



**The WATER BEARER**  
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"RIMROCK TRAIL"

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**THE CLINTONS**

Synopsis—Idly fishing Hornos creek, in California, Caleb Warner, civil engineer, and a New Englander, is witness of the end of a coyote pulled down by a girl rider. Admiring the hounds, he introduces himself, and learns her name is Clinton. With western hospitality she invites him to the ranch to meet her father.

**CHAPTER II**

**El Nido and Padilla**

The Rancho El Nido, which means The Nest, was well named. Behind the lee of the tall eucalypts, planted in two rows at right angles, nestled the building of the ranch-house, built in old Californian fashion of adobe brick, red tiled, in the shape of a hollow square inclosing a patio-garden. It was on a rising ground above the stream that ran between trees heavily mantled with wild grapevines. About the house, and its barns and sheds and corrals, grew orchard trees, peach and apricot, almond, cherry, walnut. There were some orange and lemon trees and a few figs. There was a vineyard and the patio was a riot of flowers. A spring bubbled up in the exact center of the court and had been confined within a stone basin with one outlet out of which the overflow rippled and ran under an archway in the foundation of the house.

The place was above all a home, long-settled, deep-rooted, if a nest, built on the ground, as some nests are, may be fancied to have taken root. The place was well styled El Nido.

Back to it, in the twilight, at the urgent suggestion of the girl's father, a suggestion that was half command, holding such spontaneous invitation that it could not be refused without a touch of churlishness, came Caleb, returning from the stream above the waterfall, packing a well-filled creel.

The girl rose from an outer porch as he came up from the stream and met him at the steps. She was transformed. A soft gown of white had wrought magic and she received the homage of Caleb's surprised and frankly admiring gaze demurely. He opened the lid of the creel for her inspection.

"You know how to cast a fly in Massachusetts," she said. "They are beauties. We shall have them for supper. Wang!"

A fat and genial Chinaman, immaculate in white, appeared at the far end of the gallery, came forward and took the fish with a chuckle of approval.

"Supper ready twenty minutes, Miss Betty," he said as he waddled off.

"Betty—Betty Clinton!" He had her name at last and thought it suited her. "You'll want to wash up. Maria will show you to your room."

"My room?"

"You are to stay here tonight. Father would not hear of you going. There is no moon. It is three miles down the canyon to the station at Hayward. Seven by the road. And there are no trains that you could catch conveniently."

She led the way in and delivered him to Maria, fatter than Wang, ample of breast, triple of chin, Spanish of look and accent.

"Maria," said the girl, "is the actual ruler of El Nido. You must pass inspection by Maria to be welcome here. You have fifteen minutes. We shall be in the big room at the north end. You can come in through the patio."

and goatie, had one sleeve tucked in the side pocket of his coat.

"I shall put the formal interrogation, sir," he said to Caleb. "How do you find the West?"

"I find it eager. And I like it. We bustle in the East but our ways and means are settled."

"Eager? I like your term. And I am glad you like the West. We shall hope to see more of you."

"You have lived here long?" asked Caleb.

"My grandfather settled here in eighteen-forty. He was one of Fremont's cavalry legion. He helped to take California from Pico. He was on the shores of Monterey bay when the British landed from their frigates and found they were too late. My father was then ten years old. I was one when he went back to Virginia and fought in the War of the Secession. For the South. I beg your pardon, sir."

Caleb caught Betty Clinton smiling at him.

"Not at all, sir," he answered. "My own grandfather fought for the North. But that was two generations ago. Now I know," he added with an answering smile, "why you, Miss Clinton, called me 'Yank' with such unctious."

"My grandfather used to say," said Clinton, "that he was always cautious when he fought the Yanks but that he downright feared them when it came to business. But you are right, sir. That is all past. I fought in the Spanish war side by side with many gallant

gentlemen from New England. One of them was major in my company. If it had not been for him I might have lost more than this." He touched his empty sleeve.

"You held rank, sir?"

"I was a captain. It was a volunteer rank. I do not use it now. My sword is a plowshare. I have sufficient souvenirs."

Caleb thought he detected a little bitterness in the reference to the missing limb.

Caleb noticed that Clinton refrained from any query as to his guest's status in the war. Nor did he mention it himself. He was tired of talking about it. The states were full of men who had done as much as he had.

"What are you going to do in California?" asked the girl. "The term civil engineer is a wide one. What does it mean to you? Bridges? Railroads?"

"It was predestined," said Caleb. He struck a match and showed her a seal at the end of his watch chain. On the green stone two parallel zigzags were graven.

