A FOUL of VILLA'S MEN

by Capt. George B. Rodney

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SYNOPSIS.

—3—

Automobile of Miss Dorothy Upton and friend, Mrs. Fane, breaks down at New Mexico border patrol camp commanded by Lieutenant Kynaston. The two women are on way to mine of Miss Upton's father, located a few miles across the Mexican border. Kynaston leaves women at his camp while he goes with a detail to investigate report of Villa gun runners. Villa troops drive small force of Carranza across border line and they surrender to Kynaston. Dorothy and Mrs. Fane still at camp when Kynaston returns with prisoners. A blind Mexican priest appears in camp.

An aged and blind priest tells Kynaston and his guests an amazing story of wonderful jewels and a looted shrine and of a long and heart-breaking quest for one rare treasure. You'll wonder, as you read, whether or not the old padre is wandering in both mind and body—for truly his tale is strange.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

While they were eating the appetizing meal that the trumpeter spread for them upon the camp table beneath the solitary live oak that stood before the tent, they watched the sergeant help the stranger down the hill. Taking the blind man to the fire, he seated him upon a saddle that lay near the cooking tent, and came forward with a salute.

"He's a priest, sir—a padre; and from what little I can make out of his lingo he's had a pretty bad time of it, sir. Shall I bring him up?"

"Yes."

Kynaston sprang up.

"Mrs. Fane, do you and Miss Upton object to my asking the old fellow to take his breakfast here with us? I hardly like to send him down among the prisoners to eat. He seems a cut above them, don't you know?"

"Why, of course not, Mr. Kynaston. Please do exactly as you would if we were not here. I am sure he will be very interesting."

So Kynaston went down to the fire, where the old man was explaining in broken English and Mexican patois to the prisoners, for them to translate to the Americans that he was more tired than hungry, but that most of all he desired to hold converse with the commanding officer. Having introduced himself, Kynaston asked the old man to come to his tent and join him in coffee.

They found the two ladies already at their meal. Kynaston seated the old man between the two and poured him a cupful of steaming coffee that woke him into speech.

"Never before, senor, have I crossed the line. A Mayan am I, as all my people were for twelve generations that stretch their hands back even unto the days before there were Spaniards in Tenochtitlan.

"For the space of twelve men's lives have we lived under the shadows of El Tio, seeing always the surf break on the outlying bars. Two years ago I came north, even as Coronado came, part of the way on my feet, part on asses; always with pain, for to the blind, senor, all paths are hard. And at last my dream vanished."

"Thy dream?"

"Aye, senor, my dream, for know thou that I came not without an aim. That aim has been to follow and recover what these thieves of the world have taken."

He pointed his thumb over his shoulder toward the fire, where the prisoners still sat over the bacon and hard bread that were being cooked for them by the cooks of the troop.

"And art thou really blind?"

"So that, senor; for fifty years I have not seen the light of day."

Mrs. Fane and Dorothy murmured their sympathy.

"So I have come, senor. For now three hundred years I and my fathers before me kept the shrine where it has been deposited since the days when Cortez came back from the courts of the old world to hold his court at Cuernavaca, and, finding there in power the evil man, Pedrarias, his enemy, retired to live upon his estates.

"Ye know, senor and ladies, how it was said that the conquistador poisoned his first wife so that he could marry a second wife who should advance his fortunes. It was to this second wife that he gave those wonderful jewels, as all the world knows; the wonderful emeralds that Queen Isabella asked for in vain and that made Cortez the most courted man in all Madrid. Hast thou heard of them?"

Mrs. Fane and Dorothy looked their interest. All people are interested in the mere mention of jewels or precious stones—even those who do not possess them.

"I have heard," said Kynaston slowly, "the same tale all men know, the tale which Gomara wrote to the effect that Cortes received as a part of the ransom of the Emperor Montezuma five great emeralds, and that when payment was made to the Spanish king of the royal fifth part of the treasure the stones were kept by the conqueror as a part of his own share."

