

Riders of Buck River

by WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

INSTALLMENT SIX

THE STORY SO FAR: Buck Hart, the sheriff's brother, Jim Tellow, and Pete Tollman, alleged rustlers, had been "dryguled"—shot in the back. Lee Hart is believed to have tried a shot from the back at Cal Terry in retaliation.

"The big ranches claim they can't keep going unless the stealing of stock is stopped. There is a lot of rustling, isn't there?" Ellen asked.

"Yes," he added cynically. "Why make any bones about it?"

"So that the Diamond Reverse B and the other big outfits really are fighting for their lives, in a way of speaking."

"They are fighting for dividends to pay to absentee owners, most of them. Who ought to own this country—rich men in Edinburgh and New York, or settlers right here on the ground?"

He looked at her, eyes hard and bleak. "We have guns too. I reckon on this war won't be all one-sided. We'll find out who this guy is with the Winchester. One thing is sure. He's mighty familiar with the habits of the men he killed. How did he know where Pete would be staying last night?"

Ellen and her father left while the dance was still in full swing.

CHAPTER XII

Ellen was finding it difficult to draw sharp lines between good and bad. Jeff Brand was an example. Her interest in him was growing, and with it a reluctance to condemn him utterly. No doubt he was a thief, but she guessed he stole not for profit so much as for the thrill.

And there was Calhoun Terry. Most of those living near Black Butte would call him traitor because he had changed sides. But was that judgment final?

Right and wrong existed, of course, yet there was a borderland of conflict where the differences ran thin. Ellen brought the more impersonal aspect of the difficulty to her father. The time was after supper when he was reading one of Horace Garvey's editorials in the Gazette.

"Garvey takes a strong line about these assassinations," he said. "He sure enough hits out right from the shoulder. Just what he should do, too. Tells the big ranches they can't sow the wind without reaping the whirlwind."

Ellen was silent for a minute. A frown puckered her forehead. "Isn't there any way to stop this dreadful bitterness?"

Lane Carey shook his grizzled head. "Not so easy, honey. The big cattle outfits want a wide-open free range for their stock. They don't want the land plowed up or the country along the creeks fenced. They have grabbed what they can, one way and another, by using their riders as dummies for homestead and pre-emption rights. But that isn't enough if they are going to run herds as big as they have been doing. So there you are. If the little fellows fence and plow the land the big ranches can't have it for range. Cattle came here first. The large concerns feel the nesters and homesteaders are interlopers, and they have gone some farther than the law allows to let them know it."

"You think the Diamond Reverse B and the No. By Joe, with the other big outfits, are to blame, then?"

"They made it mighty hard for the small fry to earn a living in these lean years when they quit employing men who had places and stock of their own. But there is another side to it. Rustlers have been very active, and I'm afraid a good many of the nesters have helped themselves to calves to build up their herds and to steers for food when they got hard up."

"So everybody is wrong and nobody is right," she said.

He drew on the pipe for a few moments to make sure it would go out. "I wouldn't say that. You might put it that there are conflicting rights hard to reconcile."

Ellen brushed tobacco from his coat. "You don't see any hope of peace, then?"

"I wish I did," he said at last. "But all the talk is the other way. I heard that fellow Jack Turley say at the dance he was going to carry a rifle with him when he rode after this. The men he was talking with seemed to agree."

"I don't like the man," Ellen cut in, deflected from the main thought. "He has been hanging around me a little."

Ellen kissed her father good night, lit a lamp, and went upstairs to her room. It was some time before she could get to sleep. Into her mind trooped thoughts connected with ambushings and sudden death, and even after she slipped into sleep her dreams were wild and turbulent. She saw Jeff Brand and Calhoun Terry stalking each other in the sage. A gun would crash, but before her flying feet could take her to the scene the protagonists had changed. It was her father lying wounded, and Jack Turley was straddling his body rifle in hand.

Strangely enough, Ellen saw next day at Black Butte all the four men of whom she had dreamed. Terry came up on the stage, on his way back to the Diamond Reverse B from Denver. Brand and Turley dropped into the post-office shortly after the stage had arrived. The

tion. Terry is manager of the Diamond Reverse B ranch. Rustlers and small cattlemen resent his having sold his own small ranch to get to the big fellows. In Denver the big ranchers decide to bring in Texas ex-peace officers

ranch foreman was eating dinner at the restaurant, but after he had finished he strolled across to the post-office to wait while the fresh horses were being hitched.

