

# The WATER BEARER

By J. ALLAN DUNN

Author of "A MAN TO HIS MATE"  
"RIMROCK TRAIL"

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### HERO AND HEROINE

Here's a new kind of story of the West—a romance of hydraulic engineering, mining, ranching, lumbering, and railroad building have been the favorite subjects of the fictionists and many a good story have they given us. Here's a new kind of hero—a young New Englander born under the zodiac sign of Aquarius and destined to be in very truth a "Water Bearer." The heroine is a "native daughter" of California. And around the water-bearing exploit of the Eastern man and the Western girl revolve fascinating adventures "by flood and field" and a story of true love that runs far from smoothly at times. As for the author—why, he's J. Allan Dunn, whose Western stories have deservedly won for him a wide popularity. And here East meets West—and a stirring romance grows out of the meeting.

### CHAPTER I —1— The Canyon

Caleb Warner conscientiously fished every foot of the likeliest-looking hole he had seen on Hermanos creek, but there came no rise, no eager tug, no submerged gleam of a rainbow's shimmering flank.

He waded ashore, put up rod and tackle, climbed through the thick, tall ferns and brambly undergrowth to the narrow trail and turned upstream. All the day was his, the next, for that matter, and he fancied the fishing would be better higher up. Caleb walked with his coat tucked between the slings of his creel, his shirt open at the throat; lean, long, well-shoudered and slender-flanked, tanned of skin, springy of action, generally good to look at. By the canons of moving pictures and magazine illustrations he was not handsome. New England ancestry had made him too aquiline of feature, but he had youth and strength, his gray eyes were clear, his forehead high to his straight, close-cropped hair, his lips clean-cut and his chin well forward, not too narrow. His general make-up was typically American, Yankee-American, unmarred by inbreeding.

Below him Hermanos creek sang, half hidden by the undergrowth. His economic, New England brain saw potentiality going to waste. In Massachusetts Hermanos creek would long ago have been harnessed. Mills and factories would have sprung up along its banks. Here was water for steam, for turbines, for commercial and domestic use, for irrigation; all unused, its energy seemingly doomed, for there was a peculiar thing about the creek that Caleb, as an engineer, had noted. Contrary to the habit of most well-managed watercourses, its volume diminished as it flowed.

He was twenty-seven, six years out of the college chrysalis that he had spun at Columbia. He had served in the war, hard, practical service in tasks that were low-grade but necessary, the crude, swift work of building and repairing war-roads and bridges, and in it Caleb Warner had, in large measure, found himself. He had acquired initiative, resource, command of men, if nothing else. And he had come out unscathed, unwounded, ungnashed, reduced to an acme of coordination, sane mind and sound body. So he had come west to find his oyster—and to open it.

Swiftly the woody cave of the canyon became a tunnel, the creek now far below him in a water-chiseled gorge. The tunnel became a gut. A suspension bridge, a shivery thing of wire rope and short pulleys, anchored with wire cables to high walls of rock, crossed the gorge. It shook under his tread and hung trembling as he stopped midway to look at the gush of compressed water surging through the gap, twenty feet down. There were signs on the rock that at times the creek rose close to the flooring.

Before him, to the south, lay Hermanos valley, a green bowl lipped by rolling hills, their crests bronzed by the summer sun, blazoned with great patches of golden poppies, with clumps of purple lupine, the lower slopes furrowed thick with wild oats waving in the wind, oats as high as Caleb's head, a shimmering sea of emerald and silver.

He stood for a while undecided whether to adventure on to the water-fall or to stay where he was until it was time to fish down the canyon with the hope of better results than the three trout his persistence had lured from the creek. He had a book tucked into his pocket but he was not tired. And he had lunched an hour before.

The view held him. Looking down, he saw that the stream was a vagrant, that, in the rains, one bed was not enough to convey its waters. A second course, now dry and partly grown over, erratically paralleled the actual creek. Willows bordered it.

Along this idle water-track, racing so fast it seemed a gray streak, head down, brush lured, a coyote ran at top speed, pursued, not hunting, covering ground at a frantic pace, pressed to its utmost by fear.

After it, perhaps fifty yards away

but gaining at every bound, sped a gallant, beautiful hound, white-coated, taper-muzzled, bearing its tail like a great plume, overhauling the coyote with tremendous leaps, going at a terrific rate, yet so smoothly that its speed seemed effortless—a Russian wolfhound.

Beyond the willow fringe came her mate, bound for bound, level with the bitch, unseen, though perhaps not unknown to the coyote.

Then, from a thicker growth of trees, outmarched but traveling fast, a pinto flashed into Caleb's view, a boy crouched low on the withers, wedged to the horse, urging it on.

