BEGIN HERE TODAY

Mercedes, Esteban and little blind Basilio are children of Jose Arrascada, leader of the Basque gente in Paradise Valley. Dick Acklin, big boss of the Double A ranch, plots with Buck Bodine, new owner of the old Webster place, to rob the Basques of their water supply. Blaze Kildare, new arrival in the valley, meets an old friend, Joe Kent, and tells him that he is following the man who murdered his young brother.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

From where he waited a short three hundred yards brought him to the road that dipped down into the valley across the Double A line.

He reached the willows in the creek-bottom none too soon. Hardly had he thrown his horse when Cash and his men thundered by. Morrow was determined only upon getting to the scene of action as quickly as possible.

"Hike back to the creek," he ordered. "Watch out. This thing to the west looks crooked to me."

In ten minutes Blaze had retraced his way to within a hundred yards of the spot where Esteban was. So, unaware of each other, stalker and stalked made their way downstream on opposite banks.

The rim of the golden-yellow moon crept above the range at Kildare's back, silhouetting him in its glowing fire. Catlike, he slid from his saddle. Below him a few yards, a rock outcropping lay in shadow. Already the moon was searching out the hillside that fell away to the willows. Dropping the rein over My Man's head, Blaze wriggled on his stomach until he reached the rock ledge.

Esteban got down on his hands and knees and studied the bank of rock and sand that filled the channel of the creek, all unmindful of the grim figure that lay on the rocks above him.

He slid into the water. It came to his armpits. Breasting the current, he waded to where the cloudburst had once closed the mouth of the Webster. No such barrier arose now. Unimpeded the water swept by him. The theft was plain [illegible].

[illegible]

Esteban's eyes [illegible] his enemy as he crouched, rifle at his shoulder. He fired.

[illegible]

Blaze felt his arm. It burned as though it had been branded with an iron. He did not recognize Esteban. But when he saw him head for the road he guessed his intention. The way around by the Chimney was the only means of escape. Kildare got into his saddle and lined straight for it.

Blaze reached the Chimney in advance of the Basque by a full minute. He found the road, in front of the wall of rock in darkness. No ray of moonlight penetrated there. Slipping from his saddle, he waited.

The tattoo of the flying hoofs grew louder and louder. Another instant, and the gray was upon him. The fence came almost to the road. The boy on the gray's back pulled him up, and wheeled him to swing down into the valley south of the wire. Blaze jumped for the bridle, and with his uninjured arm jabbed his six-gun into Esteban's ribs.

The gray shied, dragging Blaze into the moonlight. Recognition was simultaneous with both. Blaze brought his gun down with a shudder. The boy would never know how near he had been to death.

Esteban saw the blood-covered arm. The pursuing horsemen pounded at their back. Esteban stiffened.

"You fan it out of here!" Blaze growled. "You thank the moon, not me, that you are alive to do it."

CHAPTER X.

AN IMPORTANT MEETING.

Old-eyed Manuel was lazily polishing and arranging his glasses into a formidable pyramid when Buck Bodine banged open the swinging doors and strode menacingly up to the bar.

"Where's all the Basque gente tonight?" Buck asked insolently. "Bah!"

With growing anger he strutted about the deserted town, trying to learn what had happened at the fence. His impatience was akin to that with which Juan and Romero Ugarde and young Salvator Rodriguez and their fellow conspirators waited at the sheep corral north of the Ugarde ranch for the belated Esteban.

Esteban's regard for himself had altered largely in the five miles he had come from the Chimney. With the cheers of his followers ringing in his ears, he was not inclined to tell them by what fortunate circumstance he was here, safe and sound. Therefore his colorful recital held no mention of Kildare. When he had finished, his position as their leader was secure.

With a jingle of spur-chains, they headed for the Rancho. Esteban stopped for a consultation. He despatched Romero to reconnoiter the ground for him.

Romero waited until the meeting got under way before he stole back to his crowd.

Tuscarora finished his appeal for law and order and was about to show them the foolhardiness of resorting to the tactics some of their young men had employed earlier in the evening when the wild clatter of rapidly driven horses forced him to stop.

