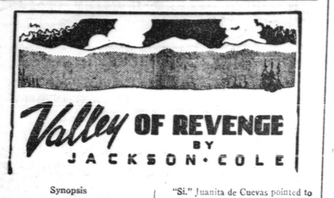
"SALADA" TEA BAGS

So handy



Synopsis

CHAPTER XVI: Juanita finds the brother of the boy killed at Don Attero's Cross. He is Burr Aldman, nicknamed "Straw" because of his red hair.

CHAPTER XXIII

"I see fire. I come fast. I hear shots. I think maybe I am of help, senor, but —" The youth in ragged clothes looked at the remains of Pop Aldman. "I am too late, no?"

"Yes," Straw Aldman said dully. "Too late."

"Maybe I can do something for you?"

"No." Straw Aldman shook his head. "I'm pulling out as soon as my brother Sam gets back—home."

"Your brother?"

The voice was thick with pity, for the eyes of the young Spanish stranger were on the hoofprints of a horse — fresh prints of a horse that had recently been there. And almost as recently — just a little while before — those same hoofprints had been at Don Attero's Cross.

* * *

"Your brother?" the stranger repeated, the soft voice husky.

"Yes. He went up on Mission Ridge to attend to a chore. I'm expecting him back most any minute."

"Nineteen maybe he was, your brother" the stranger asked. "Hair like straw — more light than your own? Blue shirt? Shoes, not boots?"

Burr Aldman nodded. "That's Sam, all right. You know him? You've run across him maybe?"

The young stranger was hard pressed for words.

"Amigo," he said gently, "Sam does not come back."

"What?" the strangled cry came from young Aldman's choked throat.

"It is true. Sam and this old man here — they are together now. Sabe?"

"You mean that Sam is dead?" Straw Aldman shouted as he took a quick step forward.

"Si." Juanita de Cuevas pointed to the distant cross and reverently crossed herself. "He is there, amigo, hanged by some devil."

"Sam!"

Slowly the truth seeped into Straw Aldman's mind, ate into his heart like poison.

"That leaves — just me," he said, his voice tight with bitterness, "for them to get. Well, they had better do it plenty prompt!"

His voice broke. His lips clamped shut, and the line of them was like a twisted scar.

Juanita understood. She had known a like shock and grief herself.

"You try to find this killer, no?" she asked.

"Not just one of them!" Aldman burst out. "All of them! And most especially a rattlesnake named Pete Haskell who is the ringleader of the whole killing beefmen outfit!"

* * *

"And you, amigo?" Juanita said softly. "You think you fight long, alone? Oh, no, they make you a candle. Puff! You are finished."

"I don't know who you are stranger," the young farmer said, "but I'll say this much and no more. I say I'll kill every last one of them before I'm through!"

"There is much law in this country, amigo," Juanita said. "In the town of Gold Creek Sheriff Lands is said to . . . But I see that there is no restraint to hold you. Good luck." The young Spanish stranger held out a friendly hand of sympathy and understanding. "Adios. Who knows but that you shall not fight alone, after all? For it said by my people that El Caballero Rojo has heard of the plight that has fallen over this valley, and that he is somewhere around."

The tattered, youthful stranger turned swiftly mounted the horse that stood near with reins dragging and faded away into the night.

Burr Aldman stared until the stranger was a speck in the distant gloom — and then gone from sight. But the stranger's words were still poignantly present with him. He, too, knew of the legend of El Caballero Rojo, the friend of the poor, the righter of wrongs.

So that man of mystery was here! Had perhaps heard of the indignities that were being heaped on the heads of the tobacco farmers by the imperious, grasping beefmen of the community. Was he here to help the tobacco men?

* * *

But Straw Aldman knew that he must be off to see Russ Bartle. Must seek the advice, the help of the man his father said was a good man, and could be depended on for aid.

Taking only long enough to remove his father to the house, Burr Aldman saddled his horse, mounted, and set off to bring home his brother and care for him. That done, during what seemed like an eternity of grief, the sole remaining member of the Aldman family again mounted and headed for the Bartle ranch.

Bartle, known as the most prosperous tobaco farmer and landowner in Deep Water Valley, had just finished scribbling an entry in the books open before him when knuckles rapped on the door. He went to the door, pulled the lever that drew back the spring lock and peered into the darkness.

As he recognized his visitor a smile spread over his thin face. His palms rubbed together with pleasure and satisfaction.

