

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE'S

To Ride the River With

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"There's only one thing to do with us," Ruth said. "You can take us to Tail Holt and leave us at Ma Pressnell's. We'll be safe there. You'll have us under your eye all the time."

"All right," Lee assented. "I'll take you with me—both of you. I wouldn't if I could help it, but there's nothing else to do, as you say. You and Nelly fix up your war-bags. We may be there two-three days. While we're at Tail Holt you'll stay right in the house every minute. Understand?"

Ruth said she understood.

They took the road two hours after midnight. Steadily they rode, through a lovely night of stars that softened the harsh and desiccated face of Arizona to a strange, ghostly loveliness. Even the sahuaros, with their intimation of age-old decay, were like magnificent candelabra waiting to be lit. Peace reigned over the land.

Jeff Gray was a light sleeper. Awakened by the furious barking of the blacksmith's dog, almost instantly he was out of the bunk and at the window. Silhouetted in the moonlight on the brow of the little hill in front of the cabin were a number of men. They were moving toward the cabin. The marshal counted eight of them.

He called to his companion: "Wake up, Hank, and come here." Ransom struggled to consciousness. "Lord love ye, man, what are ye doing at the window?" he asked.

The dog was still barking savagely at the intrusion of so many night visitors.

"They've found out where I am and are coming to get me," Gray replied.

The blacksmith joined him. "The scallawags are scattering to cover more ground." He lifted his Winchester from the wall.

"Any chance for me to slip out of the back door down to the rocks in the creek?" Jeff inquired.

"Not a chance," Ransom said grimly.

"Then I'll have to surrender. They'll only hold me prisoner, if Sherm Howard is running the show. His son is out at the L. C. I'll step out with my hands up."

"Wait a minute," the old Indian fighter objected. "I'll go out and make a bargain with them. Better tie them up to an agreement. If there weren't so many, I'd say for us to stand 'em off, but I don't reckon we can do that."

A gun cracked. The dog no longer barked.

The leathery face of the blacksmith twitched. "Some damned scoundrel has killed Laddie," he said.

"Yes," Gray was thinking that a man who could shoot down a faithful dog was a villain and not to be trusted. "I'm going to wave the white flag and make terms, Hank. You're not in this. I'm the man they want. First thing is to get you out of this."

He sat down on the bed, pulled on his boots, and buckled round his waist the gun-belt lying on a chair.

"I'm not in this, ain't I?" the blacksmith blazed. "After they've killed my Laddie?"

The marshal returned to the window. The men outside were about sixty yards from the house. Jeff put a hand on the shoulder of his friend. "We've got to play our cards the way they are dealt us, old-timer. I'm going out with my hands up. You stay under cover. After they have me they won't bother you."

Gray unbolted the door and whipped it open. He stepped into the moonlight and lifted a hand, palm out.

There was a yell of rage. A bullet knocked a dirt chip from the adobe wall back of the officer. Another dusted his hat. The roar of a rifle deafened him. From just back of him Ransom had fired.

Lead splattered against the building. Hank lurched against his shoulder and fell.

"I'm hit!" he cried, and caught at his right leg.

Jeff snatched the rifle from him. "Crawl back into the house," he ordered.

"Come on, boys, we've got him!" a voice shouted.

The line of attackers moved forward. The marshal fired and missed—fired again and hit. A running man cried out and stopped abruptly. The others faltered. Their guns barked angrily.

Gray stepped back into the house and slammed the door.

"Get any of 'em?" his companion asked.

"One." The officer was at the window. "For right now they've had enough and are hunting cover. I've sure got you in a fine jam, Hank. You hurt bad?"

Jeff said. "Got to fix the fort so we can hold it."

He found an axe and knocked a bunk to pieces. Ransom told him where to find nails. The window he boarded up, leaving an inch or two for a loophole. Both doors he barricaded as best he could. Meanwhile, Ransom crawled across the floor and with a hatchet cut a spy-hole in the adobe wall. He made it large enough for shooting purposes.

