



CHAPTER XVI—Continued

"When I got here he was at the wheel. I was sure then. I shouted at him and he paid no attention. I could hear the water pounding down into the tunnel and I tried to drag him away. I did once and tried to twist back the wheel but he jumped at me and we fought. He was too strong for me and he flung me off at last. He was crazy, beside himself, a madman. It wasn't just the liquor. 'I'm going to drown him,' he said. 'Drown him like a rat.' And he cursed at me first and then—threatened me. 'I was desperate. I saw a wrench on the seat and I struck him with it on the back of his head. He went down, staggering—and I got to the wheel. When the roar of the water ended I knew you were safe. I suppose I fainted. You came. . . ."

For the pair of them, for the moment, as their eyes met, there was no one else in the gatehouse. Burns stooped to the floor and picked up a tool.

"There's blood on the wrench," he said, under his breath to Cox. "Hey, where's that Mexican going?"

"It must have been Baxter. I glimpsed as I came out of the shaft," Caleb was saying. "He had just come to, I suppose, and . . ."

He broke off at Burns' exclamation. The superintendent pointed to where Padilla was running over the plain toward the foothills, head low, eyes searching the ground, like a hound on trail. Something glittered in his hand.

"He's after Baxter," cried Caleb. "He'll kill him. I've got to stop that. Mrs. Carquinez, you'll go with Miss Clinton and Maria to El Nido. I'll get there later. I've got to prevent Padilla committing murder. You won't need me, Cox, go ahead without me."

He sprang through the door, hatless, his wet clothes clinging to limbs and body, starting out to run down Padilla before the avenging Mexican closed with his quarry. That the Mexican would be implacable, deaf and dumb and blind to all but his vengeance against the man who had tortured in senorita, Caleb knew. Nevertheless Padilla must be stopped from crime and the penalty. He thought more of this than of Baxter as he followed the dusty trail across the plain that led straight toward a wooded arroyo.

Padilla was nearly halfway to the foothills before Caleb started but he gradually overhauled the Mexican. He was furious enough, remembering Betty's white skin with the bruises on it, her torn garments, to beat Baxter to a pulp. Baxter, he realized, must have overheard Feely's report to Burns and seized his chance to get even with Caleb.

The thought of Betty swift to his rescue, her intuition quickened, surely by some tie between them, of Betty fighting with the drunken, crazy Baxter, beating him down with the wrench, was glorious to him in proportion to his rage. The only thing that curbed his own anger from the Mexican's intent to kill was, perhaps, the sight of the knife in Padilla's hand, the sudden knowledge of what penalty the Mexican would have to pay for murder, of Maria and Betty's sorrow. But he was not going to let Baxter off scot-free if he got at him. Only the one thought beat against the wrath that exulted already at the idea of getting Baxter within reach of his hands, the remembrance that punishment must stop short of murder. There his New England sanity fought for restraint. He had won Betty—he must not lose her.

A little stream sometimes babbled down the arroyo where Padilla, a hundred yards ahead of Caleb still, disappeared in a jungle of buckeye and manzanita. Footprints of them both were plain in the still moist earth for a few paces and then abruptly disappeared. Baxter had taken to the sidehill and the thicker undergrowth. Caleb halted perplexed. He had lit the breath left for the call to Padilla, he felt it was useless before he uttered it.

He stood alert, listening. To his right, and ahead, there sounded a sharp crack of dry twigs and he started off again, buffeting his way through low boughs and brambles.

He was certain that Baxter could not elude Padilla. For years the Mexican had guarded his senorita under the vow taken by him and Maria, that had held back their own happiness and added fuel to a slowly growing hate that, now the time had come, would give deep knife wounds in exchange for the bruises of his mistress. Unless Caleb could come up with him Baxter was as good as dead.

A shrill cry of agony sounded from the dense growth of the arroyo, not far away, toward the head of the cleft.

For a second Caleb stood still,

chilled by the crawling horror of that shriek, the cry of a coward facing death. It was not repeated. There was no sound at all in the hot gulch where no leaf stirred.

Then he heard an exclamation in Spanish—"Reina Santissima!"—and plunged ahead through the tangle to come out in a tiny clearing.