Caleb thrilled to the chase as it swept on beneath him, admiring the horsemanship of the figure in breeches, puttees and fluttering blouse, a little envious of it.

"Gad, he can ride," he muttered. A cap blew off, a long tress of chestnut hair, ruddy as a flame, whipped out, was reached for and tucked in by its owner, only to stream errant again. The boy was a girl!

The bitch was almost up with the coyote, the dog, watchful through the gaps in the willows, came circling in, jaws agape, ready for the kill. The coyote made a last desperate effort. The bitch, with one enormous leap, came abreast. She lunged, her white neck like a snake's for speed and sinuousness, her teeth clamping down on the forehead of the coyote. Caleb saw the latter checked, tumbling, heard a broken snarl of defiance, and then the second hound sprang in a white gleam of fury, too swiftly for him to catch the action. Its powerful jaws, bred for the work, crunched through the vertebrae of the coyote's neck. The hunt was ended.

The girl rode up at a gallop, checked the pony in midstride and slid to the turf while the two hounds thrust their muzzle at her. With one



The Boy Was a Girl.

hand she patted them while with the other she strove to coil up her hair, now fairly down her shoulders, reaching to her belt.

"Good boy, Saratof! Good girl, Siva!"

Caleb heard her faintly but plainly and shouted down his own meed of applause. He had left most of his innate reserve behind him in Europe and the stir of the hunt still held him.

"Bully for both of them!" he cried and waved his hat as the girl looked up. She smiled, waved back an un-gloved hand at him in western friendliness, and finished the untwisting of her hair without embarrassment. Caleb started down through the outs. He loved dogs. He did not know so much about girls. But this one seemed different. And he had left the conventions behind in Massachusetts.

She smiled at him again as he came out on the level, half waded, half jumped the creek and went toward her. The wolfhounds looked at him with their dark brown eyes, sniffed, accepted his pats and turned their heads away, pointedly aloof. The girl laughed at his evident chagrin.

"They are disdainful beasts, my horzols," she said. "You must excuse them."

"They are marvelous runners. I did not suppose anything could overhaul a coyote. But it hardly seemed fair up there on the hill. Two to one, I mean."

She looked at him quizzically. She was frankly surveying him. He noted that she was about six inches shorter than he was—which made her five feet six—that she was at once slim and rounded, that she had a short straight nose and a mouth that was neither small nor large, neither full-lipped nor narrow, a round chin, a dimple in one cheek, and that her eyes were the exact color of the lupines. Also that there was no nonsense about her. A part of Caleb's curriculum, a majority of his experience, had consisted in the training of his powers of observation. In the brief glances he had permitted himself he had done very well.

"There are not very many coyotes where you come from?" she queried.

"How do you know?" She laughed and he added that and her teeth to the catalogue. Both were, to his taste, perfect.

"How do I know? I am sure now. Does anyone but a Yank reply to a question with another one?"

"Yank! Are you a southerner?"

"There you go again. Wait. I must answer your charge against my dogs. If you think it was not sporting to set Saratof and Siva against one coyote, how about my helpless calf that was butchered last night? And half a dozen others this summer. And a colt! There are probably fifty coyotes who make this valley their lair. Gablian shelters scores of them. And these two have accounted for nine of them. It is sheer justice, administered mercifully. The coyote always has the start. It is killed instantly, not worried, not touched afterward. My horzols don't eat carrion."

"Acquitted," answered Caleb. "I beg your pardons. I am a Yankee from Massachusetts. I am a civil engineer come west to seek my fortune. My name is Caleb Warner. I live in Golden and I was recommended to Hermanos creek for trout fishing."

She had a trick of looking through long lashes that was a bit unfair. Caleb thought. But they did not hide a twinkle that lurked behind them.

"Did you catch any trout, Mr. Warner?" she asked. He showed her his basket.

"We have trout in New England," he said. "I was hoping to do better later in the afternoon. Did you say you were from the South?"

"I am a Californian." He was certain that she knew he had hoped she would give him her name in return. "The best fishing is in the canyon back of the waterfall at the head of our valley," she said. "You can easily climb the cliff."

"You own it? The valley?" She opened her eyes a bit in acknowledgment of his persistence and speed to take the opening.

"My father does. His name is Clinton." She had evaded it cleverly. Miss Clinton. That was as far as she would go. Caleb bowed to his defeat.

"Well, then, Miss Clinton, do you think your father would have any objection to my fishing through his meadows, later, after I have been above the fall?"

