WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE'S

To Ride the River With

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SYNOPSIS

Ruth Chiswick of L C ranch, obsessed by fear of danger to her outspoken father, Lee, from a band of lawless rustlers headed by Sherm Howard, decides to save him by eloping with young Lou Howard, Sherm's son, and comes to the town of Tail Holt to meet him. While in Yell Sanger's store, a crooknosed stranger enters, sizes up the situation, and when a drunken cowboy, Jim Pender, rides in and starts shooting, protects Ruth, while Lou Howard hides. Disgusted with Lou's cowardice, Ruth calls off the elopement, and sends the stranger for her father at the gambling house across the street. There the stranger, calling himself Jeff Gray, meets Morgan Norris, a killer, Curly Connor, Kansas, Mile High, Sid Hunt, and other rustlers, and Sherm Howard. Lee Chiswick enters, with his foreman, Dan Brand, and tells Sherm Howard of his orders to shoot rustlers at sight. Jeff Gray returns to Ruth and coldly reassures her of her father's safety. At supper, Ruth introduces Jeff to her father and Brand, and in Sanger's store later she speaks cordially to Curly Connor. Coming out of the store, they are greeted by sudden gunplay, Lee is wounded, and Jeff Gray appears with a smoking revolver. Two cays tater, Ruth tells her father of her projected clopement and her disillusionment. Later, Ruth meets Jeff Gray, whom she thinks tried to kill her father. When he tries to hold her bride. Ruth accidentally presses the trigger of her gun, and wounds Jeff. She takes him to Pat Sarley's camp.

CHAPTER IV-Continued

"Must I?" He grinned at her with cheerful effrontery.

"Of course you must." Ruth almost stamped her foot in exaspera-tion. "If you didn't do it, who did?" "I wouldn't kncw."

She took that up triumphantly. "Neither you nor anybody else." 'But I could guess.'

"Who, then?" she demanded. "If I ever mention it, probably it

will be to the gent himself," he said "I thought so." Gray turned to the line-rider.

"Two shots were fired before Mr. Chiswick's friends took a hand. I fired the second. Point is, who cut loose with the first?" "If you weren't in it, why did you

shoot at all?" Ruth asked.

"I've asked myself that two-three times since," he replied suavely. "Plumb dumb of me. For 20 years I've been minding my own business exclusive, yet soon as I hit Tail Holt I butt into yours, not only once but se-ve-real times. I wouldn't know why, unless I've gone loco."

"You beat around the bush with-out telling anything," the girl charged.

"By your own story you shot at e boss onct," Sorley snapped. "Right after you'd eaten supper with him and Miss Ruth."

"Who said that was my story? I don't recollect ever telling it."

Ruth stared at the hardy scamp, her eyes dilating with excitement. "You mean you didn't fire at Father at all, but at the villain who was trying to kill him?

"Go to the head of the class, Miss," Gray said, with a grim ironic smile. "It's the best story I could think up after three or four days, so I thought I would come back and try it on Lee Chiswick. 'Course you're smart as a whip, and I wouldn't expect to put it across with

A queer lift of joy sang in the girl's blood. She knew this was the truth. It explained everything. He had fired on the assassin and run forward to protect her father from any others who might turn their guns on him while he was defenseless. Naturally his purpose had been mistaken. The fire of Dan and Curly had driven him away. He had no time to explain. If he stayed, he would be shot down. There was no chance to show his weapon, with only one chamber empty. Now he had no evidence to back his story.

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"You and yore friends are so handy with guns I never get time to make oration," he said dryly.

Distress flooded her. She had shot him, after he had perhaps saved the life of her father.

"His story don't look good to me," Sorley said coldly. "I would say he was runnin' a whizzer on us, Miss

"No. It's true." The girl drew a deep breath of relief. "I'm awf'ly glad it is."

The wounded man looked at her. "What difference does it make to you whether I or someone else shot him?" he asked.