"I'd like first-rate to get that bull rattle Morg Norris," Ransom said. "I've a notion if we picked off that slit-eyed carbon, and maybe one or two more, the rest of the lads would drag it."

Gray was of another opinion. By this time the whole village would know what was going on, and the attackers would be recruited if necessary by others. Reinforcements were likely to come in from the hills. Having gone so far, Sherm Howard would feel that safety lay in finishing the job. But the marshal did not say what he thought.

"I certainly picked me a top hand for a partner this trip," he said



"Gimme a hand, pardner!" he drawled.

lightly. "They're beginning to close in on us. I better discourage that."

He took aim at a dodging figure and fired.

"Get him?" asked Ransom, scraping the dirt out of the hole he had dug.

"No. Some of them are moving up the hill. Going to take us in the rear, I reckon."

The rifle of the blacksmith boomed. Hank gave a yell. "One of 'em won't take us in front or rear. He's down."

A bullet tore through the window and the plank with which Jeff had shuttered it. It broke a glass in the cupboard. The defenders could hear others showering dirt from the adobe wall.

Ransom dragged his wounded leg across the room to his loophole in the rear.

"Where did those fellows go?" he asked after a time. "No sign of them back here."

"That's funny. They headed toward the rimrock. Four or five of them. Must be figuring to work back of us, don't you reckon?"

"Love of Moses!" the old soldier cried. "They're going to crash boulders down on us."

The marshal knew at once that Ransom was right. The cabin lay in the path of an old slide. At the edge of the rimrock, a hundred feet above them, lay hundreds of loose boulders large and small. A half-ton of rock, hurtling down that precipitous slope, would crash through the soft adobe wall as if it were paper.

"I've got to stop that, Hank," the younger man said. "The firing down here is a bluff to keep our minds busy. They won't charge the cabin till those above have smashed it. I'm going up to stop their game if you don't mind sticking it out here alone."

"They'll pick you off before you've gone a dozen yards, boy," the blacksmith told him.

"Maybe not. The moon is under a cloud now. For one thing they won't be expecting me up there."

"They must have someone watching the back door."

"Not near enough to see in this darkness. See you later, old-timer." Jeff tore down the planking with which he had reinforced the back door.

Ransom said "Sure," and did not believe that either of them would be alive an hour from then.

"Bolt the door after me. I may come back on the jump. Be ready to let me in pronto." The marshal opened the door and slipped out.

Clouds were scudding across the sky. Jeff lay behind a woodpile, eyes and ears alert. Someone must have been sent to make sure the

trapped men did not escape by the back door. The man was probably crouched back of a rock some distance from the cabin. He might or might not have seen the door open, since the sky was now overcast. Gray wished he knew whether he had been observed. If he moved from the shelter of the woodpile, he was likely to find out.

He crept up the hill, taking advantage of every rock and bit of cactus that would give him cover. From the front of the house came the occasional crack of a gun. This was good news, since it told him the attackers were not rushing the house yet, but were waiting for the rock-rolling brigade to drive out the doomed men.

He was close to the top when a sound brought him to rigid stillness. A man was standing on the crest just above him. He was striking a match to light a cigarette. For a moment the flare of light showed Jeff a face he did not recognize, yet one that seemed oddly familiar. In an instant the man would look down and see him. The marshal did not wait for discovery.

"Gimme a hand, pardner," he drawled.

The match went out. "Who in hades are you?" a heavy voice rasped.

"Bud Taylor," Jeff said evenly. "Sherm sent me with a message."

The man above lent a hand to pull the climber over the edge. Looking at the iron-gray hair, the scarred cheek, the shifty eyes, Jeff remembered where he had seen that face before. It had been in a sheriff's office in Texas, on a photograph beneath which had been written the caption, "Clint Duke, Wanted for the robbery of the Texas and Southern Flyer."

