

Rider of Buck River

THE STORY SO FAR: Ellen Carey, the postmaster's daughter, seems interested in two men, Jeff Brand, rustler, and Cathorn Terry, manager of a big ranch who is regarded inimically by both rustlers and small ranchers. Four

INSTALLMENT TWELVE
rustlers had been mysteriously killed. A lot of Texas peace officers have been brought in by the big ranchers to kill off rustlers. Terry objects and his ranch is offered for sale in small parcels to small ranchers. Jeff shows

Gaines asked. "Save us some time and trouble."
"Let 'em surrender and then hang 'em," McFaddin asked harshly. "No, by Jackson! I won't stand for that. If we're going to hang 'em we'll have to dig 'em out."
"We don't even know they are on our list," Collins said.
"We know damn well they are. They are the same scoundrels who brought Turley's body back."
The fortified man with the rifle served notice he was not to be taken too lightly. He wounded in the arm a ranch foreman who exposed himself rather carelessly. Ellison passed the word among his men not to take any unnecessary chances. A few moments later a bullet tore through the calf of one of the Texans.

The men who had pursued the cowboy returned after a time. On account of his long start they had failed to catch him. This was disturbing. It meant that news of the invasion was bound to get out. The leaders held a consultation.
"We can't fool away the rest of the day here," McFaddin said impatiently. "To heck with this siege stuff. I move we charge the cabin and wipe 'em out."
"Losing three or four men!" Ellison scoffed. "That would be dumb of us."
Collins then made a suggestion. "You're both right. What say Clint

"We've got 'em!" yelled McFaddin.
Ellen was making up a post-office report that had to be sent to Washington when she saw a horseman emerge from a fissure in the hills and come down the long slope to the ranch at a gallop. He was flogging his mount with a quirt. Jim Budd was at the door, leaning against the jamb, resting from the exertion of having swept the floor. It was in his horoscope that he would go through life as easily as he could. "Seems to be a gen'lman in a hurry, Miss Ellen," Jim drawled.
A faint unease stirred in her. Men did not usually ride like that except to carry bad news.

The rider drew up in front of the post-office and flung himself from the horse. The man was Lee Hart. He spoke to Ellen, who had come out to the porch.
"Where's Lane?" he demanded.
"Father is down with the men fencing a new pasture," Ellen answered. "About three miles due west from here. . . . Do you have to see him?"
Hart mopped his perspiring forehead with a bandanna handkerchief. "Never saw it fall!" he cried bitterly. "Need a man and he ain't there."
"What's wrong, Lee?" the girl wanted to know.
"Wrong! Everything." The heavy-set, bowlegged man slammed his dusty old hat on the porch floor. "A bunch of wild Injuns is raidin' this country. They came bustin' down on my place with forty guns a-poppin'."
"Indians?" the girl repeated incredulously.

"Well, these Texas warriors the paper was telling about. They was chasing two guys. I lit out lickety-split."
"Who were they chasing?"
"I dunno. They're likely wiped out by now. They hadn't but one horse between them. When I took my last look they were making for my house to hole up."
"What do you want with father?"
"Well, we got to spread the news to everybody. I'm headin' for Round Top. Someone has got to ride up the Alford road and let the settlers there know. Tell 'em to meet here. Send the cook if you haven't got anybody else."
"No," Ellen said promptly. "I'm not going to get Jim mixed up in it."
"Mixed up in it? You tellin' me yore black man is too good to work with us?" Hart snarled.
"I'm telling you it is none of his business."
Hart fastened his gaze on two horsemen coming down the road at a slow trot. In his eagerness to tell the news to Jeff Brand he forgot his indignation. He bowlegged through the dust to meet the riders as they drew up at the hitching-post.
"Have you heard, Jeff? The big outfits have done brought a bunch of Texans here to run 'us out the country. Paul Valley told me this mornin'. He got it from Lane Carey who read it in the Denver Republican. Well, sir, I seen them comin' down the hill hell-for-leather and lit out just in time. They was chasin' two birds."

