"SALADA"
TEA BAGS
So handy

Valley OF REVENGE

BY
JACKSON·COLE

Synopsis

CHAPTER XII: Juanita finds the brother of the boy killed at Don Attero's Cross. He is Burr Aldman, nicknamed "Straw" because of his red hair.

CHAPTER XXIII

"I see fire. I come fast. I hear shots. I think maybe I am of help, senor, but —" The youth in ragged clothes looked at the remains of Pop Aldman. "I am too late, no?"

"Yes," Straw Aldman said dully. "Too late."

"Maybe I can do something for you?"

"No." Straw Aldman shook his head. "I'm pulling out as soon as my brother Sam gets back—home."

"Your brother?"

The voice was thick with pity, for the eyes of the young Spanish stranger were on the hoofprints of a horse — fresh prints of a horse that had recently been there. And almost as recently — just a little while before — those same hoofprints had been at Don Attero's Cross.

* * *

"Your brother?" the stranger repeated, the soft voice husky.

"Yes. He went up on Mission Ridge to attend to a chore. I'm expecting him back most any minute."

"Nineteen maybe he was, your brother" the stranger asked. "Hair like straw — more light than your own? Blue shirt? Shoes, not boots?"

Burr Aldman nodded. "That's Sam, all right. You know him? You've run across him maybe?"

The young stranger was hard pressed for words.

"Amigo," he said gently, "Sam does not come back."

"What?" the strangled cry came from young Aldman's choked throat.

"It is true. Sam and this old man here — they are together now. Sabe?"

"You mean that Sam is dead?" Straw Aldman shouted as he took a quick step forward.

"Si." Juanita de Cuevas pointed to the distant cross and reverently crossed herself. "He is there, amigo, hanged by some devil."

"Sam!"

Slowly the truth seeped into Straw Aldman's mind, ate into his heart like poison.

"That leaves — just me," he said, his voice tight with bitterness, "for them to get. Well, they had better do it plenty pronto!"

His voice broke. His lips clamped shut, and the line of them was like a twisted scar.

Juanita understood. She had known a like shock and grief herself.

"You try to find this killer, no?" she asked.

"Not just one of them!" Aldman burst out. "All of them! And most especially a rattlesnake named Pete Haskell who is the ringleader of the whole killing beefmen outfit!"

* * *

"And you, amigo?" Juanita said softly. "You think you fight long, alone? Oh, no, they make you a candle. Puff! You are finished."

"I don't know who you are stranger," the young farmer said, "but I'll say this much and no more. I say I'll kill every last one of them before I'm through!"

"There is much law in this country, amigo," Juanita said. "In the town of Gold Creek Sheriff Lands is said to.... But I see that there is no restraint to hold you. Good luck." The young Spanish stranger held out a friendly hand of sympathy and understanding. "Adios. Who knows but that you shall not fight alone, after all? For it said by my people that El Caballero Rojo has heard of the plight that has fallen over this valley, and that he is somewhere around."

The tattered, youthful stranger turned swiftly mounted the horse that stood near with reins dragging and faded away into the night.

Burr Aldman stared until the stranger was a speck in the distant gloom — and then gone from sight. But the stranger's words were still poignantly present with him. He, too, knew of the legend of El Caballero Rojo, the friend of the poor, the righter of wrongs.

So that man of mystery was here! Had perhaps heard of the indignities that were being heaped on the heads of the tobacco farmers by the imperious, grasping beefmen of the community. Was he here to help the tobacco men?

* * *

But Straw Aldman knew that he must be off to see Russ Bartle. Must seek the advice, the help of the man his father said was a good man, and could be depended on for aid.

Taking only long enough to remove his father to the house, Burr Aldman saddled his horse, mounted, and set off to bring home his brother and care for him. That done, during what seemed like an eternity of grief, the sole remaining member of the Aldman family again mounted and headed for the Bartle ranch.

Bartle, known as the most prosperous tobaco farmer and landowner in Deep Water Valley, had just finished scribbling an entry in the books open before him when knuckles rapped on the door. He went to the door, pulled the lever that drew back the spring lock and peered into the darkness.

As he recognized his visitor a smile spread over his thin face. His palms rubbed together with pleasure and satisfaction.

Howdy, Burr!" he greeted heartily. "Glad to see you. Come right in."

The last of the Aldmans walked into the gloomy office as if his feet were leaden weights. A broken man and bitter, he dropped heavily into the nearest chair.

"They got us, Mr. Bartle!" he said abruptly. "They burned our drying shed; they burned our crops and all. They" — a lump swelled in his throat, all but choking him — "they killed Dad and Sam."

"Good God, Burr!" Bartle was shocked out of his habitual calm. "How in all thunder — who.... By heavens above, I'll —"

The young man nodded dumbly. "They plugged Dad right before my eyes, before I could reach him. He — I — we wasn't either of us armed. By the time I got in and out of the house to get a gun, it was too late. The rotten skunk had managed to get clean away." He sighed heavily as he brushed a fist across his smarting eyes.

"You chased him, of course? Bartle's lynx eyes narrowed at the question.

"No." Young Aldman shook his head. "I should have — but how could I? There was Dad lying in his back all twisted up with pain, and —"

"Then why the devil didn't Sam—"

"Sam had gone up on Mission Ridge to the Nelson house on a chore for Dad. I didn't have any kind of an idea what had happened till a Mexican came by and told me that Sam was -- was spiked to Don Attero's Cross."

(To be Continued)

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

Your Trail of Ink Tells a Story

This is the age of research, with the engineer and his research of metals to determine their quality and grade, the food chemist with his research of food products, and the industrialist in his research for more and better production. They are ever analysing the strength and weakness of their products in their search for quality, the goal of perfection.

