# The Water Bearer CAP By J. ALLAN DUNN Secret appelled. Mrs. Baxter drew AND

#### BAXTER

Synopsis.—Idly fishing Her-manos creek, in California, Caleb Warner, civil engineer, and a New Englander, is witness of the end of a coyote pulled down by two wolfhounds, urged on by a girl rider. Admiring the hounds, he introduces himself, and learns her name is Clinton. With west-ern hospitality she invites him to ern hospitality she invites him to the ranch to meet her father. At the Clinton home Warner learns his new friend's name is Betty. He is welcomed by her father, Southern Clvil war veteran and owner of Hermanos val-ley. Warner tells them some-thing of his ambitions and his feeling that he is destined to be "Water-Bearer.

#### CHAPTER II-Continued

\_3\_ "Thees knife is for all the enemy of El Nido." He patted the hilt of the weapon with a nod of complacency and a keen look at Caleb, who was wonderingly amused. Was the man half crazed? Did his twisted brain consider the stranger he had been ordered to escort as a possible menace

"The puma was an enemy?" he asked.

to El Nido?

"Si senor. Eet lay there on that bough that overhangs the stream, the sycamore. On that bank, on the turf, below, play la senorita Betty. Her mother is then dead one year, la senorita she is two. Dios! She is in charge of Maria an' she, thees Maria, has tie her by one long reebbon to the trunk so she shall play weeth her flowers an' not fall een the creek. May the Mother of God forgeev Maria! An' me also, Luis Padilla! Senor, I am in love with Maria, we are to wed. I hav' leave my work, I hav' follow down the canyon to talk weeth Maria! We hav' a leetle quarrel, jus' to make up. She run a leetle way from me. I follow. In the wood we make up. Si. An' we forget the senorita.

"Dios! Of a sudden Maria scream an' point. There is the puma on the bough. Eet crouch to spreeng. The leetle one look up an' laugh at the great cat. An' I make to leap. Then I am young an' very queek, senor. Sanctissima Maria, eet is muy bueno, eet is ver' good that I am!"

Now Padilla was rolling a cigarette with a murmured, "eef you permit, senor," riding out of the water up to the little plateau where the thing had happened with a face as suddenly void of emotion as if a light had been switched off behind a shade, intent only upon inhaling the smoke of his cigarette, seated with one leg across the saddle horn. Caleb and the Don had followed him. The last puff taken, Padilla flung away the wisp of the cigarette end into the stream with a savage gesture and slid to the ground. Again he was in his role, now giving pantomime to aid his words in conjuring up the happening.

"Eet is by the mercy of the Good God that Maria tie the child, senor. I could not reach the leetle senorita in time but I reach that reebbon an' snatch her back-so! Jus' as that puma spreeng. I see heem above me, all spread. He blot out the sun an'. as I snatch back the baby, he yell, like El Diablo himself. His eyes shine, his teeth, I see his red mouth, I smell the steenk of his breath, I try to dodge as he strike an' I too strike, weeth my knife. He come on me like the fall of the cleef. We roll over like two beast. Senor, I cannot tell jus' what happen. Eet is not the one who fight who can tell the story. Maria, she did not see. She hol' the baby in her arm, an' she see only the end.

"But I know I am all blood, my blood an' the blood of that lion, hot. The smell of eet make us both mad. I theenk he has empty my belly. Dios, he claw me like thees!" And Padilla raked himself down his shrunken side with suggestive fingers. He slash my face one time when I dodge. One time I am down an eet is growin' all dark. He take my arm like a dog take a bone. Senor, I hear those teeth on my bone. An' I stab, I steek, I cut! We roll into the creek. Me, I theenk I am almos' gone that time, but the water bring me back. Eet flow from me red with my blood. But eet flow red from the puma also. Senor, he is dead-muerte!

"When I get better I find the vaqueros who breeng me back to El Nido take also the body of that lion. They hev' for me that skin. Senor, eet is not much good, that skin. My knife has spoil' eet. But there is enough to make two little rug'. One for Maria, one-for me. Those rug' each in our two room'-Maria an' mine-beneath the crucifix. When we pray we kneel on those rug an' we never forget our oath."