Her eyes met his, the color on her cheeks hot beneath them. "I don't like you a bit. I think you are hateful. But I didn't believe you were a low scoundrel until-what I saw at Tail Holt. Now I know you're not that kind of man. You saved my father's life. I don't know how to thank you . . . or to tell you how sorry I am that I hurt

"So now it's all right," he jeered, "and I ought to tell you how grateful I am for the lead pill you gave

"I've told you I'm sorry, and that I didn't mean to do it," Ruth said. "That's fine. You just pointed yore popgun at me to make Fourth-

of-July fireworks. I'm lucky you picked only a leg to puncture."

Ruth felt anger stir in her, but she kept it down. "If there's anything I can do for you while you're here-anything I can bring you," she said in a carefully even voice.

"I'm going to see you again, am I? How nice! There are several things you can bring me. One is some tobacco. I'd like two-three books, and the latest newspaper you have. Also, bring Lee Chiswick. I want a powwow with him."
"I'll 'send the books with my fa-

ther," she said.

Lee Chiswick broke into his daughter's story excitedly.

"He's hanging around waiting for a chance to dry-gulch me."

Ruth shook her head. "I thought so at first. I don't now. Listen." "Lucky the wolf didn't do you a meanness when he had a chance." The strong jaw of the cattleman "I'll have him rounded up and rubbed out before he's 24 hours old-

"You won's need to round him up. I can tell you where he is. My story isn't finished. Do you want to hear it or not?" "Where is he?" demanded Chis-

"He's at the rimrock line-camp,

with a builet-hole in his leg." "Did Pat get him?"
"No. I did."

"You what?"

"I shot him."

Her father stared at her with blank astonishment. "Good God, girl! What do you mean?"

"I tried to pass him. He caught at the bridle rein. I don't know why. Perhaps he couldn't get out of the way and didn't want Blue Chip to



"What name shall I say?" asked Reynolds.

trample him down. Somehow my gun went off and hit him. I didn't want him to die before he could get help, so I took him to the camp." "Why didn't you come and get some of us?" he asked, his voice sharp with anxiety. "He might have shot you down on the way."

"I was as safe with him as I would be with you, Father," she said. "He isn't that kind of man. I don't like him. He's . . . insulting. But he is not the kind of ruffian who would hurt a woman or would take advantage of a man in a fight. He didn't shoot you. Someone else did."

"That's crazy talk!" Lee shouted.
"We saw him do it."

"We thought we saw him do it," she corrected. "But we didn't. He saw someone fire at you and shot at the man. Then he ran forward to protect you, and we all thought he was the killer. Think it over, Father. From the position you were standing the bullet that creased you must have been fired in the alley, but this Gray came another direc-

"Got it all figured out, haven't you—with his help?" Lee said an-

"If he had been the man, would he have run forward into the nest of us? It isn't reasonable. He was taken by surprise when Dan began shooting at him. I could see that. To save his life he had to get out."

"What's he doing here, then?" "He wants to see you. I don't know what about. He insisted on my bringing you."

"He'll see me, all right," the cat-tleman said, his voice harsh and

"My opinion is that he saved your life, after he had already taken care of me when a crazy man was on the shoot. Then I put a bullet in him, and now you want to finish him." Ruth spoke with sharp bitter-

"I'll listen to him," Lee told her. "I'll hear what he has got to say. Maybe you are right, but I don't believe it. If he comes clean and tells me what he is doing hereand if what he says satisfies me-

he'll be as safe with me as in God's | pocket. I'll have him brought to the house and we'll take care of him here. But he can't pull the wool over my eyes. He has got to be straight goods."

"That's fair," Ruth agreed. "I don't know anything about who he Maybe he's an outlaw on the dodge. He's as hard as iron and he may have gone bad. But there's something clean about him. He

wouldn't shoot a man in the back.
I'd stake everything I had on that."
Chiswick nodded. "I would have said that myself, and I'm not often wrong about a man. When he ran at me with his gun smoking, I was sure surprised. Maybe you're right, daughter. He'll get a chance to tell

"May I ride up to the line-camp with you?" Ruth asked.