Howdy, Burr!" he greeted heartily. "Glad to see you. Come right in."

The last of the Aldmans walked into the gloomy office as if his feet were leaden weights. A broken man and bitter, he dropped heavily into the nearest chair.

"They got us, Mr. Bartle!" he said abruptly. "They burned our drying shed; they burned our crops and all. They" — a lump swelled in his throat, all but choking him — "they killed Dad and Sam."

"Good God, Burr!" Bartle was shocked out of his habitual calm. "How in all thunder — who . . . By heavens above, I'll —"

The young man nodded dumbly. "They plugged Dad right before my eyes, before I could reach him. He — I — we wasn't either of us armed. By the time I got in and out of the house to get a gun, it was too late. The rotten skunk had managed to get clean away." He sighed heavily as he brushed a fist across his smarting eyes.

"You chased him, of course? Bartle's lynx eyes narrowed at the question.

"No." Young Aldman shook his head. "I should have — but how could I? There was Dad lying in his back all twisted up with pain, and —"

"Then why the devil didn't Sam—"

"Sam had gone up on Mission Ridge to the Nelson house on a chore for Dad. I didn't have any kind of an idea what had happened till a Mexican came by and told me that Sam was — was spiked to Don Attero's Cross."

(To be Continued)

Half-Pint of Scotch—A wee verrrsion of the Highland Fling was performed on the deck of the Queen Mary as the ship docked in New York. Four-year-old Laraine Ross and her three-year-old brother, Michael, who came from London to make Los Angeles their new home, are the artists. They look happy—vurry happy—about the whole thing.

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

Your Trail of Ink Tells a Story

This is the age of research, with the engineer and his research of metals to determine their quality and grade, the food chemist with his research of food products, and the industrialist in his research for more and better production. They are ever analysing the strength and weakness of their products in their search for quality, the goal of perfection.

* * *

Handwriting analysis is concerned with the research of character from handwriting, the measure of strength and weakness of the individual personality. Your mental ability, habits and moods, traits and aptitudes, good, bad or indifferent are on display to the handwriting analyst by the trail of ink you leave on paper. The strokes of your writing, the dotting of the letter "i," the crossing of the letter "t," are all different to another's writing, indicating each individual's traits as distinctly as night is from day.

* * *

The interesting feature of handwriting analysis is that it shows the trend of thought, desire, ambition and depth of emotional feeling of the writer, fully revealing his character on paper. How well do you know these personal characteristics? Where lies the ability, purpose and strength of character in your handwriting?

Anyone wishing a more complete analysis please send self-addressed stamped envelope to Box B, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. There is no charge for this service.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Dissatisfied With Negative Husband

MOST WIVES who write me are complaining about the dreadful things their husbands do. They drink, they are abusive, they run around with other women, they don't pay their bills, and so on. But today one wife is fed up with a husband because of what he does NOT do.

- He never compliments her. If she dresses up in new clothes, his only comment is, "Humph, you're the prettiest girl in the world!" And she knows he doesn't even see what she has on.
- He won't leave home at night. If she wants to go to a show, he says, "Go ahead. But being with you is good enough for me."
- He doesn't like company. "I like to be alone when I come home. Don't invite those people again."
- He doesn't talk to her. Never discusses his work, nor anything else. Just says yes or no to her questions. She complains. "Sometimes I wish he was the kind that did fuss, so I could hear him talk!"

● HAS HIS POINTS

However, she tries to do him justice. She tells me he has never taken a drink. He provides well for her and their daughter. Never questions how she spends the income, nor where she goes. Never has been late coming home.

He is not affectionate, she says. "Never kisses me unless I ask him to. So you see, Anne Hirst, what I am up against!"

I know just thousands of wives who wish to heaven they were up against only this.

That wife does not realize how fortunate she is among women. She doesn't see that she is making her husband the most contented of men, completely happy in his home life, devoted in his inarticulate way to his wife and daughter. Not for her are the fears of so many married women as they grow older. This man is her man for the rest of her life, and she'll never have to worry about any other woman.

What she misses are the attentions, the compliments, the little tendernesses, fort which every woman yearns. One reason for this is that she has been sickly during almost all their married life; she has had several operations, she tells me, and naturally she is overly sensitive. Yet to offset that, she has complete freedom to enjoy her friends during the day, to employ her afternoons as she pleases, to make her personal life as exciting as she wants to.

