

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

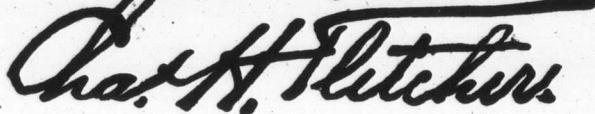
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Hidden Water

How It Was Lost, but Found Again.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Eve Temple sat in her saddle and surveyed the arid stretch of sand and sagebrush. There was a look of bitter disappointment in her blue eyes, and her full red lower lip quivered, but was instantly stilled by the sharp pressure of her teeth.

"That's right! Cry baby!" she taunted her weakness. "I thought you were coming out here to Arizona to make a fortune as a rancher, and the first thing you did was to buy a sand hole of a ranch just because it had an attractive name—Hidden Water. It is hidden! So far all the rain that has fallen has been in the form of tears. Oh, bother!"

In spite of her brave attempt at self control hot tears filled Eve's eyes and splashed on her hands.

"Rain from a blue and cloudless sky," remarked an amused voice at her elbow.

Eve whirled her pony around to confront the stranger who had noiselessly mounted the ridge. He was a tall, sun-burned young man in dusty khaki, a ragged sombrero on his brown hair and much humor in his bright brown eyes.

Eve thought she had never seen such bright, searching eyes, especially in one who apparently was a seeker after a job.

"Well," she said sharply, resenting his remark, "I suppose you are looking for a job?"

A startled look came and went in the bright eyes.

"I'm a good worker, miss," he said. Eve laughed and swept her arm in a wide circle.

"Why look for work at Hidden Water?" she asked. "The water is so well hidden that my sheep have died from thirst and my cattle have wandered away or have been run off by Bedoni and his gang of rustlers. There is no work at Hidden Water, not even for me." A little sob checked her laugh, and she turned her face away from the man's concerned countenance.

"Did you buy Hidden Water from Holman?" asked the stranger.

She nodded.

"He sold out to me," said she drearily. "I don't know what to do. He told me that when the rains came the creek would fill up, but there hasn't been a drop of rain since I came."

"There won't be, either," he announced—"not enough to do any good."

"I suppose I can shut up the place and go home, back east, but there isn't any home left."

"You are not out here alone?"

"An elderly cousin came with me. She is my only relative. Cousin Hannah predicted disaster, and she is right."

"Cousin Hannahs are usually confirmed pessimists," he declared.

"But you must admit she was right in this instance."

"I believe I can prove she is wrong," he said grimly.

"How?"

"I'll tell you later, Miss Temple."

"Who are you?" she asked curiously.

"My name is Lonsdale—John Lonsdale," he said, lifting the ragged hat.

"If you can give me my meals and allow me to sleep in the bunk house I will try to help you."

Eve laughed mirthfully now.

"Welcome to Hidden Water, Mr. Lonsdale. The bunk house is yours alone. Shall I introduce you to Cousin Hannah as the maker of rain in waste places?"

"Tell her," he said deliberately, "that I am an expert of some sort, and if I fail she will tell you that I am an expert liar."

"Come, then," said Eve. "I hear the dinner bell."

In this manner was John Lonsdale introduced to Hidden Water.

Cousin Hannah disapproved of him at once. As soon as he had vanished into the bunk house with the basket of dinner she had given him the stern New England woman attacked Eve with a volley of questions.

"Who is he, Eve?" she asked.

"A cowboy looking for work. His name is John Lonsdale."

"Where is he from? Where are his references?"

"I didn't ask him."

"But, Eve, there isn't any work here for him," protested Mrs. Fox.

"He is an expert at detecting water. He believes he can find the Hidden Water, and—"

"Hidden fiddlesticks!" snorted Cousin Hannah. "The man is an expert story teller, Eve."

Eve laughed, for already Cousin Hannah had fulfilled Lonsdale's prediction.

"Laugh if you want to," said the irate lady, "but some morning we will wake up and find ourselves murdered in our beds. Then what will you say?"

"I'll say you surely have a bit of Irish blood in your New England makeup," laughed Eve.

There was a discreet knock at the back door.

Cousin Hannah answered it, for even the Chinese cook had been dismissed.

John Lonsdale delivered the basket with all the dishes neatly washed.