He asked for his mail. Ellen made a pretense of looking, though both of them knew this was not the office to which his letters came.

She came back to the window. "No mail for you, Mr. Terry. . . . May I see you a minute. . . . alone?"

He was surprised at her request, but scarcely more than she was. For it had been born of a sudden urgent impulse.

"Of course," he replied. "Here? Her father came into the building. 'At the house—if you don't mind.' To Lane Carey she said: 'Will you take care of the mail a little while, please?'"

Ellen glanced at her, at Terry, and back at his daughter. "Why, yes," he agreed. He did not know what was back of this, and he did not quite like it.

Ellen spoke to Brand, including Turley in a general bow to a couple of others present.

Ellen stopped with Terry in front of the porch, coming swiftly to what was in her mind.

"Isn't there any way, Mr. Terry, of stopping all this killing that is being done?" she asked. "Does it have to go on, building up hate,



"Isn't there any way to stop this dreadful bitterness?"

making this country an awful place to live in?"

If he was moved by her indignant appeal his immobile face gave no evidence of it.

"I think the trouble will go on, in one way or another, until stealing cattle is stopped," he said.

"You favor murder?" she cried. "Did I say so?" he countered.

"You said—" She cut off her own sentence. "It doesn't matter what you said. Your friends are hiring murder done. Can you deny it?"

Terry had not at first believed this. But doubts of his associates had seeped into his thinking.

The Diamond Reverse B manager replied to her question with another. "Can you prove it?"

"Of course I can't," Stormy-eyed, she pressed the attack. "But you know it's true. I don't know what part you have in it, but your friends are trying to stop theft by murder."

"I don't know any more about it than you do," he answered, anger and obstinacy in his steel-blue eyes. "If you want this trouble stopped, go to your father and his friends. Get them to persuade the rustlers to move out. What do you expect? Do you think we'll let these scoundrels steal wholesale from us and laugh in our faces when we take them to court? We are going to protect our property."

"By killing men from ambush?"

"No." A dull flush of rage beat into his face beneath the tan. "By hanging known thieves by the neck to trees when we have enough evidence. Is there anything else you would like to know, Miss Carey?"

She stood, very erect and proud. "No, Mr. Terry. I know all I want to know—about you." Turning, she walked into the house.

Calhoun Terry walked back toward the stage. It was in front of the post-office. The horses were being brought out to hitch. He saw Jeff Brand move forward to meet him.

"Like a word with you, Mr. Terry," he said.

Terry said nothing. There is sometimes a force in silence more potent than any speech.

In large numbers to invade the rustlers' areas and kill them. Terry objects to the plan. Ellen Carey, daughter of the postmaster, is intrigued by Jeff Brand who with Jack Turley, another rustler, are most outspoken against Terry.

"Are you quite through?" the ranch manager asked coldly.

"Not yet. I'm mentioning now that we'll take a hand in this game. Two can play it as well as one. From now on there's an open season on Diamond Reverse B men and on those of the other big outfits. We'll be trying for the bosses, but when we don't find them handy a plain lunkhead waddy will do. The brake's done bust. We're off, and hell and high water can't stop us."

"I wouldn't talk that way if I were you, Brand," Terry advised quietly.

"I'm talking. You're listening. This is a message to you and to all the other damned rascals you're sleeping in a bed with. I'm making war talk. Understand?"

Calhoun Terry understood perfectly. The rustler was offering him a chance to draw if he wished.

Terry shook his head. "No dice, Brand. I don't know who killed these men, and I'm not going to make myself responsible for it. I won't let you hang it on me by forcing it as an issue. You can't put me in the wrong that way."

The cowboy jeered at him. "What do you wear that gun beside you for, Terry? Or don't you draw it unless a man has his back to you?"

They were close to the porch. Terry knew the other two men could hear every word Brand had said. He felt a tumultuous boiling up of the blood, the recklessness ready to break out in him explosively.

Lane Carey came out on the porch, a big weather-beaten Westerner who had fought his way through the rough and tumble of frontier life.

"Don't be a fool, Jeff," he said, no excitement in his even voice. "Can't you see that Mr. Terry doesn't want to fight unless you goad him to a showdown?"

