

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE'S

To Ride the River With

COPYRIGHT WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE—WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER X—Continued

Jeff fired—missed. A bullet zipped past his ear. He shot again, knocking the revolver from the hands of the bandit into the creek.

Gray said with a curl of the lip. "I didn't want you or Father to kill him in cold blood while he was unarmed," she explained in a low voice.

"So you were thinking of us," Gray said, his drawl derisively insulting. "On our account you turned him loose to kill eight or ten more men. Nice the way you manage our business. I hope Lee Chiswick is as grateful to you as I am."

He turned his back on the girl and spoke to Sorley. "Reckon we'd better get back to our own camp, Pat, eat supper, and move down the creek a ways. He might meet some more wolves and come back to howl at us."

"Not likely, with him afoot and unarmed. Still, it's possible."

"I'll walk to camp," Gray told him. "Better saddle those broncs and ride down."

Without another word to Ruth, he picked up the weapons of Norris and departed.

Pat had stopped supper preparations when he heard the shots farther up the creek, but presently he had the coffee boiling and the ham fried. Ruth sat near Pat, at a little distance from Gray, whose face still showed no friendliness.

Ruth moved close to the man who had rescued her.

"Let him go," she begged in a low, broken voice. "I—I can't stand any more."

Jeff did not look at her. His gaze held fast to the prisoner. "No chance," he said. "He's going back with us to yore father. Go bring me a rope from that saddle."

"I'm afraid of him," the girl pleaded. "He's—horrible. You don't know."

"I can guess. Don't worry about him," Jeff said, grimly. "He'll be rubbed out plenty soon."

The slitted eyes of Norris had come back to them. He watched the man and the woman warily.

"Without a gun and without a horse he couldn't do us any harm," Ruth urged.

"You don't turn rattlesnakes loose because you're afraid of them," Gray told her coldly. "You stomp them out."

"Yes, but—"

Norris dived for the brush, his lithe body moving fast as a streak of light. The gun in Gray's hand roared, and the bullet plowed into the ground.

For a hundred yards he followed the fugitive. Abruptly he gave up the chase. He could no longer hear the rustling of foliage. Better get back to the camp. The fellow might hide, wait till he had passed, and slip back to the horses.

Anger grew in Jeff Gray as he swished back to the camp through the willows. By golden luck he had found this villain's camp and saved Ruth from disaster. For some fool woman's reason she had interfered to help him escape. With Sorley he had ridden fifty miles to save her, and for reward she made a fool of him out of sheer caprice.

Pat Sorley burst out of the brush just as Jeff reached the camp.

"I heard shots," the line-rider cried, then caught sight of Ruth and stopped abruptly, staring at her. "Glory be, he found you."

"Yes," Ruth answered, and bit her lip to keep down a sob.

Gray strode up to her. "What do you mean by knocking down my arm and hanging on to me?" he demanded, a cold, contained rage in his voice.

She swallowed a lump in her throat. "I—couldn't help it," she said meekly.

"Couldn't help it. Don't be a fool."

"I couldn't have you kill him, after—that I saw him do this afternoon." She shuddered, seeing for a moment the slack body of Kansas crumpling down to the ground.

"I don't get this," Sorley said, looking from one to the other. "You never in the wor-rid kept Gray from killin' this divil when he had a chance?"

"That's just what she did—grabbed my arm and hung on while he was making a break to get away," Jeff said bitterly. "It seems he had become her dear friend during the day. Probably we butted in where we weren't wanted, Pat."

"Don't say that!" Ruth cried. "He's an awful man—inhuman. I never saw anyone like him. His face—when he killed the other man—was like that of a devil. If you hadn't come—"

Her big eyes met those of Gray and shrank away.

"You hated him so much you couldn't bear to have him rubbed

out," Gray said with a curl of the lip. "I didn't want you or Father to kill him in cold blood while he was unarmed," she explained in a low voice.

"So you were thinking of us," Gray said, his drawl derisively insulting. "On our account you turned him loose to kill eight or ten more men. Nice the way you manage our business. I hope Lee Chiswick is as grateful to you as I am."

He turned his back on the girl and spoke to Sorley. "Reckon we'd better get back to our own camp, Pat, eat supper, and move down the creek a ways. He might meet some more wolves and come back to howl at us."