Again the fire of his speech suddenly died out and he rolled another

"You are not married to Maria?" asked Caleb.

"No, senor. That was seventeen years ago. We wait. Eet was the great fault of Maria, also of me, that we leave la senorita. Senor Clinton did not punish. He geev me praise an' offer me money which I do not take. But we-we punish each the other. We punish that love which make us careless. We take the oath to God and the Mother of God that we watch glways over the senorita. Some day perhaps she marry, then Maria an' Luis marry also, eef she is marry the good man who take care of her. Buteef any man try to barm the senorita. be taught little tricks, such as sitting and became the father of twins, Rotneo I Luis Padula, who keel the puma, I up and begging for food, or jumping and Juliet, at twenty-one."

"RIMROCK TRAIL"

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am still strong an' I still hav' this

Once more he half drew the steel from the sheath and thrust it back. Then he caught the horn of the saddle with one hand, twisted the fingers of the other in the mane of the mustang. set foot in stirrup and, as the brute swung in a plunging half-circle, held himself close-pressed to its withers before, with a lithe move, he made the

"We mus' go along," he said. "The enor mus' not lose his train.'

Those were the last words he spoke until they reached the station a few minutes before the train pulled in. He waited until Caleb mounted the platform, then, with an "Adios, senor," was gone, mastering the curvetting mustang and leading El Don.

Caleb, in the smoker, concluded at last that the Mexican's fidelity, tinged perhaps, by some injury in the fight from which he had never recovered, some slight lesion in his brain from the strain and excitement, had made him a monomaniac concerning the safety of his young mistress. He possessed a jealousy that he shared with Maria. It was an obsession with both of them.

"I'd hate to be the man who had Luis Padilla on his track," he told himself, wondering if the ample Maria would also be transformed into a whirlwind of avenging fury. Here was a sample of the wilder West. It was a far cry to New England. Somehow the experience did not strike him as altogether incongruous, far-fetched. And he had learned the age of Betty Clinton.

#### **CHAPTER III**

#### Cox

Hold up your right hand, with the thumb and forefinger well apart. Do the same with your left and bring it up above your right, so that the tips of the forefingers join, but those of the thumb are a little apart. The oval gap represents the great bay of Golden, a mighty harbor, deep enough for all the navies of the world to swim in, a noble anchorage for commerce, dotted here and there with islands. Far to the northeast, near the knuckle of your left forefinger, a river flows in, tapping two mighty valleys, too far

away to serve Golden with water. Opposite Golden, across the narrow straft where bay meets sea, looms the great mount of Sereno, covered with redwoods that extend back of it, up to the northern boundary of the state, a region, half exploited, of great beauty, vast logging prospects, partly developed, of small, rich valleys,

Looking to the sea, to Sereno, across the bay to the mainland, Golden queens it over an unsurpassed panorama. On Semaphore hill, where ships were signaled in the earlier days, Caleb Warner shared the apartment of Ted Baxter, on the top floor of an amous apartment building.

Caleb, with none too large a capital, would have chosen a less expensive. less pretentious dwelling, but he had come there first as a guest of Baxter and now they divided two bedrooms, a bathroom and a tiny sitting room, at equal expense. In the old Columbian days the two had become fast friends. It had been to a large extent the attraction of opposites. Caleb, studying with enthusiasm, taking his games seriously. Baxter, handsome, irresponsible, generous, blessed with an array of superficial qualities that made him a universal favorite. And with a tendency to dissipation that Caleb fancied he had somewhat

checked. But that was years ago and he found Baxter fairly embarked upon the pastime of spending all the money he could get hold of in the pursuit of amusement-"getting all the fun he could out of life"-he styled it. Caleb fancied he inherited this facility from his mother, a widow who spent her time at fashionable resorts, West and East, as fashion demanded, who tried to forget her age and who let her son to a great extent, travel his own path while she followed hers. Mrs. Baxter held the command of the Baxter es-She made her son a fairly libtate. eral allowance but kept the larger portion for herself. Ultimately, it seemed, it would come to Baxter, if