She cannot change her husband. He was always so, I expect. What she can do is to realize that his very presence, night after night, in his home is the greatest compliment he can pay her. It is his way of showing her how dear she is to him, how supremely contented he finds his life with her.

To "E.W." Relax. Count your blessings. Remember, if your husband doesn't effervesce because you're wearing a new dress or have had a permanent, he will never see the wrinkles and gray hair that will come as the years pass by. We can't have everything, you know. Read this column every day, and contrast your marriage with those whose griefs are related here. You will realize how blessed you are.

There is no perfect husband! If you are dissatisfied with yours, perhaps Anne Hirst can show you how to appreciate him more. Write her, frankly, at Box A, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev R. Barclay Warren

Our Relationship To God

Romans 8:12-17; 31-39

Golden Text—The spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.—Romans 8:16.

Jesus said to a group of his countrymen, "You are of your father the devil, and your will is to do your father's desires". (John 8:44). Paul, while admitting that all are under sin. (Ro. 4:9) points the way to a better state of living. We may be justified by faith (5:1) and come into the relationship of sonship with God. Then we no longer do the devil's desires. Neither do we fulfil the sinful lusts of the flesh but are led by Spirit of God. Hereafter not only is our external life altered but our heart attitude to God is changed. No more are we in slavish fear, for we are now the children of God. This fact is borne to our consciousness by the Holy Spirit Himself. It is not a faint hope, but a blessed reality. We know.

* * *

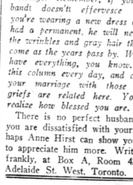
Being a son affords many privileges. The director of a radio program waited for two hours in order to see a college president. While he waited, a ten-year old boy came in and immediately entered the president's office. The explanation; he was the president's son. Being a child of God secures for us the guidance of the Spirit of God. It makes us heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ. In view of this the questions are very appropriate, "If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" This Son is now at God's right hand interceding for us.

* * *

With such unlimited resources available there is no need for defeat. Tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril, or sword may come. But "in all these things we are more than conquerers, through him that loved us". Indeed, there is nothing in the whole universe that can separate us from the God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. This is the way for victorious living. There is no need for defeat. Keep your eyes on Jesus and draw heavily on the Divine resources so freely placed at our disposal and victory is sure. People everywhere would only do this way how much better the "news" would be! How happy would we all be!

Grandmother Knows

What Brings Quick Relief



Since her own childhood grandmother has known Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to be a dependable and quick relief for coughs, colds, bronchitis and similar ailments.

Is it any wonder that she sees that there is always a bottle of it at hand in case of emergency. Quick action is most important when colds set in.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

35¢ Family size 3 times as much 75¢

It keeps in the cupboard—it's quick-acting—it's always there when you want it! Now, with the New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast, you can bake more delicious breads and rolls in extra-fast time. No dashing to the store at the last minute—you can keep a month's supply standing by, use it as you need it. It will be as potent the day you use it as the day you bought it. IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—get Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast today. At your grocer's.

Smart stra gy this — a p frock desfgned to do right by figure! Plus the added g ing embroidery to frame your Pattern 4881 is divinely simple.

Pattern 4881 comes in size 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16, 3¼ yds in. Embroider transfer incl.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to: 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

TELL YOUR FAMILY I intend to make Maxwell House your *regular* coffee. They'll all love it because it's Blended by Experts for Extra-smooth, extra-bodied flavor.

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

How Time flies! Seems like last week we were resting up from New Year's Eve and actually the month is half gone. Well the teen clubs around the province keep busy just the same. Snow storms or zero weather can't stop them. This week we have the reports of Milverton and Colbourne. You will note that they mention their Christmas activities. The nails held up their copy and that is why it is a little late getting in.

Why Do You Like That Band?

Why do you like that band? For the best letter on your favourite band and why you like it, we will give a free, Personally Autographed Picture of Vaughan Monroe. Now gang, this letter must not contain more than 75 words and must be in our hands not later than Jan. 30th. That gives most of you two weeks, so take your pen in hand and tell us all about your favourite band. By the way, this picture was really autographed in person, by Vaughan, because he used my pencil to sign it and I was standing beside him when he did it. Next month, for a letter on another entertainer you all know, we will have another swell autographed picture. Write Barry Murkar, Pickering, Ont.