Esteban could not have hoped for a more dramatic entrance. He tramped authoritatively to the centre of the big room he knew so well.

"I come from the other side of the Double A wire!" the boy announced.

In an instant the meeting was in an uproar.

Cries of "Tell us what you saw!"

Cesar Ferri, a great hulk of a man from down on the river, got to his feet, and, in a voice to match his weight, shouted for silence. The very size of the man seemed to have a commanding effect.

"Give the boy a chance!" he cried. "Tell us how you got by the fence."

Esteban told them; and the murmurs of approval that greeted him as he went along gave the boy the courage he needed. Jose and Tuscarora exchanged glances. The thing they had feared was happening.

"I ran my hands over every inch of that pile of rock and sand. No storm ever put it there! It is full of granite and quartz stringers that are as sharp as the day they were blown out of the solid rock."

He paused to let this information sink home.

"But they didn't stop there! The sandbar that stretched across the mouth of Webster Creek is gone. The water came up to my neck. Now," he cried, "you know the truth!"

"Dios mio, no!" Cesar yelled. "I fight! What good is water if we wait three months to get it? In two weeks our crops will be dead! Where will we be next winter then?"

"It isn't only that we are robbed of our water," Romero's father added,

that it is wasted before our eyes. We all know about the sink that swallows every drop that reaches it; and west of town Webster Creek was running full to its banks today."

"Well, ain't it got a right to run there?" The question came over the heads of the crowd like the snap of a whip.

As one man they turned and saw Bodine in the doorway, standing head and shoulders above everybody else in the room, a sardonic smile playing about his mouth.

CHAPTER XI.

BUCK INTRUDES.

Beside himself with rage, Esteban drew his gun, and, leveling it at Bodine, he cried in a voice that shook with emotion: "Get out of here, or I'll blow your head off!"

Mercedes, attracted by the noise of her brother's attack, had edged closer to the storm-centre. With marvelous swiftness she reached for Esteban's gun. Bodine looked at her with a sense of relief. He was glad that it had not been she who had attacked him.

The boy tried to fight her off; but Jose got between them and took the gun.

Father and son glared at each other, but the weight of a score of years of submission was too much for the boy. He turned and slunk away. At the door he called back venomously: "Acklin's dog! That's what you are!"

Jose appeared not to notice his son's departure, so intently did he watch Bodine. Even Mercedes had slipped out without attracting his attention.

For the first time that night Buck began to grow uneasy. The dignity of the old Basque was unassailable.

He knew it was time for speech. He tried to address them all, but against his will his gaze reverted to Old Ironsides.

"He's only a kid!" he said. "Just a kid! This is no time for kindergarten cackle. I'm going to talk to men, like a man would. I bought out old Hank Webster in good faith. I never saw Acklin until I met him in this very house. Before I bought that place I had the records searched. The State says I am entitled to fourteen inches of water out of Webster Creek. And I'm going to get it."

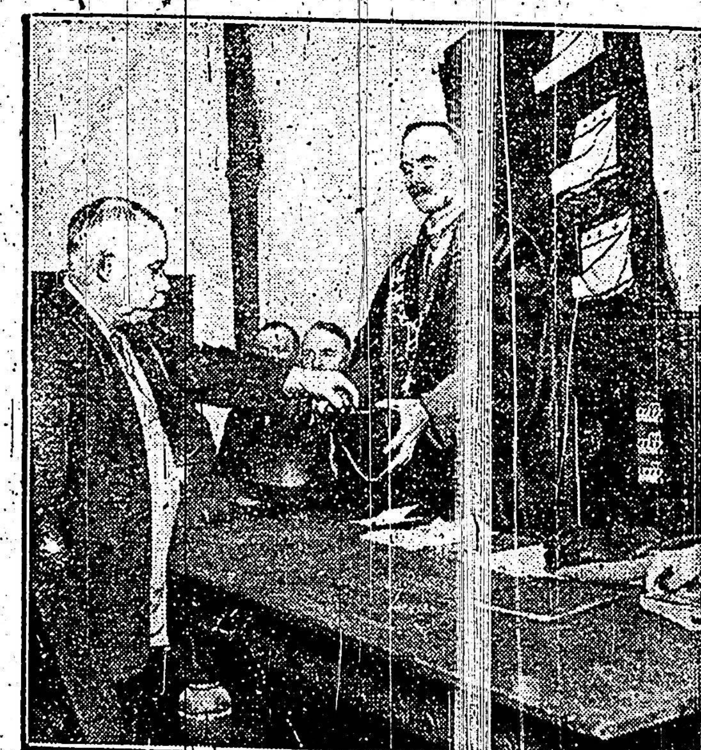
"Fourteen inches?" Tuscarora questioned sarcastically. "You've taken it all."

