

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 and bull-headed father, Lee, from a band of lawless rustlers headed by Sperm Howard, decides to save him by eloping with young Lou Howard, Sperm's son, and comes to the town of Tail Holt to meet him. While in Tail Holt, Sperm's store, a crook-nosed stranger enters, sizes up the situation, and when a drunken cowboy, Jim Fender, 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 Sperm Howard. Lee Chiswick enters, with his foreman, Dan Brand, and tells Sperm 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 Sperm's store later she speaks cordially to Curly Connor. Coming out of the store, they are greeted by sudden gunfire. Lee is wounded, and Jeff Gray appears with a smoking revolver. Two days later, Ruth tells her father of her projected elopement and her disillusionment.

CHAPTER III—Continued

During the days that followed he held his friendship back from her. At times he was choleric, at times sullen and distant. Ruth was sorry, because she was aware of his desire for a reconciliation. She guessed that her attention to his wants and her apparent humility were a reproach to him. Since she had a sense of humor, she chuckled over the situation.

"I'm a deceitful little scamp," she told her brother Frank, who had heard the story from Dan Brand. "I'm not half as humble as I was at first. Here I go around as if butter wouldn't melt in my mouth whenever Father is about, and really I'm beginning to think it's sort of fun."

"Hmp!" Frank snorted. "I can tell you someone who won't think it's fun if I meet him." Ruth's bright eyes snapped. "Don't you dare touch Lou Howard, Frank Chiswick. If you do—"

She left her threat in the air, feeling it stronger not completed.

Ruth was riding circle above the rimrock. She had come out with her brothers and the other vaqueros to round up the yearlings for the Broderick order.

She had combed the ridge above and was coming down an arroyo thick with prickly pear. Her brother Bob had been with her, but he had bolted down a neighboring draw after a small bunch of high-tailing stuff. For the time she could take it easy. Blue Chip had done his full share and was entitled to a breathing space.

Ruth pulled up abruptly. In front of her a pebble had rolled down a steep bank to the path. From the little rock her eyes traveled up the incline down which it had come. Stones sometimes start downhill from force of gravity; more often they need an impetus to set them in motion.

Above the top of a bisnago she saw a Stetson hat, beneath this a brown, sardonic face.

"Buenos dias, senorita," a cool voice drawled.

The girl stared at the owner of that voice, the man who had called himself Jeff Gray.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, and answered her own question: "You are lying in wait to kill my father."

He slithered down the scarred slope, to face a little revolver that had somehow jumped to her hand.

"We'll talk about that," he said, a smile on his face.

To Ruth it was a hateful smile, one that mocked confidently the picture of feminine ferocity she made.

"We'll talk about nothing," she cried, anger aflame in her eyes. "You light out of here, you dirty killer, or I'll call my brothers."

"Why would I want to kill Lee Chiswick when I had never seen him before?" he asked, paying no attention at all to the weapon in her hand.

"For money," she told him contemptuously. "His enemies sent for you to do the murder they were afraid to do themselves."

He shook his head. "I'm a stranger here. I don't know Howard or any of his crowd. Besides, that gang doesn't need an outsider to do its bushwhacking. They have plenty of bull-rattlers right in their midst."

"Why are you arguing about it?" she burst out stormily. "Didn't I see you shoot him? Didn't you run close to try to finish the job?"

"No," he replied quietly. "What'd you mean, no?"

"I mean you didn't see either one of those things. You just think you saw them."

"You talk like a fool. A dozen men saw you. Smoke was coming out of your gun while you were running forward."

about." She pushed his argument aside impatiently with a wave of the hand. "All is, you're a liar as well as an assassin. I warn you to get out of this country. I'm going to have you hunted down like the wolf you are."

"Use yore brains, girl," he urged. "Four men were standing within ten feet of yore father. If I had shot him, would I run up and give them all a crack at me?"

"The answer is, you did. Three of them were friends of Sperm Howard. Maybe you expected them to help you." A wave of fury boiled up in her. "I'm not going to discuss anything with the villain hired to murder my father. If you don't get out of here I'll—"

Still his smile did not go out of commission. "What will you do?" he asked politely.

"Get out of my way," she ordered, and gave Blue Chip a touch of the spur.

The horse went up in the air. Gray caught the bridle, perhaps to quiet the animal, perhaps because he could not get out of the way.