"Not likely, with him afoot and unarmed. Still, it's possible."

"I'll walk to camp," Gray told him. "Better saddle those broncs and ride down."

Without another word to Ruth, he picked up the weapons of Norris and departed.

Pat had stopped supper preparations when he heard the shots farther up the creek, but presently he had the coffee boiling and the ham fried.

Ruth sat near Pat, at a little distance from Gray, whose face still showed no friendliness.

Ruth moved close to the man who had rescued her.

"Let him go," she begged in a low, broken voice. "I—I can't stand any more."

Jeff did not look at her. His gaze held fast to the prisoner. "No chance," he said. "He's going back with us to yore father. Go bring me a rope from that saddle."

"I'm afraid of him," the girl pleaded. "He's—horrible. You don't know."

"I can guess. Don't worry about him," Jeff said, grimly. "He'll be rubbed out plenty soon."

The slitted eyes of Norris had come back to them. He watched the man and the woman warily.

"Without a gun and without a horse he couldn't do us any harm," Ruth urged.

"You don't turn rattlesnakes loose because you're afraid of them," Gray told her coldly. "You stomp them out."

"Yes, but—"

Norris dived for the brush, his lithe body moving fast as a streak of light. The gun in Gray's hand roared, and the bullet plowed into the ground.

For a hundred yards he followed the fugitive. Abruptly he gave up the chase. He could no longer hear the rustling of foliage. Better get back to the camp. The fellow might hide, wait till he had passed, and slip back to the horses.

Anger grew in Jeff Gray as he swished back to the camp through the willows. By golden luck he had found this villain's camp and saved Ruth from disaster.

For some fool woman's reason she had interfered to help him escape. With Sorley he had ridden fifty miles to save her, and for reward she made a fool of him out of sheer caprice.

Pat Sorley burst out of the brush just as Jeff reached the camp.

"I heard shots," the line-rider cried, then caught sight of Ruth and stopped abruptly, staring at her. "Glory be, he found you."

"Yes," Ruth answered, and bit her lip to keep down a sob.

Gray strode up to her. "What do you mean by knocking down my arm and hanging on to me?" he demanded, a cold, contained rage in his voice.

She swallowed a lump in her throat. "I—couldn't help it," she said meekly.

"Couldn't help it. Don't be a fool."

"I couldn't have you kill him, after—that I saw him do this afternoon." She shuddered, seeing for a moment the slack body of Kansas crumpling down to the ground.

"I don't get this," Sorley said, looking from one to the other. "You never in the wor-rid kept Gray from killin' this divil when he had a chance?"

"That's just what she did—grabbed my arm and hung on while he was making a break to get away," Jeff said bitterly. "It seems he had become her dear friend during the day. Probably we butted in where we weren't wanted, Pat."

"Don't say that!" Ruth cried. "He's an awful man—inhuman. I never saw anyone like him. His face—when he killed the other man—was like that of a devil. If you hadn't come—"

Her big eyes met those of Gray and shrank away.

"You hated him so much you couldn't bear to have him rubbed

out," Gray said with a curl of the lip. "I didn't want you or Father to kill him in cold blood while he was unarmed," she explained in a low voice.

"So you were thinking of us," Gray said, his drawl derisively insulting. "On our account you turned him loose to kill eight or ten more men. Nice the way you manage our business. I hope Lee Chiswick is as grateful to you as I am."

He turned his back on the girl and spoke to Sorley. "Reckon we'd better get back to our own camp, Pat, eat supper, and move down the creek a ways. He might meet some more wolves and come back to howl at us."

"Not likely, with him afoot and unarmed. Still, it's possible."

"I'll walk to camp," Gray told him. "Better saddle those broncs and ride down."

Without another word to Ruth, he picked up the weapons of Norris and departed.

Pat had stopped supper preparations when he heard the shots farther up the creek, but presently he had the coffee boiling and the ham fried.

Ruth sat near Pat, at a little distance from Gray, whose face still showed no friendliness.

Ruth moved close to the man who had rescued her.

"Let him go," she begged in a low, broken voice. "I—I can't stand any more."