* * *

Handwriting analysis is concerned with the research of character from handwriting, the measure of strength and weakness of the individual personality. Your mental ability, habits and moods, traits and aptitudes, good, bad or indifferent are on display to the handwriting analyst by the trail of ink you leave on paper. The strokes of your writing, the dotting of the letter "i," the crossing of the letter "t," are all different to another's writing, indicating each individual's traits as distinctly as night is from day.

* * *

The interesting feature of handwriting analysis is that it shows the trend of thought, desire, ambition and depth of emotional feeling of the writer, fully revealing his character on paper. How well do you know these personal characteristics? Where lies the ability, purpose and strength of character in your handwriting?

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.

Half-Pint of Scotch—A wee verrrsion of the Highland Fling was performed on the deck of the Queen Mary as the ship docked in New York. Four-year-old Laraine Ross and her three-year-old brother, Michael, who came from London to make Los Angeles their new home, are the artists. They look happy—vurrry happy—about the whole thing.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Dissatisfied With Negative Husband

MOST WIVES who write me are complaining about the dreadful things their husbands do. They drink, they are abusive, they run around with other women, they don't pay their bills, and so on. But today one wife is fed up with a husband because of what he does NOT do.

He never compliments her. If she dresses up in new clothes, his only comment is. "Honey, you're the prettiest girl in the world!" And she knows he doesn't even see what she has on.

He won't leave home at night. If she wants to go to a show, he says, "Go ahead. But being with you is good enough for me."

He doesn't like company. "I like to be alone when I come home. Don't invite those people again."

He doesn't talk to her. Never discusses his work, nor anything else. Just says yes or no to her questions. She complains. "Sometimes I wish he was the kind that did fuss, so I could hear him talk!"

● HAS HIS POINTS

However, she tries to do him justice. She tells me he has never taken a drink. He provides well for her and their daughter. Never questions how she spends the income, nor where she goes. Never has been late coming home.

He is not affectionate, she says. "Never kisses me unless I ask him to. So you see, Anne Hirst, what I am up against!"

I know just thousands of wives who wish to heaven they were up against only this.

This wife does not realize how fortunate she is among women. She doesn't see that she is making her husband the most contented of men, completely happy in his home life, devoted in his inarticulate way to his wife and daughter. Not for her are the fears of so many married women as they grow older. This man is her man for the rest of her life, and she'll never have to worry about any other woman.

What she misses are the attentions, the compliments, the little tendernesses for which every woman yearns. One reason for this is that she has been sickly during almost all their married life; she has had several operations, she tells me, and naturally she is overly sensitive. Yet to offset that, she has complete freedom to enjoy her friends during the day, to employ her afternoons as she pleases, to make her personal life as exciting as she wants to.

She cannot change her husband. He was always so, I expect. What she can do is to realize that his very presence, night after night, in his home is the greatest compliment he can pay her. It is his way of showing her how dear she is to him, how supremely contented he finds his life with her.

To "E.V.W." Relax. Count your blessings. Remember, if your husband doesn't effervesce because you're wearing a new dress or have had a permanent, he will never see the wrinkles and gray hair that will come as the years pass by. We can't have everything, you know. Read this column every day, and contrast your marriage with those whose griefs are related here. You will realize how blessed you are.

There is no perfect husband! If you are dissatisfied with yours, perhaps Anne Hirst can show you how to appreciate him more. Write her, frankly, at Box A, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

ISSUE 3—1948

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

Our Relationship To God

Romans 8:12-17; 31-39

Golden Text—The spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.—Romans 8:16.

Jesus said to a group of his countrymen, "You are of your father the devil, and your will is to do your father's desires". (John 8:44). Paul, while admitting that all are under sin. (Ro. 4:9) points the way to a better state of living. We may be justified by faith (5:1) and come into the relationship of sonship with God. Then we no longer do the devil's desires. Neither do we fufill the sinful lusts of the flesh but are led by the Spirit of God. Hereafter not only is our external life altered but our heart attitude to God is changed. No more are we in slavish fear, for we are now the children of God. This fact is borne to our consciousness by the Holy Spirit Himself. It is not a faint hope, but a blessed reality. We know.

* * *

Being a son affords many privileges. The director of a radio program waited for two hours in order to see a college president. While he waited, a ten-year old boy came in and immediately entered the president's office. The explanation; he was the president's son. Being a child of God secures for us the guidance of the Spirit of God. It makes us heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ. In view of this the questions are very appropiate, "If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" This Son is now at God's right hand interceding for us.

* * *

With such unlimited resources available there is no need for defeat. Tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril, or sword may come. But "in all these things we are more than conquerers, through him that loved us". Indeed, there is nothing in the whole universe that can separate us from the God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. This is the way for victorious living. There is no need for defeat. Keep your eyes on Jesus and draw heavily on the Divine resources so freely placed at your disposal and victory is sure. It people everywhere would only take this way how much better the "news" would be! How happier would we all be!

Smart strategy this — a smooth frock designed to do right by your figure! Plus the added glamour of embroidery to frame your face. Pattern 4881 is divinely dateable!

Pattern 4881 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16, 3¼ yds. 39-in. Embroider, transfer included

Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.**

TELL YOUR FAMILY you intend to make Maxwell House your *regular* coffee. They'll all love it because it's Blended by Experts for Extra-smooth, extra-full-bodied flavor.

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 keeps in the cupboard—it's quick-acting—it's always there when you want it! Now, with the New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast, you can bake more delicious breads and rolls in extra-fast time. No dashing to the store at the last minute—you can keep a month's supply standing by, use it as you need it. It will be as potent the day you use it as the day you bought it. IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—get Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast today. At your grocer's.