The two met perhaps four times a year, all told, for brief acquaintanceship. The relationship between them

his mother remained unmarried.

the line at having her son appear at the fashionable resorts where she was stopping. That was a tacit understanding between them. Doubtless the widow objected to having a twenty-six-year-old child inject himself into her realm of arrested maturity. She had deliberately set back her clock of life. The presence of Ted corrected Time with too obvious a hand.

Caleb reached the apartment a little after noon and found his friend still in bed. Baxter surveyed him with a grin that turned into a yawn.

"Nice time for you to be coming home," he challenged. "Where's your New England conscience? Stopping out all night! Give an account of yourself, you reprobate. Never preach o me again. You're degenerating, Cal, my son. Have a gin fizz? I was out to the Beach last night. With a peach. With two peaches, in fact, and another caballero. The party gathers again this evening and I'm flat. What time is it? I think I'll get up. We'll have lunch at the club. Cox is in town. The man I've wanted you to meet. One of the Big Slege Guns of the

Baxter regaled Caleb with an account of the trip of the night before along the beach, visiting every boulevard resort. The "peach," it appeared. was a blond stenographer who was a "thoroughbred sport and a winner. By which Caleb tacitly understood that the young lady had acquiesced in every suggestion of Baxter's without demur. Caleb broke the tale to make his own change of clothes, to shave and take his bath. Baxter ordered luncheon at the club over the telephone, to be ready in half an hour, then switched to the garage for his car to be brought round in twenty minutes.

While they waited he rounded on Caleb and demanded a statement of

what he had been up to. Caleb told his story. He saw no reason why he should conceal anything and yet he had some reluctance to describe his visit at El Nido in de tail. He did not fancy that Baxter would see-or would have seen-the place and its people in the same light that he did. His reservations betrayed him. Baxter seized upon the mention of the girl with a whoep and quizzed

him to the limit. "You sly fox," he cried. "A beauty with chestnut tresses, riding like a centaur after borzols, chasing a coyote -and catching Caleb Warner! She has you on the hfp, Caleb. Romance has blossomed in your sterile Massachusetts soul. Sir Galahad and the Princess of the Hidden Valley! It's a moving picture.

"I've heard of the Clintons," he rat tled on. "Seen the girl, too, at the dog show, though I don't remember the chestnut locks. Next time you go a-fishing, my wandering gallant, I go with you."

"Here's your car," said Caleb dryly,

looking out of the window. Baxter gave him a bantering look

and dropped the subject. The club known as The Altruists is situated downtown, an institution grown from an early membership of writers and artists, with two big rooms and free-and-easy privileges, to

affluence and influence. It was full of good-natured men sharing a camaraderie that was new to Caleb's conception of club life. And with them all Baxter was hall-fellowwell-met. A dining-room steward sought him out and informed him that lunch would be on the table in ten minutes.

"We'll look around a bit," said Baxter. "And I must get you a card. Later we'll have you up for membership." He led the way to a great room with a gilded ceiling and many tables and cozy corners beneath it. The walls were covered with cartoons drawn by the artists of the club, commemorating past and current events, carlcaturing the bright lights among them. Baxter nodded to every one in the room, it seemed, and it was well filled. There was a general air of badinage, the members reminded Caleb of grownup boys in recess from school.

They worked their way through to a lounge for cigarettes and Baxter pointed out celebrities.

As they settled themselves at the places reserved for them, Baxter indicated a group of men at a round table not far from them.

Padilla's story indicates that he is an unknown quantity to be reckoned with. What sort of factor is Baxter?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Dog Trainers Differ in Methods of Work

old is more easily taught than the average puppy because he is more capable of understanding what you wish

him to do.

