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VERNONIA EAGLE, VERNONIA, OREGON

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WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE'S To Ride the River With

CHAPTER XI-Continued

"Go in and light a lamp, Pete," ordered Norris in a low voice. "Put it close to yore friend. Then I'll come in."

Haskins lit a lamp and set it on a table. The light shone on a man sitting up in bed. His hair was tousled, his face unshaven. The chest of the man, seen through the opened shirt, was matted like a mane tangled with cockleburs. He held his right hand beneath the blanket. The scarred cheek, in conjunction with the shifty, ratlike eyes, gave him a sinister appearance

Norris came into the room, moving with the padded, panther-like stride that marked him. His gaze locked with that of the stranger. That there was a weapon in the hand beneath the blanket he did not need to be told.

"Who are you?" he demanded in a snarl.

"He's visiting me, not you, Morg," mentioned Haskins mildly. "Keep outa this, Pete," advised the Tail Holt bandit out of the corner of his mouth. "I'm asking a question, and I aim to get an answer."

"My turn to ask one now," the man in the bed said, a hard rasp in his voice. "Who do you think you are to talk thataway to me?" "I'm Morgan Norris." The owner

of the name waved a hand in the direction of Haskins, without lifting his eyes from the other. "He told you who I am, but he didn't tell me who you are. Come clean, fellow. I'm in a tight and I don't aim to throw in with anyone I don't know. These hills are full of guys that are poison to me."

"Morg is all right, Clint," Has-kins put in. "Might as well tell him who you are."

"My name is Doke-Clint Doke." Norris stared at the man. "How many Clint Dokes are there?" he "Another bird has been asked. claimin' that name around here." "So Howard tells me," the hairy

man nodded. "He's a damn liar. Jeff Gray is his name. He's a United States marshal."

Morg Norris stared at the man in the bed. His mind was struggling to adjust itself to the implications of this information.

"He showed us a poster with his picture on it offering a reward for his arrest," Norris said. "Beneath the picture was the name Clint Doke. It was sure enough the spittin' image of this Jeff Gray."

"I wouldn't know about that," answered the man who claimed to be "I'll describe Gray to you. Doke. Red-headed-crooked nose-scar on the back of his hand - medium

other angry oath. "Like you just said, he had luck. Came outa the bushes at me and whanged away before I had a chance. All I ask with him is an even break. I'm gonna get it too. Me, I'm tired of being hunted. I aim to turn hunt-or. This Gray is poison to you the er. This Gray is poison to you, the same as he is to me. What say we throw in together and collect him -hang his hide up to dry?"

Doke slanted a side look at him and grinned. "They ought to call you Sudden Morg. Five minutes ago you hadn't made up yore mind whether to cut loose at me with yore hogleg or not. Now you're talking up a partnership. May be good medicine, but I'd have to sleep on it first. We don't hardly know each other."

"Sudden Morgue is good," Norris said, and broke into jangled laugh-ter. "I've sent a plenty guys who got in my way to morgues here and there. I'm in this part of the country for only a short visit longer, but before I leave I aim to meet Mr. Jeff Gray and stop his clock."

"We'll talk about this again," the man from Texas said. "Doesn't have to be settled tonight. With



He moistened his parched lips.

yore feet the way they are you're in no shape to travel for threefour days yet. If we can find out where this fellow is roosting, and if he hasn't got too many friends around him, I might take chips in yore game."

To the surprise of Ruth, her fa-

sense of duty. But that reason was one he could not discuss with anyone. They had killed his oldest son, a boy of nineteen, a fine lad who had enlisted in the Rangers a month or two before.

To get evidence against the Brayton gang, Lee Chiswick had gone into the brush country alone and spent weeks there. Not until he had built up a convincing case had he sent for his men. There had been only one slip-up. He mentioned this now, harshly, his eyes fierce and hungry. "I didn't do so good a job," he

said. "I missed one, the brains of the outfit. He escaped." "I didn't know that," Gray re-

plied. "Left the country, I reckon."

Left Texas and came "Yes. here.'

"Here?" The steady eyes of his guest were fixed on the cattleman. "Unless I've been fooling myself

or years. I'd never met Buck Brayton, so there's a millionth chance I'm wrong." "Sherm Howard," Gray guessed.

"Yes. Hope you have better luck and don't let him slip away."

"I'll put my cards on the table, hiswick. No reason why I Chiswick. No reason why I shouldn't tell you now. I'm a spe-cial deputy United States marshal sent to get evidence against the outlaws operating around Tail Holt. I'm pretty nearly ready for the gather. When I am I'll need you." The face of the cattleman lit. "Best news I've heard in a long time. The L C men will be with

wow with this scalawag." "Soon as I can get him to you,"

Frank Chiswick presently came into the room, bringing with him the prisoner Lou Howard. That young man was dejected, sullen, and alarmed. He no longer looked the Beau Brummel of Tail Holt, but much more a schoolboy called in for a thrashing from the principal.

chill, accusing eyes.