"The Zodiac sign of Aquarius, the Water Bearer. It is the eleventh sign and the sun enters it about the twenty-first of January, the day that I was born. So I am a water engineer, both by choice and by predestination."

She gave a little cry as she bent forward to look at the seal. The light of the swift-burning match brought her face out of the darkness like a cameo.

"Isn't that altogether curious and delightful," she said. "I wonder."

"I don't know what will offer," Caleb said. "I cannot wait too long. I have neither the means nor the inclination to stay idle. I have not had very much practical experience—as such things go—but I should rather tie up with a new enterprise than work with a completed project. Of course, I should like above everything to be able to inaugurate some scheme, plan it, develop it. I must look for my opportunity."

her tone, and warmed to it. "To create something, to be a Water Bearer, to the thirsty earth or to thirsty people. To make a city grow where none has been, or render dry lands fertile."

"Do you expect to settle out West?" asked Clinton. "To make your home here?"

"I hadn't gone quite as far as that," answered Caleb with a smile. "It depends upon whether I get the chance to settle—I mean by that if work opens up. I like the West. I should like to make a home here, I think. I have none elsewhere," he added simply. "I have relatives in the East, and I even own a house out there—but it isn't a home any longer, since both my father and mother are dead."

There are silences that create an atmosphere more sympathetic than the finest choice of phrase. Caleb found himself talking of his plans in greater extension than he would have considered possible to chance-meet, recent acquaintances. He had, he told them, a little money, he had a chance to sell his Massachusetts house that held open indefinitely. This, with his training, and his youth, constituted his capital. At the end of the evening, in his room, the windows open, admitting the fragrance of the patio garden, the subdued chuckle of the overflow from the spring basin, he realized that he had done little but talk about himself and his own affairs.

He wondered whether he had not been a bit of a prig, even a bore. He had shown no appreciation of the girl's femininity, had surely been lacking in even conventional gallantry. Girls, Caleb believed, liked that sort of thing—expected it. Yet, talking to her in the dusk of the veranda had been a good deal like talking to another man. Her intelligence was keen, her interest had not seemed feigned.

Meanwhile, in her own chamber, Betty Clinton came to a favorable conclusion in the same matter.

"For a Yank," she told herself, as she arranged her hair for the night in two great, shining braids, "he is quite agreeable—so far. I think I am going to like Caleb Warner."

Caleb decided not to outstay his welcome. He announced his intention at breakfast.

"We shall have to see you again," said Clinton and Betty backed his invitation.

She seemed a little older this morning, appearing the well-poised hostess in her housegown. To Caleb, still new to western ways, it was hard to reconcile this housewifely person presiding over the silver coffee urn with the rider on the pinto, galloping hard after her hounds to the kill. Yet there was no real discrepancy, no loss of dignity, of sex. And she made the girls that Caleb had grown up with seem suddenly constricted in his recollection.

"You are not to walk down to the train," she told him. "I am sorry that I cannot drive you but I have a lot to do. You shall ride the Don. Padilla will go with you and bring him back. And we are to see you again. Soon."

Caleb was not at all certain of his prowess in the saddle. To his relief the horse turned out to be a natural single-footer, racking along with a smooth motion that left him almost motionless in the saddle. The selection was, he felt, another indication of kindly tact.

Padilla, swarthy, bow-legged, agile, bore signs of battle that had come close to maiming him. The left side of his face was marked with a puckered scar, purple against his brown skin. It ran from eye to chin, a raking weal that showed where the flesh must have been laid open by a frightful blow. He wore no coat and his sleeves were rolled high. His left forearm was scored with cicatrices. His left side seemed shrunken between hip and shoulder. Caleb was conscious of all down the canyon, Padilla subjected him to a close scrutiny. When directly in front of him he could almost feel Padilla's black eyes boring between his shoulder blades. Despite the unworried recommendation that the Mexican held from his employment at El Nido, Caleb fancied him a better companion for high noon than a dark night.

The trail dipped down towards water level, fording the stream. Caleb reined in to let the Don drink the bright water and Padilla followed example. As they sat side by side the Mexican spoke for the first time.

"Eet was here, senior," he said, "that I got these."

He touched his cheek, his left ribs, and tapped his left forearm with a swift gesture.

"Eet was a puma, senior. A cougar, a lion of the mountains. Carrajo! Almost eet keel me, Luis Padilla. Knife against claws an' teeth, senior. And the knife ween. Thees knife."

With the same swift deftness he had drew a shining blade from a sheath that was tucked inside the belt of his trousers, then replaced it. The speedy excitement of the Latin convulsed his features. They twisted in a ferocious snarl, they looked as they must have appeared in the actual conflict, Caleb thought.

