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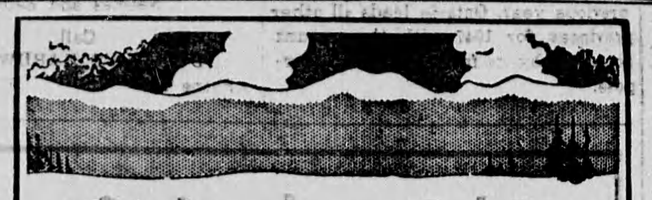

Valley OF REVENGE

BY JACKSON · COLE

Synopsis

CHAPTER XXVIII: Valdez encounters a posse, headed by Haskell in pursuit of the false Cabellero. After directing the cattlemen away from the outlaw, Valdez heads for Gold Creek determined himself to find and unmask his impersonator.

CHAPTER XXIX

In Gold Creek's only saloon, Juanita de Cuevas sipped a drink she did not want and kept her eyes on the door. But her time had not been wasted while she had been waiting for the appearance of Michael Valdez. She had already impressed on the non-talkative bartender the fact that a young man from the Rio was pretty lonesome in this country so far away from the border, and craved nothing so much as a chance to sit down, play cards or just talk and talk with some friendly stranger.

Michael Valdez was such a man, when eventually he entered the saloon. No soul would have imagined he had ever seen the bedraggled Mexican youngster before, but he hailed him cheerfully and in the spirit of camaraderie of men meeting on the trail—especially men who had a mutual Spanish background.

* * *

In a moment idle comments were being made by both—comments on the weather, the trail, the town. The bartender winked at Valdez as if he would warn the vaquero that he was in danger of having his ears talked flabby.

"You play with cards, senor?" Juanita finally asked, grinning widely with pleasure at the chance of companionship. She appeared overjoyed at Valdez' smile and nod. "Good! We sit in far corner, no? At that table no one disturbs us."

Valdez winked back at the bartender.

"Nothing more important to do," he drawled, and followed his presumably new-found friend across the room.

They sat down, the girl in the peon boy's clothes talking swiftly as she shuffled the cards, apparently intent only on the game to come.

"There is much news, senor," she said, her voice almost a whisper. "All bad." She began to deal. "First, the killer you would know about, the man who was at the cross, rides water. He knows what he is about. Where he goes, I still do not know. It was as if he leaves the river on wings."

Disappointment never irked Michael Valdez. Lost scents could always be found if a man were patient.

"What else?" he asked.

"I have not given up hope of finding the trail he followed, when suddenly I see fire in the valley below. There are shots. I ride like the wind. But I find only a dead man, the still red ashes of a dying shed, and a much bitter young hombre."

Valdez nodded. "What then?"

* * *

"The young hombre speak to me, senor, and he accuses cattlemen in the north end of the valley. By his eyes and the set of his jaw I know he will fight the whole world alone, if he must—because I am forced to tell him that it is his brother Sam he is looking for who then was spiked to the cross."

"You think he has reason to suspect the cattlemen?" Valdez asked.

"Who knows? I talk with other men later—some tobacco men, some cattlemen. It is the old story, senor—good for one is bad for the other, and each calls the other dog. But this I know—that the rider at the cross who hung the boy there was the same hombre who was at the drying shed and set fire to it and killed. By this sign I have recognized he betrays himself—so far."

"And that rider in the red sash and red neckerchief mask we saw out on the range?" Valdez asked.

"You see him run from cattlemen who pursue him. He, too rides water—but not like the other I followed last night. This man in Spanish clothes I follow today, senor. To the brown house near the burned drying shed of last night."

* * *

Valdez' eyes narrowed as he nodded.

"Starting to fight back at the cattlemen under my brand," he said coldly.

"Who can blame him, senor?" Juanita defended. "Death strikes twice at him in one night. He knows that you are here, for I told him so. He takes advantage of the fact that his hair also is red of the sunset, and he is proud of your brand—which he will use to frighten beefmen to leave these valley farmers in peace. Quien sabe?"

Valdez rolled a cigarette, played an ace inattentively, when even a seven-spot would have taken the trick in their game.

"No man can use my brand," he said mildly.

Juanita took the pot she had not won.

"The young one will not trade long on your brand, senor," she assured. "When I look in the window of his home, I see that he bleeds too much. I make to go in house and help him. But a girl comes, a girl I hear him call Mary, and who has much grief that his brother Sam is there dead.

* * *

"She tries hard to stop the blood of the young one who is brother. I think maybe it is not good that I be at house twice when bad things happen, sabe? So I go and make camp for you. All else you know."

"All?" Valdez lifted his brows.

"Si, senor. I stay in town while places close up for the night. I talk with this one and that one. I learn nothing."

"Nothing that points to the chance someone besides cowmen being behind all that's happened since we got here?"

(To be Continued)

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Awaiting a Celestial Vision — In Luxembourg, amazing cures have been claimed by pilgrims visiting a forest area where three school-children are reported to have seen a vision of the Blessed Virgin. Here two of the three are seen lying on the ground where, after saying the Rosary, they await the recurrence of the miracle. Authorities have examined the children and report them perfectly normal.

