

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE'S

To Ride the River With

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"Morgan Norris killed Buck Conrad and freed Lou."
"How many men has your father?" Jeff asked Ruth.
"Four besides himself. Others will be here after a while."
He flung another question at her, his voice harsh and swift. Nothing in manner or speech betrayed the swift awareness of her, passionate and fierce, that sent a heat running through his strong body.
"How many more?"
"I don't know. Six or seven. And the word is being passed to other cattlemen. They will send men too."
She broke down, with a sob. After so many hours of desperate fear it was too much to find him not dead but alive and full of the energy that seemed in him so much more vital than in others.
Ruth cried, in explanation, "We heard firing as we came into town."
Jeff flung out a hand, to push the memory from him. "They . . . killed Hank Ransom, my friend, who was hiding me."
"How did you escape?" she murmured.

"I wasn't there. I left him . . . alone . . . after he was wounded."
"No!" she denied. "It isn't true."
"I thought I had to go, to save us. Before I got back they had him."
She moved closer, filled with pity for him. "He would understand—if he were alive," she said gently.
The faint, tender smile on her lips, the wistful eagerness to comfort him, were too much for her self-restraint.
He caught her to him—held her warm, breathing body close and looked down into the face that held for him the lovely youth of the world incarnate.
Again guns sounded.
"I've got to go," he said.
"Go where?"
Ruth asked the question, though she knew the answer.
"I must join your father. There is still fighting."
"How can you get to him?" If you're seen on the street—"
"I'll get to him."
Her brown arms, soft and warm, were about his neck, fingers interlaced. Jeff broke the hold, gently, but with irresistible strength.
Without a word, with no good-by, abruptly he turned and walked out of the room.
Nelly was still sleeping peacefully, an arm flung across her eyes to shield them from the light.

CHAPTER XIV

The barking of Ransom's dog upset the plans of Morgan Norris for a surprise. He had forgotten about Laddie, though everybody in Tail Holt knew the great affection of the blacksmith and the collie for each other. Since the loud and angry protest of Laddie at his presence annoyed him, Norris followed his impulse and killed the animal.
Mile High did not like it. To kill a man was one thing, but to kill a faithful dog quite another.
"What's the idea in that?" he asked resentfully.
The killer snarled something. What he said was not important. Gray had come out of the cabin and was standing in the moonlight, his open hand raised in the old peace sign.
Norris gave a derisive yell and fired. Others in his crowd followed the example set. Hank Ransom was beside the marshal now. He blazed away with a rifle. A moment later he went down and Gray had snatched up the Winchester. The wounded man crawled back into the cabin. His companion retreated, still answering the fire of the attackers, and slammed the door after him. One of the outlaws sat on the ground. He was nursing a shattered elbow and cursing violently.
"Find cover, boys," Norris ordered. "We don't want to get killed while we're smoking these birds out."
He could have saved his breath. The others were already on their way to get out of sight.
Norris sent two men to make a wide circle and get to the rear of the cabin. "If they try to make a break, crack at them. We'll be there on the jump."
For some minutes there was desultory firing. The attackers moved closer, but gave that up when a second man was wounded.
Mile High got an idea. "Let's dynamite the rocks above and send them down on the cabin. They'll come scuttling out like rabbits if the avalanche doesn't kill them."
A man was sent to get dynamite from Sanger's store. When he returned, Mile High led a party to the rimrock. Before he succeeded in sending a big boulder crashing down on the adobe cabin he was driven away by a surprise attack. As they retreated to join their companions below, he noticed that one of them was missing.

"Anybody seen Clint Duke?" he asked.
"They must have got him up there," someone said. "Where did all those fellows come from?"
"I wouldn't know," Mile High said bitterly. "We start out to round up one red-headed guy and we bump into a whole passel of them."
The gunfire below became more rapid. They could see the flashes of the exploding shots in the darkness.
"There's a heap of shooting from that cabin," a black-browed outlaw grumbled. "Looks to me like there are more than two men there."
They found Norris and the man with him backing away from the battle. He was in a vile humor. At the last moment victory had been snatched from him. What had occurred he did not yet know, but it was clear that an irruption of allies had poured in on the defendants.
"Thought you were going to wipe out the cabin with boulders from above," he snarled.
"Before we got started, a bunch of men attacked us, killed Clint Duke, and drove us away," Mile High explained.