She—What makes that Mexican friend of yours such a giddy chap? He—The revolution he's been through, my dear.—Detroit Free Press.

That's Economy  
The Schweppes had twins. Father Schweppes was a very thrifty man, and as he saw the doctor about to weigh the babies he called after him: "Put both on the scales and divide by two, doctor!"—Berlin Lustige Blaetter.

Nothing New  
He—When I pass away I'll leave everything to you.  
She—That's just what you've been doing ever since we were married.

Early Actresses  
Actresses appear to have been unknown to the ancients in earliest times, female parts in dramatic performances being taken by males. Actresses appeared on the stage under the Roman empire. The first English actress is said to have been Mrs. Colman, who performed the part of "Ishtar" in Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes," in 1656.

This Padilla seems to be an intense sort of person. What's his purpose with Warner?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



**LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS**

**HARD HIT**  
The circus acrobat found the clown in tears. "What in the world are you crying about?" he asked. "The elephant d-d-died," sobbed the clown. "What of it? You didn't own him." "N-no, b-but the b-boss says I've got to d-d-dig his g-g-grave."—Pathfinder Magazine.



**NOT AS A HOLE**

"Don't you think a doughnut makes a pretty good lunch, taken as a whole?"  
"Taken as a hole, I think not."

**Hymn of Hate**  
A guy I hate  
Is Johnny Stout  
He says: "That bird,  
Just trun him out."

**Appropriate Setting Required**  
Friend—Have you gone housekeeping yet?  
Newedd—No; we're waiting until we save up enough to live in keeping with the style of the wedding presents.

**Afraid to Smile**  
"Glad to see you after all those years, Bnl. Has Fortune smiled on you yet?"  
"Nary a smile. Do you know I'm beginning to think that dame must have a front tooth out."

**His Mistake**  
Youth—I want to marry your daughter, sir.  
Parent—I thought you and she were married—you haven't been calling as often as usual.

**Bang**  
Jones—Did your son go through college?  
Smith—Not quite. He took a chemistry course and went only as far as the roof.

**Mutual Consideration**  
"Men should be gentle and kind to women."  
"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "But oughtn't there to be a little reciprocity?"—Washington Star.



**THE GOLF COURSE**

"Is your son going to take a business course at college?"  
"Don't know—the golf course is all I've heard him speak of as yet."

**Sure to Be**  
Now pretty Edna's married  
I'll tell you what, I-sorry,  
If she had only wedded me,  
My gracious, she'd be sorry!

**No Idle Gossip**  
"Do you believe that George Washington was invariably truthful?"  
"I do," replied Senator Sorghum. "He was a discreet man, however, and knew when to keep his mouth shut."—Washington Star.

**Accounted For**  
She—What makes that Mexican friend of yours such a giddy chap?  
He—The revolution he's been through, my dear.—Detroit Free Press.

**That's Economy**  
The Schweppes had twins. Father Schweppes was a very thrifty man, and as he saw the doctor about to weigh the babies he called after him: "Put both on the scales and divide by two, doctor!"—Berlin Lustige Blaetter.

**Nothing New**  
He—When I pass away I'll leave everything to you.  
She—That's just what you've been doing ever since we were married.

**FACTS about used car allowances**

**MOST** new car sales now involve the trading-in of a buyer's used car. More and more people are asking: "Why should my used car seem to have several values? . . . Why should dealers in different makes of cars offer me allowances differing materially? . . . Does the largest allowance offered mean the best deal for me?"

**Here are basic facts:**

- 1 Your used car has seemingly different values because competitive dealers are bidding to sell you a new car.
- 2 Your used car has only one fundamental basis of value: what the dealer who accepts it in trade can get for it in the used car market.
- 3 The largest trade-in allowance which is offered on your used car is not necessarily the best deal for you. Sometimes it is; but sometimes it is not.
- 4 An excessive allowance may mean that you are paying an excessive price for the new car in comparison with its real value.
- 5 Judge the merits of the new car in comparison with its price, including all delivery and finance charges. Then weigh any difference in allowance offered on your used car.

When you are ready to trade-in your present car, remember that after all you are making a purchase and not a sale. You are buying a new car and simply applying your present car as a credit toward the purchase price of the new car.

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**The Sad Part**  
"Where is the young man you said gave such promise?"  
"He began to slight his work; was continually tardy. I had to let him go."  
"He didn't give you a square deal."  
"That doesn't worry me. He didn't give himself a square deal."

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