Jeff did not look at her. His gaze held fast to the prisoner. "No chance," he said. "He's going back with us to yore father. Go bring me a rope from that saddle."

"I'm afraid of him," the girl pleaded. "He's—horrible. You don't know."

"I can guess. Don't worry about him," Jeff said, grimly. "He'll be rubbed out plenty soon."

The slitted eyes of Norris had come back to them. He watched the man and the woman warily.

"Without a gun and without a horse he couldn't do us any harm," Ruth urged.

"You don't turn rattlesnakes loose because you're afraid of them," Gray told her coldly. "You stomp them out."

"Yes, but—"

Norris dived for the brush, his lithe body moving fast as a streak of light. The gun in Gray's hand roared, and the bullet plowed into the ground.

For a hundred yards he followed the fugitive. Abruptly he gave up the chase. He could no longer hear the rustling of foliage. Better get back to the camp. The fellow might hide, wait till he had passed, and slip back to the horses.

Anger grew in Jeff Gray as he swished back to the camp through the willows. By golden luck he had found this villain's camp and saved Ruth from disaster.

For some fool woman's reason she had interfered to help him escape. With Sorley he had ridden fifty miles to save her, and for reward she made a fool of him out of sheer caprice.

Pat Sorley burst out of the brush just as Jeff reached the camp.

"I heard shots," the line-rider cried, then caught sight of Ruth and stopped abruptly, staring at her. "Glory be, he found you."

"Yes," Ruth answered, and bit her lip to keep down a sob.

Gray strode up to her. "What do you mean by knocking down my arm and hanging on to me?" he demanded, a cold, contained rage in his voice.

She swallowed a lump in her throat. "I—couldn't help it," she said meekly.

"Couldn't help it. Don't be a fool."

"I couldn't have you kill him, after—that I saw him do this afternoon." She shuddered, seeing for a moment the slack body of Kansas crumpling down to the ground.

"I don't get this," Sorley said, looking from one to the other. "You never in the wor-rid kept Gray from killin' this divil when he had a chance?"

"That's just what she did—grabbed my arm and hung on while he was making a break to get away," Jeff said bitterly. "It seems he had become her dear friend during the day. Probably we butted in where we weren't wanted, Pat."

"Don't say that!" Ruth cried. "He's an awful man—inhuman. I never saw anyone like him. His face—when he killed the other man—was like that of a devil. If you hadn't come—"

Her big eyes met those of Gray and shrank away.

"You hated him so much you couldn't bear to have him rubbed



"Don't push on the reins, Morg."

Howard came to an impasse in the game, gathered up the cards, and shuffled them. He started to deal, but stopped with a card poised. The outside door of the house had opened a few inches. Through the crack a pair of eyes gleamed. Very little more of the face could be seen, for the hat was well pulled down and a bandanna handkerchief covered the nose and mouth.

Sherm Howard had time for a moment of fervent regret. How had he happened to forget to bolt the door, with his forty-four lying in the cupboard a long five yards away from him?

The door opened farther and a lithe body slid through the widened crack into the room. The eyes of the self-invited guest did not lift from his host while a brown hand closed the door and pushed home the bolt.

Howard's stomach sagged as if from a weight of ice-cold lead. His mouth went dry. The man standing with his back to the door was Morgan Norris.

Norris grinned evilly. "Didn't expect me, did you, Sherm? Figured some of yore boys had dry-gulched me up in the hills. But I bet you are real pleased to see yore old friend."

The fat man pulled himself together. "What you doing here, Morg?" he asked. "Don't you know this whole county is out looking for you?"

"Including all Sherm Howard's willing lads. Sure I know it." The desperado limped forward. "But I dropped in because I knew you'd hate for me to pass through without thanking you for sicking the boys on me."

The man was in bad physical condition. A blood-stained handkerchief was tied around his head. Another served as a bandage for his arm. He looked travel-worn and haggard.

But he was undaunted. Never in his wicked, ribald lifetime had he seemed more master of the situation. Howard expected that the fellow had come to kill him. Morg must have met one of the boys and learned that Howard had thrown in with his hunters.