Many an intelligent dog is spoiled by too insistent efforts to correct minor faults in the early stages of his training. His spirit is broken before he has an opportunity to learn things worth while. Many dog trainers, in handling hunting-dogs, or even watch-dogs, insist that they should not married when eighteen years of age

Most dog trainers deny the truth of | through one's hands. The objection the saying that you can't teach old is that the trick dog comes to look dogs new tricks. The facts appear to for signals from his master and is be that a dog more than two years less likely to act on his own initiative On the other hand, many trainers take an opposite view and think that learning tricks is good discipline and helps in a dog's general mental development -Fred C. Kelly, in Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan.

#### Further Light on Bill

From an entrance examination pa per in English: "Shakespeare was



#### HOW IT WORKED

A druggist who wanted-to sell electric waffle frons was advised to employ an attractive young woman to cook waffles in the store. He was assured that the scheme would boost

"How did it turn out?" asked his

"A smart gink married the girl the

#### THEN HE WENT



He (at midnight)-I feel all wound up this evening.

She (wearily)-Your main spring must be broken, or you'd surely go.

#### The Young Lawyer

"And if, my son," the lawyer said, 'My shoes you wish to fill, Remember that I got my start By working with a will."

#### Just to Do Something

Dentist's Wife-We must give the naid a little treat of some sort for er birthday.

Dentist-All right. I'll extract some of her teeth free.—Berlin Nagels Lustige Welt.

#### Fitting

She-I wonder why marriage is called "an institution?" He-Because it is so hard to escape from, I suppose.-New York Central

#### Realism in the Movies

"Your star shivered most naturally n that scene." "Had to."

"Heh?"

"We put her on fce,"

#### Why Worry?

Dyer-Too bad about Niblick losing all his money. Gowfe-He should worry! He made

the course in two under par yesterday.

#### Rather Big-Hearted

Jerry-Is there only one cake of

Bellhop-Sure!

Jerry-Tell the night clerk I'll take another room. I must wash my face.

#### GREATEST GOLD FIELDS



"What are the world's greatest gold fields." "The big cities-you'll find gold

diggers in every street." Landing a Passenger

### Ruth rode in my new cycle car In the seat in back of me;

How Boy Friend Knew Daughter-You know, dad, he al-

ways said he'd never marry until the right girl came along. Dad-Well, how does he know you are the right one?

Daughter-Oh, I told him I was.

he one you gave me yesterday?

#### His Favorite Brand Dave-Have you another clgar like

Dave-Fine. I want to break my brother of the habit of smoking.

Reciprocate or Retaliate "I must begin buying my presents,

#### said Mr. G. "You know, Cousin Ellie gave us that blg blue vase last year, we ought to reciprocate." "Reciprocate?" answered Mr. G.

"For that vase! You mean retallate." -The Outlook.

#### Meow!

Willie-Pa, how old are kittens when they get their eyes open? His Father-I'm sure I don't know. my son, when they do get married.

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## Sunday School Lesson

#### Lesson for May 1

PETER'S DENIAL AND REPENT. ANCE

LESSON TEXT—Mark 14:53, 54; 66-71; Luke 22:61, 62. GOLDEN TEXT—Let him that think-eth he standeth take heed lest he fall. PRIMARY TOPIC—Peter Grieves Jesus and Is Sorry.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The Story of Peter's

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOP-How Jesus Is Denied Today. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOP-IC-The Danger of Sudden Temptations.

I. Peter's Downfall (Mark 14:29-71). This began when he refused to hear about the cross and ended when he, with a foul oath, declared: "I know not the man." When the disciples would no longer hear Christ's message about the cross, they not only ceased to grow in knowledge, but they began to deteriorate in moral discernment and were exposed to the possibility of the shameful denial of their Lord. Steps in Peter's backsliding:

1. Overweaning self-confidence (vv.

29-31). His unwillingness to face the cross alienated him from Jesus and when apprized of the fact that the disciples would all forsake Jesus, Peter de clared that Jesus was certainly mistaken, saying: "Although all shall be offended, yet will not I," Our condition is most perilous when we are most sure of our safety.