TEEN-TOWN REPORTERS

Colbourne — Beverlie Wilson — Xmas week has been so busy. First of all I should mention that our choral group gave a free evening of entertainment in the Town Hall and sang Xmas carols and Christmas songs. I must add it was a great success. The day after Xmas, we held our Keen Klub dance in the school. So far our Keen Klub has kind of fallen down, but we were pleased with this dance - we had about 70 people there. We decorated the school, bought prizes etc. We sold cokes at the dance and made a 5 cent profit on every bottle. Also, since it was a special dance, we charged twenty-five cents admission and altogether we took in twenty-five dollars which was very wonderful.

Milverton — Eva Loney — On Christmas eve, the Keen-Teens sang Christmas carols at the homes of all the shut-ins in the town (nice going kids, R.M.) under the leadership of Councillor Isabel Mac Beth. Several card games were enjoyed at the home of Edith Ranney after the carol singing. A delicious lunch was served by the hostess and her assistants. The holidays have been spent in redecorating the two rented rooms which we have obtained for our location. Although we didn't know much about papering, we enjoyed it anyway. That's all.

Beverlie Has a Problem

Beverlie Wilson, our correspondent of Colbourne, writes that she has a very tough problem. Seems like Bev and her girl friend are in charge of the dances for their teen club down there. Their trouble is this: They would like any of our readers to write and give them any ideas they have for new dances. Bev says they haven't the nerve to have another Paul Jones, soap dance, lemon dance or broom dance. Bev writes also that she would be glad to give any teener any idea she has, if they will help her out. Jot down the dances you have had at your club and send them along to Beverlie Wilson, Colbourne, Ont.

. . . And Thereby Hang a Dozen Tails—Pinky the cat isn't trying to get in the act. He just wants to sample that saucer of milk, despite the chorus of yelps from the two pups in the box and the 12 newly-washed ones drying on the line. The 14 foundlings were discovered under a barn and now await adoption.

We Let Him Get Away

The male readers of this column will consider us the dope of the Year when we tell them that the famous hockey man, Charlie Conacher, lives in our town and we didn't interview him. Now it's too late for this year. He has just been appointed coach of the Chicago Black Hawks and also is being considered for the post of the "Best Coach of '47-48". However, we'll get him next season, when he gets home again.

If you are a regular listener of Ozzie and Harriett and have wondered what has happened to them, just turn the dial to CFRB at 9.30 p.m., on Friday evenings and you will find them at 1847 Rogers Road.

A Last Reminder

Be sure and enter our letter contest.

... TABLE TALKS ...

Stretch Meat With Cereals

Tasty Meat Loaf

2 cups corn flakes
1½ lbs. ground beef,
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup finely chopped onion
4 tablespoon: chopped parsley
½ cup milk
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
½ cup finely chopped celery
½ cup canned tomatoes
1½ teaspoons salt

Crush corn flakes into fine crumbs. Combine with remaining ingredients; mix well. Pack in greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350-degrees F.) about 1 hour and 15 minutes

Yield: 8 servings (9¾ x 4¼-inch pan).

* * *

Spaghetti with Meat Balls

2 tablespoons cooking oil
½ cup minced onion
1 tablespoon finely chopped green pepper
2 teaspoons salt
⅛-¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
2 teaspoons sugar
1 bay leaf
4 cups canned tomatoes

Meat Balls:

½ pound ground beef
¼ pound ground pork
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
3 cups corn flakes
1½ teaspoons salt
1 egg, beaten

Spaghetti:

½ pound spaghetti
2 quarts water
3 tablespoons salt

Cook onion and green pepper in heated oil until lightly browned. Lift from oil and place in saucepan. Add seasonings and tomatoes which have been forced through a coarse sieve. Simmer about 1 hour. Remove bay leaf.

Combine pork, beef, parsley, crushed corn flakes, salt and egg. Form into balls and fry in oil in which onions were cooked. When browned on all sides add to sauce and continue simmering about 15 minutes.

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water. Drain well. Arrange in mound on heated platter. Dress with sauce. Sprinkle with grated cheese, if desired. Place meat balls around edge.

Yield: 6 servings (12 medium or 18 small meat balls).

In the Bags—This is the "new look" in hot water bottles and ice-packs for folks with sore throats and sinus pains. Shown in the picture are: a helmet-shaped ice cap; a hot water bottle in mask form, to relieve sinus aches, and a wrap-around ice bag for the throat.