A live oak grew by a slab of gray rock on which, as on some savage altar, lay Baxter, the sunlight drifting down through the gnarled boughs of the tree and gilding a face the color of clay, a dropped jaw that showed the white teeth amid the untrimmed beard, eyes rolled up, already glazing, the face in a snarl, inhuman. Bending above him, shrinking back a little with his knife upraised, stood Padilla. He seemed to have recoiled from his deed, while ready to deliver a second blow.

Caleb leaped and caught the wrist of the hand that held the blade. Padilla turned to him a face that was hard to read. There was disappointment in it, slow-dying fury—and awe.

"Senor," he said. "I did not touch heem! See, my knife is clean. There is no blood upon eet. I did not touch heem! Sangre di Cristo, he hear me comin', he run weeth his head on his shoulder an', all of a sudden he put his han' to his side, he cry out, 'twist roun' an' fall like you see. When I reach heem he is muerte! Dead! Because he is too much afraid."

Caleb loosened Baxter's collar and shirt, slipped his hand in over the heart.

"He is dead, señor—I mean to keel him myself. But eet is the judgment of God."

Caleb knew that it was the "champagne heart" of Baxter, too long abused, the overtaxed engine of a mis-used machine, that had given way at last. Fright had helped, no doubt:



the wild, pounding, panting run with the knowledge of Padilla swift and relentless upon him with lifted and glittering knife. Baxter had burned out. But he did not attempt to modify the Mexican's statement. He put his own handkerchief over the face. It was horrible—terrible! There was none of the oft-quoted "peace of death" upon it. The eyes stared, glassy and wild. The livid lips were drawn back to show the teeth and the snarl that made the features so frightfully bestial. It was as if the soul of Baxter had departed utterly when he had turned the wheel of the water-gallery with murder in his heart and now, only the brute that dwelled in the subconscious was revealed—in full. A dead, mad face, Doctor Feely's theory had awful testimony here.

All hate died out in Caleb. Here was a mad dog—dead. An atavism, self-produced and self-annihilated.

"I should hav' like to keel him," said Padilla. "An' you, señor, would you hav' only talk to heem? I woud stay here until you come back. Perhaps you woud better send the sheriff an' see la senorita, to tell her the man who hurt her is muerte. It is better I wait here for the sheriff. Also . . ."

He pointed upwards. High in the blue, swinging in circles that gradually narrowed above the arroyo, soared a buzzard. Even while they looked another appeared—another.

"They are queek," said Padilla. "Soon there weel be more. The sheriff mus' not find heem disturb'."

The Mexican crossed himself.

"You saw his face, señor," he said in a low voice—as if the deed could hear. "Sangre di Cristo! Eet is the face of a devil—el aspecto del demonio."

CHAPTER XVII

Dios Bendiga a Vd.

A week later Caleb sat with Betty in the twilight on the broad wooden bench in the patio at El Nido. In the big room Stella Carquinez was at the piano, playing softly. Carquinez himself had been forced to go to Golden to discuss a commission. Their child had gone to bed. Maria was softly crooning a lullaby at the far end of the patio garden, putting Mary Morgan's baby—of which she had not been ashamed—to sleep.

Caleb and Betty were silent. He was trying to find words for what he wanted to tell her in fitting language, and finding it difficult. His emotions confounded him in this supreme issue. The nearness of her, the consciousness that to gain her was everything, to lose her meant all the joy taken out of success and life, now and to come, set his heart pounding till he thought that she must surely hear it, sapped his confidence.

"Betty," he said at last, "you saved my life. What do you want to do with it?"

She did not affect to misunderstand him. He had known she would not do that. There was something established between them, a bond that had made their silence filled with magnetism. Caleb hoped that it was love, with her, as it was with him. As he sat, hands on knees, leaning toward her in the dusk, trying to read her face, he felt his fingers trembling. Every atom of him longed for her, reached out for her in an ardor that seemed to belong to another Caleb Warner, lately created.

"What do you want me to do with it?" she asked.

"Share it, Betty. All ways and all ways."

"All ways?" She had risen, standing by one of the posts of the pergola, jasmine wreathed. Now she stood opposite to her, close and looking down at her upturned face. The curves of her mouth saddened him. He clenched his hands until his nails stung his flesh, hanging on to himself, restraining a desire to woo her only with kisses. His reason fought with his passion. He knew Betty Clinton was not to be won that way alone. Something ran riot in his veins, infecting his being. There was no congealed blood there, for all of Baxter's sneer. And it affected the girl. He could see her sway a little and he suddenly caught her in his arms.