"Rats leave a sinking ship, don't they?"

High explained. "I'm askin' you where all these warriors came from."
"I aim to find that out right damn now," Norris said savagely. "I'll give you my guess. That double-crossing son-of-a-gun Sperm Howard threw down on us and sent word to Chiswick and his friends to come collect us. The rat figures we're sunk and he's trying to suck up to the law to save his own hide. When I see him . . ."
He did not finish his sentence. The malevolence of his voice was threat enough.
"Maybe not, Morg. Don't go off half-cocked. Find out for sure before you go too far. Sperm's a wily old bird. He may wiggle us out of this jam yet. We don't even know yet who these men are who jumped us."
"Outside of Chiswick and his cattle friends this country is filled with absentees when it comes to gunmen ready to tackle me and my crowd," Norris retorted angrily.
"Get the boys together, Mile High, and don't let them separate. By morning we may have the worst bear-fight on our hands you ever saw. Meet you at the Golden Nugget in half an hour."
"Where you going now?"
"I told you I was aimin' to have a lil' talk with Sperm Howard," the killer said out of the corner of his thin-lipped mouth. "I'll say he'd better have a good story to tell me, too."
"I'll go with you," Mile High said hurriedly.
Norris swung round on him, standing on the balls of his feet, angry eyes glaring through slitted lids. "By God, you won't."
Mile High looked at him for a long moment, then gave way with a shrug. There was no doing anything with Norris when he was in a rage. Clearly he was working himself up into one now. The issue was not important enough to justify a quarrel. Trust Sperm Howard to talk some sense into his head. The old fox would know how to handle Morg.
The outlaw did not find Sherman Howard at home. After pounding on the door for some time, he roused Lou, who demanded sleepily what he wanted.
"I want the old man," Norris cried with an oath. "Where is he?"
"That you, Morg? I dunno where he is. I been asleep. Last time I saw him was at the Golden Nugget."
"Get up and dress," the badman ordered harshly. "There's a heluva war on and you can't duck it. Get your gun and come out here."
"What you mean, a war?"

"Chiswick's warriors are in town. They've done killed Duke and wounded two-three more. You're in this, fellow, and don't you forget it."
Lou protested, in vain. Reluctantly he dressed and joined the other.
"Scot down to the cottonwood grove and report to Mile High," the bandit told him. "See you show up pronto. If you don't, I'll take care of you personal. Understand?"
Norris turned on his heel and swaggered away, fury still burning within him.
He walked into the back door of the Golden Nugget. Day would break in another hour or two, but the place hummed with life.
No gambling was taking place, but there was plenty of drinking. Men stood around in groups, all of them armed, though in some cases the weapons were concealed. For by this time all Tail Holt knew that a showdown was at hand. The battle lines were drawn between the outlaws and the cattlemen, between Gray and Chiswick on the one side and Howard and Norris on the other.
Morg Norris was a marked man as he walked to the bar. The talk suspended, and all eyes rested on him. He was the fighting spearhead of the lawless forces, just as Sperm Howard was the directing brain. Men watched him, to get a clue to future action. They meant to play safe. If the outlaws were going to win, they wanted to be with them at the finish. But if law was coming into the mesquite, if the day of the killer and the thief was at an end, they wanted to make overtures to Chiswick, or, in case they had gone too far for that, to slap a saddle on a bronc and leave swiftly for parts unknown.
Norris ordered a drink and asked curly where Sperm Howard was.
The bartender Pete nodded a head toward the office.
"How are cases, Morg?" someone asked with what indifference he could assume.
The killer showed his teeth in a snarl. "Fine. How would they be going?"
"I hear Chiswick is in town with a bunch of his men," another said casually.

