arm shattered. Bosomer cursed harshly, and bounded in the dust, trying to reach the gun with his left hand. His comrades, however, seeing that Duane would not kill unless forced, closed in upon Bosomer and prevented any further madness on his part.

Of the outlaws present Euclure appeared to be the one most inclined to attack Duane. He was a big man, and he had a horse and a spear adobe shack. He tied the horses in an open shed and reined their saddles. Then, gathering up Stevens' weapons, he invited his visitor to enter the house.

It had two rooms—windows without curtains—two beds, two chairs, two tables, blankets, weapons, saddles and bridles; the other a stone fireplace, rude table and bench, two bunks, a box cupboard, and various blackened utensils.

"Make yourself to home as long as you want to stay," said Euclure. "I wish to see you, but I don't want to own what's here, an' you're welcome."

"Thanks, I'll stay awhile and rest. I'm pretty well played out," replied Duane. Euclure gave him a glass of water. "Go ahead an' rest. I'll take your horses to graze."

When Duane alone in the house, Duane relaxed then, and mechanically he wiped the sweat from his face. He was laboring under some of the fatigue of the day, which did not pass off quickly. When it had worn away he took off his coat and laid himself comfortably on the blankets. He had a thought that, if he rested long, what difference would it make on the morrow? No rest, he sleep could change the gray outlaws to white. He felt safe when Euclure came bustling in, and for the first time he took notice of the out-

Ask for and Get  
**SKINNER'S**  
THE HIGHEST QUALITY  
**MACARONI**  
36 Days Recipe Book Free  
SKINNER MFG. CO. OMAHA, I.A.S.A.  
LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA

**WEEPING**  
ANY  
SIZE ROLL OF  
**BLACKS** 85% GUARANTEED  
DETROIT

Returned it. All Right.  
Over the garden fence the conversation had suddenly turned acrimonious. "An' if you boy, 'libert, then any way you'd better get out of my yard." "Mrs. Maggins' stern ultimatum, 'tell 'em about it, that's all. Oh, an' pears you've done wiv that success you've borrowed last Monday?" "Erbert," asked Mrs. Grubb shrilly; "wot 'av you bin doin' for Mrs. Maggins' do?" "Nothin' but 'er doin' 'er!" replied the small boy unashably.

**What the Doctor Knows**  
**KIDNEYS MUST BE RIGHT TO INSURE HEALTH.**

Few people realize to what extent their kidneys affect the condition of the body. The physician in nearly all cases of serious illness, makes a careful analysis of the patient's urine. He knows that unless the kidneys are kept in good health, the other organs cannot really be brought back to health and strength. When the kidneys are neglected or abused in any way, serious results are sure to follow. According to health statistics, Bright's Disease, which is an advanced form of kidney trouble, caused nearly ten thousand deaths in the State of New York last year. Therefore, it is particularly necessary to pay attention to the health of these important organs.

An ideal herbal compound that has had remarkable success as a kidney remedy is Dr. Killew's Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy. It is a natural and healing remedy. This preparation, in most cases, is soon realized, according to sworn statements and reliable testimony of those who have used the remedy. When your kidneys require attention, get Swamp-Root at once. It costs only a few cents. It is sold by every druggist in bottles of two sizes—50c and \$1.00. However, if you wish first to get the great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Killew & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a free booklet. It tells you all you want to know about this preparation.

**Obliging.**  
Mrs. Simmons was rather taken aback by learning that her new house-keeper's name was the same as her own daughter's. "Your name, Katherine, and my daughter's being the same makes me very nervous about it," said Mrs. Simmons. "Suppose we change it?" "Oh, don't mind, mum," replied the girl. "That's very nice," said the mistress. "How do you like, say, the name of Bridget?" "Well, mum," returned the domestic, "it's not much that's over particular 'em willing to call the young lady my name ye'd suggest, mum."

**Lucked Comical.**  
Mrs. Flatfish—And you, laughed when you saw your husband in his soldier clothes? "Mrs. Bagnsworth—Yes; you ought to have worn him." "But I should think you would have cried."

**No Fun in That.**  
"Why did you break the engagement?" "Well, my fiancée got to imitating one of these movie queens. She thought it was cute to shoot me a swift kiss under the first to be in the picture."

**Hard Luck.**  
"Did you catch anything on your fishing trip?" "No; not even the last train home."

**"Another Article**  
**Against Coffee"**  
In spite of broad publicity, many people do not realize the harm the 2½ grains of caffeine in the average cup of coffee does to many users, until they try a 10 days' change to

**POSTUM**  
Postum satisfies the desire for a hot, table drink, and its users generally sleep better, feel better, smile oftener and enjoy life more.

A fair trial—off coffee and on Postum—shows

**"There's a Reason"**

Do you believe that Buck will be a partner with Euclure to leave Blaud's gang and form a little partnership of their own? And do you think it necessary and desirable to come a horse thief and cattle rustler?

(TO BE CONTINUED)