"That was a mighty fine dinner, Mrs. Fox," he said.

In spite of her fears Cousin Hannah was gratified at the compliment.

"Don't you want something more?" she asked mildly.

"No, thank you. Please tell Miss Temple I'm going down to the creek to start things."

A few hours later Eve mounted her pony and rode down to Dry creek.

Lonsdale was nowhere in sight. Slowly she rode up the dry bed of the creek toward a clump of cottonwoods and a heap of rocks which had been the source of the water which had once filled the bed.

For a long time Eve sat in her saddle looking down at the dry rocks.

What had become of the underground river? Had some convulsion of nature diverted its course in another direction?

When Lonsdale came tramping down the hillside, a strange light of enthusiasm in his brown eyes, Eve plied him with questions, but he was oddly non-committal.

"In a fortnight at the farthest," he said evasively. "Give me a chance, Miss Temple."

Eve said no more, and during the weeks that followed she let him alone.

He would disappear for days at a time, to return stern and preoccupied. Always he wore khaki, but now it was usually fresh and clean.

Cousin Hannah reported that in the bunk house she could not find a particle of wearing apparel or personal belongings.

"I don't believe the man sleeps there. I'm afraid of him, Eve. I want to go back home. Can't you sell the ranch for the price of our tickets? You can easily get another school, and I will take boarders—anything to get away from this God forsaken sand patch."

"If Mr. Lonsdale's scheme fails we will go, dear," Eve assured her.

"It's bound to fail, Eve. No one but the good Lord should interfere with his works. If the ranch were paying, and we could have some help around the place, and there was something going on, and I could have a flower garden, I'd be contented," she said energetically.

"Come, dig your flower beds, Mrs. Fox," said Lonsdale's quiet voice. "Hidden Water has come back, and you will have to change the name of Dry creek. Come down and see."

Incredulous, the two women followed him to the creek. Their ears heard the welcome sound of rushing water, and they beheld the marvelous sight of the hissing creek snaking among the hills and across the plain.

In her mind's eye Eve saw the green grass on her hills, cattle and sheep dotting the ranges. Prosperity had come to the ranch with the return of the Hidden Water.

She turned to Lonsdale.

"Oh, how can I ever repay you?" she breathed gratefully.

The look in his eyes told her there was only one way he wished to be repaid, but he put her grateful words aside and gave her wise advice about the management of the ranch. She would need a good foreman. He recommended Dal Johnson, an experienced and trustworthy cattleman. "Dal will pick out the right men to help you," he assured her.

"But you—won't you stay?" she asked.

"I'm sorry, but I'm going back east," he said.

All the gladness went out of Eve's face. Suddenly the lure of the southwest left her cold and lonely. She checked herself angrily. "What is the matter with me?" she asked, and her heart answered:

"You love him—this unknown man!"

Thereafter Eve, self conscious and miserable, steered herself against betraying her heart to the stranger who had won it.

In a day or two Lonsdale bade them goodbye and dropped out of their lives. Those were busy days at Hidden Water. Dal Johnson was a hustler, and under his sway the dream of Eve's life came true. Cattle and sheep dotted her green hillsides, Cousin Hannah's garden bloomed, and the music of the rushing creek sounded day and night.

Eve grew to hate the sound of the water. Always it seemed to say, "Where is John Lonsdale—where is he?"

One day Eve found courage to ask Dal Johnson about Lonsdale. "Where did he go?" she asked.

"Went back to his pa in New York. You know, his pa is a big gun in Wall street, and he told John to come west and see what he could do for himself. Sort of trying him out, you know."

"Well, he came to Cactus county and bought the next ranch to this, and it looked like he'd bought a gold brick—all dry and sandy. And one day when he was plumb discouraged and about to write home and tell his pa he'd made a mess of it and begging for tickets home and a stool in the office, why, one day he found that Hidden Water had burst through the sand on his place, and, well, he came into his own then."

"But as soon as he found it had been diverted from your place, a woman's undertaking, you know, why, hang it all, the fool just plugged up the stream on his place. It took weeks to do it, and so the Hidden Water came back to you."

"Oh!" cried Eve sharply. "And so Mr. Lonsdale—?" Her voice broke.

"Mr. Lonsdale is a man. He's gone back to tell his pa that he's failed and to sit on that stool when his whole heart's longing for the open country." Johnson spoke regretfully.