"No!" he exploded, and slammed a fist down on the breakfast-table to emphasize his decision. "You can't go with me. What's the matter with you, girl? You head for trouble like a thirsty steer for water. First, you run off with a nocount scalawag not worth a hill of beans, then you shoot another and tote him to hospital without asking me a by-your-leave. 'That's no way for a lady to do. No wonder folks think you're a wild young hellion. You are grown up now. You got to learn to act genteel."

'Would it be unladylike for me to go down with you and take some fried chicken and biscuits to a sick man?" she wanted to know.

You fix up this fried chicken and I'll take it down," Lee said firmly. "I aim to be reasonable, but I'm through letting you behave so crazy

Ruth gave up. She packed the tobacco, the books, and the food. For Pat she put in a corn-cob pipe to replace the broken clay one.

Knowing her father's impulsive nature, she was full of misgivings. Over his shoulder, as he started, he called back a word of reassurance. "Don't you worry, daughter. I'm not going off half-cocked. If this Gray can show me he's not a yellow coyote, I'll not harm him.'

In a natural meadow half a mile from the house he stopped to give Dan Brand instructions about the drive of yearlings sold to Broderick. This done, he told his son Frank and the foreman what he had just learned from Ruth.

Frank asked to ride with him to Sorley's camp.

The Chiswicks rode up to the rimrock and skirted the edge of it until they reached a break. Through this they climbed to the lip of the park where the line-camp lay. From the chimney of the cabin a

thin trickle of smoke drifted. "Pat is probably line-riding and has left this fellow alone," Frank

As they drew closer, Lee hulloed the house. From the boulder field back of it an echo came back to them. No other answer sounded. A second time he shouted, still without

response. "Get your gun out, boy," he or-dered grimly. "I don't like this." He swung from the saddle and drew the rifle attached to it. Frank dismounted hurriedly, his horse between him and the house.

"I sure don't want to get blasted out of my saddle," he said.

The two men worked toward the cabin, using their horses to screen them as much as possible from any sharpshooters who might be in the building or among the rocks above. Nobody stirred except themselves. Frank felt a strange prickling sensation run up and down his spine. Any moment there might come a crash of guns.

Lee maneuvered close to the door, then made a bolt for it. His son was inside scarce a second later. The cabin was empty.

"Where's the fellow gone?" Lee asked.

"I reckon he wasn't as bad hurt as he was making out," Frank said. "What's this?"

Lee picked a piece of wrapping-paper from the table. He read aloud something that had been scrawled on it with a pencil. "Much obliged, Doc, for fixing my leg. See you later maybe."

Jeff Gray rode into Tail Holt two days after leaving the rimrock line-camp. His broad shoulders sagged with weariness. The eyes of the man were sunken. The lean face was haggard and unshaven. At the Alamo corral he dismounted stiffly.

The owner of the place, Jim Reynolds, squinted an unspoken question at him from under slanted eyebrows. There was an arresting quality about Gray that held attention. The fatigue, the stains of travei, did not conceal his dominant force. He unsaddled the sweatstreaked roan gelding with a competent economy of motion. When he moved, a pantherish ripple ran wavelike through his well - packed muscles.

"Yore bronc some gaunted," Reynolds said.

"Some," Gray agreed.

He watered and fed the animal himself. Reynolds watched him, observing that he knew how to treat a hot, tired horse. The corral-owner wondered who, this stranger was.

"I'll put up at Ma Presnall's if she has room for me," Gray said. 'Could you send word to Sherm Howard-that I'm there and want to see him?"

"What name shall I say?" asked Reynolds.

'Jeff Gray. I'm obliged, sir." Gray limped up the street toward the boarding-house.