"You mean," Bodine contradicted, "that I'm getting it all. Well, I don't need it. Suppose we turn it back into the Rebel, do I get my share?"

"If you did, Senor, there would be none left for us," Jose answered. "I know Webster filed for fourteen inches of water, but if we agree to any such compromise, there won't be an inch of water left to flow into the Washoe. Acklin and you would have it all, and we would be helping you to it. We have all filed and been granted water rights on either Rebel Creek or the Little Washoe. What about that?"

(To be continued.)

Old Custom Survives



ELEVEN PENNY FREEMEN

A resident of Brightlingsea becoming a freeman by depositing elevenpence in coppers in the mayor's hat, the ceremony taking place in the parish church belfry.

Woman's Rights?

Frenchwoman Denied Drivers Licence Because of Swearing

Paris.—Madame Violette Morris, champion French woman automobile driver, has sued the Federation Francaise de Sport Feminin (French Federation of Women's Sports) to uphold her right to wear pants and swear.

Madame Morris seeks 100,000 francs damages because she was refused a license by the Federation on the grounds:

Firstly: That she continues to wear pantaloons or breeches despite the objections of Federation officials.

Secondly: That she personally seeks the favor of sports writers.

Thirdly: That her language and habits are shocking and objectionable to the Federation's membership.

Madame Morris said today that she is the granddaughter of a French army general and admitted that her language contained many picturesque phrases learned in army barracks. She objects, however, to quitting pantaloons.

"Look around you and see the women with their knees crossed," she said. "Are yours [illegible], which is the more immodest, their scanty dresses or my pantaloons?"

The case has aroused intense interest in smart circles in Paris, as well as in the sporting world. The trial will come up probably in January.

Canada's Northland

Ottawa Citizen: Does the average citizen realize how his mental attitude toward the North country has changed? He used to think of that vast territory as Voltaire is said to have thought of all Canada—"so many acres of snow." The Hudson Bay road was regarded merely as an alternative grain route, and so its success was believed to depend wholly upon the unproven possibility of navigating the Bay and Strait. It looked like a rash speculation for a country to embark upon. But the North today is not merely a territory to be traversed. It is a region to be developed. The railway project begins to look like any other of its kind. Towns, farms, mines and mills appear where once nothing but the precarious line of through traffic seemed possible.

"Father says farmers have had a bad harvest this year," writes a boy. "He says most of the farmers will be ruined, same as last year and the year before. Father says when ruin stares a farmer in the face, he stares back at it and buys a motorcar."

Wisdom is better than wealth, but most people prefer the inferior article.

Mr. John L. Pilgrim, of London, has crossed the Atlantic for the hundred-and-fiftieth time. Earlier Pilgrims found once enough.

The Hemless Finish

New York.—Hemline irregularity of skirts has developed a so-called "hemless finish" which takes a variety of form depending upon the fabric, the outline to be dealt with, and the type of dress. Even simple sports skirts are more or less circular, while dressy frocks introduce all manner of complications in the way of sloping outlines, scalloped edges, inset godets and other embellishing features.

In clothes, whether of the tailored or dressmaker type, the practice is to thriftily tuck an extremely narrow edge which is finished with several rows of closely-set machine stitching. Skirts of crepe-de-chine, satin and similar materials are usually finished with a narrow bias binding which can be made a decorative detail, when desired, either by using the reverse surface of the material or repeating the color used elsewhere for the trimming of the frock.