"Yes, all ways, Betty. Lover and mate and partner in everything. You are the other half of me. To share in all things, joy and sorrow, love and work. Love first, Betty, and then we'll go on together with the work that will be ours, planned together, done together—and so to love again."

She had not resisted him. Her head had lain against his shoulder. She lifted it, searching his face. Then, even in the dusk, he saw hers become so softly radiant, as, satisfied, she raised her lips to his, her body, soft and infinitely human, clinging close to his. And, for a time, he knew that she was not lacking in the passion that had possessed him.

"We shall go on together," she said softly—after quite a while—"always on and on, Caleb. Bringing water to thirsty places and to thirsty people? Blending work with love to make all perfect? Anything else would only mean stagnation in the end."

"I am the Water-Bearer," he said—he was a little inclined to vaunt in his triumph. "You remember the sign of Aquarius?"

"You must give me mine back again."

"I shall. The two fishes, joined together with a ribbon. Water-creatures, Betty. You and I, in the same element, bound by love."

The music within became louder, ended in a crash of chords. Stella Carquinez came to the patio entrance.

"What are you two doing? Mooning in the dark?" she queried. "Oh!" she added softly. "Honeymooning! I am so glad—my dears. Where are you going, Betty?"

"I am going to tell Maria," she said as she swiftly passed them. Caleb saw tears on her face as she went through the door. He knew they were tears of happiness.

"You are lucky, but tardy," Mrs. Carquinez said to Caleb. "I don't know that you deserve her. You disappointed me last month, at our little celebration."

"I wanted to finish my work," said Caleb simply.

Stella Carquinez laughed softly.

"Dios! Once a Yankee always a Yankee! But you're well mated. Betty—here she comes with 'Maria, after all."

"Senor," said Maria, stately for all her weight. "It is very well. You will make my senorita happy an' she, ah señor, the good God is very kind to you! An' now I am to make Luts happy, my senorita says. He needs some one to look after heem, for he is only a great child. We shall throw away those two rugs of the puma skene. My knees have worn off the hair. But we shall still pray—for two now—perhaps, manana, for more. Quelen sabe? Now she hav' some one to protect, I," she broke off into a torrent of Spanish, stooped, caught both their hands and kissed them, vanished into the garden.

"She sets an excellent example," said Mrs. Carquinez. "Adios y buenos noches! Dios bendiga a Vd." she added softly at the door.

But they did not hear her benediction. They were quite alone before Elsie Carquinez had left the room.

[THE END]

One Thing Missing

The modern home today is supplied with everything except the family.

POULTRY

IMPORTANT JOBS IN CHICKEN YARD

There are three jobs with the farm poultry that need to be done early, the earlier, the better.

Right now is the time to cull the hens, dip both hens and pullets to destroy their lice and transfer the pullets to the laying house.

Culling is a simple job. To see a culling demonstration, it appears to consist of a lot of fuss and frills, but the amateur will do a pretty efficient job if he culls out at this time of year the hens that have yellow shanks and beaks and that already have their new feathers for winter.

The yellow shanks and beaks indicate that the hens are not laying while the new feathers generally indicate that they will not lay—until spring.

While the weather is still warm is the time to dip all the chickens.

Don't think your hens have no lice—all hens have them and don't wait until it is so cold you will have to dust them.

Dusting is all right if one has a gas mask and plenty of time.

Sodium fluoride is the stuff to use in the dip.

Each year, many excellent early-hatched pullets are thrown into a molt because the owner delays too long getting them transferred to the laying house.

When pullets get to laying, it doesn't take much of a fright to throw them into a molt.

Pullets that have been roosting in the trees often molt when they are transferred to the laying house.

Fall and Winter Eggs Are Most Profitable

Fall and winter months may be termed the profit months in poultry culture for the reason that the big difference in production between heavy-laying flocks and flocks which are not profitable comes during that season of the year. Almost any healthy hen will lay well toward spring.

It is an established fact that a flock must average approximately 100 eggs per hen per year in order to return the owner a profit. The difference between the monthly flock averages of good flocks and poor flocks comes mainly during the fall and winter months. In order words, the owners of profitable flocks have utilized methods which increase production at a time of year when fresh eggs are scarce and therefore higher in price.

