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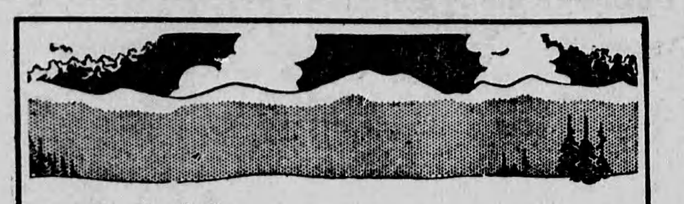

Valley OF REVENGE

BY
JACKSON·COLE

Synopsis

CHAPTER XI: Jaunita arrives at the mission, bringing to Padre Vincente, director there, a bag of gold which Valdez had taken from Garvin—who had stolen from many victims.

CHAPTER XII.

Padre Vincente's eyes opened wide.

"What have you there?" he demanded.

"Gold," said Juanita. "Much gold. It is for you. Only days ago I met the man whom they call El Caballero Rojo. He was most kind to me when my padre, my madre—died. He asked me to ride here and bring this to you. He said you would understand, and know what best to do with it."

"Know you anything of the origin of these monies, my son?" asked the padre, his kind eyes boring into her very soul, it seemed.

"Si, Padre," Juanita said truthfully again. "I know that many of those who slaved for these gold pieces are dead now, and that some of this belongs rightfully to others who still live."

It astonished her a little, how calmly he accepted the gift of gold—quite as if there had been others of like kind preceding it, and that this was no surprise to him. But it was not until after she had been fed and Padre Vincente took her for a walk in the flower-filled patio that Juanita found courage, in the calm and quiet of her surroundings, to question him. There were so many things she wanted to know, so much she felt she must know.

* * *

"Padre Vincente," she said hesitantly, "I have been wondering much about El Caballero Rojo. What do you know about him that you can tell me?"

Padre Vincente was silent for a long moment, as if uncertain just how he should make reply. Then finally he said slowly:

"No one who knows about—Michael, as we prefer to call him here—ever talks much about him. Even I am not at liberty to speak the real name of El Caballero Rojo, though I have so long known it. Some day, though, the world will know that real name, and it will be to the man's credit. There are many stories about him, as you may know. Some are true—the good ones; others are cruelly false."

"But I still do not understand," murmured Juanita wonderingly. "Why does he send this money I have brought to the Mission of Corpus Christi?"

"That, too, must remain unanswered now," Padre Vincente told her gently. "But there may be some explanation for you in a little story I can tell you."

* * *

Juanita leaned forward eagerly.

"Please, Padre Vincente!"

"Very well," the padre said, and at once began. "The incidents of which I shall tell you took place years ago—five years ago. Padre Antonio and I were returning from an ecclesiastical mission, journeying by way of the overland route that leads through Santa Fe and over the mountains to California—an isolated and sparsely settled land at that time, but where one great hacienda stood that we long had known. It was famous for its hospitality.

"We came to that green valley, and saw all about us, as we had on previous visits, the signs of settlers who clustered about the big hacienda. But in all the beautiful, peaceful place then, there was only sinister silence. No people at all. And when we called we got no answers from any of the adobe homes.

"Finally we rode on to the big hacienda, which stood on an eminence above those homes. It was when we reached there that we heard a cry that took us hastily inside.

* * *

"The scene inside that great living room that had seen so much of hospitality and festivity was one to grip the heart of a man of stone.

"A lovely woman—a golden-haired Irish woman—that we well knew from other days when she had been smiling and happy in the love of her husband and son, was lying on the floor, brutally murdered. Beside her, gun still in hand, for he had been trying to defend his home and the wife he had adored, was a man, a Spanish don we recognized, after a moment, as the hidalgo of the hacienda. It was he whose voice we had heard, for he had groaned when we had called.

"We did what we could to help him, but the torture that had been inflicted on him was frightful. He had been horribly burned, and both of his eyes had been put out. It was not right that one so young as you should have pictures of such cruelty, though you have intimated to me that you, too, have known sorrow through the deaths of your own padre and madre. But it is necessary that you should know what I tell you if you would understand the mystery of the man about whom you are asking me.