"Dost thou know then, or does any man know, what afterward became of the stones?"

The old man leaned forward in his eagerness, turning toward the sound of Kynaston's voice. His interest was obvious.

Dorothy and Mrs. Fane took no pains to hide their interest now.

"It was said, of course—what thou knowest—that the emeralds were taken home by him to Spain, and that when he married a second time he gave these to his wife. The queen had hinted that she herself was not unwilling to receive as a gift these most wonderful stones.

"They were, senor, as Gomara says, like this: One in the shape of a great rose, the second a fish with eyes of gold, the third an emerald cup, and the fourth a man's head with ruby eyes set in the green surface. With none of these, senor, are we concerned.

"The fifth and the most beautiful of all was a great bell, made of solid emerald, that stood, perhaps—so they tell me, at least, for how can a blind man see?—the height of a man's thumb; carved, mark thee, from the solid emerald—the tongue is made of a pear-shaped pearl, and about the base, carved and set most probably by some skilled workman of Seville, these words, let into the jewel in letters of gold:

"Blessed is he who created thee."

"But, padre, we all know—the world knows—that when Cortez went with his king—Charles—to fight the Moors he took the stones with him, and when he was wrecked at sea off the Algeciras coast the stones were lost—"

The old priest sat back clicking his tongue softly.

"Then, senor, if this be true, I and my family for ten generations have been made fools of, for during ten men's lives some member of my family has always kept the shrine of Our Lady of Olvidados down in Yucatan, where the old faith still holds, and where men have not gone after strange gods—"

"H'm. An Arisaki Rifle! How Did That Come Here?"

"But how in the world if you live in Yucatan did you ever work your way so far north?"

"When General Zapata rose in rebellion after President Diaz had fled to France, the whole country rose with him. Every place was looted, and what few treasures we had were taken.

"We in Trocanto managed to hide the wealth of the shrine, and for months my brother, who had the care of the shrine itself, had little trouble in secreting the wealth that we had hidden for nigh four hundred years.

"We had the stone—no, senor, not the five; only one—the greatest and most valuable. So rich it was—is!—that I am told men's hearts turned to water at the mere sight of it. I know right well that I would have given much to see it for only one little moment; but it was not to be.

"They came, senor, by night—as beasts of prey always come—and they looted the temple and burned it after they had looted. I was not there at the time, but when I returned I found my brother dying of a gunshot wound and my mother— It is best not to go into particulars, senor.

"They had no fear of God. It is lacking always, they say, in a mob that knows neither law nor leader. And the stone was gone—looted—taken, as everything else was taken, with the raiders when they fled to the north.

"Always, senor, our raiders have come from the north, from the days of old when the Toltecs came down upon the land, and when following them the countless thousands of the red savages drove the Toltecs in headlong flight, bringing death and desolation upon the land. And then the Spaniard came, and—thou knowest the rest, senor.

"I do but speak the empty vaporings of age. I am seventy-six years of age, and I have tracked that stone northward—northward ever since that day when Zapata's men robbed the shrine.

"Those men who fled yesterday across the line, and who found refuge with thee have the stone. They took it in fair fight from the rebels, who were moving toward El Paso with it in the hope of selling it for gold with which to purchase arms and ammunition for their cause.

"And they in turn have lost the stone to thee; for a passing cowboy told me that these men had surrendered to the Americanos and guided me the greater part of the way to thy camp.

"I am no rebel, senor. I am a churchman, not a soldier. But—I seek the stone—I, now that my brother is dead; I, the Blind Priest of Trecanto, am the lawful guardian of the shrine."

Just then the deep voice of the sergeant broke in.

"Sir, if the lieutenant is ready I'll bring up the packs an' the lieutenant can go through 'em."

Kynaston, called back to earth, looked up and nodded.

"Bring 'em all up in front of my tent, sergeant."

The three pack mules, tired and ungroomed, were led up and their packs decanted in front of the tent where Dorothy and Mrs. Fane sat in interested observation.