"What's all this crazy talk about me sicking the boys on you?" Howard asked. "You ought to know better than that. Fact is, you've played the devil, Morg. I thought you had more sense than to pull the dumb thing you did. This country won't stand for doing harm to women. You ought to know that too."

"Don't preach at me," Norris snarled out of the corner of his mouth. "Get me food, and water to wash my wounds. But first off, I want a drink."

The heart of the big man lifted. "Sure," he said. "Surest thing you know."

He heaved himself out of the chair and waddled across to the cupboard. Beside the bottle lay the forty-four he had unwarily separated himself from when he reached the house. This he pushed down between his trouser-belt and shirt. The bottle and a glass he brought back to the man at the table.

Norris poured a large drink into a tumbler. He held it in his hand and slid a menacing look at his host.

"I saw you get that gun," he said, lifting his upper lip in a jeer. "Fixin' to gun me if you get a chance, you damned double-crosser. Well, you don't get it." Norris raised the glass. "Here's to a short life and a smoky end for traitors, Sherm."

He poured the liquor down at a gulp.

Coldly Howard defended himself. "Your information is not straight,

Morg. Where did you hear I had turned against you?"

"I heard it from a ledge back of Coal Creek," Norris told him harshly. "Yore boys were camped just below. I heard 'em talk. Didn't know who they were at first. I found out you'd sent them out to get me, by crikes."

"Why don't you use your bean to think with, Morg? Of course I sent them after you. After you had gone crazy, I had to make a bluff, didn't I? I had to make out we were all hunting you to save our own bacon. Talk about me throwing down on you. What have you done but throw down on every last one of us?"

Howard spoke impatiently, irritably. He wanted to talk the young killer into a frame of mind less deadly, and the best way to do this was to put him in the wrong.

"What you mean, throw down on you?" the fugitive asked sulkily.

"You know what I mean, Morg. When you took that girl with you to the hills you set this whole district ablaze against us as well as you because we are your friends."

"Lou ran off with her first," Norris said.

"With her own consent. That's different. Where is the girl, Morg? What did you do with her?"

"I didn't do a thing," Norris growled. "Are you aiming to fix me up some food? Or ain't you?"

"Don't push on the reins, Morg. I asked you a question."

Norris gave information, very reluctantly, for what he had to tell hurt his inordinate vanity. "I turned her over to that double-crossing son-of-a-gun who calls himself Jeff Gray," he said.

The opaque eyes of the big man rested on him. "Tell it to me, Morg," he ordered.

"I'll tell it while you make me some supper," Norris told him. "Me, I could eat a government mail-sack. Haven't seen grub for nearly two days."

The young desperado helped himself to a second drink, then sat down and pulled off his boots. He was careful not to turn his back to Howard. Sherm began to knock together some food, always with his eye on the other.

Norris told the story of what had occurred, edited in such a way as to protect his self-conceit. He said that three men had attacked him at his camp in Wild Horse basin and that he had fought them until the revolver was shot from his hand. He had made his getaway on foot.

"You didn't walk all the way from Wild Horse," Howard said, after he had broken a fourth egg into a frying-pan.

"Most of the way," the outlaw looked down at his swollen feet. High-heeled cowboy boots are not made for walking, and he had been tortured cruelly during the long hours of tramping. "I roped a bronc at Walker's in the night and found a saddle in the stable. Most of the day I lay holed up in the rocks."

"What with yore wounds and all you must have had a hell of a time," Howard suggested.

The young man looked at him, fury in his eyes. "I'm sayin' so."

"If they shot yore gun from yore hand, I reckon you're not armed," Sherm said, very casually.

The killer watched him through slitted lids. "Don't you bank on that, Sherm," he drawled, his words dripping warning.

Howard said lightly, "I was thinking I'd have to fix you up with a gun if you had lost yore own."

What he had been thinking was that if Norris was unarmed, he could pump lead into him and take the credit for killing the man.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHAT to EAT and WHY

E. Houston Goudiss Warns Against Food Fads and Fallacies

Nationally Known Food Authority Explains How They May Endanger Health

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

AS SCIENCE and civilization have progressed, painstaking investigators have sought to replace ignorance with knowledge, to substitute truth for superstition. But in spite of their efforts, our eating habits are still influenced by a multitude of food fads and fancies, which should have no place in this enlightened age.