Morg took the drink at a gulp. "You hear correctly." He slanted insolent eyes at the man. "You pullin' on the bit to get a crack at them, Slip?"
Without waiting for an answer he turned his back on them and walked into the office, closing the door behind him. In the room were three men, Sherman Howard, Curt Dubbs, and a man named Yorky who usually hovered close to the stout man. It was generally understood he was a guard.
The three men looked up. None of them spoke for a moment. Howard felt a premonition of disaster. He said, "Any news, Morg?"
Norris moved a little closer, carrying his body with a lithe, catlike grace. His shallow eyes were narrowed to shining slits. A light played on the surface as it does on agate marbles. The face of the man was venomous.
"Plenty," he snarled.
The heart of the big man died. He wanted to call out a warning to Yorky, but he dared not. His glance darted here and there, seeking help, then came back to the dark agates fixed on him. The muscles of his fat face twitched as he fought to control himself. The man had come to kill him. He did not doubt that.
"Did you get Gray?" Yorky asked, his chair tilted back against the wall and his hands thrust into trouser pockets. He knew Norris

was in a sullen rage, but he had no guess that an explosion was imminent.
"No, we didn't get Gray," the outlaw answered with a sneer. "We weren't sent to get Gray, but for him and his crowd to get us. You'll be glad to know, Howard, you double-crossing coyote, that your friends Gray and Chiswick have rubbed out Clint Duke and maybe others. Tracy they have wounded. Menger too."
Howard raised a trembling, ham-like hand in protest. "Don't talk foolishness, Morg. Why would I throw down on the boys and join up with my enemies? You ought to know me better than that. It doesn't make sense."
"Rats leave a sinking ship, don't they? Sure I know you—clear through. You tried to have me bumped off before. Now you've sent for Chiswick's crowd. Trying to play in with them and save yourself."
"Listen, Morg. Don't get excited. Listen to me." Howard made a motion to raise himself from the seat. He did not get halfway up.
Norris whipped out a forty-five and fired three times. Howard caught at his stomach and sank back into the chair. Any one of the bullets would have been fatal.
The wolfish face of the killer turned on the others. "Want any of my game, either of you?" he demanded.
Dubbs tried to speak and found he could not. The big eyes in his white face stared at the killer.
"We're not in this, Morg," Yorky said. "If you and Sperm had a difficulty, that wasn't our business."
"You bet it wasn't," Norris went on exultantly. "I'll take care of this show, boys. That scoundrel was playing both ends. We'll sweep this riffraff out of Tail Holt before twenty-four hours. I'm sending a call for the boys to come in from the hills."
"Sure. Sure. That's the way," Dubbs got his approval out hoarsely from a dry throat.
"We'll go into the other room and tell the boys," Norris swaggered. "And don't throw me down if you're figuring on health."
He herded them into an outer room and explained to a dozen excited men that he had killed Howard because he was betraying them.
While Norris still had the floor, the door opened and a man staggered into the room. His face was blood-stained from a gash over the temple. Apparently he had been roughly handled. The man was Clint Duke.
Norris stared at him. "I heard they had got you."
"He left me for dead," Duke explained.
"Who did?"
"Jeff Gray."
He told his story.

Chemical Industry Is Putting Luster in Textiles by Using Lobster Shells

Gourmets who have been troubled about what to do with empty lobster shells will be pleased to know that the chemical industry is finding uses for the material. The horny armor of lobsters and other crustaceans has been found to be a starting material for the manufacture of chemicals which give a soft, lustrous finish to textiles, reports a writer in the Chicago Tribune.
The material which makes up the protective coatings of crustaceans and insects is known as chitin. It differs profoundly from the hard materials used in the skeletons or armor of other forms of animal life. The supporting matter of sponges is calcium silicate. The shells of oysters, clams, and snails are built of calcium carbonate, or limestone. The bones of vertebrates consist of calcium phosphate. Each of these three compounds is mineral in nature. The chitin found in crustaceans, on the other hand, is an organic substance and one that bears little chemical resemblance to any other component of living matter.
Perhaps its nearest chemical relation is the cellulose of plants. Cellulose is a complex combination of