"There ought to be guns an' revolvers an' ammunition," commented Kynaston. "Button! Button! Who's got the button? I wonder what they've got packed away in those aparejos."

He soon found out, for under the quiet orders of the sergeant the guards slipped the packs and opened them in front of the wondering eyes of the little group.

"I thought at least we would find that the arms manufacturers of the country had shipped rifles and pistols to them across the border," commented Kynaston. "And I find nothing; absolutely nothing. A petate—sleeping mat—and a lot of dried red peppers, together with a package of beans—frijoles— Wait a bit! What's that under your hand, Miss Upton?"

Miss Upton, startled, looked curiously at the package under her hand which she had been resting upon the pack. She gave it a twitch, and a bundle wrapped in a rough, red blanket rolled out on the ground. Kynaston promptly picked it up.

"H-m! Three rifles that have no business here and a hundred rounds of ammunition. Wait a bit! Sergeant, look at the arsenal mark on those rifles and see where they were made."

The sergeant scrutinized them carefully in the early light.

"Sir, there's some mark on 'em that I can't make out. It looks like some sort of a flower as well as I can see."

Kynaston took the gun. As far as its appearance was concerned it resembled every other military rifle that he had ever seen, but when he turned the under side to the light he saw stamped in the dark wooden forehand of the piece the full-blown chrysanthemum that was the emblem of only one nation.

"H-m! An Arisaka rifle! Now how the deuce did that come here? It was made as far east as one can get without tumbling over to the westward again. How the deuce did a Japanese rifle come into Mexican hands?"

He had no opportunity to solve the problem, for even as he spoke Dorothy gave an exclamation and stepped back a pace as the covering of a package broke and a flood of silver pesos ran out at her feet.

"There's no proof of stealing in these," commented Kynaston. "Even if there were the stealing was done in Mexico, and the thief was not within our jurisdiction. What is this?"

It was a plain, dirty canvas sack perhaps a foot in depth and it bore the marks of rough handling. He picked it up and juggled it from hand to hand. The officer of the Carranza forces was obviously uneasy at the scrutiny.

"That, senor," he said, "is the greatest prize of all. It was stolen by these rebels across the line and was to be used by them to purchase arms."

Without waiting for any explanation as to what the contents of the sack might be, Kynaston cut the string and poured the contents out upon the saddle blanket which the sergeant had spread upon the ground. Certainly there was nothing in the roll of rags that rolled out to presage great value.

But on turning over the mass with his foot a glow of green caught his eyes. There tumbled out at his feet a great crystal bell the color of the richest blue grass that grows in Kentucky!

Dorothy picked it up.

"The padre was right," she said. "If it is indeed emerald it is worth a king's ransom. What will you do with it?"

And this wonderful emerald bell plays a big part—if you were writing this story, what part would you have the jewel play in the tangled web of war plotting? Its history might be one of bloody intrigue and its future may make it a pawn for a man's life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STATE OF

South Carolina

Department of Agriculture, Commerce and Industries, Bureau of Marketing.

E. J. WATSON Commissioner

A Weekly Bulletin of Information

Western Newspaper Union News Service

The work of the State Bureau of Marketing goes merrily and successfully forward. A glance at the Wants this week will show calls for large quantities of farm products. Throughout the State farmers and merchants and consumers themselves are now using the service with results so satisfactory to them that they almost invariably write to the Bureau expressing their appreciation of the opportunity for direct barter and exchange that the State with the co-operation of the press is affording them.

This week a farmer in Spartanburg county writes: "I am writing to express my appreciation of the service of the Marketing Bureau. It has served me well since its establishment and I hope the work you are trying to do will have the co-operation of our farmers all over the State." A farmer in Chester writes: "I am very much pleased with the business that I have done through your column in both buying and selling." A farmer in Chester in his letter presenting offerings makes this significant statement: "I am having fine results from your bulletin. I get long distance calls, telegrams and checks by first mail. Many thanks to you for the new plan." A farmer in Spartanburg shows that the exchange feature of the Bureau is effective as well as the buying and selling feature. He writes: "I have just completed an exchange through your column for an automobile. I think you are doing a wonderful work for us farmers and wish to thank you for what you have done for me."