If carefully cut and finished, a contrasting shade of another or a white form of skirt finish, the closed side being arranged to display the facing and give it full decorative effect. For the most fragile goods the corolle finish is splendidly adapted to particularly well adapted to such extreme irregularities of edge as scallops and points, both of which are fashionable at the moment.

Without the advantage of an accommodating hem of regulation width to utilize in shortening or lengthening a skirt for a customer, dressmakers have a clever way of concealing a tuck at the top of the skirt under the girdle. This may be easily taken out to give length or added to when the skirt should be shortened. The method is worth remembering in making dresses for the growing girl whose skirts should be modishly finished and the lower edge, while at the same time increased length must be provided for without detriment to the style of the model.

ONE THING HE'D NEED

Nurse: I know you will be disappointed sir, but I wish to announce it's a girl and I have to get an entirely new—

Father: Living room suite. I know it. You don't have to tell me.

An Old Custom at An Old School

AN UNUSUAL PICTURE TAKEN FROM THE WALL

St. Andrew's Day was celebrated at Eton by the famous wall game between the Collegers and the Oppidans. The picture shows a scramble for the ball.

Genius Inspired By Temperance

Excess of Any Kind Wrecks Genius, Says Writer

The reason why so few men of genius have been total abstainers and why so few total abstainers have been men of genius is that total abstainers have in the past been a small minority, writes James Douglas in the London Daily Express. They have produced fewer men of genius because they were fewer in numbers. If total abstinence alone produced men of genius we should find more men of genius among the non-drinking races and religions. We don't.

The fact that Mr. Bernard Shaw is a man of genius does not prove that his genius is due to his abstention from alcohol, any more than it is due to his abstention from meat or tobacco. His intellectual power is not produced by lemonade or lentils, nuts or salads. He finds that his brain works better without stimulants or narcotics or cooked corpses. That is all.

Some men of genius have been drunkards, but excessive drinking destroyed their genius. Others have been geniuses and died of gluttony. Any excess wrecks genius.

I know a famous novelist who works best without any alcohol. I also know another famous novelist who works best with the normal amount of alcohol to which he has become inured. They are both creatures of habit. They have both tried both regimens. One suits the one; the other suits the other.

For some men of genius alcohol is a beneficent servant. For others it is a malignant tyrant. It is impossible to generalize. It depends on the physique and on the will. Robert Burns is an example of the weak-willed genius which is stimulated by alcohol and also destroyed by it. Francis Thompson is another.

The case of Swinburne is remarkable. His brain was so excitable that alcohol flogged it into frenzy. He drank brandy until he was at the point of death. When Watts took him to The Pines he kept him alive on champagne. Then he persuaded him to drink hock and [illegible] beer.

[illegible] thirty years he [illegible] dinner. [illegible] beer. [illegible] He wrote "Tristram of Lyonesse" [illegible] poems [illegible] beer.

He [illegible] by his daily walk [illegible] Wimbledon Common [illegible] glass of beer, [illegible] any inn [illegible] Putney, and he fulfilled his promise [illegible] ripe old age. Without [illegible] Swinburne would have [illegible] perished miserably.

Tennyson drank his pint of port at [illegible]. He was a temperate poet. Meredith turned wine into prose. Most [illegible] men of genius have been moderate drinkers.

A Separatist Trio

Toronto Mail and Empire (Cons.): What further use for the Imperial Conference can our Premier, the Premier of the Irish Free State, and the Premier of South Africa have? They never had much use for it until it was made to serve their separatist ends in 1926. They are now, as they boast, completely out of the jurisdiction of the British Government. The Empire is now a mere name, says Mr. Hertzog. Having "abolished" the Empire, why should these worthies pay any attention to the proposal for another Imperial Conference. Of course the mass of the people under the British Crown are still heart and soul for the Empire, and want the Conference to meet and return to the work for which it was originally constituted, the bringing of the Empire combine into closer co-operation. But the separatist politicians who are at the top in this country, in the Irish Free State and in South Africa have no mission of Empire.