Ma Presnall had her muscular arms bare to the elbows. There was a splash of flour on one temple. She had been baking. Her face was leathery and wrinkled, the challenge of her washed-out eyes direct and hard. For twenty years she had lived in frontier camps and held her own.

He could have a room and board, she said, for a dollar a day or five dollars a week. Strangers paid in advance. A five-dollar bill passed from Gray to her and she led him to his room.

After washing the caked dust from face and hands, he lay down on the bed. The wound in his leg was throbbing. For the better part of sixty hours he had been in the saddle and he was almost worn out. When the opportunity came he would bathe and dress the hurt. Just now he had not time. He was expecting a visit from Sherman Howard and perhaps from others. It was unfortunate that his entry into Tail Holt had been so melodramatic. Probably he would have to light out again, if they gave him a chance to go.

With his pocket-knife he ripped open the lining of his vest and drew out a folded paper. He expected to need it shortly. The paper was a printed poster offering a reward of 2,000 for the capture of Clint Doke, the leader of a band of outlaws who had held up and robbed the Texas and Southern Flyer. A description of the desperado was given. With it was a picture taken from a cut. The face that looked back from the poster at Jeff Gray was his own.

Through the door Ma Presnall called information. "Some gents to see you."

"Who are they?" Gray asked, putting the paper in his vest pocket. "Sherm Howard, Curly Connor, and Morg Norris."

There was a barely perceptible pause before Gray said, "Ask them to come up, Mrs. Presnall, if you

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Cross Wheat and Couch Grass to Halt Shifting of the Farm Soil in Canada

In some parts of Canada a serious | find a weapon which will turn defeat problem has been confronting farmers for many years now-one with which no English farmer is likely to be faced. Their farms won't stay

On the wide prairies of North America acres of loose soil shift each year, through the action of wind and rain. Up to the present there has been nothing to prevent it. Farmers simply had to sit and watch the fertile top soil wash away in the heavy rains of the spring and autumn, and blow away when, in the summer, the burning sun dried it up into fine dust.

Thus, every year, says a writer in London Answers Magazine, the land was impoverished, and no amount of manuring or careful cultivation on the part of the farmer served him in what seemed to be a hopeless battle against Nature.

In the last year or two the trouble has been intensified, and considerable tracts of land have been laid waste.

But the scientist can sometimes

into victory, and the Biological Institute of Svaloef, South Sweden, hopes before long to put a stop to this constant disappearance of valuable soil.

They are crossing wheat with the farmers' old enemy, couch grass, and they have every reason to hope that the result will be a useful crop of grain, provided by a plant whose clinging roots will bind together the shifting soil.

Canadian farmers will have much to thank the scientists for when they plant this grain, and another on which the scientists are working

The latter is a cross between wheat and rye, which, it is hoped, will be capable of withstanding the bitter cold of the long northern winters, and of producing a useful crop at the same time. The Canadian farmers' continued prosperity depends on some such type of grain.

At present the yield is too small

to be useful, but in the future, ne doubt, it will be a standard crop.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY JCHOOL LESSON

e Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for May 22

SERVING THROUGH CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP

LESSON TEXT—Mark 12:13-17, 28-34.
GOLDEN TEXT—Thou shalt love thy
neighbor as thyself.—Mark 12:31.
PRIMARY TOPIC—A Sermon on a Penny.
JUNIOR TOPIC—A Sermon on a Penny.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—
Loyalty to God and Country.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—
Obligations of Christian Citizenship.

"For God and Country" is a rallying cry that well summarizes the spirit and duty of the Christian citizen. So clear and inspiring are the teachings of God's Word regarding the relationship of the Christian to his country that one marvels that national leaders who are seeking to stimulate civic loyalty do not promote a revival of the study of the Bible. Dr. Moore is right when he says, "No bad citizen is a good Christian and no good Christian is a bad citizen." The solution of our nation's problems would be a great evengelistic campaign from coast to coast. A man like Moody would then appear in his true position as a great patriot. The soul-winner would be more important than the vote-getter. Why not try it?