"They got no right to hold me here!" Lou burst out, his voice shrill with fear and anger. "I

"Suits me if it does you," the crook-nosed man said coldly. "I'm a special United States marshal sent to clean up the criminals in this part of the country. If you

Frank. He has had his chance. hunting trip to South America. I'm hitting the trail." Howard wilted visibly. He moist-

ened his parched lips with his tongue. "Wait a minute," he said hoarsely. "What—what is it you want to know?" "How did Sherm Howard know

the Mexicans were coming up through Live Oak canyon with sil-ver?" the United States marshal the United States marshal demanded abruptly.

"One of the smugglers gets him information, a Mexican called Juan Pasqual," the prisoner said, shakily and reluctantly.

"Who were in the gang that held up the Mexicans last spring?"

Lou shook his head. "I don't know," he pleaded. "They didn't tell me about that. I never was in anything of this kind before. I wish to God they had left me out this

conversation about it." "Just talk," the badgered man protested. "You know how it is. Folks gab, and it doesn't mean a thing."

"If you aim to save yore neck, Howard, you'll come clean," the of-ficer said quietly. "The story is that Morg Norris

and Mile High did it. All I know is from gossip." "That's not all you know. You're not a fool. After word of the holdup came to Tail Holt, you looked around to see who had been miss-

ing. When did Morg and Mile High leave town? How long before the holdup?" "The evening before," Howard re-

"But that don't plied sulkily. prove-'

"On what horses?" Gray interrupted curtly. "Mile High was riding his buck-

skin and Morg a sorrel with white

stockings." "How d'you know?"

"I saw them when they came back to town."

"Which was when?"

"The day after the holdup." "Sit down at the table and write

a list of all those in the Howard gang. I want all of those connected with it in any way. Any explana-tions I want I'll ask for later." Howard took the offered pencil

with palpable unwillingness. "I don't know what you mean," he protested. "There's no Howard gang. Maybe there's been a little-"

"Get busy," snapped the officer. "I don't want argument or explanation."

Lou sat down, twiddled the pencil, and began to write names. Sid Hunt, Mile High, Kansas, Curly

Next day the servant came to Rainsford's room, explaining that the general slept late on the day that he planned to hunt in the evening. Ivan gave the quarry a pair of moccasins, a knife, and food and water for three days. The bargain was that if any man escaped for three days, he would be set free. At first Rainsford went in circles. But in the afternoon when he knew it to be only a matter of hours before he would be cornered, his instinct of self preservation began to function. Eventually he climbed a tree and stretched out along a limb, so that he could see.

Bright Prints For Your Home Frocks

ONE is for young figures, one for mature. Both of these dresses are smart and new in fashion, and both are pretty enough to wear when company comes, as well as for working round the house. Each has a convenient pocket. These designs are



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the night, he heard shots in the dis-tance. Yet they were miles at sea. He remembered that the sailors had been jittery all day and that this part of the Caribbean sea had a bad name among seamen. Curi-

ous, he stepped upon the rail to hear better; his pipe slipped, he reached for it, his foot slipped, and in a second's time, he found himself in the warm water.

so good for the huntee, to which

Rainsford scornfully

asked, "Who cares how a jaguar feels?"

At a late hour when Rainsford sat

on deck alone smok-

ing his last pipe for

Discovers Chateau.

- TODAY'S BOOK-

Maniac's Prey

An Island in

Carribbean Sea

By ELIZABETH C. JAMES

In a state of exhaustion the swimmer finally reached an island, where he collapsed and slept for hours. Using his knowledge of the

Elizabeth

James

RICHARD CONNELL

Richard Connell is among the Twentieth century American authors who have included a variety of types in their writing. Newspaper work, editing, and stories for the cinema are among his activities.

"Apes and Angels" and "Murder at Sea" are two of Mr. Connell's well-known stories. "The Most Dangerous Game" was presented on the screen several years ago. Mr. Connell was born in 1893

and received his bachelor's degree from Harvard. During the World war he served in France with the A. E. F.

chase, he found signs of a recent fight and picked up a trail which led him to a chateau.

Rainsford knocked. The door was opened by a brutal looking Cossack who answered nothing but grimly brandished a gun. Presently down the wide stairs came an older man. "I am General Zaroff," he said.

The next few hours were so strange that Rainsford felt himself to be in a horrible dream from which he would awaken and find relief. After receiving the best of clothes, food, and all other comforts and luxuries he discovered his host was a maniac.