Permits for building and construction issued in Canada for the first eleven months of 1928 had a total value of $453,127,400, an increase of 18.5 per cent. over the corresponding period in 1927.

Expectations and disappointments are the [illegible] of idlers.—George Bernard Shaw.

Plan to Save Gay Flamingo

Spanish War Veteran Seeks Government Aid in Protecting Thousands of Birds on Cayo Coco; Safeguards are Difficult in Remote Rookeries.

Havana.—Cayo Coco, an island 20 miles long and five miles wide, lying off the coast of Cuba, is to become a bird sanctuary, if its owner, J. T. Hodge, is able to interest the Cuban government in the venture. One such sanctuary for flamingoes exists on Andros Island in the Bahamas, and the "flame birds" have been rigorously protected by the British government since 1892. It is now feared that the cyclone of September 15 of this year exterminated the last of these birds to be found in North America.

On Cayo Coco, according to Mr. Hodge, who is a veteran of the Spanish-American War and has resided in Cuba for thirty years, there are three flamingo rookeries, each occupied during the nesting season from May to September by 10,000 birds. The female builds her nest almost two feet from the ground and deposits one egg. This she hatches, and as soon as the little flamingo emerges from its shell the mother bird tumbles it and the nest to the ground.

The law of Cuba prohibits the slaughter or exportation of flamingoes, but owing to the remoteness of the rookeries and the difficulties presented for visits of the Rural Guards the slaughter goes on. In Punta Alegre and Moron during the last season flamingoes were offered for sale for 5 cents each and the eggs at 40 cents a dozen. Flamingo nests are built in long lines almost as straight as if they had been laid out by engineers. On the approach of visitors the disturbed birds fly straight toward the intruders and wheel almost in their faces. The sight is beautiful and the sky is aglow with color.

Flamingoes are gray until they are a year old and then their plumage takes on its vivid salmon pink.

Besides Cayo Coco there are three other flamingo rookeries equally unprotected and raided ruthlessly each year. Senor Carlos Miguel de Cespedes, Cuban Minister of Public Works, who is engaged in beautifying Havana, has a flock of 100 at his residence on the banks of the Almendares River and is attempting to stock several of the city parks with the birds. A number now make Maceo Park their home and are greatly admired by tourists who have heard of flamingoes but have never seen them.

Cayo Coco is inhabited by only a few Cubans, engaged in the charcoal industry. Wild pigs and hens roam its jungles and hooded Santo Domingo pigeons and other wild fowl are plentiful.

Wise Precaution

Care of Baby's New Teeth Insures Against Later Trouble.

Poor teeth are not necessarily hereditary. Good, sound teeth depend upon the care shown them as they first appear. Continued care insures sound health as well as perfect teeth. Dr. Cornelia J. Brown tells how to ease the baby's teething troubles in an article for the December issue of "Physical Culture."

"If you watch Baby, certain symptoms usually denote teething," reads this article. "First, comes drooling which is due to the increase of saliva. Next comes the swelling of the gum. With the swelling comes heat and a certain amount of discomfort. This causes Baby to put his fingers continually in his mouth. If his nerve reserve is low he may become peevish or fretful. He may even run a degree or so of fever. These symptoms should last only four or five days. The weight is usually held back at such a time and even a perfectly normal child seldom gains weight for a week or two after cutting a tooth.

"When the tooth is almost through you can often rub it through by placing a fair thickness of gauze over your finger and then rub directly over the tooth until the skin is penetrated by the tooth. After that let the tooth work its own way.

"Many mothers fall into the habit of giving their children a piece of candy at the close of a meal. This is a bad practice for the teeth. Candy causes an acid fermentation around the teeth and this is one of the major causes of tooth decay. A hard crust or some fresh fruit is the best thing with which to end a meal as it stimulates the alkaline saliva which is Nature's protection to the teeth. Don't give your little ones or the grownups of your household either for that matter too much soft food. Teeth were given to be used. If in addition to depending on the tooth brush you depend on the hard foods and thorough mastication, the teeth will be the [illegible]."

