

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."
 "Not!" 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 his 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 fled. 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. "I'm askin' you



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

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 li'l 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.
 "Scoot 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 curiously 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, Slim?"
 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 yore 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 between 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 Duke 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.
Black Ducks Are Wise
 Black ducks know how to avoid enemies. Their nests, well camouflaged with weeds and hidden in swamps or brush, can be found only by accident. Parent ducks keep their young huddled close on reedy swamps, rarely venture on open water. They fly at night, feed generally at dawn and dusk. When danger nears, they fly to the middle of a river or lake, or leave the vicinity entirely. The black duck is thus seldom brought down by gunners.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

No One Knows Fate of This Brave Lover

By ELIZABETH C. JAMES

"THE LADY OR THE TIGER," by Frank R. Stockton, is a story of olden days, when a semi-barbaric king in a far land held absolute power over his subjects. This monarch had devised a system of justice that pleased him mightily. Instead of all the bother of trials that the modern world struggles under, he had an arena where all trials took place.
 The defendant was put into the arena facing two doors. At a signal he opened one of the doors. Each door led into a chamber, heavily padded with skins and furs so that no sound issued forth. Behind one door was a ferocious tiger; behind the other was a beautiful maiden. If the defendant opened the door with the tiger, justice declared him guilty and his punishment was instant. There was no delaying of justice. If he opened the door with the lady, he was innocent and his reward was immediate. He was married to the fair lady instantly, for the king had a minister and chorus all ready for the wedding ceremony. If the defendant already had a wife and family, that made no difference in the proceedings, for the king was too fond of this method of justice to change it for individual cases.



Elizabeth James

AN EDITOR-AUTHOR

Frank R. Stockton was attracted by stories of adventure. Pirates appeared in some of his longer stories, and the action of "The Lady or the Tiger" speaks for itself.
 He was born in Philadelphia in 1834. His writing career included work as editor and original writer. As assistant editor he worked on the staffs of St. Nicholas Magazine, the Century, and Hearth and Home. His own writings were designed to amuse the public, not to espouse any cause; nor was he influenced by sectional traits in style. He died in 1902.
 Stockton was famous in his day as a humorist, this spirit first being evidenced in "The Ting-a-Ling Stories" which showed his nimble, elf-like fancies. Never did he exceed the natural humor of "Rudder Range," a collection of short sketches on rural life first published in Scribner's Monthly. He was a keen observer of the feminine temperament, deriving humor from this source.

Of course, the populace loved this method of trial. They always went to court in the utmost excitement, because they never knew whether they were to witness fierce death or overwhelming happiness.
Lover Brought to Trial.
 Now this king had a daughter who was the apple of her father's eye. But the princess had in eye for the youths of the court. One of them was especially handsome, and the princess and this commoner had a love affair. All went along well until the king heard of it. Then the youth was brought to trial, to determine whether he was guilty or not in daring to love a princess of royal blood.
 The day came. The tiers of seats were filled to the top row of the arena. The whole city knew of the royal love affair and every one had come to see the trial.
 Presently the door opened into the arena and the youth walked into the vast circle. All the spectators sighed, for he was indeed a handsome young man and worthy of a princess' affection. He looked quickly toward the royal box, caught the eye of the princess and knew in the flash of an eye that she knew which door led to the tiger and which to the lady. He waited for some sign.
 With an impatient gesture, imperceptible except to the eyes of her lover, the princess brushed her right hand toward the right.

What Happened?
 With no faltering, the youth walked toward the right door and opened it. The decision of the princess was given to her lover swiftly and with no indecision.
 But it had not been reached so easily. Night after night she had awakened hearing the sounds of his shrieks when the tiger hurled himself through the air upon his victim. But night after night she had been agonized with jealousy and despair when she thought of her lover wed to another woman. Anger and rage would descend to tear her very soul.
 So the princess had endured great agony of mind to reach her decision.
 Frank Stockton, author of this story, finishes his narrative thus: "The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set up myself as the one person able to answer it. So I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door—the lady or the tiger?"
 And he leaves the reader in this suspended excitement!
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PHOTOGRAPHY

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Smart Dresses for Now and Later On



HERE are two perfectly charming fashions that will fill a definite place in your life if you make them up immediately in pretty cotton or cool silk. And they are so perfectly in key with future fashions that you should by all means repeat them later in fall and winter materials. You'll be surprised, when you study the detailed sew chart included in each pattern, how quickly and easily you can finish them. You don't need experience. Even beginners enjoy working with these simple patterns.

Tailored Dress of Pique.
 If your daytime wardrobe needs replenishing for the remaining weeks of summer, make this nice tailored dress of pique or gingham, and see how refreshed and comfortable you'll feel. Later on, wear it for fall in challis, jersey, or flat crepe. The short sleeves, easy waistline and action pleats in the skirt make this dress very easy to work in—and the deeply notched collar and patch pockets give it finish enough so that it is appropriate for street wear, too.
Tiny-Waisted Afternoon Dress.
 Here's the type of dress that all important fashion sources show for fall! The shaped, rather high square neckline, the short sleeves, puffed at the top, the gathers that give you flattering bust fullness and the very, very small waist—these are all new notes. Just five steps, too, in the sew chart. For immediate wear, make it up in dotted Swiss or voile. Your fall version should be thin wool, crepe de chine or rayon jersey.

The Patterns.
 No. 1462 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material.
 No. 1561 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material; 1½ yards ribbon for belt.
 Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.
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NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you?
 If your nerves are on edge and you feel you need a good general system tonic, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women.
 For over 50 years one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with reliable Pinkham's Compound. It helps nature build up more physical resistance and thus helps calm quivering nerves and lessen discomforts from annoying symptoms which often accompany female functional disorders.
 Why not give it a chance to help YOU? Over one million women have written in reporting wonderful benefits from Pinkham's Compound.

WNU-13 34-38

Excess Greater Evil
 Surfeit has killed more than famine.—Theognis.

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste
 Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.
 Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.
 You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous; all played out.
 In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your druggist!
DOAN'S PILLS