Ruth never knew how it happened. The revolver in her hand went off. Instantly she knew the man had been hit. He dropped the rein and staggered back. Blue Chip plunged down the arroyo.

The rider of the horse dragged it to a halt and turned. She had dropped the gun during the wild dash down the draw and she dismounted to recover it. Pulling her-



"We'll talk about that later."

self to the saddle again, Ruth rode back to the spot of the encounter. Her heart was beating wildly. She had shot a man. Perhaps she had killed him.

He was climbing the rubble slope to the bank where she had first seen him, and he was making bad going of it. One leg dragged.

She stopped in the bottom of the trough below him.

"It's your own fault for snatching at my bridle," she told him.

He said, with cool effrontery, "You did almost as bad a job as I did at Tail Holt."

"The gun went off."

"My leg is telling me that. Did you come back to finish what you began?"

"I carry it for rattlesnakes. I didn't mean to—"

"Not for wolves?" he inquired pleasantly.

"Are you hurt—badly?"

He saw she was frightened. The bark of the revolver had for the time driven away anger.

"I reckon I'll make out," he answered.

"Is your horse back there in the brush?"

"You can tell yore father it's even steeper now," he drawled.

She swung down from Blue Chip and climbed the bank. "I'll help you get up," she told him in a small voice.

"Good of you, Miss Chiswick, to help a hired killer."

He accepted her aid. After a struggle, during which the wounded leg collapsed under him once or twice, they reached the top of the bank.

Gray whistled. Out of the brush trotted a long-barreled roan.

rock not far from here," she explained. "Old Pat Sorley is staying there now. He is close-mouthed, and he will do as I ask. And he's a pretty good doctor too. You can hole up there for a week and not be seen by anybody except Pat. After today our riders will be out of the rimrock. I'll take you there. We'd better hurry, so that I can get back before I'm missed."

He pulled himself to the saddle. "You're heaping coals of fire on my red head," Gray said sardonically. "Let's get going, girl."

Ruth went back to Blue Chip, mounted, and put the horse at the easiest part of the slope. The cowboy clused its way up like a cat, the muscles of its legs standing out like heavy ropes.

"We don't want to meet anybody," the girl said. "Better swing off to the right."

"You're the caporal of this outfit," he told her.

She led the way into the chaparral, guiding Blue Chip through the mesquite and the cholla with an admirable economy of motion.

They crossed the mesa and dropped down into a gulch which took them through the broken rimrock to a point where they looked down on a wide valley below. Ruth turned to the left, picking a way again into the boulders and working up again into the rimrock along a cow trail. This dipped sharply, at a fault in the ledge, to a small park containing four or five acres. This was so completely hidden that nobody could have suspected its existence from the contour of the country.

A corral of thorny ocotillo lay at their feet. Close to it was a barn built of sahuro poles and mud. The cabin nestled against a rock wall that bounded the far side of the park.

The girl and the man wound down into the little mountain valley and crossed to the cabin. Someone stood in the doorway and watched their approach.

Pat Sorley was a little old man with a wrinkled face like a map of Ireland. At sight of Ruth he twisted it to a grin. They were the best of friends. His hands were in his pockets and there was a clay pipe in his mouth.

Ruth waved at him. He took one hand from a pocket and the pipe from his mouth.

"It's glad I am to see you, Miss Ruth," he said.

"I've brought someone to stay with you, Pat," the girl told him. She turned to the guest, a touch of cool insolence in her voice. "You said your name is—"

"Still Jeff Gray," the man said in his soft, mocking drawl. He understood that Ruth Chiswick was going to make it clear to the line-rider he was no friend.

"Mr. Gray has been hurt," she said. "I want you to patch him up and keep him hidden here until he can travel."

"Hidden who from?" Pat asked.

"From my father and my brothers and any of our riders."

"And what for would I be doing that?" Pat asked bluntly.

"Out of Christian charity," Gray murmured ironically. "I'm supposed to have taken a crack with a six-gun at Lee Chiswick in Tail Holt the other day."

Pat bristled. "You've got a nerve telling me that." He turned to the young woman. "I'll be listenin' to anything you've got to tell me, Miss Ruth."

"He's wounded," she answered. "Let's take care of him and do the explaining afterward, Pat."

"There's sense in that," Pat did not know how much or how little of what this fellow had said was true, but he did not intend to be the victim of his derision. "Better get that brindle thatch down and let's

see what's ailing you," he said crustily.