Dizzy and sick, Rainsford went to his room and began to think of escape. But his door was locked.

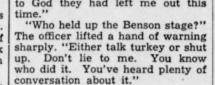
Rainsford's Three Days.

you to the finish." "Good. Now if I can have a pow-Chiswick promised as he left.

Gray continued to lounge in his chair. He looked at Howard out of

"You've sure got yore tail in a crack," he said at last.

haven't done a thing-not a thing. "Anything I've said because they were third-degreeing me don't go. A man would say whatever they put into his mouth when it was a question of saving his life. You know that, Gray."



"That's the fellow," Norris said with a bitter oath. "So he's a spy. I knew he was wrong all the time, but Sherm wouldn't listen to me. That big tub always knows more than anybody else."

'Gray is dangerous. Don't make any mistake about that."

The younger man admitted this. "But how come he to have that poster?" he asked, still suspicious. "What's the idea in his claiming to be you-if you are Doke?"

The hairy man scratched his tousled head to help him to think "Search me. Unless he figured youall would have heard of me account of the Texas and Southern holdup and he was using my name for a stand-in."

"That's the way I figure it," Haskins said. "Easy enough for him to get a poster printed with his picture on it claiming to be Clint here. Clint is a Wyoming man. Leastways he has spent most of the past fifteen years there. Not likely he would be known up in this neck of the woods."

Norris drew a bottle from his hip pocket and passed it round. All three of them took a pull at it.

"My feet hurt like all get out, " the most recently arrived fu-Pete. gitive said, embellishing his resentment of the fact with an oath. was afoot for twenty miles. How about lookin' after my bronc for me?'

Haskins departed to take care of the animal.

Norris sank into a chair and drew off his boots. He looked sourly at his aching feet.

'So you're scared of this son-of-agun Gray," he jeered.

'Surest thing you know," admitted the train robber. "Scared he'll drag me back to Texas where Old Man Trouble is sittin' waiting for me.

"He's no bigger than you are behind a gun, is he?" "Not a mite. I'd as lief stand

up and swap bullets with him if it came to a showdown. But there's something about him Maybe it's just luck. Seems like he always drags in the guy he starts after."

"He went after me, but he didn't get me," Norris boasted.

'Story I've heard is that he set you afoot without a gun," Doke told him maliciously.

ther did not blame her for having assisted Morgan Norris to escape He was so happy at the fortunate termination of her adventure that there was no room in him for criti-Apologetically he defended cism. what she had done, explaining the reason for it to Gray.

"Ruth was so nervous and worked up she didn't know what she was You saved her. That's the doing. main point. Someone else will kill the miscreant even though you didn't.'

Gray shrugged his shoulders. "All right with me. I was sore at first, but I'm past that now. Yes, one of these days someone will get him."

"When I was captain of Rangers more than once I was forced to kill men who were better dead," Chiswick said, his speculative gaze on the red-headed man. "Ruth doesn't understand that this is in the day's work for an officer, that he doesn't rub out the scoundrel personally. You and I know it is the law wipes him out.'

"So I'm an officer, am I?" Gray countered.

"Must be. The criminal on the dodge story won't hold water. Of course you're under sealed orders and can't talk. Probably you're gathering information. Well, when you've got it count on me if you need help."

"Much obliged. I may take you up on that. I'm going to drift to town today, but before I go I want to talk with young Howard, if you don't mind."

"I'll have the boys bring him in Chiswick rose from the to you." chair where he had been sitting. "About that going to town? You mean Tail Holt?"

'Yes.'

"Don't you reckon that would be a little foolhardy? By this time Sherm Howard must have a pretty good idea you are responsible for his boys falling down at Live Oak canyon.

Gray smiled. "Some might say it was foolhardy for you to have gone out into the brush to collect the Brayton gang about ten years ago."

The former captain of Rangers dropped the point. He had taken his life in his hands to run down this bunch of outlaws. There had been a special reason for this, an intimate and personal one, though he The younger man ripped out an- would have done it anyhow from a bird.

want to go to prison for ten or fifteen years, in the event you aren't hung, that's all right with me. Today you can write yore own ticket. but you can't do that tomorrow. There are weak links in every chain. As soon as someone else turns state's evidence, you lose yore chance. Talk or keep yore mouth clamped, whichever you like."