Another burst of gunfire filled the night. Jeff could not understand this, unless the victors were setting off fireworks in celebration of their victory. The officer's jaw set grimly. They had better wait until they had finished the job. He intended to make them pay for what they had done to Hank Ransom, if they did not get him before he could slip out of town.

There were too many people afoot. As he made a circle around the Presnell boarding-house, three men carrying rifles walked toward him. He did the only thing possible, dodged into the same door he had entered some hours earlier when he had been looking for Curly.

The men stopped to talk for a moment at the door. One of them was coming into the house, Jeff gathered from what he said. Gray went gingerly up the stairway. He heard a crisp "See you later," and knew that the man was coming upstairs too.

Jeff had no time to pick and choose. He whipped open the first door he saw, walked into a room, and closed the door behind him. On the table there was a lighted lamp.

At the window a woman stood, clean-limbed and slender. She turned toward him a haggard face, eyes shadowed and fear-filled. For an instant she looked at him incredulously. Her amazement was no greater than his own. The woman was Ruth Chiswick.

A dressing-gown, open at the throat, was wrapped tightly around her lithe long body. Beneath the edge of it here bare feet peeped out. Jeff was aware, without giving the matter any weight, that Nelly lay asleep in the bed.

"You!" she cried. "I thought—I was afraid—"

Her tremulous voice broke, quivering with emotion.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I made Father bring me. He came to help you—after Lou Howard got away."

"Got away?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Drouth Is Seen as Cause of Ancient Indian Exodus From Northern Arizona

A drouth producing the same results as the modern dust bowl of the Middle West may have driven a cultured race of Indians from the region of northern Arizona more than 700 years ago, according to Dr. Ralph L. Beals, instructor of anthropology at the University of California at Los Angeles, says the Los Angeles Times.

The cliff dweller ancestors of the Hopi and Zuni Indian tribes began building their huge communal homes around the year 1250. A southern exposure was apparently as desirable for the home at that time as it is at present, since only huge cliff caves opening to the south were used for building. The cliff home was used only during the winter time, the tribe moving to the valleys for summer.

Suddenly, around the year 1300 the dwellings were abandoned, probably all at the same time, according to Doctor Beals. The time of the evacuation was established by rings on timber used in repairing the buildings.

A drouth of about 25 years laid waste the land. Like the present situation in the Midwest, water was

scarce and men and animals could not live on the scanty vegetation.

Cornucobs in the bottom of trash piles at the beginning of the drouth were very large, while at the end of the period, the ears had become very small, according to Doctor Beals. The people migrated from the district in much the same manner as refugees are leaving the dusty Middle West.

Costa Rica Most Flowery

Plants of the little country with more varied vegetation than any area of its size in America—a country with about 6,000 varieties of flowering shrubs and trees, including more than 1,000 different kinds of orchids—are described in "Flora of Costa Rica," published by Field Museum Press. No other area of its size in North or Central America has a flora so rich and varied as Costa Rica. In area, the country is about the size of West Virginia, but its flowers and plants are about three times as numerous as those of that state. Few tropical countries anywhere in the world can rival Costa Rica in the variety of its orchids and ferns.

house. From inside it came the crash of revolvers.

Jeff Gray's heart died within him. He knew that Ransom had been killed. The old soldier had come to his death after he had apparently deserted him. If he had stayed in the cabin, they might have driven back the attack. In any case he could have gone down fighting with his friend.

Sick with despair, Jeff turned to the left, reached the foot of the slope, and dropped down into the creek. He could neither see nor hear anybody. Through the brush he made a circuit and reached the cottonwood grove. Occasionally he could hear the spitting of guns.

The best thing he could do was to get down to the Alamo corral and force Reynolds at the point of a gun to lend him a horse. If possible, he must ride back to the L. C. and get the reinforcements Lee Chiswick had promised. He knew that Lee could stir up some of the other cattlemen and that a large fighting force could be organized.