2. Sleeping at the post of duty (v.

In one short hour the very one who was so confident of his self-sufficiency had fallen asleep instead of watching. The only way to escape from back sliding is to watch.

3. Lack of prayer (v. 38). The legitimate inference from the Lord's words "watch and pray" is

that He had commanded them to pray as well as to watch. The reason there is so little prayer is due to the lack of the sense of need of God's 4. Misguided zeal (v. 47). Peter drew a sword and cut off an

ear of a servant of the high priest (John 18:10) when they came to arrest Jesus. He was thus zealous for the Lord. He was trying to make up in outward service his conscious lack of communion.

5. Followed Jesus afar off (v. 54). Christ's rebuke for taking the sword and the awkward position in which his act had placed him, caused him to follow afar off. He keenly felt Christ's reprimand. Following Jesus

afar off got him into trouble. 6. Warmed himself at the enemy's

fire (v. 67). This fire was built by those who had come unsympathetically to witness the crucifixion and even to mock in this tragic hour. For Christ's disciples to try to get comfort from the things prepared for the satisfaction of His enemies is sinful. Many professing promise, even attempting to get pleasures out of the things which the enemies of Christ have prepared for themselves.

7. Open denial (vv. 66-71). Step by step downward Peter went

until the words of a servant girl provoked open and blasphemous denial. This even by one who had said: "If I should die with thee I will not deny thee in any wise." Peter's trouble be gan when he shrank from the cross It was that shunning which separated him from contact with God. It should be remembered that there can be no backsliding until there be established a position from which to slip. Many of the so-called backsliders have never

been born again. II. The Repentance of Peter (Luke

22:61-62).

1. The look of Jesus (v. 61). This was a most wondrous look. It was doubtless filled with pity and pain. Christ knew the trials through which Peter and the other disciples would pass and He prayed for them. This look brought to Peter the full con sciousness of his cowardice and disloyalty and his blasphemous words of dental, and yet it displayed His pity and forgiving love.

2. Peter's bitter tears (v. 62). The look of Jesus brought conviction of sin. It called to mind his boastfulness and cowardice. How awful must have been his condition as he went out that night into the darkness, little suspecting that there would be found a way to get back into communion with his Lord. Doubtless the message from the women as they came from the tomb brought the first good cheer to his heart. Christ said to them: "Go and tell my disciples and Peter." This encouraged him, no doubt, as it indicated Christ's particular consideration and love for him.

#### Two Things Needed

There are two things that they need to possess who go on pllgrimage; courage and an unspotted life.-John Bunyan.

#### Seeing and Talking

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, that they may see twice as much as they say .- Cotton.

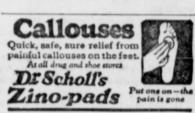
#### The Holy Ghost

No man is at his best until he is alled with the Holy Ghost .- Echoes.

## INSTALL CHAMPIONS

Once again Champion reminds you that to enjoy maximum engine performance during the next twelve months you should install a complete new set of spark plugs now.





#### To Get Power From Sea

A floating factory to draw power from the sea is an idea conceived by French engineers. It is to be operated by turbine-driven generators, converting into power water driven through pipes plunged 1,000 meters the sea. The floating plants would be hexagonal in shape and are planned so that ships may be loaded or unloaded on bridges at the edges.

#### His Last Cowboy "Stunt"

William Hartsock, nine, of Lewiston, Pa., is done playing cowboy. With a lasso tied about his waist he tossed the loop over a tire carrier on an automobile driven by Robert Fisher. He was dragged a quarter of a mile through the streets before a following car could attract Fisher's attention and release the boy.

Conflicting Mandy-What did yo' husband say when you asked him how he come out

in de crap game? Jemina-He say, "Didn't you all hear me say Ah won?" an' Ah say, "Uh, huh. Yo' mouf say you won but yo' pocketbook say you lost!"

#### Opportune

Bix-I'm gol Dix-Good! I can do with one right now.-Boston Transcript.

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