Recently a dairy man in the upcountry wanted a competent man to take charge of his dairy. The Bureau took up the matter with a man who wanted just such a position. The man who wanted the job writes: 'I sincerely thank you for the trouble you went to on my behalf. Dr. ——— and I have come to an agreement. I start on the 6th.' This man who wanted the place lives far out on a rural route.

The following is a summary of the week's Wants and Offerings that could not be handled from the list on file:

WANTS

20 bushels burr clover seed in the burr.
6 to 10 bushels Crimson Clover seed either shelled or in the hull.
Several cars good peavine hay.
Several cars corn in shuck.
Brabham and Iron peas.
About 6 peafowl eggs for hatching. "Will pay $4 or $5 for them."
Some Guernsey heifer calves. Also one registered Guernsey bull.
50 pounrs wheat screenings for chick feed.
500 pounds rough rice for chick feed.
A god second hand 25 H. P. boiler and 20 H. P. engine. One No. 2 saw mill. Will exchange for same 6 H. P. gasoline wood saw.
A setting of purple guinea eggs.
3 pecks of pure yellow seed corn on cob.
One second hand steel tower and tank for country water works. Give kind and best cash price.
Young man eighteen years old, with some knowledge of poultry-raising, desires position on poultry ordairy farm. Willing to start on reasonable salary.

OFFERINGS.

50 bushels cowpeas of following varieties: Black, Clay, Whippoorwill, Small White. Market price
1,000 bushels mixed field seed peas, $1.15 per bu. f.o.b. Dunbarton. Sacked in 2½ bushel burlaps.
500 bushels Brabham and Whippoorwill peas, $1.40 per bushel f.o.b. Dunbarton. Sacked in 2½ bushel burlaps.
40 bushels, 90 per cent sound, Iron peas $1.25 per bushel, f.o.b. Pelion.
30 bushels Crowder peas, very prolific, sound, $1.25 per bushel, f.ob. Pelion.
15 bushels very fine speckled peas, $1.30 per bushel, f.ob. Pelion.
Clover seed, 50 pounds for $3.75.
90 Day selected velvet beans, 50 lbs. delivered, $2.00.
200 bushels selected cotton seed, wilt resistant, staple 1 3-16, $2.00 per bushel.
10 bushels wilt resistant Sea Island cotton seed, $2 per bushel.
Creech's Improved Prolific red cob seed corn, 75c pr pck uvxlifi 7-8fiVe corn, 75c per peck.
Mexican June corn, 50 pounds for $2.
Norton Yam potato plants, $1.25 per 1000.
Lookout Mountain Irish potatoes, 50 pounds for $1.85.
2½ bushels Lookout Mountain Irish seed potatoes, $3.50 for the lot, f.ob. Lexington.
Old time yam potato plants, $1.50 per 1000 f.ob. Lykesland. "Will exchange for something of equal valueto me."
Nicelot of Georgia Buck sweet potatoes, $1 per bushel.
One registered Tamworth boar, 20 months old, weight 250, registration papers with him. $35.00.
Registered Berkshire sow, 3 years old, Longfellow Lady J 178817. Has no faults.
Three well bred Berkshire boars and 1 sow, 3 months old, each $6.00.
12 well bred but not registered Berkshire pigs, $5 each. For shipment July 1.
One registered Berkshire sow and 6 of her ten pigs, $40. Will exchange for White Leghorn and Rocfi hens at $1 each or sheep at $4 each.
One brood sow, $15.00. 7 half Berkshire pigs, 8 weeks old, each $1.50. Will exchange for White Leghorn or Rock hens at $1 each or sheep at $4 each.
Two pure bred Berkshire gilts, each $5. 7 half Berkshire gilts, each $3. Will exchange for White Leghorn or Rock hens at $1 each or sheep at $4 each.
7 nice grade Berkshire pigs, $2.50 each, $16 for the lot.
Registered Duroc sow and eight pigs entered f
entitled to registration, $55 f.ob. Blackstock.
One Jersey-Guernsey cow, fresh middle of this month, $100 including calf.
One 31-32 Jersey bull calf, 1 year old, for best offer.
One registered Jersey cow, 6 years old, fresh soon, $100. Two Jersey bull calves entitled to registration, each $20. One Jersey bull calf not registered $12.50. Two Jersey heifers $15.00 each.
One March pony. Will exchange for Holstein bull. Pony 3 years old, broke to ride and drive.
One shepherd pup, $2.00.
White African guinea eggs and Ancona eggs to exchange for Brahma, Black Orpington, Black Minorca and Bantam eggs.
Pure White Indian Runner ducks. Will exchange for White Leghorn chickens.
Barred Rock cockerel. Will exchange for Barred Rock eggs. One Bantam cock year old, $1.00.
Fryiny chickens and broilers. Make offer.
One pair Belgian hares, $1 per pair. Three black Belgian hares 50 cents each. Four gray Belgian hares, 50 cents each.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR MAY 28