"I see he doesn't want to fight whether I goad him or not," Brand answered.

Terry said coldly: "I choose my own causes for a fight, and I won't be maneuvered into defending assassins. But I'm not overly patient when bullies try to run over me."

"Jeff isn't a bully, Mr. Terry," the postmaster explained placidly. "He's some excited, and kinda went off half-cocked. We can't rightly blame him for that, after his friends have been dryguled. But since you're no party to these killings nothing he has said applies to you."

"You make it quite clear, Mr. Carey, that he couldn't possibly have meant me," Terry said, with a thin, ironic smile.

"That's right, isn't it, Jeff?" Carey persisted, his quiet urgency crowding the cowboy toward some withdrawal of his attack. "Since Mr. Terry isn't the guilty party, you could not have meant him."

Jeff grudgingly gave ground. "What I said goes for the murderers, whoever they are."

Terry followed the other passengers into the stage.

Turley laughed unpleasantly. "Mr. Terry certainly took meek the worst cussin' I ever heard."

Headed for the post-office, Carey stopped in his stride.

"Don't make a mistake about Calhoun Terry, boys. He's game as they come. He was giving Jeff straight goods. Unless Cal Terry has changed a lot from the young fellow I used to know, he isn't hiring anybody to rub out his enemies. If it's to be done, he'll do it in the open."

CHAPTER XIII

For hours Calhoun Terry had been riding across territory ranged by stock of the Bartlett Land & Cattle Company.

Ellison was at home. His host got out a bottle and pushed it toward Calhoun, who waved it aside with a gesture almost impatient.

"I've brought a message for you from Jeff Brand," Calhoun said.

"From Jeff Brand? What is that scoundrel sending me a message about?"

"He is serving notice that he and his friends are going to make reprisals for the rustlers who have been murdered." Terry's gaze rested steadily on the No. By Joe manager. "They are going after the bosses, but if they can't get them, riders for the big outfits will have to do."

"The nerve of him!" Ellison cried. "It shows what this country has come to when a known outlaw can send such an impudent message to honest men."

Terry answered bluntly. "To have three men shot down from ambush in two weeks is evidence enough."

Terry stopped, searching the other's gray countenance. "When outfits throw in together to play the same hand, Clint, it ought to be played above-board for all of them to see."

The other man said, after a moment's hesitation. "Some things are better not talked about, Cal."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Household News

by Lynn Chambers



MINERAL AND VITAMIN RICHES FOR HEALTH (See Recipes Below)

YOUR DEFENSE: HEALTH

Help yourself to your share of health by giving your meals plenty of health-giving foods and ward off the lack of resistance to disease that comes from not getting enough of properly balanced foods.

Economy and health will be the key words this season and throughout the country your homemakers will have to take your part and build the backbone of the country by feeding your families food that builds strong bodies, steady nerves and high morale.

Fortunately, good, health-giving food is not just achieved through more buying power, but through wise buying. You can use canned vegetables or low-priced fresh vegetables, cheaper cuts of meat, milk and canned fruits.

You've been hearing lots about vitamins, so check yourself on them: Vitamin A is for resistance to infection, for growth and general well-being. You'll need it for your eyes, too, for poor vision and night blindness are common symptoms of the body's lack of this vitamin. You'll find it aplenty in milk, butter, vegetables green and yellow, fruits and eggs. It's also the one vitamin which you can store in the body.

Vitamin B1, sometimes called thiamin, is for appetite and good digestion. This vitamin's for good morale. If you're lazy, grouchy or nervous look into the matter. The chances are that you've been neglecting pork, liver, meat, enriched cereals and enriched bread and bread flour, nuts, and peas.

Vitamin B2 is sometimes called vitamin G also and also goes under the name riboflavin. If your nails have been brittle and grow slowly and break off easily or your hair and skin are generally in poor condition, add some of these good sources of vitamin B2 to your diet: milk, liver, eggs, cheese, lean meats and leafy vegetables.

Gums bleeding? Teeth decay easily? Perhaps you're missing out on vitamin C, for this is the vitamin that goes right into your system and helps you have good teeth and bones. If your diet contains plenty of citrus fruits (lemons, oranges, grapefruit), tomatoes, fresh fruits and vegetables, you won't have trouble with teeth, bones, or wounds not healing.