Gray eased himself gingerly out of the saddle. "Got a pill in one leg." He hobbled into the cabin.

"Go ahead and fix him up," Ruth said. "I'll tie the horses back among the rocks."

"What is this fellow?" Pat asked. "Some kind of outlaw on the dodge?"

Ruth shook her head. "I don't know." She ignored the presence of Gray in her answer as completely as Pat had in his question. "We'll talk about that later."

She turned away with the horses. Ungraciously Pat set to work doctoring the wound. The bullet had passed through the thigh close to the surface and missed the artery.

"Ought to heal up nice," Sorley grunted.

CHAPTER IV

Turning to Ruth, Sorley said, "I don't know where he got this wound or anything about him, be gory, but what I say, is that if he's the bird shot at the old man at Tail Holt I'll see him in Jericho before I'll let him stay here. He can put that in his pipe and smoke it, be-dad."

Ruth nodded. "I know how you feel, Pat, because that's the way I feel myself."

"What's to keep this buckaroo, soon as his leg gets a little better, from going up to the ranch some night and taking another crack at your dad?"

"That's what I'm afraid of," she admitted.

Jeff Gray sat on a homemade chair with his wounded leg resting on another. He volunteered no assurances of good behavior.

"Looky here, Miss Ruth," Pat urged, "we'd ought to tell Lee or one of the boys he is here, especially if you are sure he's the fellow you think he is."

"I know," Ruth's face wore a troubled frown. "Only . . . I shot him."

Pat dropped his pipe to the floor. It shattered into fifty bits. "The devil you say! Beggin' your pardon, Miss."

"I don't know how it happened. Blue Chip was jumping around, and he got in the way. I didn't mean to do it."

"An innocent bystander hit through an unfortunate accident," Gray suggested.

"What was the fellow doing around here?" Pat asked accusingly.

"I was on my way to the L C," explained Gray. "Wanted to have a little talk with Chiswick."

"Wanted to shoot him, you villain."

"I'm one of these victims of circumstantial evidence," the crook-nosed man drawled. "Someone takes a crack at Chiswick, and I'm, unanimously elected as the guy."

"We saw you do it—half a dozen of us," Ruth cried.

"Just what did you see?" the accused man asked.

"After you had shot you ran forward to finish Ruth, and the other men there fired at you and drove you away. What's the use of denying it?" she cried hotly.

"Not much use, is there?" he said evenly. "If I told my story you wouldn't believe it."

"No, I wouldn't. It would be all lies . . . But tell it."

"Much obliged, Miss Chiswick. I reckon I'll keep it under my own hat."

"What story could you tell? Father was wounded. We saw the smoke coming from your gun as you ran forward."

"That's correct."

"So you must have been the man."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Noted Food Authority

Relates the Miracle of VITAMINS and Explains Why YOU MUST EAT THEM or DIE

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS
8 East 39th St., New York.

WE LIVE in the most inspiring age the world has ever known. Chemists grow plants without soil. Doctors snatch men from death with insulin. Surgeons perform incredibly delicate brain operations. And thanks to the amazing discoveries of nutritional scientists, children enter the world with far better chances for long and happy lives, while men and women of seventy are more active and useful than their grandparents were at fifty.

Much of the hard-won knowledge of how to eat so as to increase efficiency, curb disease, and improve the chances for longevity is due to the discovery of vitamins.

VITAMINS DISCOVERED Twenty-six years ago, a now-famous scientist walked nervously around his laboratory, back and forth—back and forth. He was conducting a nutrition experiment of vast importance. He didn't quite know what he was going to find, but he believed that he was on the verge of a revolutionary food discovery.



The scientist was my friend, Casimir Funk, a brilliant Polish bio-chemist. He had been working on the problem for many years. At last, in the year 1912, his experiments were positive and conclusive. Then he announced to the scientific world that he had discovered a vital force. "This force," said Funk, "I have called vitamins, because it is necessary to life."

Thus, the word "vitamin" came into being, along with the first knowledge of these minute but powerful factors which exert such a tremendous influence on human health and happiness.

SPARK PLUGS OF NUTRITION Other bio-chemists throughout the world—including Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins in England, and Hart, Humphrey, Babcock, Steenbock and McCollum in the United States—had been working on the same problem that Funk had partially solved. They knew that the first step was to find out how vitamins affected the human body, and that the second step was to discover what foods contained these vital substances.