THE COUNCIL AT JERUSALEM.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 15:1-35.
GOLDEN TEXT—For freedom did Christ set us free.—Gal. 5:1.

The events of this lesson are outstanding in Christian history. Paul's appeal to the Gentiles and the large number of them who accepted the Gospel made most acute the question, "Must Gentile believers become Jewish proselytes upon accepting the Christian faith and be governed by Jewish law and customs?" It would be ex dingly interesting to divide a class and let them debate this controversy stated as follows: "Resolved, That the Mosaic law should not have been imposed upon Gentile Christians." The date of this council was A. D. 50 or 51, and the scene is laid first in Antioch of Syria and then in Jerusalem.

I. A Division of Opinion (vv. 1-6). Luke does not name those who agitated and precipitated this controversy, but clearly indicates how the Holy Spirit dealt with the situation. "Is a man justified by fath, or by the works of the law?" is a similar question with modern application. The Holy Spirit, to avoid a rupture in the yet weak church, directs that Paul, Barnabas, Titus (Gal. 2:1) and "crtain others" who are not named, should carry the question to the apostles and elders in Jerusalem. Those to whom they went were "of reputation" (Gal. 2:2), the "pillars" Gal. 2:9) and they received the delegation from Antioch in public (15:4), also heard Paul in private (Gal. 2:2).

II. The Argument. (vv. 6-18). It will not do to be harsh in condemning Paul's accusers. The Pharisees felt deeply their position. As God's chosen people they were marked by circumcision. Jesus, the promised Messiah, was a Jew. Social, religious, and racial differences are hard to reconcile in one church today. But little was asked of the Gentiles in contrast with all they received. Entrance to church membership would not be too easy if circumcision were imposed as a test of their sincerity. Peter brought forward the plea before the council that God had given the Holy Spirit to the uncircumcized Christians, "and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith" (vv. 8, 9). God bears the same witness today to those who refuse to be bound by Mosaic traditions as regards the seventh day and other such details. Paul's argument was that God had wrought signs and wonders among the Gentiles and thus set his seal upon his preaching of salvation as apart from legalistic works (v. 12). Read in this connection Gal. 2:16, Titus 3:20, 8:3, 10:4, and Phil. 3:9. The apostle James presented the third argument in connection with the verdict he pronounced. It was that it is according to Old Testament Scripture that God will take a people for his name from among the uncircumsized Gentiles as well as from among the law-keeping Jews (vs. 13-17). With Paul this was a vital question, and we can at least imagine his feelings as he puts forth a life-and-death struggle for the truth. As Peter reminded the people of the occasion when "the Holy Spirit came upon Cornelius and his household" he caused them to keep silence.