* * *

"For tht man you know as El Caballero Rojo was the young boy of eighteen or so who came in on that scene while we were still staring in horror. He had been hunting and so had escaped the devils who had brought this horrible devastation to his home, his parents. He came in singing a rollicking air, and with a brace of rabbits for his mother..."

He saw Juanita shudder, and his eyes were filled with sympathy as he paused for a moment. Then he went on, as with the determination of a man who had set himself a course and must pursue it to the end.

"Without going into the tragedy any deeper, my son," he said gently, but with a grim tightening of his lips. "I can tell you that the blinded father lived with the son's help we brought him here to the mission. The son—El Padilla Miguel—is he whom people now know as El Caballero Rojo.

"It is not for me to tell you the secrets which are not mine to tell, which have never been confided to me in their entirety. For what has gone on between the boy and his blind father, what revenge he is seeking for the tragedy that wrecked both their lives—or so they believe—and just who El Caballero Rojo is seeking, is a secret between them and God.

"There is one significant thing I can point out to you, however—it has been noticed that he usually appears where people are being oppressed, and that always he does what he can in their interests. But ever he goes on his restless way when he has finished what must be done. It is as though he were constantly looking for those who had tortured his father and killed his beautiful mother. That he has not so far found them—that, perhaps is God's will. But he will, sooner or later—he will find them.

"As for the right and wrong of it all, where El Caballero Rojo and his blind father are concerned, that is not for us to say. And we here in the mission do not inquire into the secrets of those two men. We can only surmise. But I can pointedly say that we have not found anything in our surmises that we have it in our hearts to condemn.

The priest said no more, and Juanita drew a long, quivering breath as she looked about at the peace and beauty of this mission that had been El Caballero Rojo's home. She saw the old man with the patrician face who sat on a bench not far from her and Padre. Vincente, but he seemed to be paying them no heed. His eyes appeared to be fixed on a point far away, contemplating the silver dusk as it touched the bells in the church tower.

(To be Continued)

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Cake Master—Jack Bryant, cake architect who is working on the wedding cake for Princess Elizabeth, surveys a replica of the towering confection made by his father for the wedding of the present Queen Elizabeth. The cake for Princess Elizabeth will be four-tiered, and will contain products from all over the British Empire.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Do's and Dont's For Bridegrooms

A SWEET note from a young man about to be married inspires this piece today. He writes: "I'm to be married soon—as soon as my girl is of age. I love her with all of my heart and soul, and I know that she loves me too. I'm a little worried, though, about being able to make a go of it—because I have three married sisters, and only one of them has been able to. Can you tell me what the fundamentals of a good married life are?"

In this short space, I can only hit the high spots. But here they are:

- DO—

Be frank about your income. Make up a little budget together to guide you both and try to live within it. Your wife is your life-partner. She'll find ways to save that you won't think of. Arrange to give a personal allowance, no matter how small;

Remember the little things that please her. Compliment her on her appearance, her cooking, etc...Continue all the courtesies you show her now. Be attentive, and as polite as always. And surprise her now and then, if it's only with a chocolate bar;

Take her out as often as you can afford it. She'll be at home alone all day; you have the excitement of mingling with people;

Discuss your business, and the world's affairs, with her. She's intelligent, and it keeps her mind active;

Be nice to her family, as you expect her to be nice to yours. In any disagreement among them, side with her—your first loyalty belongs to your wife;

Welcome her friends in your new home, whether you like them or not;

Be interested in your home and its furnishings, and help her take care of them. Do the dishes together even help with the cooking. It can be fun;

Keep her proud of you—in your personal integrity, in the fine way you do your job, in your immaculate appearance.

- DON'T'S

Don't drink;

Don't be jealous. As your wife she is above suspicion;

Don't be late coming home unless you telephone her why;

Don't be too attentive to any other girl;

Don't nag (and don't think it's only women who do)!

Don't let any quarrel (and there will be some) last overnight. Make the first move to make up.

—And write me a year from now. I'll be interested to learn how things are going.

TO "R.E.A.": I could go on and on! But clip this today and keep it in your wallet. Read it again and again. You are smart to be nervous about your part in marriage, and I commend you for it. All the luck in the world!

