The Quality Tea

"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE

Valley OF REVENGE

BY

JACKSON·COLE

Synopsis

CHAPTER XXIII. The boy is mourning the murder of his father and the loss of his barn, which was burned down, when the girl tells him about the death of his brother.

CHAPTER XXIV

Bartle trembled with the sudden fury that shook him.

"The most awful thing I ever heard of!" he ground out. He put a consoling arm around the young farmer's shoulders. "I'm mighty sorry, Burr. I reckon I don't need to tell you that. But, boy, I'll pledge my last dollar, my last breath, to bring this murderer to rope! Come on with me. We've got to do something right away! At least we'll m e the first move by telling the sheriff all about this."

Straw Aldman stared gloomily at the floor. "That wouldn't help any," he muttered. "It wouldn't help either Dad or Sam, or me. Only you can help me, Mr. Bartle. Dad made me promise, while he was dying, to get out of Deep Water Valley as soon as Sam comes home. home. But Sam is never coming home now — see? So if I stick here, I won't be breaking my promise to Dad, will I?"

* * *

Bartle considered a moment, then slowly shook his head. "No, you wouldn't breaking your promise, Burr."

"Then I'll stick here!" young Aldman said wildly. "I'll work till I drop. I'll pay you every cent we owe you, Mr. Bartle. All I'm asking for is time and — and a loan f r seed, for a new drying shed." He looked at Bartle's suddenly impassive face. "Will you stake me?"

Bartle sat down slowly, his brow wrinkled in thought.

"You know I would, Burr — if I could," he finally said. "But, boy, I've got to tell you the truth. Every cent I have is tied up, tight. This very day the bank in town pressed me for money. I stalled them off — because, you see, I was depending on your father's next payment to meet my own obligations."

"I can't make it," Burr Aldman sighed helplessly.

"I understand, boy. But it puts us both in a hole, so to speak."

Again the tobacco man was lost in thought for a while. Then he rested gentle eyes on Straw's bowed red-head.

"I know you'd come out on top, Burr," he said, "if the cattlemen left you alone. But you would have to work yourself to death to do it. Don't you think you'd better take you father's advice?"

"And clear out?" Young Aldman's eyes were defiant. "I'm not scared! I want to fight back at them."

"But they'll lick you." Bartle shook his head sadly. "No, I think the best thing you can do is what your father said — try to find a buyer for the farm."

* * *

Straw Aldman got up. "I won't sell — yet," he said tightly. "I'll try to raise a loan at the bank."

"Who'll lend you anything, son?" Bartle reminded gently. "Suppose you do put up a new drying shed, on borrowed money. The same men who burned you out tonight might burn the new shed down the day after you finished it!"

"No, they won't!"

"You couldn't stop them, son," Bartle said.

"But there's somebody in these parts right now who can!" Aldman shouted desperately. "El Caballero Rojo! He's right here in Deep Water Valley!"

"Who told you that?" Bartle asked quickly.

"The same young Mex who rode by and told me about Sam," Straw Aldman told him. 'But before I could get any particulars from him, he was off."

"El Caballero Rojo," Bartle said thoughtfully, then flashed a wide-eyed glance at his visitor. "Why thunderation, Burr, it might have been that red-headed outlaw who burned your shed!"

* * *

"No." Young Aldman was positive of that. "It wasn't. Anybody will tell you he don't do things like that."

"Who knows what he's really like?" snapped Bartle. "Except that he is a lawbreaker and a killer — isn't he?"

"All this stuff you hear about him being a sort of Robin Hood is maybe just talk. I'll bet he's worse than any of the others around here when you get right down to it. If there is any El Caballero Rojo at all—and about th t I'm not so sure."

"No," insisted the young farmer. "There is a man who rides to help others, and everybody will tell you he is not made that way—like you were saying. I know from what that Mex told me, that he saw the fire and he s w Sam. I'm sure he'll do something about it. And even if he don't, news about him being here gives me a couple of ne wideas myself."

Bartle shrugged resignedly. No use arguing with this stubborn boy. But he did insist:

"You'll find he's working hand in glove with Pete Haskell's crowd of beefmen."

"That's the first thing I'll do—find out if he's hired out to them. And I know how to get at the truth, too." But Straw's confidence in El Caballero Rojo seemed a little shaken by Bartle's attitude.

* * *

Bartle saw that, also, and spoke quickly, pressing his advantage.

"I'll try and find a buyer for your farm, Burr. I'll write right away tonight to a man Iknow who might be interested. He'll probably give you anyway two thousand for what's left of the place."

Aldman was startled. "Two thousand dollars?" he cried. "With only the shed missing?"

Bartle nodded. "And I'd take it son. Quick. Then I'd head back to Kentucky and my friends, and I'd be glad to get away from a place like this valley with my skin whole."

"Maybe you would," Aldman said defiantly, flinging open the door. "But I won't! Somebody's going to pay for Dad and Sam!"

As the young tobacco farmer galloped off into the night, Russ Bartle went back to his desk, sat down, took up a pen and chewed the end of it. Then he wrote in a steady hand, completing an already half written letter:

. . . the farm in question. To protect my own interests. I have bought the place and shall rebuild a drying shed which was destroyed by fire. Six thousand dollars gets you this bit of paradise in the world's most fertile valley. Please write me immediately as to when you can come to see for yourself what a bargain this is.

* * *

He read the letter over, forgetting Burr Aldman, the young man's dead, and El Caballero Rojo. Buy Burr out for two thousand: sell to the other party for six thousand. A smile of self-self-congratulation seeped over his face.