READER SERVICE

No sooner do you get the house in tip-top shape after the onslaught of the holidays then you have to start thinking about spring cleaning and redecorating.

Now is none-too-soon to make plans for your home so that it will be bright and chipper when the warm weather finally comes.

Slipcovers should be Number One on your Spring list—gay, attractive protection against dust and sunlight.

Among the most popular slipcover fabrics are chintz, cretonne, linen and sailcloth. Glazed chintz sheds dust and looks well on small chairs but the unglazed chintz is more practical since it stands up better when cleaned and doesn't muss so easily.

Cretonne, a little heavier than chintz, is an excellent, moderately priced material for summer slipcovers. And there are other cotton mixtures that are easy to sew, such as cotton damask and brocade, homespun, poplin and cotton reps with corded weave.

Learn the easy pin-cut-sew method of making slipcovers, described in our Reader Service booklet No. 35. Slipcovers for sofas and for wing, boudoir, barrel-back and other types of chairs.

Send 30c (coins) for "making Slipcovers Successfully" to the Reader Service, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print name, address, booklet title and No. 35.

Taking Youngsters To Movies Easy Way

Taking children to the movies, especially in the winter can be quite a task. The adult usually has a precarious lapful of mittens, scarfs, hats, and perhaps some small purchases.

I have a system which eliminates this inconvenience, says D.T. in the Christian Science Monitor. I take a knit shopping bag with me. A knit bag is soft and will not rattle and disturb others in the theatre. It also has another advantage — it can be rolled up and kept in a handbag.

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When we get in the lobby I put all our small, loose articles in the shopping bag. Needless to say, we never leave any mittens, gloves, or other small articles in the theatre.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

We have experienced our first real snowstorm of the winter. It caused some inconvenience but compared with other parts of the province it was nothing. Our new highway is practically bare, but as usual there is plenty of snow in farm lanes. We were listening to an account of the damage done in the Windsor district when Partner remarked — "The Government should do something about it!"

"The Government?" I queried in surprise.

"Sure," Partner answered, "Most of us look to the government to solve all our problems, why not the weather? It should stop the snow—turn it to rain, or do something about it. Anyway I wouldn't mind betting the time will come when country snowploughs will be required to open up all farm lanes along with the roads."

Probably many farmers will say—"And that wouldn't be such a bad idea!" In the meantime cars are getting stuck in farm lanes and on back concessions—snow or no snow we must run our cars as usual. Everyone is up-to-date except Old Man Winter and he is just as old-fashioned as ever. Makes one wonder who is out of step—we, the people, or the Master of the Universe.

* * *

But 1948 has brought us more than snowstorms to think about—or shall we say a storm of a different nature because it looks as if we are going to be snowed under by even higher prices. And this storm will surely be a housewife's headache.

There was a thought-provoking paragraph in this paper last week suggesting that we stop worrying about world affairs, attend to our own business and in that way many of our problems would solve themselves. They were truly words of wisdom and if followed would do a lot more good than "beefing" about the government or the Marshall plan.

Take these new high prices: Two more cents a gallon on gas . . . but a little thought, a bit more walking and the amount we pay out for gas would not be one bit more than before.

Pork—an increase of two to ten cents a pound. That means our good old standbys — sausage and pork chops will be luxury goods. But we don't have to buy them. A fifteen cent soup bone is more nourishing and will give an average family one good meal. Lard, too, will be up. Less pie, cakes and cookies is the answer to that.

Butter—we did very well on our wartime ration, why not return to it voluntarily?

* * *

As I see it, one reason for the high cost of food is our over-high standard of living. I remember, as a child, my mother often gave us kids brown sugar, moistened with a little milk for desert! And we never had butter AND jam. It was always butter OR jam. On toast we invariably used beef, sausage or bacon dripping. And, of course, for breakfast, there was always porridge—never any fancy cereal. Ordinary vegetables and fresh fruit—bananas, apples and oranges—supplied our vitamins, even though vitamins by name were strangers to us. What meat we had was mostly in the form of roast beef, stews or mutton. Fresh bread was never allowed—it had to be at least a day old. Eggs were boiled or poached, never fried . . . except as a treat when we had bacon. It was a good, plain, simple diet. A return to it might do much towards lowering the cost of living. But how to do it?

* * *

Our families now are used to the best of everything on the table. What glum looks there would be if Mother suddenly said—"Oh no, you can't have butter and marmalade, and certainly you can't have butter on your vegetables."

