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Too Involved

Snooks (hercely)—Do you mean to call me a liar, sir? Brooks—That is the construction which suggests itself in connection with the observation I addressed to you.

Them!

The vicar had just returned from a visit abroad, and a big crowd of his parishioners had collected to welcome him. Beaming with pleasure, the vicar got up to speak.

THE MODERN KID

A rude woman, sitting in a tram with a little boy next to her, was asked for her fare by the conductor. "Tuppenny," she said brusquely.

GETS HIS TURN

Missionary (establishing pleasant relations)—And may I expect to be present at dinner?

CHAPTER IX—Continued "What has Lou got to do with it?" Howard asked. "He's one of the gang that did this. We caught him. He's our prisoner now. A hostage, you might say. If anything happens to Miss Ruth, it's all off with him."

more than you do," Howard cut back sharply. "And I won't have you saying I do, Dan. There's one thing more I'll say. My boy Lou isn't in this. If you—or Lee—or any of his riders—do that boy any harm, I'll never quit till I've cleaned up the whole Chiswick nest. You can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

and cold. "One of them stayed here." He pointed at the still body. A pulse of excitement hammered in the scrawny throat of the linerider. "Begorry, you're right. There has been a fight, and one of them got killed."

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE'S

To Ride the River With

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"I will not," Brand said curtly. "No need to begin at the first of it, Sherm. You know that better than I do. Through yore spies you found out some Mexican smugglers were going to run silver through Live Oak canyon to Tough Nut. You sent five of yore gang out to waylay them."

"Wa-ait a minute, Dan." Howard raised a fat hand to stop him. "No such a thing. Some of the boys headed for Tough Nut to see the elephant. They may have gone by way of Live Oak canyon. I wouldn't know about that."

"It isn't more than 40 miles off the direct route to Tough Nut," Brand said contemptuously. "Don't try to load me, Sherm. I know what that outlaw bunch went to Live Oak for. We found two Mexicans they had rubbed out and the pack-mule with the silver. Yore crowd was still shootin' when we took a hand."

"The Mexicans must have attacked them," Howard protested. "That would be the way of it."

"Sure. When a brush rabbit gets nerve enough to spit in the eye of a rattlesnake. Like I said, Lou is our prisoner. That boy hasn't any sand in his craw. He wilted right off and blabbed all he knew. Don't waste my time trying to lie. Here's the nub of it. Two of yore men slipped away from us up a side canyon. They cut across to the L C ranch-house and picked up Miss Ruth. After she had rustled grub for them, they took her with them into the hills."

"What two men?" "Morg Norris and Kansas." "I'm not responsible for what that killer Morg Norris does," the fat man burst out. "You know that, Dan. He's a bad hombre. Long ago, soon as I saw what he was, I washed my hands of him."

"Lee holds you responsible. So do the rest of us. You can't get away with that, Sherm. Every decent man in this country will be against you in this thing. If that devil Norris hurts Miss Ruth, you'll be in a jam. Don't think anything else for a minute."

The big moon, face of Howard was pallid. The reverse at Live Oak was bad enough. Not much chance to play innocent with Lou a prisoner. But this crazy adventure of Morgan Norris was ruinous. Sherm did not know which way to turn. Lee Chiswick hated him, anyhow. The oldest son of the L C ranchman had been a private in the Texas Rangers and had been killed while on duty. The father of the dead boy had always suspected Howard of betraying the youngster to his death, though he had never been able to prove it. If this girl was injured, Lee would go hog wild. His revenge would never stop at Norris—not even at Lou Howard.

"We want to be reasonable, Dan," he said. "I wouldn't have had this happen for all the money in the world—if it has happened. I can't believe it. Morg is a good-looking fellow. Maybe he just persuaded her to ride along a ways. If it was Morg. We want to be sure of that."

"Morg left a note," Brand said quietly. "Besides, the girl who works at the ranch got away and told us. What's the sense in trying to fool yoreself? If it is yoreself and not me you're trying to load. I'm here to tell you to get busy. Send some of yore scalawags out to shoot down Norris. Get Miss Ruth back somehow safely. If you don't, you're out of luck, Sherm." The face of the foreman was harsh and grim.

Howard mopped his perspiring face with a bandanna. He made up his mind to sacrifice Norris. It was too bad Mile High was present, since it would be fatal for the idea to get out that he would not stand by any of his gang in trouble. But even Mile High must see they had to throw Morg to the lions after doing such a thing.

"We'd better talk turkey," he admitted. "First thing is to get Miss Chiswick back. I can promise to put 30 men to combing the hills inside of two hours, Dan. I'll go the limit on this thing."

"Good, if you send them to the right place," Brand made blunt answer. "I don't know where he is any

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The younger man differed. "Not a fight, but a murder. For some reason Norris made up his mind to get rid of Kansas. He did so, and then lit out. I'm going down."

"Look out for a trap," the old-timer advised. "Don't think it's that. Two of the horses have gone."

But Gray did not take any unnecessary chances. His rifle was across the saddle as he rode down into the park. He made sure nobody was in the house before he took a close look at the dead man.

"Kansas, like you said," Sorley looked at his companion and then looked away. Both of them were thinking of what this meant to Ruth. "They can't be far ahead of us, if we knew which way they had gone."

