HE LONE STAR RANGE

This is a story about the Texas Plains People

By ZANE GREY

CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

Markely sent mb to you."

MacKelly sent mb to you."

MacKelly sent mb to you."

As soon as he told me I would a have, come whether he wished if or inot. You left me—all of um—at mend.

I had no time to thank you. Oh. I do i-with all ny sout. It was nobly of you. Father is overcome. He ddu't ease how mends and he had been to be root of you. Father is overcome. He ddu't ease how mends and here I'm selfashly using time."

"Oo, then—and leave me. You mainth't unnerve me now, when there's a glesperate game to finish."

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

"Yes', it can't be else,"

The system were dark, armined, becunding the had never seeh before.

"You're goigt to take some mad risk," she said. "Let me persunderyon not to, You said-you cared for me—and I—oh, Dunnh—don't you whom?"

The low roles, deep, sweet as an and sexed. faitered and broke and

"Don't go! Don't go!" as he started violently.
"I must. Dear, good-by. I I loved you!"

He pulled her hands loose



the tron grating before the desks. The safe was closed. There was no money in sight. A customer came in, sporter to the eashler, and was told to come to morrow.

Dunne returned to the door. He could see far down the street, out

from swayed with him, pressing closer.

She held her fare up, and he was considered to love. It was wonderful now:

spitted to look, it was wonderful now:

spitted so look, it was wonderful now:

spitted so look, it was wonderful now:

spitted, yet glowing, with the red they

parted, and dark eyes alluring. But

that was not all. There was passion.

There seemed to be a rustling in his

parted, and afack eyes alluring. But

that was not all. There was passion.

There seemed to be a rustling in his

parted, and said, spitt, woman's resolve.

complete the two from which he said deadness within his broke. This was

ringing clip-clop of / Iron hoyfs. He

limit and through but a code being, his

"I low yoo, but to mee', and the distry but horses. There was a white house, his

law face to face, it's something wild

to a ball, and you was a second of the second of the complete of the comp

CHAPTER XXVII.



(THE END.)

KAKAPOS TAKEN IN SNARES BRITISH LION REALLY SCOTCH

Simple Trick That is Resorted To by
New Zealanders to Trap These,
Wary Birds.

Proved by the Records, Took th
Animal as Device.

praised and they had a perfect right to."

The Judge frowned at Rasmus, who didn't seem to be particularly worsted.

"What do you mean by such unbecoming conduct?" his honor demanded.

"Religion, Jedge," was the response.

"Religion, Arely you a Holy Roller, or the such as the such

Out of it.
"Deed no, sah, I can't jine ng army."
But your country needs you, Ras

for the rest of humanur.

Beware Deadly Nightshade Berries.
The berries of the deadly nightshade
(atrice) beliadonan), now rigs, are
such a temping fruit for children that
they shd their parents ought to know
the plant aid the terrible danger of
eating its berries. These are the
source from which the poisons atropine and beliadonan are made.
The deadly nightshade grows from
three to five teet high on strong,
branched, purphe-colored stems. Its
nointed, oval leakes vary in size and





Went Skimming Over the Ice.