* * *

The Golden Rule is the best rule to live by, married or single. If you get in a jam, ask Anne Hirst what to do to get out—and address her at Box A, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I restore a shrunken woolen sweater back to its original shape?

A. Wet the sweater, drop it into a pillow-case, hang the pillow-case on the line by the hem and let water drip into it. Do not wring the sweater. Or, pin it to a sheet, measuring so that it is the correct size, and allow to dry.

Q. How can I treat a cork that has shrunk, and is too loose for the bottle?

A. Place the cork in a pan of boiling water and allow it to remain until the water cools. This will make the cork expand to its original size, and it will fit the bottle snugly.

Q. How can I prevent new shoes from burning the feet?

A. In most instances, if talcum powder is shaken into the shoes, it will stop the burning sensation.

Sunday School Lesson

Christian Standards of Conduct
James 3:1-6; 4:4-10.

GOLDEN TEXT—Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.—Psalm 19:14.

In the first portion of the lesson James is dealing with that unruly member, the tongue. Who of us has not seen special friends separated by a talebearer or strife stirred up by angry words when a soft answer would have turned away the wrath? How a slanderous story grows as it passes from mouth to mouth! The hen who lost one feather is finally stripped of them all. Truly the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity. No one is so devout but who has to bridle his tongue. Even so great a man as Moses was prevented from entering the promised land because when Israel provoked his spirit, he spoke unadvisedly with his lips. (Ps. 106:33). Here is the reason for unwise speaking. It is not the tongue that is to blame, but the heart; "for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks." (Matt. 12:34).

In the second portion James points to the remedy for the corrupt heart. The Christian life is one of separation from sin and consecration to God. Those who would attempt to walk in the spirit of the world and yet cling to God are adulterers. The Christian, like Jesus, is not of the world. This is not to be interpreted that Christians should become censorious "isolationists" in society. Jesus was a friend of sinners. He appreciated their worth. He sought to lift them up but he did not partake of their sins.

The way of deliverance is set forth. We must turn from pride and take the humble path. Submit to God and resist the devil. Submit and resist are two keywords. If we follow the directions we are sure of victory over sin. As we draw nigh to God, He will draw nigh to us. The hands, symbolic of the outward life, are to be cleansed, and the heart, the fountain of life, purified. But having received this cleansing at the hand of God we must ever set a guard upon our lips. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."

Rugs for Home Just a Paint Job

If I hadn't stepped on it, I might not have realized that the gay "welcome mat" in the front entry wasn't a mat at all! But having made the discovery, I was more or less prepared for the other attractive "coverings" found here and there on the floors of the little, old farmhouse used by my friend as a summer home, writes E. M. E., in the Christian Science Monitor.

"I was determined," said she, to do away as much as possible with things that required cleaning." And being clever with her brush (though she explained that no special aptitude was required), she had decorated her painted floors with "make-believe" rugs, clever copies of old hooked patterns.

There was a large and handsome one before the big fireplace in the living-room, its bright flower colors in bold contrast to the black background of the floor. And in the small dining-room, she had indeed given herself a free rein; for a beautiful "rug" in soft faded colors, covered the space beneath table and chairs.

"Oh, I didn't do it all at once," my friend explained. "I have been working at it for several summers, and it's been such fun!"

Exceptions to the Rule

In the bedrooms she had compromised to the extent of placing a real hooked rug beside each bed,also there was a genuine mat in the bathroom. But gay scatter "rugs" appeared elsewhere on the dust-gray floors of bedrooms and upstairs hall.

However, I was not prepared for the further surprise I received on going to the kitchen. Here the floor was covered with linoleum and needed no rugs; but the paint brush had been applied to the kitchen table to produce a red-and-white checked "cloth"!

Simplified Tablecloth

"No more laundering of tablecloths!" laughed this ingenious woman, as I admired her clever handiwork. The table had first been painted red, then carefully marked off in squares with quarter-inch stripes of white. The whole was finally given a coat of spar varnish. For a finish, she had used plain red plastic ruffling from the five-and-dime store, attaching it to the edge of the table with white thumbtacks.

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