"I am quite sure he would not. Perhaps you would like to meet him? The house is not very far from here." Caleb laughed and she with him.

"I should be delighted," he said.

"And I am very glad to have met you, Miss Clinton." She took his hand and shook it as a boy might have shaken it. More strongly, with fingers that were firm and cool. There was nothing of coquetry about her. Her suggestion that Caleb meet her father held, he felt, no hint of flirtation. It showed that she liked him, a little, sufficiently to dispense a measure of hospitality that he had come to recognize as a western attribute.

"The house is there," she said, pointing. "Back of those eucalyptus. Father planted them for a wind-break."

The girl had left the pinto pony standing with its reins hanging straight from bit to soil, an effective haltering. Now she placed them about its neck, their buckle back of the saddle-horn and, as she and Caleb walked along the stream toward the house the pony followed as closely and sedately as the wolfhounds.

Evidently Miss Clinton is what we Americans call "a nice girl," with individual attractions. Does the Yankee measure up?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Colonies Classified

In 1630 the American colonies were divided under the following classifications: Royal, proprietary and republican. The classification is based upon the three different methods by which their governors obtained office. At this date the following colonies were royal: New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, Virginia and Maryland (temporarily). The proprietary colonies were Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey and the Carolinas. Of the latter group only the first two remained proprietary. The rest became royal, while Maryland was restored to the Baltimore family. Rhode Island and Connecticut alone retained their elective governors and so may be classed as republican.

### Transmitting Light Rays

The bureau of standards says that the transmission factor of smooth, clear glass is about 92 per cent in perpendicular incident light, the loss being that reflected at the two surfaces. The amount of light transmitted varies with the angle of incidence and the refractive index of the glass. The reflector will absorb from 10 to 40 per cent of the light incident upon it, depending upon its surface.

### MYSTERY CLOAKS GIRL'S QUEER ACTS Say "Spirit" Is Trying to Communicate With Her.

Oshkosh, Wis.—Marie Maybourne, eleven-year-old foster daughter of a farmer living in the vicinity of Delhi, Wis., has been the center of much discussion in this community during the last three months.

Whether the child is a ventriloquist and is enjoying the startled expressions of those about her when they hear strange noises, ranging from a shrill whistle to tapping sounds apparently coming from the wall, has not been determined. However, since Christmas day, when her mother said she heard noises indicating that toys were being dropped on the floor and there were no toys to drop, Marie has aroused much interest.

Persons living here, who are spiritualists, declare there is a spirit that desires to communicate with the girl. The strange sounds are not the result of pranks by Marie, they say, but really efforts of the "spirit" to communicate some message.

Marie may be playing, as normal children play, when a shrill whistle will announce the beginning of many strange manifestations, according to those who have witnessed them.

The first of these strange performances occurred in the farm home of her foster parents Christmas day. Since that time, in four different houses where the child has been taken, witnesses say, strange noises and sounds have been heard.

### Budapest Finds First Known "Radio" Crook

Budapest.—What with new broadcasting stations appearing all over Europe and long distance tests with America, Budapest has developed a radio thief.

Police on the Andrassy Ut. seeing a man carrying a suspicious-looking bundle, stopped him and asked for a lock inside. The man dropped the bundle, hit one of the policemen and ran. He was caught after a hot chase.

In the police station he made a confession. His plan, he explained, was to examine roof tops for antennae. When he discovered an intake the rest of his work was easy. First he drummed lightly on a window pane with his fingers. If the people inside were not listening to a program some one would be aroused by the tapping and would approach the window. Then the thief would slip away. If no one came he would open a window, slip in and make his haul.

### Cause Fire With Penny Behind Blown Fuse Plug

Springfield.—The practice of placing pennies behind blown fuse plugs is likely to receive a death sentence from radio fans, State Fire Marshal John G. Bamber said here.

"The practice," the fire marshal said, "has been a prolific cause of fires and a bugaboo of fire officials. It has been discovered that one penny behind a fuse plug ruined radio reception in an entire neighborhood."

The story of the offending penny reached the fire marshal from Little Rock, Ark., where residents of a certain section were in a furor because of persistent radio interference for several nights. An electrical man finally ran down the trouble and located the seat of the trouble. On removal of the penny and insertion of an approved fuse, radio reception immediately cleared up.

### Tigress Mauls Trainer as Hundreds Look On

Los Angeles, Cal.—Before the eyes of hundreds of spectators, a tigress, on the occasion of her first public appearance, mauled her trainer, Louis Roth, at a matinee performance of the circus here. Although Roth was carried to the floor under the weight of the snarling animal, he managed to regain his feet and brought her under control of his whip. Roth was treated at the receiving hospital for severe lacerations of the face, head, arms and shoulders. The attack was the second unbled thrill in the two days the circus had been here. The day before, Hermina Atayde, star trapeze performer, was seriously injured in a thirty-foot fall.