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PHOTOGRAPHY

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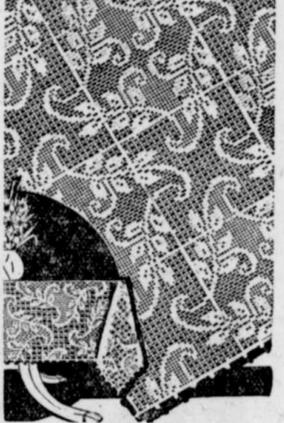
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How Are the Simple Rules? 1-Clip the most unusual of the News items from your paper or magazine. 2-Complete this sentence in 10 words or less "THE ONE THING I LIKE BEST ABOUT FLA-VOR-AID IS..." 3-Attach entry to wrapper from 5 pack of FLA-VOR-AID or facsimile. 4-Add the Name and Address of Grocer who you bought FLA-VOR-AID. 5-Sign your Name and Address plainly. 6-Post Entry to JEL SERT CO., 1026 S. Central Park Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Not later than Wednesday, July 12th. Judge's decision is final.



From Great Heights Lofty towers fall down with the greatest crash.—Horace.

EYES irritated by dust, wind, rail or auto travel, will be relieved quickly by using ROMAN EYE BALMSALM. 50c a jar at druggists or Wright's Pill Co., 100 Gold St., N. Y. City.

Aimless Speaking without thinking is shooting without aim.—Cato.

Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

Geologist Sees Third Ice Age in Next Two Thousand Years' Period

A new ice age, the third, in geologic history, is being indicated by measured risings of parts of the eastern hemisphere, according to Prof. F. X. Schaffer of the University of Vienna, writes a Berkeley, Calif., United Press correspondent. Dr. Schaffer, who is an internationally known geologist, said that exhaustive measurements taken at Stockholm show that in the last 50 years Sweden has risen about eight inches, while similar measurements in Finland show that that country has risen 10 inches in 34 years.

"An increase in the altitude of a continent," declared Schaffer, "or even a portion of a continent by approximately 600 feet lowers the annual average temperature by one degree, centigrade. We know that a decrease in the present temperature of Scandinavia by about three degrees centigrade would start a glaciation in Europe as big as that of the Quarternary, in which period the last ice age took place.

"During the last period of glaciation ice covered one-fourth to one-fifth of the present area of continents. Before that time man had appeared on the eastern hemisphere and he moved south ahead of the

lifting its crest into a sky of violet haze. Behind a crotch of the hills the sun was setting. Already dusk had softened the vivid tints of orange and scarlet to a faint pink glow. Night soon would sift down upon the highlands.

The pursuers dropped down into the basin, came to a little stream tumbling down through the rocks. Sorley pulled up his horse.

"No use going any farther," he said. "Got to wait till we can see. All we'd do is get lost if we kept traveling."

Gray read the despondency in the old line-rider's voice. He understood it because his own heart was sick. What Pat said was true. They might as well throw off and make camp.

"There's one thing," he said. "If they came here, Norris would camp on a creek. Maybe on this one, since it's the first he would come to in the basin. You fix up something to eat while I drift up along the bank for a ways."

"Sure," Pat answered hopelessly. "Won't do any harm."

The younger man swung from the saddle and turned his horse over to Sorley. "Reckon I'll make better time on foot," he decided.

The stars were pricking out of the sky. Black, shadowy outlines marked where the hill boundaries had been. In the vast emptiness Jeff had an acute sense of insignificance. He was an atom in an immense universe. His will to do held no more potency than that of one of the trout in this rippling stream.

He pushed through the brush for a half a mile or more. Abruptly he stopped. In front of him, two or three hundred yards distant, was a light which he knew must come from a campfire. A hot gladness poured through his blood.

Swiftly, with as little rustling as possible, he moved toward the camp. It was in an open place, close to the bank of the stream. On the edge of the clearing, as Jeff drew near, he made out the vague shadow of horses. Two figures were seated by the fire. He heard the murmur of a voice.

Gray crept forward with more care. There was no immediate hurry. Norris sat cross-legged at his ease. He had no faintest suspicion that there was any friend of Ruth Chiswick within a score of miles.

He was talking. The slur of his mocking speech came to Jeff before the words.

"I sure picked a fine spot for our honeymoon, sweetheart," he jeered. "A million candles in yore bedroom, honey. I'd say you were in luck I picked you up. Some break for you to get me instead of that pink-ear Lou Howard."

The girl's head was low. Jeff could see she was sobbing. Her courage had washed out. There could be no help in heaven or on earth for her now, she must be thinking.

Norris rose, stretched himself, and yawned, his arms above his head. The man's evil smile looked down on her. He opened his mouth to speak, but words were frozen on his lips. From out of the brush came a chill crisp order.

"Keep yore arms right up where they are, Norris."

The figure of the outlaw grew rigid. A man was coming out of the scrub, revolver in hand.

"Don't make any mistake," Gray ordered, "or it will be yore last." He moved toward the outlaw slowly.

Fragments of thoughts raced chaotically through the brain of the bad man. He yielded to a desperate impulse and dived back of the fire, dragging at his gun.

(TO BE CONTINUED)