The matter-of-fact manner of the officer left young Howard no room for doubt. He was in a trap. A wave of panic swept through him, but he made a feeble effort to stem

"Thought you claimed to be Clint Doke," he said, and rolled a cigarette with fingers that trembled. 'Curly and Morg saw a poster with yore picture on it."

wanted them to think I was Clint Doke and they obliged me," Gray said. He rose from the chair where he sat with the brisk manner of one who has finished his business. "Take him back to the dog-house.

of the pheasant's track is one that

makes it quite easy to distinguish

from footprints of other good sized

One peculiarity of the pheasant

tracks in the snow which always

catches our eye is the blurred line

that usually can be seen between

footprints. This mark is left in the

snow by the dragging feet of the

wild birds.

Connor, Morg Norris, Yorky, Slim Burke, Pete Haskins, Curt Dobbs. Jim Reynolds. The prisoner wrote the names painfully and slowly, biting the end of the pencil between each before he could make up his mind to put it on the list. Three or four others he added. "That all?" asked Gray.

Another name was scribbled, then still another. "That's all I know," the writer said, pushing the paper from him.

"Add yore own and Sherm Howard's."

"I tell you I wasn't in on whatever was doing."

Gray picked up the list. "I'll have a check on everything you tell me, so you'd better not dish up any lies. We'll take the names in turn. You'll tell me all you know against them.'

"I'll just be guessing," Howard said doggedly.

"See you guess right." (TO BE CONTINUED)

Tracks of Birds in Snow Are Easy to Identify; Ringnecked Pheasant Prancer

Although snow tracks of fur bear-When Mr. Ringneck walks he ing animals such as the rabbit, doesn't lift each foot high and then squirrel, mink, and weasel usually plant it squarely in the snow. Inare more interesting to the outdoor stead he drags each foot, so that a fan than those left by birds, winter long line is cut in the snow. This birds can tell us a number of inis accentuated when the ringneck teresting stories if we are familiar sprints for cover. with their tracks, notes Bob Becker There is no game bird that leaves in the Chicago Tribune.

tracks in the snow over such a One of the birds which leaves good wide area as the ringnecked pheassized prints in the snow of fields ant. This bird is confident and bold compared to the Hungarian par-tridge and quail. The quail, ever and woods is the ringnecked pheasant. It is possible to see pheasant tracks whenever there is snow on conscious of danger, would hesitate the ground. They are quite easy to to go too far from protective cover identify. In the first place, the and feed in an open field that would pheasant leaves a snow print that is be no hazard at all to the pheasant. large enough to catch the eye. The quail makes a snow track Secondly, the middle toe of the bird about the same size as that made by stands in an almost straight line in the trail. This particular feature a barnyard pigeon.

Catalepsy, Nervous Affliction

Severe attacks of catalepsy, nervous affliction characterized by the sudden suspension of sensation and volition, sometimes last for several days, during which the victim loses consciousness, develops an extreme pallor, and has such feeble heart pulse and respiratory movements that he appears to be dead. -Collier's Weekly.

That evening Rainsford saw the hunter cautiously examining every bent twig, every stirred leaf. Without faltering, he came toward Rainsford's hiding place. Until he stood beneath the tree. The general laughed and walked away.

The next day Rainsford tried an amateur trap, but it failed.

Dog Is Killed.

There was still another day to live through. With maddened fury the hunted man dug a Malay tiger pit, placing sharpened spikes in the bottom and concealing the pit with a covering woven of vines and leaves Watching from a hiding place, he saw the hunter come swiftly as he followed the scent of a blood hound on leash. There came a crash and scream, and the general called out, 'Rainsford, you have killed my best dog. Ill see what you can do against the pack."

There was no minute to waste. Fastening the knife to the top of a sapling, blade up trail, the man bent the sapling down to the ground and set his trigger. Hiding again, he watched the general coming with Ivan holding the pack. Seconds dragged until there came a yelp and shriek. Ivan fell to the ground. Feeling that his game had cheat-

ed, General Zaroff returned to his chateau and dinner. That night as he prepared for sleep, he opened the windows to see the night sky. A sound behind him jerked him around to find Rainsford as a demon unleashed. "One of us will be food for the dogs tonight!" he cried, springing.

He had never slept in a better bed, thought Rainsford, the next morning. • Wall Syndicate—WNU Service.

Quiet Providence Providence is noiseless as it is irresistible.—S. C. Logan.

NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream! Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold base dearest to you? If your nerves are on edge and you feel you need a good general system tonic, try unde: E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps nature build prover 60 years one woman has told an-other how to go "amiling thru" with reliable pup more physical resistance and thus helps calm quivering nerves and leasen disconforts company female functional disorder. May not give it a chance to help YOU? To me million women have written in reporting wonderful benefits from Pinkham's compound.

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•Your Town Your Stores

Our community includes the farm homes surrounding the town. The town stores are there for the accommodation and to serve the people of our farm homes. The merchants who advertise "specials" are merchants who are sure they can meet all competition in both quality and prices.