Lime for Colds

One of the simplest and most effective remedies for colds in chickens, and also canker in its early stages, is air-slaked lime or lime dust. In giving the treatment the doors and the windows of the poultry house should first be closed. Crowd the hens toward one end of the house, then throw lime dust at them till the air is so full of it you almost smother.

Five pounds will be sufficient to use at one treatment for a house that holds from 100 to 300 birds. This treatment should be given every day for a week or so. Start carefully so as not to scare the birds too much. After it gets dusty and the birds cannot see quite so well they will quiet down. There will be a lot of coughing and sneezing, but a decided improvement will follow after the first few treatments.

Worry is the thief not only of peace but of power.

Amanullah Seeks to Educate His People

Believes Reduction of Illiteracy First Step in Modernization

CAUSES OF REVOLT

Fanaticism and Jealousy Basis of Afghanistan's Trouble

The author of the following article is a Karachi merchant who has just returned from an extensive business trip through Afghanistan, where the tribesmen are revolting against the reforms instigated by King Amanullah. This article explains the reforms and the underlying cause of the revolt which is threatening to overthrow Kabul, Afghan capital.

[illegible], India.—An ambitious, energetic King and his beautiful Queen are the figures against which the violent Afghanistan tribesmen revolt is directed.

Working on the theory that the first step in the modernization of mysterious, isolated Afghanistan must be accomplished through the reduction of illiteracy, King Amanullah has set out to solve this problem with characteristic energy. In every step of his program he has had the capable assistance of Queen Souriya.

Against the leadership of these two is pitted the fanaticism of native priests who have stirred into revolt the orthodox tribes or more remote sections of the country. The age-old religious teachings and the jealousy of the priestly class have played a large part in the insurrection.

Extends Education.

In launching his reforms on his return after his tour of Europe, King Amanullah spent large amounts in extension of the school system, which now includes 300 government schools, [illegible] schools and these [illegible] more than 60,000 students [illegible].

[illegible]

New Government City.

[illegible] which it is [illegible] "Amanullah," [illegible] near Kabul. It [illegible] and will be [illegible] by the government departments [illegible] in every way, with wide streets [illegible] gardens and fine buildings.

[illegible] Amanullah is democratic [illegible] tastes. He moves about [illegible] like an ordinary citizen and is [illegible] accompanied on [illegible] trips by Queen Souriya.

[illegible] Afghans are [illegible] well [illegible]. They have a rich background [illegible] Persian literature.

Song of February

[illegible] the dyke,
[illegible] the warm, soft rain [illegible]

[illegible] the quick and dead alike
[illegible] forth and [illegible]
[illegible] Travelers pass the [illegible]
[illegible] Mary's holiday.

[illegible] Purification Time,
[illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] In a still [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] their lamps have [illegible]
[illegible] way for Mary's [illegible]

[illegible] now the [illegible]
[illegible] they are innocent [illegible]
[illegible] and her own doves,
[illegible] and on mating [illegible]
[illegible] calls to the sheep,
[illegible] will run and soon will [illegible]

[illegible] up, in rose and white,
[illegible] darlings of the [illegible]
[illegible] song and light a [illegible]
[illegible] Purification Time,
[illegible] Babe and she shall pass,
[illegible] for Candlemas.

—Katharine T[illegible]nan.

The Empire's Pests

[illegible] Observer: The Research Branch of the Empire Marketing Board is engaged on work which is at once science and pure romance. It is sending to Canada insects which attack [illegible] and to Australia blow-fly maggots which destroy sheep—Danaan gifts were it not that, before despatch, they were infected with a parasite fatal to themselves. There is no fear of the remedy proving as bad as the disease, for a parasite which completely destroys its host must itself perish. Such are the possibilities, as yet barely explored, of Imperial economics.

First-crop Japa[illegible] that come out o[illegible] Japan green t[illegible] leaves.

[illegible]

"Can [illegible] music?" [illegible] think so, [illegible] a piece [illegible] a tune and [illegible] classical."

Salesman [illegible] recommend, [illegible] simply can't [illegible] tomer—"No. I [illegible] rather a sensation [illegible]

Minard's Liniment is [illegible]