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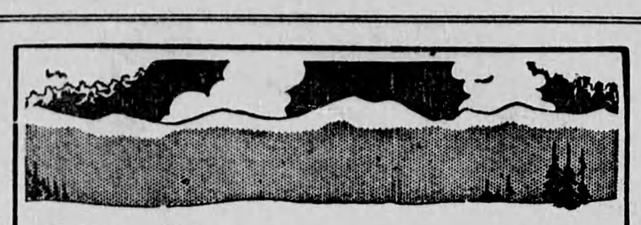

Valley OF REVENGE

BY
JACKSON·COLE

Synopsis

CHAPTER XXXI: In a gun duel in the Gold Creek saloon Valdez kills Train, making the third criminal to meet justice.

CHAPTER XXXII

He was reeling as he turned into the alley back of the building, moving as quietly and hastily as he could toward the street where he had left his mount. He stumbled, lurched against the clapboard wall, but recovered himself. When he got to the street a swift glance told him that most of the men who had been in the saloon were heading for its doors.

Valdez darted across the street. His wounded leg slowed him up, and by now his brain was reeling.

"There he goes!" a man's voice bawled. "After him!"

Michael Valdez' wits were still about him sufficiently for him to realize his peril, and his gun spat flame over the heads of the infuriated townspeople. In answer, bullets sliced the air around his swaying body. Then he was on the other side of the street, in the broad daylight, sliding down toward the creek and moving along to where he had left his horse.

* * *

He found El Cielo, but it was agony for him to pull himself into the saddle. Finally he made it, though, and settled down, steadying himself by the leather with quivering fingers.

If he could make the trail he had a fair chance to lose his pursuers, who even now were taking to their mounts. Otherwise . . . A hot stab of pain in his leg made him wince.

El Cielo was pounding on, though as if aware it all was up to him now, and then Valdez heard the stones of the trail rattle under his horse's hoofs. He urged his mount on, putting as much distance as possible between himself and the town, as speedily as he could.

He did not know how far he had ridden at full gallop when a black cloud shut down over his senses. One hand tightened on the reins while the other gripped the pommel of his saddle. The long shadows of approaching dusk heralded the end of a bad day for Michael Valdez. But there was still room in his heart for exultation. That same day had seen the finish of one more of the men against whom he had taken the vengeance trail.

* * *

Only one more now—the "big boss!"

But even his dulled brain told him that now there was more for him to do. For on his way to find the man he meant to get, there was a problem of wrong to others to be settled in this valley. And El Caballero Rojo was not a man to shirk such a duty even for personal gratification. Yet some instinct insistently said to him that the two trails of evil crossed, and that in running to earth the man responsible for the tragedy here, he would find the man who had caused his own.

He forced himself to rest for a time when he reached the safety of the hideout. He bound up his leg, finding to his satisfaction that the wound was more painful than serious. For in spite of his injury he soon found strength flowing back into his healthy body. And once more he was ready for what might come.

Changing from his charro clothing, and removing the black wig so that his own red-gold hair glinted from beneath the brightly decorated sombrero, he waited until dusk gave way to the thicker shadows of night. This night the moon was blanketed by as sinister and dark a cloud as his own thoughts of the mysterious "big boss" he still must find.

* * *

Silently as a falling leaf, then, he moved on to the Alman farm—a doubled-over splotch of darkness himself. Arrived there, he skirted the remains of the shed, paused a moment beneath a giant tree, then streaked on again and flattened himself against the side of the modest house. Reaching the window through which a light shone, he peered in.

He saw a girl, young and pretty. Her face, stained with tears, was turned to the bed, where lay a young man whose face was as white as the sheet tucked under his chin.

An older man stood at the bedside, a man whose clothes showed that he, too, was a farmer. Michael Valdez glided around the house to the entrance. He thrust open the door and stood on the treshold with the yellow lamplight full upon him—a redhaired apparition in velvet and glittering silver ornaments.

* * *

The girl cried out in terror. The old man gaped like one seeing a ghost. From the pillow came a half-groan, half-cry, filled at once with hope and with fear.

El Caballero Rojo stepped in and closed the door behind him.

"There is nothing to fear," he said quietly. "You two"—he gestured toward the girl and the old man—"stand over there, please."

As they hesitantly obeyed, Valdez walked to the bed, and from over the scarlet handkerchief he looked down at the pinched smile on the freckled face of red-headed Straw Aldman.

"You won't wear those Mex clothes and the red trappings again," Vadez said with gentle firmness. "Stealing my brand is not so good."

"But I—"

"Si. You tried to throw a scare into men—likely the wrong ones, at that—who don't scare. You have nerve, boy—but you're not smart."

"Will you—"

(To Be Continued)

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Princess Margaret's Latest Portrait—Princess Margaret, youngest daughter of Britain's King George and Queen Elizabeth, presents a regal appearance in her latest portrait. She is wearing the finery and the gown she wore at her sister's wedding.