### Rancher Put to Flight by Cheeping Chickens

Sand Point, Idaho.—George Sanders, sixty-seven, a Lightning Creek rancher, has disappeared and neighbors are looking after his thousand baby chicks and awaiting a consignment of another thousand.

Sanders left a note saying the incessant "cheep" of the infant poultry was threatening him with insanity. The prospect of another thousand was too much and he asked his neighbors to see that they were fed.

### IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson Lesson for May 23 ISAAC AND HIS WELLS

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 26:12-25. GOLDEN TEXT—A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.—Prov. 15:1. PRIMARY TOPIC—Isaac Refuses to Quarrel. JUNIOR TOPIC—Isaac Refuses to Quarrel. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Isaac the Peacemaker. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—How to Deal With Aggressors.

Isaac was a child of the covenant and given in the time of the old age of Abraham and Sarah in fulfillment of God's promise (Gen. 15:1-5). His name means laughter, a reminder of the gladness of the heart of his mother when she learned that she was to have a son. As to character he was gentle, meek, meditative and peace loving. He was a remarkable contrast to his father Abraham. Two things may have affected him to his disadvantage.

1. The shadow of his illustrious father. Sons of great and rich men commonly do not make much of life. The necessity of struggle is not forced upon them.

2. He was brought up as the only child of his mother. The tendency in such a case would be to shield him from the necessity of self-assertion so that he would be unable to meet life's stern realities. Every child should be compelled to think for itself and to fight its own battles. While not a mighty man by nature's gifts, through the blessings of God's grace he became the inheritor of the covenant promise. He was not only a meek man, but a man of prayer as well (Gen. 24:63; 25:21; 26:23-25).

1. Isaac in Gerar (vv. 12-17).
  1. The Lord appeared unto him (vv. 1-4).

Because of famine in the land Isaac went into the country of the Philistines. This distress should have moved him to call upon the Lord (Jas. 5:13). It were better to suffer in the land than to go among the enemies of God's people. The Lord graciously appeared to him there and directed him not to go into Egypt, thus avoiding the error of his father.

    2. His lapse (vv. 7-11).

He fell into the same temptation as Abraham many years before (Gen. 20:13). When one goes into the enemy's country he can expect to be tempted to do wrong.

      3. His prosperity (vv. 12-17).

Isaac did not intend to make Gerar his permanent place of abode. He intended only to sojourn there. While there he sowed and reaped bountifully. This prosperity was no proof that God approved of his course.

        4. Isaac's Enemies (vv. 18-22).

Isaac was not permitted long to enjoy this fruitful land. His prosperity incited the envy of the Philistines. Success in any calling in life will provoke envy. Ministers and Sunday school teachers sometimes become envious of each other. The Philistines ordered Isaac to leave them. Wherever envy has begun its deadly work there must be separation. They took as the method of getting rid of him the stopping up of the wells. Isaac did not contend with them but peacefully withdrew to another place where he proceeded again to dig the wells of his father. The Philistines again strove with him. He named this place Esek, which means contention, and again he removed from them. The second name he gave was Sitnah, which means enmity. This willingness to remove from the enemy shows his willingness to be imposed upon rather than to fight. The third time he dug wells there was no strife. The name given to this was Rehoboth, which means room. We should learn from his behavior that the way to have peace is to wear out our enemies with patience.

          5. Isaac in Beersheba (vv. 23-33).

Immediately upon Isaac's going up from among the Philistines the Lord appeared to him. The Lord permits envy and strife in the world in order to get his children separated from them. Following this visitation by the Lord, Isaac built an altar and called upon His name. As soon as a meeting place with Jehovah was established he pitched his tent there. Following this his servants dug a well. No use going among the Philistines to get water.

After Isaac was established in Beersheba, Abimelech came desiring to make an alliance with him. He gained influence by peacefully withdrawing from them. Being thus convinced they desired to enter into covenant relationship with him. The way to gain influence with the world is to withdraw from it.

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### WOMAN COULD NOT SLEEP

Her Mother-in-Law Knew A Remedy



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—Mrs. BELLE THOMPSON, R. 2, Rossville, Georgia.

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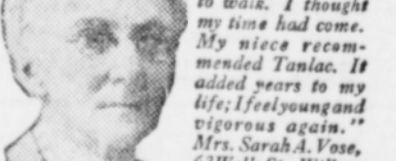
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