Early hatches of early maturing birds could be set down as one of the most important points in getting heavy fall and winter production. Pullets that start laying during the latter part of October are from hatches that came before May first, usually before April first. They are birds that have been well fed and are fully developed. Good birds of this character will produce greatly over 100 eggs per year if they are properly fed and housed.

All-Mash Feed System Recommended to Some

The all-mash system of feeding is to be recommended to people who are pressed for time. A well-built mash hopper when filled with a good ration will do a great deal toward securing proper growth on young birds. If young birds are forced to rustle for a large portion of their feed, they will make only slow growth and the result will be a lot of undersized pullets for the winter. Such pullets do not make profitable winter layers nor will the cockerels bring satisfactory prices when put on the market.

Poultry Facts

More than mere abundance is needed in the poultry ration.

Much early molting is caused by improper feeding as well as by poor laying quality.

One should encourage chicks to roost at the earliest opportunity. As long as they roost on the floor, danger from crowding is ever present.

Never let your drinking founts get slimy. Scald them out and give a good cleaning every few days.

The greater the egg production per hen the greater the labor income, cash receipts, and cash returns above feed.

Hens that lose in weight usually go into a molt. Therefore it is essential to watch the weight of the hens and see that they are getting sufficient feed to maintain their body needs.

On the larger farms culling is carried on rapidly in the fall and the poor birds go to market by the crate.

There is no other fowl or stock that will deteriorate as quickly as turkeys with inbreeding. This is one of the great faults and the hardest lesson many have had to learn.

There are people who have the right variety of fowl, who house and feed them properly, and yet who can not obtain eggs early in the winter because their fowls are too old.

DAIRY

Horticultural News

CHEMICAL WILL CONTROL BORERS

Paradichlorobenzene is something more than a hard name to pronounce. It's a chemical that is very valuable in controlling borers in peach trees and may be used effectively and efficiently at little cost.

"Thousands of pounds of this chemical are being used each year to control peach-tree borers," says C. H. Brannon, extension entomologist at the North Carolina State college. "If the material is applied according to directions governing its use it will give from 90 to 100 per cent control. It must be applied each year regularly.

P-benzene can be used on trees four years of age and older with safety, states Mr. Brannon. However, if the trees two and three years of age are badly infested, one-half an ounce can be used with slight injury to the tree. For trees four and five years of age Mr. Brannon recommends three-fourths of an ounce to each tree, and for trees six years of age a full ounce of the chemical should be applied. For very old trees with large trunks one ounce and a fourth should be applied.

Break the crust around the tree and smooth off the soil with a hoe. Get the dirt on a level above the topmost hole made by a borer because P-benzene is heavier than air and will not penetrate borer holes above the point of application. Mr. Brannon states also that it is necessary to scrape away the gum from the trunk and then apply the crystals in a continuous ring about an inch wide and about an inch from the trunk. The crystals should not be placed too far from the tree and none should touch the trunk. Several shovels of dirt should then be placed over the crystals and packed in a mound with the back of the shovel. Tear down the mounds in about six weeks after application of the chemical.

Most Strawberry Fields Grown Under Matted Row

Whether fall or spring planted, most commercial strawberry fields are grown under what is generally known as the matted row system. The original plants are spaced in rows 30 to 36 inches apart. The plants send out stolons and form a thick matted row about 12 to 14 inches wide. Such a system gives an excellent bearing surface, whether the grower chooses to cultivate or mulch between the rows. After the matted row is formed and the plants become dormant, they should never be cultivated the following spring. To do so excites vegetative action on the part of the plant, which is not conducive to the proper development of the fruiting spurs. The fleshy crowns of the strawberry plant store up plant food within the tissues during the growing season, and after the rest period a patch should not be heavily fertilized or cultivated. Heavy fertilizing may cause the entire field to turn from fruiting into a mass of new plants.

Propagate Blackberries by Suckers or Shoots

There are two methods of propagating blackberries. One is to dig up the suckers or shoots that come up near the crowns of the plants and set these out. This is a very good way of getting new plants for the home garden, either from plants already growing on the premises or from a neighbor. The second method is that of root cuttings. The roots of the desired variety are taken in the fall and cut into short lengths, tied in bunches and stored in moist sand in a cool cellar where they will not freeze. In the spring these cuttings are planted in shallow furrows to grow until they will be ready to transplant. It will be the most practical for the average gardener to secure new plants by the first method.