That excitement in the village had reached a high point he could see. Many men were in the street, most of them farther uptown in the little business center. He had to wait for a chance to get across the road unobserved. More than once someone appeared just as he was about to start.

He took the street at a run, and swarmed over the same wall he had gone over on the night of his adventure with Frank Chiswick. He passed the blackened site of the stable that had been burned, crossed the creek, and moved down along its bank.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for July 31

SAMSON: STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS

LESSON TEXT—Judges 14:5, 6; 15:11-14; 16:15-21.

GOLDEN TEXT—Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.—Ephesians 6:10.

PRIMARY TOPIC—A Man Who Wasted His Strength.

JUNIOR TOPIC—How Strong Was Samson?

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Who is Strong?

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Physical Strength and Moral Weakness.

There is no more tragic individual among the sons of men than the one who entered upon life with every promise of success, who has lived for a time in favor with God and with man, and then because of moral failure is set aside by God, shunned by man, and ends life as a disappointment and a failure. "And yet such disastrous climaxes of what should have been great and victorious careers lie all about us, and nowhere with such frequency and inexcusableness as among those whom God has called to preach, evangelize, and teach His Word. The saddest tragedy in all the world is a man who once knew the power of the Holy Spirit and who now walks the streets of some great city or is buried in the cottage of an unknown countryside, without power, without work, without joy, without the leading of the Lord. He knows a weariness that labor never gives, for he wakens every morning more tired and weary than when he went to sleep the night before" (Wilbur M. Smith).

The life story of Samson brings us the picture of God's patient and gracious dealing with such a failure, reveals the inexorable law of cause and effect in the moral realm as well as the certainty that the wages of sin not repented of and forsaken is death.

I. Physical Strength and Favor With God (15:5, 6).

Samson had the distinction (given to only one other Old Testament character) of having his birth announced beforehand. He was to be a Nazirite and was to "begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines"—a commission which sin kept him from ever finishing.

God gave him the marvelous heritage of a strong and healthy body as well as His own blessing upon him for carrying out the Lord's work. The fact that he is named among the heroes of faith in Hebrews indicates that he did have faith in God. Yet his life was a failure.

Samson would have been a great favorite in this athletic age. Let those who worship the body and glorify physical prowess take note that such strength is not sufficient to guarantee success in life, and may indeed be a source of temptation which may lead to spiritual and moral downfall. Those who live for the flesh "shall of the flesh reap corruption" (Gal. 6:8).

II. Moral Weakness and Spiritual Decay (15:11-14).

The portion of the lesson selected for our consideration from Judges 15 gives only an act of prowess on the part of Samson, but the reader will recognize it as one of the many deeds of Samson done as an expression of his uncontrolled sensual nature. Read the entire chapter and it will be evident that here is a man who, while occasionally responding to God's leading, is on the downward path of moral and spiritual decadence.

Scripture is absolutely honest in relating the facts as they are—and here it is not at all an attractive picture. It never is, although the world tries to make it appear to be. A learned audience of university people laughed with evident appreciation at the statement of a professor that "vice is always more interesting than virtue," little realizing that they thus bore testimony to their own attitude toward sin. If the liquor advertisements were honest enough to picture the agony of a drunkard dying of delirium tremens they would present the real truth, but they would sell no "booze."

III. Failure, Darkness, and Death (16:15-21).

Delilah finally betrayed the foolish Samson who apparently had become so sure of himself that he dared to venture anything. The man who was to be strong for God is now in prison, shorn of his strength, blinded by his enemies, and finally he kills himself even as he slays his enemies (16:23-31). Thus he threw away the life that had become to him but a burden and a disgrace.

"Thus he who began never completed his work. The column was broken in the middle. The story ends with a comma and a dash, blistered over by a tear. For the light is turned into darkness, and how great is the darkness" (J. M. Lang).

Now Power Can Defeat God

Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh. For the Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken.—Prov. 3:25, 26.