And so there began a long series of experiments in the laboratories of great universities all over the world, which demonstrated what happens when a diet is deficient in any of the vitamins, and proved that if laboratory animals are wholly deprived of vitamins for a short time they will die.

These experiments are of the utmost significance to every homemaker, because the same thing happens to human beings as to experimental animals. Today our knowledge of vitamins has progressed to such a degree that it is possible to state the exact requirement for most of the vitamins and to designate the foods from which adequate quantities can be obtained.

RESISTANCE AND VITAMIN A To date, six vitamins have been identified. Vitamin A promotes growth and builds resistance to disease. It is necessary for the health of the mucous membranes of the body and helps to guard against infections of the respiratory and alimentary tracts. It influences the health of the hair and skin, is necessary to prevent a serious eye disorder known as night blindness, and is essential for the formation of healthy teeth.

Vitamin A is found in milk, butter, margarine that has been reinforced with vitamin A concentrate, egg yolk, cod-liver oil, thin green leaves and yellow fruits and vegetables such as carrots, sweet potatoes, apricots and bananas.

APPETITE AND VITAMIN B Vitamin B promotes appetite, aids digestion, prevents a serious nerve disorder. It is essential to the maintenance of a good digestion, which is vitally important if the body is to obtain full benefit from the food consumed. This vitamin is closely related to the energy metabolism, and the requirement increases with the rate of growth and with increased energy expenditure, so that growing children and working men and women should receive very generous amounts.

Vitamin B is found in yeast, whole wheat cereals, oatmeal, milk, fresh and dried peas and beans, spinach, cabbage and other greens, egg yolk and liver.

VITAMIN C FOR TEETH, GUMS Vitamin C plays an important part in regulating body processes, and prevents the dread disease of scurvy. A lack of this essential vitamin results in profound changes in the structure of the teeth and gums, may be responsible for hemorrhages occurring anywhere in the body, and for the degeneration of muscle fibers generally.

Vitamin C is most abundant in succulent fresh green leaves, such as green cabbage. It is also found in onions, potatoes, oranges, tomatoes, green peppers, bananas and strawberries. In most foods, it is easily destroyed by heat—that is why it is so important to include some fresh raw foods in the diet daily.

VITAMIN D AND RICKETS Vitamin D is sometimes called the sunshine vitamin because it can be manufactured in the body through the action of direct sunlight on the skin. This is the vitamin that is necessary for the proper utilization of calcium and phosphorus in building bones and teeth. When it is lacking in the diet of infants, there develops that horrible disease known as rickets, in which the bones become soft and twisted, resulting in pitiful deformities—knock knees, bow legs, pigeon breast.

In foods, vitamin D is only found in appreciable amounts in fish-liver oils and egg yolk. That is why every homemaker should be so grateful to the scientists who labored to discover how to concentrate this precious vitamin from fish-liver oils and add it to foods, or to increase the vitamin D content of foods through irradiation.

ANTI-STERILITY VITAMIN E Vitamin E comes in for less discussion than the others, because its significance to nutrition has not

been fully determined. It does, however, appear to be necessary for successful reproduction and is found especially in wheat germ and lettuce.

Building, Maintaining Family Health

IN THE C. Houston Goudiss articles that have appeared weekly in this newspaper previous to this one, the nationally known food authority has described FOOD, as it provides the key to mental and physical power; PROTEINS, the foods you cannot live without; CARBOHYDRATES and FATS, foods that provide motive power for the body machinery; and MINERAL SALTS, that you must have in order to build strong bones, healthy nerves and rich, red blood.

These subjects have been treated in an interesting and understandable manner, free of scientific terms, principally offering advice to the housewife that will aid her in the problem of feeding the members of her family such foods as will build and maintain their health.

Every one of these articles has a definite place in your scrapbook for future reference. If you have missed any of these discussions, the publisher of this newspaper will supply them upon your request. If you have not already done so, start a department of these informative articles in your scrapbook at once!

VITAMIN G PROLONGS YOUTH

Vitamin G is necessary for growth and for the maintenance of health and vigor at all ages. It helps to ward off old age by prolonging the vigorous middle years. It is essential to the health of the skin, and recent experiments demonstrate that cataracts in the eyes may be due to a deficiency of this vitamin, which is found in yeast, and in liver, kidneys, egg yolk, milk, cheese and green leafy vegetables.