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev R. Barclay Warren

The World Mission of The Church

Romans 10:8-15; Ephesians 3:8-12

Golden Text—How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God Reigneth!—Isaiah 52:7.

Paul very definitely preached Jesus Christ and Him Crucified. Book reviews or discourses on political philosophies were not his line. He presented the "word of faith" to the people. The people, in turn, must believe and confess. Salvation is not of works but of faith. This belief is not only an intellectual assent to the truths of the Gospel but a personal appropriation of its benefits. It is a belief "unto righteousness." Then it is the privilege of the Christian and his express duty to confess Christ before men. A professed Christian spent the winter in the lumber camp. On his return in the spring a friend asked him, "How did you get along? Did the fellows razz you at all?" "Oh, no," he replied happily, "No one ever found out I was a Christian." How different is this sentiment from the words in our lesson: "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed."

* * *

But before men believe, they must hear. "And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent?" There is a sense in which all Christians must confess Christ. But there are also those who are specifically and divinely called to give all their time to proclaiming the Good News. Paul was one of these. He was thrilled with his message. He was often weary in body but he never wearied of the Message. For he was proclaiming "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Though Paul had a better grasp of Divine truth than perhaps any other man except Jesus Christ, he knew enough to know that he didn't know it all. Indeed if we knew as much as God, we would be equal with God. But Paul knew the essentials of salvation. Under his preaching many in Europe and Asia were persuaded to turn from sin to Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour. He was a God-sent man and there was fruit from his labour. He shared the Good News and others, too, were saved.

Because of the high tax on tea in Britain in the 17th and 18th centuries, more than half the tea drunk in England was smuggled in.

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex. S. Arnott

Can a person change their personality by changing their writing? Before a change can be made in personal habits and personality, the writer must understand all the traits of character which are a hindrance to personal happiness. The graphologist can direct the writer to the facts shown in the handwriting, pointing out all these elements as they are shown in the script so that these traits of character are clearly understood. The knowledge of weakness of some personal trait and consistent effort to eliminate it from the writing will eventually give the writer confidence in overcoming the actual weakness of character. There are, however, some elements in changing the handwriting which must be clearly understood. First there must be a genuine desire to make a change in personality for the better. Secondly, the writer must be taught how to make changes from the old habitual method of writing to a new and more beneficial kind of script. Thirdly, there must be consistent effort on the part of the writer to make this change and this requires constant vigilance over writing habits. This may mean the practising of handwriting or penmanship each day for many days to get the desired effect in the script.

* * *

What has the effect of changing the writing to do with personal habits and behaviour? In previous articles I have pointed out, "As you think, so will you write." The effect then is that you change your mental outlook as you concentrate o. changing your writing. On another occasion, I have said that you reveal your personality by the trail of ink you leave on paper. By effecting a new and different type of "trail" in your script, you achieve the effect of changing your personality and habits of conduct and behaviour. Of course, do not expect to write your new script tonight and acquire a changed personality to-morrow for, if your habits are of long standing, you will not lose them overnight.

Our readers may receive an interesting and instructive personal analysis of their handwriting by sending an example of writing with 25 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Box B, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

How Much Freedom For 14-Year Old?

THE FATHER of a 14-year-old daughter is exercised about her social life. He asks me to set him and her mother, on the right course. For his part, he is not partial to teen-agers having too many dates, but suggests he may be old-fashioned.

He writes me that his wife thinks it all right for the girl to go to the afternoon show, but only once a week. And evening dates without adult supervision are out.

"Our daughter is obedient, and well-trained. We enjoy her full confidence. And we do not wish to drive her into deception through measures that are too harsh.

She naturally feels she should be allowed to have show dates, or skating dates, with the boys. Will you please outline a course to follow in this perplexing problem?"

● Parent's Problem

It is essential to know something about social customs of the teen-agers in each community to be able to chart a safe course for parents and their youngsters. In some small towns, and in different sections of this diversified country, girls start having dates as young as 13. In others, not until they are two and three years older. And it is quite as important to give youngsters their proper freedom as it is to curtail it at the correct point.

In small communities, where so many families have known each other for at least a generation, early dating is safer than in large cities where knowledge of the boys a girl wants to date is apt to be limited. In both instances, however, if parents have the habit of inviting their young daughters' school friends to the house and so come to know them, early dating can be more safely allowed.

If a girl knows that her parents are on her side, eager for her to have good times and only prescribing the line when they feel her judgment is at fault, she is usually amenable to that discipline. When she knows they trust her, she is far more careful of her deportment, for she is bound by her affection for them and their understanding of her little problems. She knows they realize she doesn't want to forego the fun her own friends are having, yet she knows, too, that they must protect her from choosing the wrong friends and getting herself talked about.

Thank heaven for fathers who are so intelligently interested in their daughters! If we found more of them, we would have far less fear for their girls.

* * *

When girls have been raised to trust their parents and respect them, they respond to discipline and would scorn to misuse what freedom they have. If you are a puzzled parent, perhaps Anne Hirst can be helpful. Write her at Box A Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

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