Vitamin D boosts vitamin C and calcium into action, makes them utilize the other vitamins and minerals. Vitamin D isn't easy to find in foods, although eggs, salmon, sardines and herring contain some of it. Milk can be fortified with this vitamin and then it is called "irradiated." Most common way of getting the vitamin is either through milk of this type or by taking cod liver oil in winter, sunbaths in the summer, for it is formed in the skin

THIS WEEK'S MENU

- Tomato Soup
- Liver and Vegetable Pie
- Creamed Spinach Cabbage Slaw
- Bread and Butter
- Prune Whip
- Beverage
- Recipe Given

by the ultraviolet rays of the sun. That's the round-up of vitamins. Now, how about minerals?

You've probably heard that you need calcium to build good bones and teeth, but did you know that you need it to help your blood to clot when you have a wound and that you need it also to regulate your muscle contraction? No food keeps people from getting old indefinitely but if you've good calcium deposits, you'll at least postpone old age for awhile. Milk and green vegetables burst with calcium so use them every day. Don't forget the salads: carrots, cabbage, and celery aren't too expensive in winter and they're calcium-rich.

Phosphorus works together with calcium in building bones and nerves. Milk, cereals, meat, cheese, eggs, nuts—all these have a good phosphorus content.

Iron's a marvelous pep-upper. Not only does it guard against lagging energy but also digestive disturbances and general irritability.

Iron goes to work and makes red, red blood cells that are just about the hardest working cells you'll ever find. The red blood cell shuttles through your lungs and your 7,000-mile-long circulatory system dropping off the oxygen and carrying off the carbon dioxide.

You need lots of iron so don't miss a day on iron foods. That means you'll be eating plenty of liver, molasses, oatmeal, dried apricots, eggs, whole wheat, lean beef, cabbage, oysters and raisins from now on.

Iron by itself is apt to be a bit lazy. It needs copper to make it get to work, so be sure to have prunes often, whole-grain cereals, oatmeal, dried fruits, liver and oysters at some one of your three meals.

Iodine spells power. It is released to your system by the thyroid gland which is near the Adam's apple. Sluggishness, mental and physical, are the result of lack of iodine or thyroid deficiency.

Seafod contains iodine as well as garden vegetables. Salt has been iodized to help out general deficiency, and cranberries if raised in low-lying lands near the sea are a popular source of iodine.

Magnesium balances calcium, and as you're getting your milk you'll be getting magnesium, too. Other sources are green leafy vegetables.

That's the line-up. You'll notice that many foods contain both or several kinds of essential minerals and vitamins. Of course that should make the job you have to do easier. "Liver and Vegetable Pie." (Serves 6 to 8)

- ¼ pound salt pork
- 1½ cups cooked pork liver, cut in pieces
- 1½ cups sliced onions
- 1 cup diced carrots
- 2½ cups boiling water
- 1½ teaspoons quick-cooking tapioca
- Black pepper and salt
- ¼ teaspoon celery salt
- ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- Fry salt pork, add liver and brown slightly. Cook onions and carrots until tender in boiling salted water. Drain, measure liquid and add water to make 2 cups. Add vegetables and meat to liquid, then remaining ingredients and bring to a brisk boil, stirring constantly. Turn into greased casserole.
- Cover casserole with the following: Mix 1 cup sifted flour with 1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Cut in 3 tablespoons shortening, add milk (about 6 tablespoons) and mix until soft dough is formed. Pat to ¼-inch thickness, cut several slits on top. Fit over casserole. Bake in a hot (450 degrees) oven, 20 minutes. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

LYNN SAYS:

Here's your guide for meal planning for health: Milk: ¾ to 1 quart a day for each child and nursing mothers. 1 pint a day for everyone else. Vegetables: 1 or more servings a day of the leafy green or yellow vegetables; 1 serving of potatoes or sweet potatoes.