Some of these are harmless; others may endanger health. And the homemaker must learn to distinguish between fact and fancy.

Fish Is Not a Brain Food

One of the most persistent fallacies is the notion that certain kinds of food are especially beneficial for certain parts of the body. Many people believe that fish is a brain food and celery a nerve tonic. Lettuce is thought to be a soporific. None of these things is true.

The idea regarding fish probably arose because fish contains phosphorus and the brain also contains phosphorus. How simple it would be if one could increase brain power merely by eating fish. Unfortunately, there is nothing to it! The brain, like other parts of the body, requires a balanced diet. No case has ever been reported of a man soothing the irritated nerves of his wife by feeding her celery.

And as for lettuce, it is a fine source of minerals, vitamins and gentle roughage, but it does not contain any narcotic drug that induces sleep.

Not Necessary to Sip Milk

Another false idea is the widespread notion that milk must be sipped slowly or it will be difficult to digest. This has been refuted by a widely known investigator who made many tests. One day he fed a man a pint of milk in 10 seconds. The next day the same man was fed the same amount of milk in 10 minutes. On both occasions the contents of the stomach were examined a half hour later.

It was discovered that the milk which was drunk in 10 seconds had formed smaller curds than the milk which was sipped in 10 minutes. And in both cases, the curds

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.

100 PERENNIAL FLOWER PLANTS \$1

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded C.O.D. Plus Postage

The most sensational flower offer ever made, direct from the middle west's Pioneer nursery.

- 5 Veronica 5 Artemesia
5 Achillea 5 Phlox
5 Delphiniums 5 Subulata
5 Oriental 5 Painted
Poppies 5 Daisies
5 Sweet 5 Marguerites
Williams 5 Alyssum
5 Dianthus 5 Arabis
Plumaris 5 Coreopsis
5 Salsia Daisies 5 Vinca
5 Baby's Breath 5 Columbine
5 Sedum 5 Deltoides
5 Monarda

Mail card today with your name and address requesting offer No. 100. Above plants will come to you. Pay postman when flowers arrive. Order now while they last.

SEND NO MONEY - OFFER NO. 100 GARDNER NURSERY Since 1857 Rt. 9, OSAGE, IOWA

Are You Overweight? You can REDUCE Safely - Surely - Comfortably

Send for This Free Bulletin Offered by C. Houston Goudiss

Readers of this newspaper are invited to write to C. Houston Goudiss, at 6 East 39th Street, New York City, for his scientific Reducing Bulletin, which shows how to reduce by the safe and sane method of counting calories.

Such foods as dried peas and beans and whole grain cereals contain a substantial percentage of both starch and protein. Fasting is urged by some fadists as a means of "detoxifying" the body. Advocates of this practice claim that it is nature's method of housecleaning. As a matter of fact, fasting for any length of time may be dangerous to health, because it may result in the accumulation of incomplete oxidation products of fat, and the development of acidosis. Homemakers must put aside superstitions, half-truths and food fallacies if they are to nourish their families properly. Put your faith only in established food facts. Remember that upon your knowledge and breadth of vision depend, to a great degree, not only the health but the happiness of your family.

Advertisement for Coleman Ironing Machine. Includes illustration of a woman ironing and text: 'Now I Iron the EASY WAY with my Coleman SELF-HEATING Iron'

Advertisement for Woodstock Hotel. Includes text: 'Everything you want in NEW YORK! HOTEL Woodstock 43rd St. East of Broadway TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK'

\$500 CASH Each Week FREE

\$250 to Consumers — \$250 to Retail Grocers

159 PRIZES GIVEN WEEKLY

Men - Women - Boys - Girls Here's YOUR Chance to WIN \$50.00—this WEEK—If you act QUICK! Everybody can enter this simple, easy,

FLA-VOR-AID NEWS ITEM CONTEST

It's Easy! It's Lots of Fun! No Special Writing Ability Necessary! \$500 CASH will be given FREE each week. YOU MAY BE THE LUCKY WINNER OF \$50. And remember! Whatever prize you win, your Grocer gets a duplicate award. So here's your chance to help your Grocer!

Enter Today! Act Quick! You May Win \$50! THE JEL SERT COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS