"SALADA"
TEA
Outstanding Quality

Valley OF REVENGE

BY

JACKSON·COLE

SYNOPSIS

Chapter VII Townspeople strangely assisted El Caballero, killing and scattering his pursuers. Moving away cautiously he caught sight of someone following him—It was Juanita de Cuenas. She had arranged for the surprising assistance he had witnessed. Riding away fast he headed for the mountains but suddenly became conscious of being followed.

CHAPTER VIII

"Stay where you are!" he commanded.

"Buenas noches, Senor Cabballero Rojo," said a low, silvery voice.

Michael Valdez's silver-mounted gun dropped back into its holster with a thud, and he groaned.

"Juanita!" he said. "Well, of all the . . . What am I going to do with you, Juanita? Can't you stay put—anywhere?"

"There is nowhere I could go," Juanita de Cuevas said calmly. "Besides, I have already said to you. Why should I not go? I cannot go back to my home and weep. Juanita has already wept for her dead; and she carries them always in her heart. But there will be no more tears. There will be work—and retribution."

* * *

"I know how you feel, Juanita," Valdez said soberly. "But you say you know of El Caballero Rojo. Haven't you heard enough of him to know that he rides the trails that some people call crooked—and that whatever they are, he always rides them alone?"

For the first time he seemed to wonder why the girl was standing in the trail, and that her horse was lying on the ground.

"I don't know what to do with you, Juanita," he said flatly. "You are a problem. And now you are afoot. How did that happen?"

She looked sadly at the horse that lay panting on the ground.

"I fear," she murmured, "that Pancho has carried Juanita as far as he will. He has been brave, but when he is tired to the death, and then stumbles in a hole in the trail"—she spread her arms wide in a gesture of futility — "what can you do?" Tears were very near her eyes as she looked at the horse which was the lone remaining thing of her poor home that was no more. "I—I fear, senor, that he may have broken his leg."

Valdez' momentary exasperation with the lovely Spanish girl swiftly turned to concern. He loved horses, and could not bear to see one suffer. In a flash he was down from his own mount and was examining the bare-ribbed horse that had so valiantly carried Juanita so far. But he would carry her no farther, he saw at first glance. Poor Pancho's days were numbered.

* * *

"Juanita," he said soberly as he turned to the girl, "get on El Cielo there and ride out of hearing. Your—Pancho—well, you're a ranch girl. You know."

"I know," she said bravely, "but I will stay. Pancho was—my last friend, besides you, El Caballero Rojo. He would not like me to go away because he must leave me."

"Just as you say," Michael Valdez said, and saw the girl turn her back and hide her face in her hands.

One shot rang out—Pancho's requiem. Valdez turned from the dead horse and went over to the girl whose back was turned to him, her slender shoulders shaking. He gently took her hands away from her eyes. There were tears in them, but she faced him bravely.

"Now what, Juanita?" he said, and repeated, "What shall I do with you?"

* * *

"I will go with you, senor," she said simply. "As I have said." She brushed the tears from her eyes and smiled confidently at him. The Irish in him felt a quick spasm grip his heart. As perplexed as he was, facing a situation like this with which he had not the slightest idea how to deal, such fealty as hers, though unwanted, unlooked for, was something new and refreshing in his lonely life.

"The outlaw trail is hard, Juanita," he finally said. "Justice is not always attained by legal means and long ago I made up my mind to see that others got it by any means whatsoever. Maybe right now, with your fresh grief for your parents, your passionate wish to do something to avenge their deaths, it seems fine and free to you. But you don't know. Other times—it is not so nice. It's a way of life that is not for a girl, Juanita."

"It is for me," Juanita said, as though repeating a litany. "Where you go, I go."

* * *

"And right now it looks like if you do," Valdez burst out, a little exasperated, "that you'll go walking."

Juanita waved a small sunbrowned hand toward El Cielo, standing immobile with dragging reins.

"Your mount," she said, "he is fine and . . . He will carry two, yes?"

"And where?" demanded Valdez. "Where do you think I could take you? Good little girl, don't you know I was getting out of Paisano Valley because I thought it might be dangerous for me after what happened tonight in Luna Roja? Where could I take you?"

Juanita only repeated the whimsical Irish grin that swept across Valdez' features wiped away the sternness, the puzzled bewilderment.

"Well," he said at last, and breathed a deep sigh of temporary surrender. "Well!" His strong arms scooped up her light body and plumped her in front of the saddle on El Cielo's back. "Anyway, Senorita Juanita de Cuevas Gomez, I can't leave you standing out here miles from nowhere in the middle of the night."

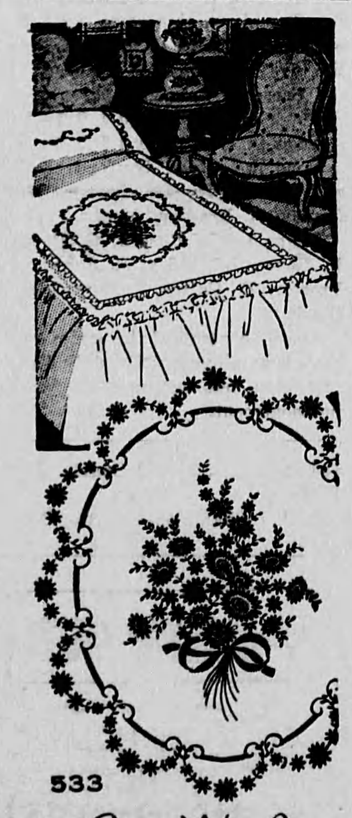
* * *

"Thank you, Senor Caballero Rojo," Juanita said softly as he swung up behind her and reached for El Cielo's bridle. "I thought maybe you would see that I can give great aid to you."

"Have it your own way," Valdez said, glum again; for he felt as if he were taking a step that many times he would find reason to regret.

That was all he did say, for a long time, as they rode on through the night. Nor did Juanita speak. But what plans, what dreams Juanita was having there in the moonlight, only she knew—and would not have told for the world.

(To Be Continued)



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Homemade Bread may reappear on many tables as bread prices soar following removal of subsidies. Barry Cook of Ajax, Ont., is shown sampling slice from loaf mother made.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Unloved Husband Is Lonely For His Wife

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: I am almost crazy! I'm a man in my 40's, married since I was 24. We had some tough times in our life, but we raised four children whom I love as well as I still love my wife. I work away from home, come back week-ends.

"In the last three years my wife has been pulling away from me. Our home has been broken up by another woman whom she goes around with; she has turned me down to go with her. She stays home while I am at work but when I come home, she leaves. Once she applied for a divorce, but she didn't get it. (She didn't ask me for it, she knows I don't approve of divorces).

She says she hates me. Yet I think we could start all over again if other people would only leave us alone.

"Shall I go away, or keep coming back week ends? I am so lonesome for her and the children. I have always provided for them all the best I could. Should I free her, or do you think she may come back to me later on?

BROKEN-HEARTED."

● A DESPERATE HOPE

It is possible that your wife will come to tire of this unwholesome life she is leading. I admit the hope is pretty desperate, for she is enjoying herself at the cost of you and the children. Yet you want to keep on hoping for a change, and I see no point in giving her a divorce at this time.

..Besides, your week ends at home keep you in touch with your children. They must be wondering what all this is about, and your continued and habitual presence should tend to quiet some of the fears that attack them your wife is not totally irresponsible, for you say she does take care of them when you are away. It is deplorable, however, that she has not awakened to the harm she is causing them; they must be growing up with a highly confused idea of marriage.

Can you discuss the future of the children with her some week end when you are home? How much education can you afford to give them, for instance; which of them is good college material; what talents of which child should be encouraged; what preparation for life should the others receive? Such family discussions may have their effect, and I urge you to begin them as soon as you can.

The divorce laws of the state in which you live, I am told, are complicated. Your wife could not get the divorce she wanted. You will have to consult a lawyer as to the grounds you have to divorce her, if that sad day arrives.

I sympathize deeply with your plight. Yet there is always hope, however slim it seems today.

* * *

"DEAR ANNE HIRST: I am coming to you for advice on what to do about loneliness. My husband was killed, leaving me all alone. We have raised four children, but they are all married and have homes of their own.

"I have a home and a small income—but I'm so alone! If only I had some one to make a home for —as that is all I'm prepared to do. My income is insufficient to adopt a child.

"I go to church and Sunday Sunday school, but I still have the long, lonely week to spend.

LONELY"

● DON'T BE LONELY!

Why don't you find some other lonely woman who would appreciate your companionship and like living with you? The world is full of them, and I expect your community has its number. Or a business girl would enjoy sharing your home. It would be good to have someone young around the house again.

You might talk this over with your minister. He knows the members of his flock, and he may have suggestions for you.

There is no earthly reason for anyone to be lonely. And a woman like you, talented in the arts of home-making, should have no difficulty at all in finding a congenial companion.

* * *

Write your troubles to Anne Hirst —before it is too late for her to guide you. Address her at Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street W., Toronto.

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Sunday School Lesson

The Better Revelation

Hebrews 1:1-4; 2:1-3; John 14:5-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—Jesus saith . . he that hath seen me hath seen the Father.—John 14:9.

This lesson is the first of a three-month series based on the messages of the New Testament Epistles, other than those by Paul.

One fact concerning the Pauline Epistles, the Epistles by James, Peter, and John, which Paul certainly did not write, and the Epistle to the Hebrews, is that they are all agreed in a common faith in Jesus as the Messiah, in belief in His saving power, in His ressurrection and living presence through the Holy Spirit, and in their conception of the Christian fellowship and the nature of the Christian life.

This could be demonstrated in many parallels of actual expression, though each Epistle may have its particular emphasis. James, for inphasis on faith, but in Paul's more stance, emphasizes works as the evidence of faith, where Paul puts emextensive writings one would find many passages that, as strongly as James, stress the practical nature of the Christian life. So, also, though John is the apostle of brotherly love, all that he says only strengthens what Paul wrote of love in I Corinthians 13. And when Peter writes of believers as "partakers of the divine nature," it is precisely what Paul has written in Ephesans 3:19.

Belief in Jesus as the Messiah and the fulfilment of Jewish hopes and prophecies, is dominant in the Christian church; and it is at this point that the devout Christian and the devout Jew differ, though they have the Old Testament in common.

It is a difference of belief that is not unimportant, but it should not in any sense be an occasion of intolerance or unbrotherliness. If the Jew lives up to all that is best in the Old Testament, and the Christian up to all that is best in the New, the spirit of both Testaments would make impossible the intolerance and prejudice that have led to so much suffering and tragedy. It is in ideals of peace and good will that Judaism and Christianity both find their highest expression.

★

Platter Patter

Little Annie is blessed with an unlimited imagination and a remarkable talent for inventing games One day she lay upon her back upon the floor, singing lustily.

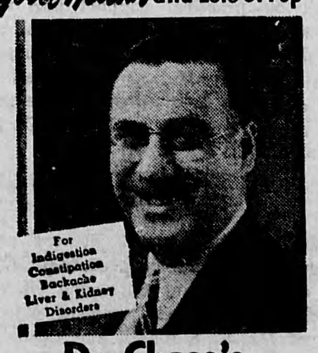
A little later Annie's mother passed through the room, and noticed that the youngster now lay upon her stomach. She was singing another song, but still vocalizing with considerable vim and vigor.

"What game are you playing now, dear?" mother asked.

"Oh," explained Annie, "I'm playing that I'm a phonograph record and I've just turned myself over."

★

Good Health and Lots of Pep



Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

★

First Fly: "What happened to poor old Hector?"

Second Fly: "He died of the DDT's".

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