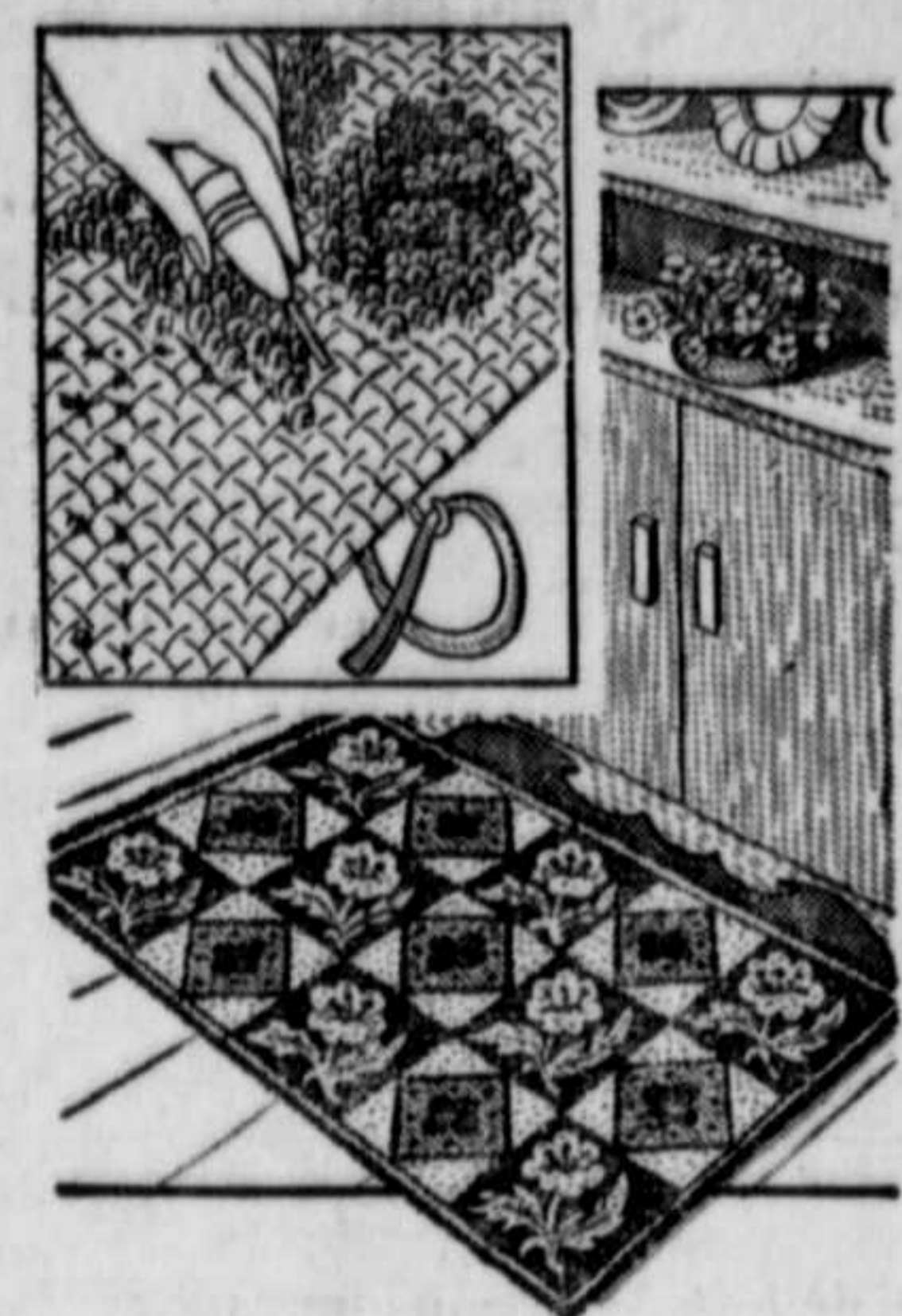
Fruits: 1 serving of tomatoes, grapefruit, or oranges a day; 1 serving of another fruit.

Eggs: 1 a day or 4 to 5 a week. Lean meat, fish, poultry: 1 or more servings a day. About ¼ of a pound of meat or fish is the day's quota.

Cereals: 1 serving daily of enriched cereal. Bread and Butter: At every meal.

Sweets: some sweets occasionally to satisfy the appetite. This may be included in the dessert or an occasional piece of candy.

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IT'S RACE SEASON DOWN HERE in Maryland

Hearts are beating in time to the swift tattoo of flying hooves on the many famous Maryland tracks! The sporting crowd is thronging the lobby of the largest and newest hotel in the city. To enjoy the best that Baltimore offers, plan to stay at the Lord Baltimore, the hotel that is "Hot to Most Who Visit Baltimore."

