Synopsis

Chapter XIX: Michael and Juanita ride side by side to Deep Water Valley. As they approach the entrance they see the shrine of Don Attero's Cross and at the same time hear shots in the direction of the town.

Chapter XX

Juanita, in her tattered clothes, was right at his heels—a second phantom slipping through the night.

And then they saw it! They saw what was on the shrine dedicated to the memory of Don Atterol Valdez hastily shoved Juanita back as she gave a low, frightened cry.

"Don't look!" he said sharply, and his own blood felt suddenly frozen in his vein. "Get back!"

But it was too late. Juanita already had seen, even as the man stared at the awful sight, paralyzed. From the ends of the horizontal beam swung bunches of cured tobacco from a drying shed. And on the cross itself, spread-eagled, his hands clumsily spiked, with their bleeding palms outward, hung the body of a youth who had been no more than nineteen.

About the neck of the dead young man hung two stalks of tobacco. And if anything was needed to complete the ghastly picture, the moon supplied it. For it seemed to center all its brilliance, like a spotlight, on the victim's agonized face.

After Juanita's one low cry, neither of them had made a sound, standing there as motionless as marble statues, with sick horror and lothing printed on their moon-silvered faces.

After what seemed an eternity, Valdez, his narrow dark eyes bright spots of fire, reached out a hand and touched the girl's trembling shoulder.

"Get going and trail that killer's horse to wherever he's headed for," he said tightly. "But don't do anything — don't say a word about what you've seen here, even if you catch up with the coyote who's riding the horse."

* * *

"But, senor," Juanita protested hotly, "even I who never kill, who never have had such a thought, must kill him! Madre de Dios! Such a one may be shot down without warning, like a dog that is mad!"

"No," Valdez said firmly. "I want him to stay alive—for a little while yet."

"It serves some purpose, senor?" the girl asked. "Some good comes of this devil's life if he is allowed to walk the earth? Oh, but that cannot be! This time you must be mistaken, senor!"

"Maybe," he said tightly. "But I'd like to know what it is all about. The killer devil shot that young hombre first — before he strung him up. With him already as dead as he would ever be, why was not the murderer satisfied?"

Juanita shook her head in defeat. "Si! Why was he not?"

"We'll try to find out," Valdez promised grimly. "You trail him. I will not see you again tonight, but in the morning I'll meet you in the town of Gold Creek."

Juanita nodded and started out, not in haste or anxiety, but as cautiously as any Indian trailer of an older day. It was from Indian friends that she had learned to follow even the faintest of trails, and she had been taught many of their secrets that made them supreme in stalking man or beast.

From them she had also learned "smoke talk" so that she could manipulate a blanket over a smoldering fire to make it carry its mute message for many miles. Half wild she might be herself, for such her lonely life had made her, but Juanita de Cuevas was well fitted for her self-appointed task as helper to the red-headed, fiery avenger of wrongs, El Caballero Rojo.

After she had disappeared in the gloom, Valdez stood for a long time near Don Attero's Cross in deep study, and his thoughts were bitter with self-reproach. If he had hurried, he could not help asking himself, might it not have been possible for him to have prevented this terrible crime?

But such thoughts were jarred from his mind abruptly as from close by came a warning sound. He straightened, as still as the trunk of the towering oak at his back. Then he knew he had not been mistaken in the quality of the sound he had heard. It had been singing—and the creek of wagon wheels.

The sounds came closer. They became clearer. Then he could make out distinct voices—those of two men and a woman or girl. Their tones were light with hope and the stuff of dreams.

* * *

Easterners they must be, Valdez concluded, when he could make out the words of the song they sang. Westerners—ranchers, cowboys, even homesteaders who had been here for any length of time—would sing the solemn songs of the lonely trail, the songs of the puncher riding the edge of the bedded-down herd. Peons, any other Mexicans would sing their own distinctive chants, in Valdez's own language.

He listened, rapt. The rumble of the steel-rimmed wheels on stone grew louder. The sound told him that this was no light buckboard returning with tired but happy merrymakers from some cow-town dance. No, this was a heavy wagon, springless, and loaded with all it could carry.

(To be Continued)

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

Writing Indicates Sense of Humor

"Dear Mr. Arnott," writes Miss A., "I have been corresponding with a young man for some time and I would appreciate it if you would kindly analyse his handwriting and let me know what you think of it.

* * *

Answer: Your correspondent writes with flourishes and high wavy "t" bars, with pointed and sometimes angular script. This is followed with dots of the letter "i" that look very much like commas. These dots are very distinct and stand out above the stem of the letter itself. All these signs in the script tell me that he does not take life's realities too seriously and he is inclined to be easy going. The signs of humor, a rare gift, indicates a good companion, one whose lively imagination and sense of humor and good fellowship make him versatile and resourceful.

* * *

The long, deep strokes of the letter "y" are good examples of his interest in the out-of-doors and particularly in sport activities. In this regard he shows a preference for movement, activity and variety in all his interests. There is a decided inclination to regard details and routine matters with disinterest.

Another good characteristic in the strip is his loyalty. This is clearly shown in the letter "i" and it is excellent indication of an earnest faithfulness to his ideals, friends and purposes. Although sociable and friendly with others, he does not follow the crowd, seeking popularity but is content with having a few close associates for long, lasting companionship.

surprised and pleased by my writing

Anyone wishing a more complete analysis please send self-addressed stamped envelope to Box B, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. There is no charge for this service.