One authority claims that chronic disorders of the throat, stomach, lungs, colon, heart and kidneys may be traced to vitamin and mineral deficiencies.

Certainly enough has been learned of vitamin chemistry to make clear that the homemaker fails in her duty who does not provide vitamins in abundance for every member of her family. Both children and adults depend upon you for their food supply. It lies within your power to help them to health and happiness or condemn them to weakness, illness and sorrow. Do not fail them. See to it that every member of your household—your children, the wage earners, the middle aged and the elderly—get enough vitamins to afford them the health that science has placed within their grasp.

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What Is the Cause of "Spider-Web Check"?

If not properly "fed" with a good oil polish, furniture in time develops what is known as "spider-web check!" This appears on the finish, like wrinkles on the human face—fine lines, spreading here and there in a spider-web pattern. This crazing, this light cracking, is known in furniture language as "checking" and "spider-web checking" better describes the condition. This is the danger-signal, on finish! It's the indication of "starving" wood! A warning to the housewife, that if the finish is not cared for immediately and properly, the furniture will develop cracks, ridges and splits. "Spider-web check" is generally the result of either one of these two causes: Polish-neglect—or the use of a poor, cheap polish—without the essential fine, light-oil base. When the furniture is periodically "massaged" with a reputable oil polish (the best is non-greasy), the pores of the wood are "fed" and the piece is preserved. Then "spider-web check" will not appear! The use of a quality oil polish is the best preventive formula for this ugly, detrimental check!

AROUND THE HOUSE

Check Electrical Equipment.—As a safety measure in the use of electrical equipment, frequently look for breaks on all cords attached to appliances.

Preparing Cauliflower.—Always soak cauliflower head down for an hour in a quart of cold water to which a teaspoon of salt and one of vinegar has been added.

Variety in Sauces.—Don't get into the habit of using too many cream sauces. They are apt to make vegetables taste more or less alike and thus price monotonous.

Cleaning Flower Vases.—A flower vase should be washed clean with hot water and soap, lest bacteria that decay the stems of flowers should survive in the vase.

Freshening Raisins.—Raisins used in cakes, cookies and puddings should first be placed in hot water and simmered for five minutes to enlarge and soften them.

Another Use for Vinegar.—Vinegar added to washing-up water removes grease, brightens china, and acts as a disinfectant.

MORE WOMEN USE O-CEDAR POLISH THAN ANY OTHER KIND!

...because O-Cedar not only cleans as it polishes, but preserves your furniture—"feeds" the finish, prevents drying-out, cracking, insect damage upon O-Cedar Polish, for furniture, woodwork and floors (with the famous O-Cedar Mop).

O-Cedar POLISH MOP & WAX

Rockingham House, Gen. Washington's Headquarters, Has Been Restored

Rockingham, the rambling 10-room Colonial house, where General George Washington received word of the treaty of Paris that concluded Revolutionary war hostilities, has been restored to its original appearance after scores of years in disrepair. Ten thousand dollars in state and federal funds went into the project, notes a Rocky Hill (N. J.) correspondent in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Under the sponsorship of the WPA and the Historical Sites Commission of New Jersey, this eighteenth-century landmark, located a half-mile from Rocky Hill community and four miles from Princeton, has come into its own. The building has been completely renovated while the two-acre plot on which it stands has been landscaped to enhance the natural beauty of the spot.

Sheltering many historic relics and documents, Rockingham is steeped in the history of significant days of the Revolution. It was here in the "blue room" that General Washington wrote his farewell address to the Continental army and it

was here that he conducted all of his correspondence with Governor Clinton concerning the evacuation of New York city by British troops. On the long, double-decked veranda of the structure Washington delivered his farewell address to a handful of troops retained at what was then his headquarters. Rotted flooring has been replaced in the porch and several new pillars have been put in to bolster the sagging framework.

Washington last stayed at Rockingham in the ebullient days of the war, from August 24 until November 10, 1783. On November 2, 1783, he composed his farewell speech in the "blue room," delivered it first from the veranda and later at West Point where the army was finally dismissed.

Harz Mountains in Germany The Harz mountains are a deeply forested range in Germany between the Upper Harz in the northwest and the Lower Harz in the southeast. The highest point of the range is the Brocken, 3,750 feet high.