III. A Wise Decision (vv. 19-29). It was James the Just, brother of our Lord, the writer of the epistle and the bishop overseer of the church at Jerusalem, who rendered the decision. In his argument (vs. 13-18) he saw in these Gentile converts reported by Barnabas and Saul a fulfillment of the prophecy of Amos, and to use the language of today he "made a motion," viz., that these Gentiles be not disturbed except in such matters as would tend to more fully separate them from the heathen idolatry they had just left, (a) "Pollution of idols," i. e., flesh offered in the sacrifices (b) "from fornication," the immorality connected with the pagan worship of Aphrodite and Cybele which actually consecrated vice, and (c) "from things strangled," for the heathen did not, as the Jews did, look upon the blood as life, the seat of the soul. The church readily agreed to this motion and took such precautions as were needed that no misrepresentations of their decision be carried back to Antioch. This consisted of a spirit-led choice of messengers and in a written statement of their decision (vs. 22, 23).

IV. The Result in Antioch (vv. 30-35). Great joy greeted the conclusion of this question.

It produced pleasant harmony in place of discord and in place of the irksome bondage of the law it gave the joyous liberty of the Gospel.

Jewish legalism gave way to Christian liberty. Judas and Silas, Spirit-filled, gave much profitable exhortation and instruction.

Silas after reporting to the Jerusalem church (v. 32) seems to have returned to his new-found friends (v. 34) and later became, along with Paul, a missionary (v. 40).

Thus the evil Paul's enemies thought to accomplish worked out to the good of all (Rom. 8:28).

YOUNG WOMEN MAY AVOID PAIN

Need Only Trust to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, says Mrs. Kurtzweg.

Buffalo, N.Y.—"My daughter, whose picture is herewith, was much troubled with pains in her back and sides every month and they would sometimes be so bad that it would seem like acute inflammation of some organ. She read your advertisement in the newspapers and tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She praises it highly as she has been relieved of all these pains by its use. All mothers should know of this remedy, and all young girls who suffer should try it."—Mrs. MATILDA KURTZWEG, 529 High St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Young women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by this root and herb remedy.

If you know of any young woman who is sick and needs helpful advice, ask her to write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Lynn, Mass. Only women receive her letter, and it is held in strictest confidence.

MEN AND WOMEN Kidney trouble robs the mind of courage and ambition; beauty and cheerfulness often disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased. For good results use Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At druggists. Sample size bottle by Parcel Post, also pamphlet. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents. When writing mention this paper.

BONDS OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP

Thorough Understanding and Complete Sympathy Are Necessary—Sentiment Never Lasting.

Some acquaintances will never ripen into true friendship because the common bond of union, the thorough understanding and the complete sympathy are lacking.

An acquaintance begun in childhood will ripen into friendship if the children develop mutual interest in a common cause of study or pleasure. If dissimilar tastes and unlike impulses develop the children will grow apart, since each of us tends toward certain centers of association.

Money cannot buy us friends. It often purchases apparent friendship, but when the wealth goes that which posed as friendship vanishes also.

Friendship must be distinguished from that sentimental feeling which is so common among young girls. This ridiculous fascination, which expresses itself in extravagant terms of endearment, is very fickle.

As soon as it finds faults in one idol it transfers its affection to another. Youth has yet to learn that perfection in human nature does not exist. The sensible man or woman does not set up an ideal of friendship so high that it must be shattered.

The Precocity of Willie.

"Mamma and I saw some of the nicest chicken dressing today," said Willie, age ten and wise beyond his years.

"Where d'ja see it?" asked the fond papa.

"In a dry goods store window," was the bright reply as Willie "dug" for the outdoors.—Indianapolis News.

The European war has made a great demand for khaki.

A bachelor of arts is wedded to his art.

"He who has health has hope, And he who has hope has everything."
(Arabian Proverb)

Sound health is largely a matter of proper food—which must include certain mineral elements best derived from the field grains, but lacking in many foods.

Grape-Nuts

made of whole wheat and malted barley, supplies all the rich nourishment of the grains, including their vital mineral salts—phosphate of potash, etc., most necessary for building and energizing the mental and physical forces.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.