Brand swung from the saddle to go forward to meet Ellen. "Chasing who?" he asked over his shoulder.
"I dunno. Couldn't wait to find out. I burned the wind getting away from there."
"You don't know what became of the two men?"
"They got into my house and fortified up, but I reckon they couldn't hold out long. Must of been a hundred in that army."
"Fifty-eight," Brand corrected.
"How do you know?"
"We hid on a ridge and counted them," Morgan said.
"A bunch of warriors brought in to shoot down innocent men!" Hart cried angrily. "We'll see about that. I'm on my way to tell our friends at Round Top."
"No need," Jeff said. "We've already sent a messenger. Better stay and gather a relief party to ride over to your place. We'll need every man we can get."
"When do you aim to go?"
"We've got to get off right quick if we're going to save the boys they have trapped. Say inside of an hour."
"We can't get together seventy or eighty men that quick," Hart protested.
"Don't need more than ten or a dozen. We'll lie in the rocks above and shoot down at them."
"Not me," Hart answered promptly. "I just got out with my skin, and I don't aim to try it again."
Jeff looked at the man contemptuously.
"Go hide under a bed, you louse." The pale blue eyes of Brand burned into the man. "But not till you've done your job. Ride up the Alford road and send down all the men you can find. After that you can go jump in a lake."
Jeff turned away and joined Ellen on the porch. He grinned at her.
"Well, sometimes a newspaper piece turns out to be true," he said.
Morgan joined them on the porch.
"I'd better ride Deep Creek and warn the folks up that way. From what Lee says looks like these fellows are headed there."
"Yes. Better rope one of the horses in the corral." Jeff added casual information. "I'm going to Lee's place to see what has happened to the two trapped in his house. Maybe I can make a diversion from the rocks that will help them."
"Must you, Jeff?" asked Ellen in a low voice.
He nodded. "Can't desert two of our men without trying to help them." His manner was cheerful and nonchalant. "Dave has picked the tough job. He's liable to meet a bunch of these Texans any turn of the road. But someone has to warn our friends."
"I suppose so. But you don't have to go and attack fifty men, do you?"
Brand's gaze followed Morgan as that young man swung on his horse to ride to the corral. "He'll do it, too, if they don't get him first. That guy will do to ride the river with." His attention came back to what the girl had said.
"I don't see what you can do alone."
"Can't tell till I get there. Soon as a bunch of the boys roll in tell them to hop over to Lee's place fast as their broncs will bring them."
She watched him, always spectacular, fling himself into the saddle without touching the horse. He waved his big white hat in farewell as he rode away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Kathleen Norris Says: Real Happiness Means to Live in Peace

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)



I enjoy quiet evenings at home. But my husband is socially inclined and likes to be on the go continually. There is always some pretty woman to listen to his line of talk. To me it seems that of a college boy.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

THE smart women in this world are those who realize that you have to live in peace with somebody. That is, if you want to live, in the true sense of living.

One such woman lives in a city not far from the country town where I am writing, a comfortably rich woman who, they say, was once quite a beauty and a belle. Her young husband died only a few years after marriage, leaving her with one son. She married again, unfortunately, and was divorced, with considerable bitterness on both sides, for the second husband had wasted not only a large part of her fortune but some of her son's as well. The son later sued for his share and she hasn't seen him, as a consequence, for more than twenty years.

Two nieces in turn have tried living with Aunt Carry, but with both she made life so difficult that each girl presently went her own way. Now this dreary old creature lives alone in a large mouldering house, quarrelling with her cook, and exacting devoted attention from a handsome French chauffeur of about 24, to whom she says she is going to leave all her money. The Frenchman has been engaged for two years to an attractive American girl, a waitress, but his despotical employer has forbidden him to mention her or see her.

Eternally Complaining.
Another dreadful old woman of my acquaintance is penitence and alone, supported by a daughter and son who see her as rarely as possible. She is a strong, husky woman of 60, eternally complaining and criticizing. She says she hates the daughter's husband, and that the son had no business to marry while his mother needed him.

This woman tried boarding-houses for years; the meals, the service and her fellow boarders in all of them disgusted her. Now she has one room, a two-burner gas stove, and a bathroom four doors down the hall, and cries when you meet her because meals prepared and eaten alone are so lonely.

Her daughter is not strong and has three small children, but when Mrs. Vee occasionally calls she sits in the parlor like a stranger. Her son's wife was in the hospital seven months last year with a broken spine, and paid a housekeeper all that time. Mrs. Vee said she never could forget the way Emily acted when she and Jacky were first married and their troubles weren't hers, anyway.

A Flirtatious Husband.
I am wondering whether Laura is going to be one of those old women. She is only 31 now, but the letter I have from her indicates that she is already on the wrong track and rather proud of herself for being there.

This is part of the letter. It comes from Pittsburgh, Pa.
"How am I to deal with a flirtatious husband?" writes Laura. "He is in every other way a perfect dear, but he does like the ladies! He and I first met three years ago, when both were unhappily married. My first husband was a man who was all but unbalanced mentally, jealous, unreasonable and changeable to a

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Kipling Found His Anger Was Profitable—to Another

A bus driver once crashed his vehicle into one of the trees outside the home of Rudyard Kipling. The author wrote the man demanding reparation. The driver ignored the complaint and sold the letter to a friend for 10 shillings.
Not receiving an answer, Kipling penned another note threatening legal action. This scathing letter the driver also ignored—and sold.
Finally losing patience, Kipling called on the man and angrily demanded an explanation.
"I was hoping that you would write me some more letters. Selling them is most profitable," replied the man.

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Variety a Pleasure
The variety of all things forms a pleasure.—Euripides.

THE TRUTH SIMPLY TOLD
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If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys fail, and diuretic medication would be more often employed.
Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warns of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, stiffness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.
Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won worldwide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor!

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