WHAT TO EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Discusses Cheese—Prince of Proteins

Noted Food Authority Tells Why You Should Eat More of the Food That Is So Rich in Protective Elements.

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

FOR many years, men with an inventive turn of mind have dreamed of creating a product that would concentrate all the important food elements in a small tablet or capsule. They have been inspired by a desire to simplify meal preparation without sacrificing nutritive values.

No one has ever succeeded in making a synthetic food that would both satisfy hunger and properly nourish the body. But all the while, the researchers have overlooked the magnificent possibilities of cheese, one of the most concentrated, nourishing, satisfying and versatile of foods.

Cheese—The Body Builder

Cheese is the most concentrated source of protein known. Moreover, the protein is of such high type that if it were the only body-building food in the diet, given in sufficient quantities, it would be adequate not only to maintain life, but to support normal growth.

One-half pound of American Cheddar cheese will supply all the protein required by an adult for an entire day.

Cheese—The Energy Food

In addition to its rich store of protein, cheese is also a fine source of energy.

A cube of Cheddar cheese one-and-one-eighth inches square provides 100 calories or the equivalent in energy value of the lean meat of one lamb chop or one medium-sized potato. One-half pound of Cheddar cheese furnishes 1,000 calories, about half the daily requirement of an adult leading a sedentary life.

Cheese for Mineral Salts

Because milk is rich in minerals, it follows that cheese, which is made from milk, contains these precious substances in highly concentrated form. It is an excellent source of calcium, the mineral which is responsible for building strong bones and sound teeth, and for keeping the heart beating normally. A one-and-one-fourth inch cube of American Cheddar cheese contains as much calcium as an 8-ounce glass of milk.

The individual who does not care for milk as a beverage can easily obtain the necessary calcium from cheese. But it is practically impossible to get adequate amounts of this mineral without either milk or cheese.

In rennet cheese, phosphorus, as well as calcium, is present in the same proportions as in milk, but is much more highly concentrated. As in milk, these minerals are in a form that is most nearly perfect for easy assimilation. Rennet-curd cheese is always high in sulphur and fairly high in iron. Furthermore, the iron is in the most readily assimilated form.

Cheese and Vitamins

Cheese is a splendid source of vitamin A, which promotes growth and increases resistance to disease. It is especially important for eye health and is necessary to prevent the affliction known as night blindness. The amount of vitamin A varies with the type of cheese, but both American Cheddar and Parmesan cheese are extremely rich in this substance, and cream cheese is an outstanding source. Vitamins B and G

Place of Cheese in the Diet

There is a case on record of a young man who lived for two years on a daily diet consisting of one-half pound of cheese, a one-pound loaf of whole wheat bread and two pounds of fruit. While this limited diet might prove monotonous to some people, it is possible to utilize cheese as the easiest method of providing important food value, varying the diet, and simplifying meal preparation. For there are more than 200 distinctive varieties of cheese listed by the department of agriculture, ranging from the smooth, delicately flavored cream cheese, which may be given to very young children, to the sharp tangy cheese which is especially popular with men. Fortunately, almost every type can be purchased in packaged form, in sizes that are convenient for large and small families, making it possible to enjoy a wide variety.

Cheese can be used as a main dish; in salads or sandwiches; as a sauce for vegetables; as a dessert. It is desirable at the same time to serve bulky foods, such as fruits and vegetables. Cheese may also be combined advantageously with carbohydrate foods. This is because the balanced diet requires more carbohydrates than protein. And cheese is essentially a protein food, interchangeable with meats and fish.

Do You Want to Learn How to Plan a Laxative Diet?

Get This Free Bulletin Offered by C. Houston Goudiss

READERS of this newspaper are invited to write to C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City, for a free copy of his bulletin, "Helpful Hints on Planning a Laxative Diet."

The bulletin gives concrete suggestions for combating faulty elimination through correct eating and proper habits of hygiene. It gives a list of laxative foods and contains a full week's sample menus. A postcard is sufficient to carry your request.

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