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# "SALADA" TEA

762

**'Fresh from the gardens'**

# Jungle Breath

by Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED:

Lincoln Nunally, elderly chemist, is summoned to Porto Verde, Brazil, by his young friend, Vilak, who is concerned for the safety of his cousin, Elise Marberry, owner of a coffee plantation. Several mysterious deaths occur and Vilak believes Gaylord Prentiss, known to be Elise's enemy, is involved i them. He and Nunnally set out for Prentiss' house, which is guarded by barbed wire and a large ferocious dog, which attacks them. The next day Elise's two-year-old orphaned nephew is kidnapped. They suspect Prentiss. They follow a circular trail and finally come upon the child near a railroad camp.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XV.

Vilak stood silently looking on, half amused, half thoughtful. Elise turned to him, still holding the baby. "You're a dear," she murmured. "I thought it before, but I didn't know it before today. I take back everything that I said about you. I was a pig. And when I cried and completely lost control of myself you said nothing, made none of the caustic, sarcastic remarks that you might have made, but instead set about finding Tinky . . . And found him. It's a long time since I broke down the way I did this afternoon. But Tinky has become a part of me somehow." She leaned over and kissed Vilak impulsively.

"Here, here," he said sheepishly, taking out his cigaret case. "You certainly are upset. Have one of my strong cigarets and quiet your nerves." He lit one. "I'd certainly like to know how Tinky got here. I have a theory, but our friend the civil engineer, who is coming up now, looks as if he might tell us a few facts." He turned to greet the newcomer, who came forward, his dark, pointed face aglow with pleasure.

"Good day, senhorita, amigos," he murmured, shaking hands cordially with the two men and bowing to the girl. "I see ou the baby have once more in your arms. I am happy. Most happy."

"It is the senhorita who is happy," Vilak responded. "And she owes her happiness to you."

The other gave a disparaging shrug of his small, well-knit shoulders. "It is nothing that I do. It is nothing."

"Where did you find him?" Vilak queried.

"Over there by the bushes." He pointed off to the patch of vegetation from which they had just come. "It is very strange. Most strange. We were working here, my men and I, spreading gravel along the track where the water has washed the earth away—we cannot do much, but we do what we can—when we hear the noise of horses galloping up the road from which you have come. This is nothing. Often we hear the horses gallop. Many ride past this place. Is it not so?

"The horses stop for a moment, then they gallop on again. And then we hear other horses gallop. But this also is nothing. This also we hear each hour. But soon also we hear something which is not nothing, something which we who work in the wild places hear never in our wanderings, the weeping of a child. An Indian baby, I think, deserted by its mother. I go to the bushes to see. And there in the weeds I find it, a white baby. I am astonished. A beautiful baby, senhorita, a beautiful baby."

He took one of Vilak's cigarets. "I know at once when I look that it has not been deserted. It is lost or perhaps it is stolen. I am a stranger here. Also are my men strangers. I ask of one who passes on the road if he has ever before beheld the baby, if he perhaps knows the mother. 'Ah yes!' says he at once. 'Who in Porto Verde does not know? It is the nephew of the Senhorita Marberry.'

"At once I send a man to ride swift to your fazenda, for I know how great must be your agony. He returns. You are gone, he says, where your servants know not. But I know. You have gone to look for the child. It is not good for him to stay there in the damp bushes where there are mosquitoes which bite and snakes which kill. So I bring him here where I can watch. I fetch for him a blanket so that he will not be on the cold, wet ground—I have also nephews, senhorita. Still he is not happy. He cries always, English words, which I cannot understand. So I bring for him an orange. He eats. He is happy. At last I see you come. And he is very happy."

Vilak lit the others cigaret, then his own. "Mighty decent of you. Mighty decent. Very few men would have been so thoughful. I want to assure you that Senhorita Marberry and I are deeply grateful." He smoked thoughtfully. "You didn't have a chance to see the men who were on the horses?"

"No, senhor. It is too low here. We cannot see the road." He looked at his cigaret interestdly. "Very excellent, these cigarets. Your special brand, no doubt."

"Exactly. Oriental. I'm glad to hear you say you like them. Senhorita Marberry doesn't approve." He glanced toward her smilingly. "Incidentally I haven't introduced you. My client, Senhorita Marberry, I present for all your good wishes, Senhor—" He paused for the name.

"D'Albentara. Carlos D'Albentara," the other responded graciously.

Elise stepped forward and heartily shook his hand. "I shall never forget what you've done for me. If there's ever anything that I can do or anything that my fazenda has which might help you I'll feel very much hurt if you don't ask for it. I hope you'll come out and call on me."

He bowed. "You honor me, senhorita. You do to me great honor."

She glanced at the men shoveling gravel at the river's edge. "Do you think there is going to be a flood? The river seems to be getting higher all the time and I'm beginning to be worried about my property over at Villapa, about fifteen or twenty miles from here. It's always the first to get the water. I've got a good man over there, a chap named Wilson, who is very good, but he's been quite ill lately with fever and I hate to have him be compelled to do all the fearful work of an emergency such as a flood."

D'Albentara looked surprised. "Wilson, you say this is his name. Could it be perhaps that I know him? A little man, black hair, and large feet, who once worked on this railroad as an engineer?"

"No. It's a different man altogether. The one that works for me is a blond and I brought him direct from the States. . . . Do you think we'll have the flood?"