Before night a message was flashing across the country to John Lonsdale in his stuffy office:

We need you at Hidden Water. Won't you come back?

He replied:

Do you know my price?

And she answered:

I want you anyway.

FORESTS AND MOISTURE.

Trees Conserve Water, Aid Percolation and Retard Evaporation.

Trees drink in and transpire an enormous quantity of water. This giving off tempers the dryness of the nearby atmosphere. Moisture bearing currents of air are caught by forest areas as they are not by the heated plains. Local showers may thus become more frequent where trees abound, or at least the availability of whatever rain may fall is increased for the locality by forest growths.

Foliage, twigs and branches break the fall of the raindrops. So does the litter on the forest floor. Hence the soil under this cover is not compacted as in the open field, but is kept loose and granular, so water can readily penetrate and percolate. The water reaches the ground more slowly, dripping gradually from the leaves, branches and trunks, and thus more time is allowed for it to sink into the soil and appear again in springs or subsoil moisture lower down.

In forests there is much less evaporation of moisture than in the open country because sun and wind do not have such free play. It is estimated that forests have from 50 to 60 per cent of water supply more than the open fields because of increased percolation and decreased evaporation.—Country Gentleman.

ITALY'S CRACK MARKSMEN.

They Are All Athletes and Are the Pride of the Army.

The bersagliere (sharpshooters) are the elite of the Italian army, and each bersagliere is a picked man, chosen for his hardihood and stamina, the average bersagliere being short and thick-set, but with magnificent strength and exceptional powers of endurance.

There is no prouder soldier in the world than the full blown bersagliere as he swags along the street of an Italian town in his dark blue uniform, with its rich red facings, and on his head, set at a rakish angle, the famous wide brimmed black slouch hat adorned with large, heavy, drooping plumes of green cock feathers.

Bersagliere, by the way, is pronounced bersar-ly-ary.

When on the march the bersagliere never walks as do other soldiers, but always goes at a sort of quick trot.

These 25,000 or so men are among the most perfectly drilled troops in the world. Every single bersagliere, apart from being a man chosen for his endurance, is a fully trained athlete.—Westminster Gazette.

An Idol With Diamond Eyes.

The famous Orloff diamond was once the right eye of the great idol Serringham in the temple of Brahma. This precious gem was stolen at about the beginning of the eighteenth century by a French soldier who had made a pretense of being converted to the Hindu religion in order to gain the confidence of the priests and admission to the temple. The Frenchman first sold the diamond for £2,000. On the next turn it was bought by a banker of Constantinople for £12,000. The banker kept it until 1774 and then sold it to the Russian empress for £90,000 and a life pension. The gem has been in the Russian royal family ever since. As it is now set in the imperial scepter of Russia it presents a flattened, rose cut surface and weighs exactly 104½ carats.

Stinging Rebuke.

A society man said in Newport apropos of a current scandal:

"It reminds me of a very trenchant anecdote. A young married woman at a seashore hotel went up to a pretty girl in white who had been dancing like mad with the first one's husband and said:

"I've got a last year's coat suit that's quite good, really. To be sure, it's out of style. Still, would you like to have it?"

"The girl blushed red with mortification."

"What?" she said. "Do you think I'd wear your cast off clothes?"

"I thought you might," hissed the young married woman. "You seem anxious enough to get my husband."

—Exchange.

Grenadiers.

Evelyn writes in his diary under date 1678: "Now were brot into service a new sort of soldiers called Grenadiers, who were dexterous in flinging hand grenades; they had furred caps with coped crowns, which made them look very fierce; and some had long hoods hanging down behind as we picture fools." The original grenadiers buried their grenades, and then charged the enemy with hatchets.—London Standard.

Not the Usual Kind.

"What a fool exercise fencing must be for women."

"Why so? I always understood it was fine."

"Here Maude Binks is taking lessons, and she told me yesterday she was learning how to feint."

Before and After.

Stella—When you are engaged you tell him that he must economize. Bella—And after you are married he tells you that you must.

Lorraine.

Before Lorraine was united with France in 1788 it belonged to the de-throned king of Poland. Before that it belonged to Austria.

It happens many times that we seem much deceived in others because we first deceived ourselves.

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