Horticulture Squibs

For plant lice anywhere use nicotine sulphate spray.

You ought to bag a few grapes to have some extra choiceness. Simply tie a paper bag over a bunch and it'll ripen up in a way to water your mouth—and a little earlier than the others.

Some varieties of pears have to have other trees and varieties near to set fruit. In other words, they are self sterile. Young trees may not set fruit so well until the bearing habit has been developed.

For orchard sprays use only the best grade stone lime. Otherwise use hydrated or builders' lime one-third more by weight.

The number of apples on an overloaded tree may be reduced as much as 25 or even 50 per cent without reducing the yield.

Bearing trees should be cut back every other year at least. One should wait until it is definitely determined that there will not be a crop that season, before pruning heavily.

BUTTER MAKING DURING WINTER

A number of important changes in the production of dairy products during the period from 1917 to 1925 have been noted by T. R. Pirtle, dairy market specialist of the United States Department of Agriculture. One of these changes of importance to the milk producer is the increase in creamery-butter production of 79.2 per cent during the period. Only 17.8 per cent of the total milk production of the United States was used in the manufacture of creamery butter in 1917, whereas, the amount was increased to 25.54 per cent in 1925.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the seasonal trend of creamery-butter production has varied during the period. If the year is divided into two parts, namely the feeding season (November to April, inclusive), and the grass season (May to October, inclusive), it appears that the trend has been toward an increased production of butter during the winter feeding season. In 1917 the proportion of creamery butter made in the feeding season was 30.1 per cent and in the grass season 63.9 per cent. In 1925 the production in the feeding season had increased to 39.9 per cent of the total output, leaving 60.1 per cent for the grass season.

These figures indicate that winter dairying for butter production is increasing. There was a sound reason for this change, says Mr. Pirtle. In Minnesota, for example, the average price of a balanced ration sufficient to produce a pound of butter in 1917, was 24.93 cents, and in 1925, 21.6 cents. The average price of 92 score butter in New York in 1917 was 42.7 cents per pound. In 1925 it was 45.3 cents. The feed cost had decreased 13.5 per cent while the price of butter increased 6.7 per cent for these two years.

Young Bulls Need Feed for Proper Development

Young bulls need to be liberally fed from birth until matured if they are to give the best results. Bulls that are stunted will not reach proper development and therefore will not be a good advertisement for people to look at when selecting breeding stock. In addition the bull will not give good results if he is lacking in vigor that comes through proper development.

For the first six months the ration which is given to bulls need not differ from the ration fed heifers. From that time bulls will usually need a larger grain ration than females as they spend more time looking around and less time eating. Unless bulls get a fairly liberal grain ration in connection with good roughages they will probably become stunted.

The time to save feed used for bulls is when they are matured. If mature bulls are fed a heavy grain ration they will become heavy, sluggish and inactive. Mature bulls should never be allowed to become fat. Some bulls will require more grain than others, but as a rule the grain feed will need to be limited to get best results.

Dehorning Young Calves by Using Caustic Potash

A safe way to handle caustic potash when dehorning small calves by this method is to insert the pencil in a small rubber tube.

The usual method is to rub the very tip of the horn buttons with a stick of moistened caustic, continually wetting and rubbing until the spots are raw. This is done best when the calf is from three to ten days old.

A dime's worth of caustic potash is enough to dehorn ten or fifteen calves. It should not be so wet that the liquid runs as this will burn the skin of the calf. With the rubber tubing for the protection of the person's fingers there will be no burns.

Dairy Squibs

Continue to feed grain to milking cows when turned out to pasture.

Since water is the cheapest milk-producing feed we can find, can we not afford to give the cow plenty of it?

All dairy herd improvement due to better breeding tends to increase profits to the producer and to decrease costs to the consumer.

When you are feeding 20 pounds of alfalfa hay per day to a dairy cow she is getting as much digestible protein as if she were getting 18 pounds of bran.

No matter what pains are taken in clean milk production, there will always be some bacterial contamination.

Salt is essential to all farm animals. See that salt licks are provided in the pastures where the animals can have access to it every day.

To maintain a good milk flow during the fall months extra feeding of green feed or grain, or both, should begin now or as soon as pastures begin to get short.