Big Enough to Make an Omelet is egg (right) laid by a white Wyandotte pullet owned by R. Blake Smale of Baltimore, Ont., which weighed six ounces. As demonstrated by Aileen Steele, it takes three ordinary-sized pullet eggs to balance its weight.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Young Reader Applies Counsel

ONE girl's success in winning her battle of disappointed love is often more convincing than anything I can say. Today I quote from such a letter, in the hope that it will help others in the same boat.

"So many girls have written to you, Anne Hirst," the girl starts, "asking you what to do when the one they love walks out. Well, I'm sure one of them.

I loved this boy so much there wasn't anything I wouldn't have done for him. When he found that out, he told me he didn't love me—and he didn't come back.

"I tried everything you had told the other girls to do. I thought I'd die in the attempt to make myself despise him. Now, after many months of not seeing him, I realize what a mistake it would have been to marry him.

● SHE WON OUT

"He led me to believe he cared for me. When he found out I cared too, he walked out. I had lost all my friends because of him!

"These thing make you wonder what he would do after you married him? If you really think about it, you are convinced how wrong he was. A boy who will let a girl think he loves her, when all the time he's laughing to his friends about how she falls for all he tells her—he's just not worth your worry;

"How will we girls know when to believe boys? Are there any left who mean what they say, even some of the time?

"I've found out that a lost love makes a deep wound. But time heals, even if one is still a little scared.

"You are doing a wonderful job of helping people in trouble. It is fine to have someone to turn to when you have problems you can't talk to your family. Thanks for all your help."

There are few of us, if the truth were known, who have not at one time or another goes through such disillusion. It often does take many months to come out of it and, as This girl has, realize hoy lucky we are to have escaped marrying such a boy. When that day arrives, we are wiser and stronger women—and we will be very, very careful not to reveal our love so soon again.

Sometimes a young man wins a girl's heart just for the sport of it—to prove to himself that he can. When he finds she returns the love he professed, he is through. The thrill is gone. And so is he.

The way we take the blow shows us up—to ourselves, and to all who know about it. The knowledge that so many other girls have had the same experience does help one to be a good sport.

To "P. H. M.s" You have come through wonderfully; Now, don't let yourself condemn all other young men. Just hold on to your heart next time you find it slipping, and give the lad time to prove his integrity. I salute you!

* * *

It is amazing what shock a girl's young heart can take! If you have lost the lad you loved, tell Anne Hirst about it. She will understand, and help. Write her at Box A, Room 421. 73 Adelaide St., West, Toronto.

★

Of One Mind

The room was quiet; the lamp was low. The boy speaks: "What are you thinking about, darling?"

The girl answers: "The same as you are, dear."

Then the boy: "Hot Dawg! I'll race ya to the ice box!"

★

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

God's Eternal Rule
Revelation 21:1-7; 22-27.

Golden Text — Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.—Psalms 145: 13.

The lesson forms a very appropriate conclusion for the year's study. We have come through various conflicts but here we emerge into a blaze of light and glory. We view the grand consumation. We see with John the new heaven and the new earth. as we have stood lonely and forlorn by the open grave, with what comfort our hearts have been blessed as we listened to the familiar words, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God, Himselt, shall be with them, and b their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." In the beautiful description of the Holy City one statement stands out with peculiar significance; "And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there."

* * *

Politicians have promised their Utopias but until now they have not been realized. Suffering and crime are taking their toll on every hand. But there is a better day for the overcomer. A state of enduring peace and superb happiness is for those who are written in the Lamb's book of life. "Nothing unclean shall enter it, nor any one who practises abomination or falsehood."

* * *

Satan and his associates are certainly fighting fiercely. Sometimes it would seem that truth is on the scaffold and wrong is on the throne. The sufferings of God's people are perplexing. But God's victory is certain. The sacrifice of His Son, Jesus Christ has not been in vain. He is taking to Himself a people, a clean people. They shall have a part in His everlasting kingdom.

* * *

Are you thinking only of the present? Why not do some long-range planning He who lives only for this world forfeits both. Whatever the struggle of the Christian he is well repaid in both this life and the life which is to come. If we have entered God's kingdom by the new birth we are on the winning side. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son."

★

Not a Word Wasted

A firm of Scottish lawyers receiving a letter from their rent agents over the lease renewal of premises, were asked if they were going to remain in the building.

The firm replied: "We are.—Yours faithfully"

The agents, impatient folk, were not satisfied with the reply. They wrote the lawyers again, asking if they meant to remain in the offices.

Back came the reply: "Dear sirs, we remain.—Yours Faithfully."

★

Grandmother Knows
What Brings Quick Relief

Since her own childhood grandmother has known Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to be a dependable and quick relief for coughs, colds, bronchitis and similar ailments.
Is it any wonder that she sees that there is always a bottle of it at hand in case of emergency. Quick action is most important when colds set in.
Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine
35¢ Family size 3 times as much 75¢

It's new... right there when you need it

Now—for extra-fast baking—it's New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. No need to keep it in the icebox—it stays fresh in the cupboard for weeks—right there when you need it. Just dissolve according to directions. Then use as fresh yeast. IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—you can always keep a large supply ready for "hurry-up" baking—more delicious baking results. Order Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast from your grocer today.

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