a great number of sugar molecules. When subjected to the prolonged destructive action of dilute acids it is eventually broken down into sugar. Chitin is an analogous complex, not of sugar, but of a substance called acetyl glucosamine. This last substance is as complicated as its name. It is a compound of acetic acid and glucosamine. The latter, the essential building stone of the chitin molecule, is in turn a compound of sugar and ammonia. Glucosamine possesses most of the properties of the sugars. In addition it has the alkaline action of ammonia.
"Snakes Do Not 'Dance'"
When a snake sways to the trills of an Indian snake charmer's flute it isn't "dancing"; it is in deadly earnest. The snake has no respect whatsoever for music, sways only to aim a blow at the charmer, who, too, is swaying. The only reason India's snake charmers, indeed, most charmers, don't succumb to the attacks of their "pets" is because the snake's fangs have been removed. It's a rare snake "tamer" who plays around with a creature capable of doing much harm.

GREAT BOOKS 'Robin Hood' Is Favorite of Children

By ELIZABETH C. JAMES

PERHAPS the first time that you met Robin Hood and his Merry Men, you were a little child and were in bed with the measles. Perhaps your mother sat by the window where a ray of light permitted her to read to you from the stories of Robin Hood. Anyway, you certainly remember Robin's fight with Little John.

One summer's day Robin Hood and his Merry Men stopped their journey in the forest to rest in the shade. Their leader set out to rove the woods alone, taking his horn which he used to summon his men should he need them.
Going along gayly Robin found himself over a rushing river on a narrow log bridge, face to face with a man seven feet tall. Hot words passed between them for neither would go back to allow the other to pass first. Pulling an arrow from his sheaf and placing it to his long bow, Robin prepared to end this argument, but the tall man taunted him with the name of coward.
"Do you not see me unarmed except for a staff?" cried his opponent. "And yet you would use your bow."
Robin left the bridge and cut himself a stout cudgel from a tree. Returning he faced the tall man and they began to fight, both balancing on the narrow log.



Elizabeth James

A blow from Robin's staff seemed to shiver the bones of the other, but a quick stroke nearly cracked the crown of Robin's head. Thus they were struggling, hand to hand, when a dextrous stroke from the stranger tumbled Robin Hood into the water. Pulling himself from the river by the overhanging boughs of a bush, Robin gave a mighty blast on his horn. Running at top speed came his band of Merry Men in their liveried suits of green. Seeing their leader wet from head to foot, they asked the reason, and when Robin told them of the fight they beset the stranger to give him a ducking.
"Stop!" cried Robin Hood. "If this brave man will join us, he can become a member of the Merry Men!"
Shouts greeted these words, and the tall man agreed to accept this

invitation, having heard much of Robin Hood's men.
"We must have a feast in his honor," they cried and set about preparing the venison and wines.
And so it was that on a summer's day in their secret haunt in Sherwood Forest, Robin and his Merry Men took Little John to be one of their band.
Robin the Archer.
Another day Robin Hood heard of an archery tournament which he very much wished to win. Wearing a disguise he entered the contest and was soon left with only one opponent, a slender youth who shot with grace and skill. When the last round came, Robin stepped back to give first place to his opponent, who in turn gave way to Robin Hood. Then the outlaw saw that the hands of his opponent were trembling. So Robin Hood stepped to the mark and shot his arrows, making a perfect score. The youth missed the center of the target by a small margin.
It was then time to remove disguises. When the villagers saw Robin Hood they were astonished for they knew that the Sheriff of Nottingham was searching for him. At this very moment the Sheriff dashed up on his horse and a freer-for-all fight began. The villagers helped Robin Hood for they loved him as a hero. In the confusion, Robin noticed the slender youth beside him, fighting in his defense.