"I haven't done badly," he thought exultantly. "Fifty-five hundred profit on Mike Chapman's place, thr e thousand on Steven Ransom's — and why, I'm just starting. Wait till I have the north end, the cowmen's end of the valley, to bring them in and drive them out. There's thousands in it. Thousands! I'll be rich — rich!"

(To be Continued)

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Sunday School Lesson

By Rev R. Barclay Warren

When We Work With God

2 Corinthians 5:20, 21; 6:1-10

Golden Text—We are laborers together with God. 1 Corinthians 3:9.

One of the wonders of redemption is that man is given a part in the saving of his fellows. Not that the offering of Christ needs to be supplemented; No. He alone is the sinless One. But before Jesus ascended he commissioned his disciples to go into all the world and tell the "Good News" to every creature. The task is not completed. We must still "go and tell." We have the rank of ambassadors. We represent Christ and His Kingdom in this world of sin and woe.

* * *

Paul set a very high ideal for the Christian minister. "We then as workers together with Him." The minister is in partnership with God. It is a holy calling. Paul urged an immediate acceptance of and obedience to his message. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Uncle Tobey in Tristram Shanty threatened to oil the latch every day for forty years. Its squeaking every morning appealed to his heart, but he died without doing it. It is always true that "by the streets of 'by and by,' one arrives at the house of 'never'."

* * *

Paul was careful to bring no blame to the ministry by being a stumbling block. As the representative of Christ's Kingdom he must be exemplary in every phase of his life. He did not excuse sin in his life. He, by the grace of God, put it away.

Paul suffered much for the Kingdom. His aim was not to please men but rather to fulfill His commission and approve himself as God's minister. His reputation or his salary were not his first considerations. He concludes a lengthy description of his ministry with the words, "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing: as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things".

Eact Chgristian has a responsibility to his fellows. Let us study carefully and prayerfully the spirit of Paul as he labored with God. Remember God has no hands, but our hands; no feet, but our feet. If we fail, the Kingdom suffers loss.

★

No Alternative

The lecturer at a medical college was exhibiting a diagram, and said: "The subject here limps because one leg is shorter than the other," Then he addressed one of his audience:

"Now, Mr. Snooks, what would you do in such a case?"

Young Sn oks pondered deeply before answering: "I should imagine, sir, that I should limp, too."

★

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Engaged Girl Has Too Many Doubts

YOU HAVE been in love for a couple of years with this wonderful lad, and you are planning to get married in another six months. You do not doubt his love for you, and your devotion for him is so complete that you are only happy when you are together.

Yet you are getting on each other's nerves. You misinterpret a remark he makes, or he delays doing some little thing you ask — and at once you're up in arms. You spurt out the first comment that occurs to you, and there's — well, not a scene, but something too close to it. And you're jealous, too, though you know you have no reason.

In your calmer moments you call yourself a little fool, and wonder what's the matter. You know you two are congenial, you like to do almost everything together. You know he is interested in a home and a family, and he believes in the sanctity of marriage Your dreams of the future match his own. Then what are you afraid of?

● FEARS ARE NATURAL

You are afraid of losing him. Through these last few years he has become so precious!

You lack confidence in your ability to hold him. That is why you criticize little things he does — so you can convince yourself you are superior.

You have listened to too many tales of unsuccessful marriages, and you are afraid yours will be one of them.

What can you do about it?

For one thing, you can ask yourself how well you are fitted for marriage, Can you keep house, handle a budget, market and cook? If you aren't sure, take a night course in home-making. That in itself will give you confidence.

. . Practice self-control. When you are irritated, think how your remarks will hurt your fiance — then you'll not make them.

See him less frequently than you've been doing. And when you are together, spend some time in discussing the practical aspects of the future. How much income will you have? Go over the figures together, and make up a trial budget. List the guests you'll invite to your wedding, decide where you'll spend your honeymoon. If you intend to keep on working, he will want to share your home duties. Start now —get dinner for him some night, do the dishes together. Find out what foods he enjoys, and practice devising attractive menus.

All these material enterprises will draw you closer together. Talking them over will relieve the nervous tension you both are feeling, and will help keep your evenings on an even keel.

To "CINDERELLA": Relax. This young man loves you devotedly and you know it. Don't spend so many evenings indoors; go out for long walks, enjoy sports together, see your friends — in other words, keep active. Remember that marriage isn't all love-making. Attack its practical side together, and these little differences will disappear. . .

* * *

To avoid petty quarrels, space your dates with your fiance further apart, and each of you devote some time to other people and interests. Anne Hirst understands. Write her at Box A, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West., Toronto.

★

No Use

"Why didn't you marry?" inquired the young man of the old bachelor.

"Well, you see,'" replied the bachelor, "when I was quite young I resolved that I wouldn't marry until I found the ideal woman. After many years I found her."

"And then?"

"She was looking for the ideal man," replied the bachelor, sadly.

★

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

As Writer Thinks So He Will Write

The skeptics write to me with some reserve for the accuracy of handwriting analysis as a means of indicating personal character, as they do not altogether believe that handwriting can be so revealing. As a point of interest to those in doubt of its scope, they need only compare their own writing with another person's in order to learn how vastly different are the writings. There are no two handwritings the same, a good reason why it takes an exceptionally clever person to forge another person's handwriting successfully.

Another point of interest is that, no matter how painstakingly the school teacher may show the children how to form the letters of the alphabet, or spend time explaining and having them practise the correct size and slope of writing, the precise method of dotting "i's" or crossing "t's," eventually each child will write according to his own indivdual mental capacity and traits of character. The child with little will power will not revea much strong character, the ambitious one will show an ambitious trend in his writing.

Handwriting analysis reveals that a gentleman will write like a gentleman, a crook will write like a crook, each portrayng on paper individual mental habits and characteristics—convincing evidence that what the writer thinks, he will write.

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

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