Our lesson presents our Lord on Tuesday of His passion week, when He met His adversaries in their cunning efforts to entrap Him in His words so that they might condemn Him. The two incidents before us have broader application than to citizenship alone, but we may well consider them in that light, for they reveal that the citizen who is right with God will be right with the nation and with his own neighbors.

I. The Christian Citizen Loves His Country (vv. 13-17).

The Pharisces, who hated Rorne for its domination of Palestine, and the Herodians, who supported Rome in its control of the land, were enemies, but they joined forces to tempt Christ. They knew that if He said "Yes" to their question the Jews would be angry, and if He said "No" He could be condemned as a traitor to Rome.

The trap was set, but it caught only the crafty hunters. Taking their own pocket money he declared that if they used Caesar's money they ought to pay taxes to Caesar. The coin stood for an orderly government, benefits of which they enjoyed and which they ought to sup-

II. The Christian Citizen Loves God (vv. 20-30).

Although this point comes second in our lesson it comes first in experience. It is the man who renders unto God the love of the heart, soul, mind, and all of his strength (v. 30) who is ready really to love his country as he should.

The scribes loved to dispute about which was the greatest of the 613 commandments which they recognized. Jesus astonished them by referring to the passage of Scripture most familiar to the Jews (Deut. 6:4, 5), which declares the unity and absolute exclusiveness of the Lord our God. It may be well for us to stress this truth even in our time, for most folk regard the worship and service of God as optional.

III. The Christian Citizen Loves His Neighboy (vv. 31-34).

The scribe Aid not ask for the second commandment but Jesus presents it as an unavoidable corollary of the first. The man who really loves God will love his neighbor.

Every social injustice would be wiped out and every cause for strife removed if all men loved their fellow-man as they love themselves. Such a condition will never prevail, however, until men love God. It is too much for the flesh to put others before self. Only the grace of God is sufficient for that. Hence the real solution of the problems of capital and labor, the "haves" and the "have nots" is to win the men and women on both sides of the struggle to a true love for God through Jesus Christ our Lord. In other words, we come again to the inevitable conclusion that what our nation needs is a revival.

Social panaceas, revolution either by force or by law, dictatorships, all these are destined to failure. Men must learn to know and love God supremely and thus come to love their neighbors as themselves.

The crossroad Sunday - school teacher, the missionary in the city slums, the preacher of the gospel, whether in the great city or on the the countryside, the faithful Christian living out the love of Christ daily in kindly word and deedthese are the real forces for social as well as spiritual good. Let us do all we can to prosper their ministry!

Sufficient Unto the Day Do not look forward to what might happen tomorrow; the same everlasting Father who cares for you today will take care of you tomorrow, and every day.

Living Wisely Let no one think that the way to gain the next world is to despise this

> Little Courtesies the stir and hurry of life how ss we are of little courtesies!

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AGENTS

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True Courtesy Is Consideration in Action

Between merely formal courtesy and heart-inspired kindness, there is as much difference as between a wax model and a real

Even formal civility, however, is invariably preferable to "brutal frankness.

The harder it is for a person to be decent in society, the more he should practice the social "niceties." The best place to practice kindness is in one's home. If one trains himself to be polite to his relatives, he need not fear that he will make any serious social blunders.-James Warnack in Los Angeles Times.

Men can never understand a three-quarter wile—a wife who is tovable for three weeks of the month—but a hell cat the fourth.

No matter how your sack aches—no matter how sould your nerves scream—don't take it out on your busband.

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imprudent One

Is not he imprudent, who seeing the tide making toward him apace, will sleep till the sea overwhelms him, -Tillotson,

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WNU-7

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!

Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life tisel—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distrest. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizniness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.