When the fight was over, Robin sought out the youth and inquired why he had fought thus in his behalf. The youth removed his disguise and his cap; beautiful long hair fell to his shoulders. Robin gasped, for the slender youth was really Maid Marian, Robin's sweetheart.
Robin Hood and his sweetheart rode away together, leaving the villagers smiling.
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ABOUT THE AUTHORS
The authors of the Robin Hood stories are unknown as individuals but much can be deduced about them as a group. They hated the rich Normans who had taken the best of everything in England, they hated many of the churchmen who taxed the people excessively in the name of religion. Robin Hood was their champion for he robbed the rich and helped the poor. What King Arthur was to the nobility, Robin Hood was to the poor.
The deeds of Robin Hood have come down to us in ballads which were told and sung by the evening camp fires, long before the people could read or write.

Frosting a Cake for Judges to Sample



A professional cake baker, frosting one of the hundreds of cakes which were made up in the Experimental Kitchen Laboratory, maintained by C. Houston Goudiss in New York City, in the course of selecting the winners in his recent Cake Recipe Contest.

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS
NATURALLY, I am accustomed to seeing exhibits of delicious and interesting foods in the Experimental Kitchen Laboratory that I maintain in New York City. But in all the years of its existence, it has never been a busier nor a more inviting place than during the last few weeks when the home economists on my staff have been busily testing and judging the many fine cake recipes submitted by readers of this paper in our recent Cake Recipe Contest.
Imagine, if you can, a big cheerful and colorful kitchen filled with long tables upon which row after row of handsome cakes were arranged—proudly testifying to the skill of the homemakers who cherish the recipes from which they were made.

Every Type of Cake Entered.
A whole tableful of white cakes, with and without icing. Chocolate and cocoa cakes of every possible type. All manner of cakes, fragrant and delicious—spice, ice cream, honey, caramel, maple syrup, nut, date, pineapple, orange, lemon, butterscotch, jam, banana, raisin, oatmeal, coconut and marble cakes. Cakes baked in long sheets, square cakes, round cakes, layer cakes. Old-fashioned cakes from grandmothers' recipe books. Very modern and up-to-date cakes. And even one that was said to have been a favorite with General Robert E. Lee. I've never seen anything to compare with the collection, even at the biggest State Fair!

Do you wonder that the home economists on my staff required several weeks to pick the winners? For with such a wealth of exceptional cakes from which to choose, selecting those for top honors, was indeed difficult.
The cake bakers were trained for their work. They followed the recipes precisely. They measured accurately. They checked oven temperatures.
The scoring system was highly scientific. And we can say with conviction that no matter how close the race, the winners definitely outpointed even their closest rivals.

First Prize Winner.
The first prize of \$25.00 went to Mrs. D. F. Kelly, 1004 Charles St., Whitewater, Wis.
Second Prize Winners.
The five second prizes were awarded to Mrs. H. Harshbarger of 2427 Fifth Ave., Altoona, Pa.; R. A. Williams, 12075 Rosemary Ave., Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. C. A. Burns, Box 788, Oakland, Miss.; Miss Sadie Cunningham, Avonmore, Pa.; and Mrs. Laura Meyer, 107 Pleasant St., Plymouth, Wis.
Third Prize Winners.
Mrs. T. H. Fjone, Flaxville, Mont.; Mrs. Lester Ralston, 127 South Judd St., Sioux City, Iowa; Mrs. Harry A. Kramer, 16 Marin Road, Manor, Calif.; Mrs. F. D. McDonald, Route 1, Amherst, Wis.

World of Difference
Many a man has mistaken "gall" for grit.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men
Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 42), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.
Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

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AROUND THE HOUSE

Dull-Bottomed Pans.—Save heat and money by using pots and pans with black or satin-finished bottoms, which absorb heat more evenly and rapidly than those with shiny bottoms.
Help Children Help Selves.—Buttons on small children's clothing should be from 3/4 to 1 1/4 inches in diameter so that the child can easily button his own clothes.
Flush-Type Molding.—By using flush-type steel or wood moldings dust-catching corners may be eliminated and the housework made easier and more thorough.
Wrap Meats to Store.—Research shows that cooked meat stored in a refrigerator loses the least weight when wrapped in paraffin paper or stored in a covered container.