Yes, the housewife will surely have to economise but until families earn to co-operate it will doubtless have to be camouflaged economy. If only there were a housewives' union, the members of which would say to their husbands—"Never mind striking for higher wages—we'll live a little plainer and make do with what we're getting."

That would work faster than any government action.

THE PARTY FAVORITE among coffees is Maxwell House. It stimulates and cheers because it's Radiant Roasted to develop every last atom of goodness in its extra-rich blend.

LOSS OF VOICE MENACES PROGRAM

Friend Solves Singer's Problem With Lymoids!

"A few hours before appearing on the air I developed hoarseness and a tickling in my throat. One of my friends rushed to a drug store and was quickly back with a bottle of LYMOIDS. Get quick relief with medicinal cube of cool, soothing lozenges help to quickly relieve hoarseness and tickling throat. Lymoids sell LYMOIDS for 10 years and I recommend them to my friends." — Lyman Tucker, LYMOIDS, 115 Fuel St., Toronto.

TRY IN HANDY 10¢ & 25¢ BOXES

LYMOIDS

FOR INSTANT THROAT RELIEF

NOW AVAILABLE

Manufacturer To You

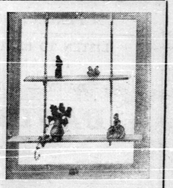
WINDOW SHELVES

$1.00 Delivered Parcel Post

AN IDEAL GIFT

STRONG, ATTRACTIVE DIFFERENT — ALUMINUM ALLOY FRAMES, 2 GLASS SHELVES

Mail Your Order Today to take advantage of this Reduced Price



DUNDAS MFG. — P.O. BOX 284, HAMILTON, ONT.

ARE YOU DISCOURAGED

because you suffer distress from 'periodic' FEMALE COMPLAINTS

which makes you NERVOUS HIGH-STRUNG on such days?

Are you troubled by distress of female functional monthly disturbances which makes you suffer, feel so nervous, cranky, restless, weak—at such times? Then do try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms!

In a recent test it proved helpful to women troubled this way. Why don't you get smart and try it *yourself*

Pinkham's Compound is what is known as a uterine sedative. It has a soothing effect on *one of women's most important organs.*

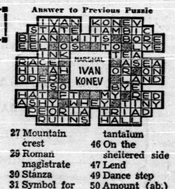
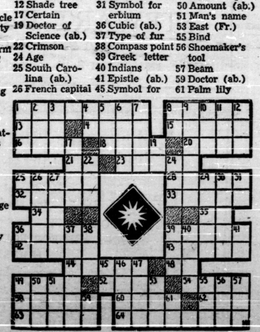
For over 70 years thousands of girls and women have reported benefit. Just see if you, too don't report excellent results. *Worth trying!*

NOTE: Or you may prefer LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS with added iron.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

U. S. Army Group

HORIZONTAL
1 Depicted is insignia of U. S. Army Division
8 Condition
13 Collection of sayings
14 Face part
15 Leaf of the calyx
16 Rot by exposure
18 Spikenard
20 Small particle
21 Chaldean city
23 Flowers
25 Bowling term
28 Female ruff
32 Worried
33 Snake
34 Of the thing
35 Symbol for iridium
36 Quotes
39 Regular beating in veins
42 Employers
43 Sheer
46 Id est (ab.)
49 Indo-European language
52 Genus of plants
54 Stellar body
56 Correct
60 Direction
62 Frigate bird
63 Guide
64 Completely

VERTICAL
1 Distant
2 Musical
3 Rodent
4 Within
5 Division of geological time
6 Czar
7 Demigod
8 Steamship (ab.)
9 Pestered
10 Capable
11 Road
12 Shade tree
17 Certain
19 Doctor of Science (ab.)
22 Crimson
24 Age
25 South Carolina (ab.)
26 French capital
27 Mountain crest
29 Roman magistrate
30 Stanza
31 Symbol for erbium
36 Cubic (ab.)
37 Type of fur
38 Compass point
39 Greek letter
40 Indians
41 Epistle (ab.)
45 Symbol for tantalum
46 On the sheltered side
47 Lend
49 Dance step
50 Amount (ab.)
51 Man's name
53 East (Fr.)
55 Blind
56 Shoemaker's tool
57 Beam
59 Doctor (ab.)
61 Palm lily

Answer to Previous Puzzle