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev R. Barclay Warren

The Kingdom Of God

Luke 4:16-20; Mark 4:26-29; Luke 17:20-21; Romans 14:7.

Golden Text—Thy Kingdom come: Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.—Matthew 6:10.

The candidate appealing to the electors states his platform. Jesus was not seeking votes but on his first visit to his home town upon His entering His ministry, he enunciated his platform. He read it from the prophecy of Isaiah and then said, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."

* * *

The politician frequently finds it impossible and impracticable to fulfil all his re-election pledges. But it was not so with Jesus. He read, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor". Mark records, "The common people heard him gladly". That He was sent to heal the broken-hearted is evidenced by such acts as His restoring to the widow of Nain her son, and His words to the sick of the palsy, "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee". He delivered those who were demon possessed, He gave sight to the blind. He set at liberty those that were bruised. He invited the people to enter His kingdom of grace. It is significant that in His reading from Isaiah he stopped just before the statement that he had come to proclaim "The day of vengeance of our God". Warnings of divine wrath and impending doom were more frequent in his later ministry.

* * *

The growth of Christ's kingdom is as mysterious as all growth. One missionary preached for seven years without seeing a convert. But the leaven of the word was working. Many were later born into the Kingdom.

Th Jews hoped that Jesus would overthrow the Roman power and take the throne of David. But Jesus pointed out the inwardness of the Kingdom. It does not consist in ceremonies. It is a spiritual kingdom. It is righteousness, and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. We enter it by being born of the Spirit. Right living follows. Peace and joy are consequents of the change and accompany right living. It is a way of happiness. There is also a future aspect and realization of the Kingdom in which God's will is done. Hence we are to pray, "Thy Kingdom come."

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S Arnott

Upward Writing Indicates Optimism

Dear Mr. Arnott:

"Please give me the story of my handwriting according to your analysis.

* * *

The general appearance of the writing is upward and this tells me that you are an optimist, a person who delights in making a comeback after being defeated.

Those "lasso" downstrokes of the letter "y" show that you have a very persistent nature and, although it may take you a long time to get where you are going, you have the will to stick to it until you are satisfied that you have won your point. It is a very good sign that you will not admit defeat and, even though you know you have failed, you will not admit it as personal failure but will consider it as a temporary set back.

* * *

You like plenty of variety in all that you do, and you are at your best when there is constant change of scenery. You enjoy pursuits which keep you on the move. Outdoor work with opportunities to meet new and varied conditions would be most suitable for your type of personality.

You are an idealist and would risk your personal well-being in order to live up to your ideals. This may cause you to support a cause for which you have sympathy but which may not be based on sound judgment and facts. It would be to your advantage to keep in mind that realities, though sometimes painful, will keep you out of scrapes.

I give me your which I am

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

Don't Be Possessive—You'll Lose Friends

One of the most common faults of young people is their instinct for possession, particularly among their friends. Its foundation lies, of course, in jealousy; in our eagerness to rate first with those we like, we are apt to resent their affection for other people. The fault drives husbands and wives apart, causes bitter misunderstanding between good friends. That is why I urge teen-agers today to watch for this trait in themselves, and overcome it early.

Boys resent it particularly. Next time you meet a nice boy whom you think you're going to enjoy knowing, remember that before you came along he had other girl friends too. And it is not to be expected that he will neglect them just because you're his social picture now.

Don't try to absorb all his time. Don't show you're disappointed that he doesn't immediately ask for a second date. Take it easy. Your friendship will last longer.

SHARE YOUR FRIENDS

And don't for heaven's sake, try to monopolize him. Introduce him to your group, and expect that he'll date one or more of your girl friends too. Be generous. Boys admire good sportsmanship, and they know it when they see it.

When your best girl friend meets a new girl, she will want to cultivate her, to sound out her opinions and her tastes. She will want to meet her family. You will see less of your friend for a little while. Don't complain about it. You be friendly with the girl too, entertain her in your home. Your girl friend will appreciate it, and will like you more for it.

USE TEEN YEARS WELL

Don't fear competition. Friendship is founded on mutual admiration and as long as you deserve friends you will hold them. Friendship, like love, has to be earned. It takes time, and often demands the sacrifice of one's personal pleasures, but it pays in deeper ties and wider popularity among more girls and boys. As you spend more of yourself in pleasing others, you bind them to you in loyalty and good will. The word gets around, and it's good news to everybody. You, most of all, will benefit.

The teen years are the years to make friends. Use them well, by choosing your friends carefully, and being very, very careful never to let one of them down. Share them as you go along, and your life will be rich and rewarding.

To "Geraldine," "A Little Jealous," "M.G.D.," Etc.: Practice the ideas you have just read, and you all will be happier. One gets what one gives in life. The earlier you learn this, the brighter your life will be.

Play fair, and be generous. That applies particularly to your friends. Anne Hirst is your friend, too, and she will help you through misunderstandings. Write her at Box A, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

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