"That I wish I knew, senhorita. No one can say and perhaps afterward not be called a teller of falsehoods. But to me the river seems rising, always. And if it rises there cannot but be a flood."

The stunted Indian of the enormous nose who had brought them from the road came forward and grunting a few guttural sentences to him, pointed off to a group of laborers sawing some trees. He turned to the visitors. "I must go back to my men, amigos," he murmured. "It is to me a great pleasure to have made your friendship. A great pleasure. Goodby, senhorita, senhor."

'Don't forget to come to see me. Soon," Elise called out blithely as they climbed to the road again.

She jumped into her saddle, then took the baby which Vilak gently lifted to her. "Life's a queer thing," she said as the horses paced slowly toward the fazenda, and she leaned down and kissed the child again. "At two o'clock I am heartbroken, at five I am simply bubbling over with joy. Simply because this little bit of humanity we happen to call Tinky is with me. Oh, I know I make a fool of myself over him," she added with a half apologetic glance at Vilak. "But I do love him. Whatever my sardonic cousin pretends to think about the folly of human emotions in general, and the emotion of affection in particular. Some people can go through life with a poker face face and a poker face disposition. I can't."

Vilak untied a knot in his horse's bridle. "A poker face in my profession is at times a necessity. I thoroughly approve of love. . . . applied to . . . Tinky." He watched her thoughtfully as her delicate hand caressed the child. "I'm sorry. I've got bad news for you."

(To be continued.)

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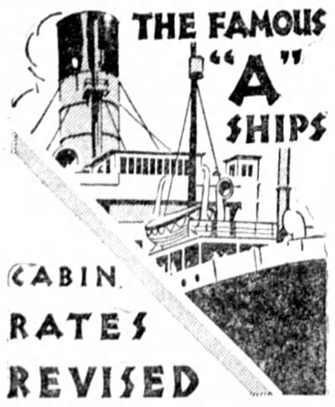


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ISSUE No. 10—'30

## Horizontal Tucks

*Frilled Collar and Cuffs, Smart Detail*

By ANNETTE

The pleated collar and flaring pleated cuffs add to feminine theme in street dress of navy blue silk crepe.

Horizontal tucks at either side of the longwaisted bodice nip the normal waistline and hold the garment closely to the figure. The pointed treatment at front gives impression of length, and places the circular fulness of skirt low so as to keep the silhouette slender.

The collar and cuffs in the original model were white crepe de chine. They are equally as smart made of the self-fabric, crisp organdie or lace.

This unusual model Style No. 247 comes in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

It's lovely in black canton crepe with lace in eggshell shade.

Printed silk crepe with plain crepe in blending tone is effective and may be worn all through the Spring.

Orangey-red flat silk crepe self-trimmed denotes youthful smartness.

Purple chiffon, chiffon print, sapphire blue crepe Elizabeth, Patou's green wool crepe and flat silk crepe in dark purple shade are chic.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

"One may well wonder whether the synonym buns are something one buys in a speakeasy."

### Economic Barriers

Spectator (London): (The world Economic Conference at Geneva in 1927 vainly recommended the reduction of tariff barriers in Europe). Today Europe seems as far from sanity as ever. M. Briand was heard with a half-amused scepticism when he talked of a tariffless "United States of Europe." Mr. Graham has proposed at Geneva a tariff trust, or tariff holiday, as a preparation for economic disarmament, but the morbid economic nationalism still flourishes. Mr. Baldwin, though he is a particularly sincere seeker after peace, has somehow persuaded himself that the "modern artillery" of Safeguarding is necessary to shoot other nations into fiscal acquiescence, and that when they have yielded his method will be found to have really a form of conciliation. This is sad; nothing is more certain than that the League by itself is helpless. Only Governments can act.

'There is nothing connected with the press that has ever got me into such great trouble as the accuracy of the reports of what I have said."—Lord Derby.

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.—Benjamin Franklin.

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### A Light Heavy-Weight

A tramp called at a wayside cottage and asked for a little food to help him on his way.

"But you're a big, strong, healthy-looking man," said the cottager. "Why don't you do some work?"

"Well, madam,' 'said the tramp, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I'll tell you my trouble. I'm what they call an unhappy medium."

"Unhappy medium!" echoed the other. "What do you mean by that?"

"I'm too light for heavy work and too heavy for light work," was the reply.

### Taking The Chance

Molly had been warned by her mother not to play in the muddy road.

For the fourth time the girl had disobeyed, and her mother had brought her back and cleaned her up.

"Now, look here, Molly," she said, "I'll give you one last chance. If you go out into the road again, I'll have to put you to bed, and I'll tell daddy what a naughty girl you have been when he comes back from the office."

The child disappeared, and nothing was heard of her for quite a long time. About ten minutes before her father was due home the little girl appeared at the kitchen door wet and bedraggled.

"Mummy," she remarked, in a tone of cheerful resignation, "I've used up my last chance."

### Utilize Lobster Waste

Lobster meal has been added to the menu of foxes in a number of Maritime Provinces fox ranches. A New Brunswick lobster canning factory which recently began the manufacture of meal from lobster bodies and shells reports that it has found a market for the new product with the fox raisers who are quoted as describing the meal as excellent for feeding purposes.

Minard's Kills Dandruff.

Teacher—"Jakie gave a sentence using the word deceit." Jakie—"I wear pants with patches on de seat."

Mr. Stanley Baldwin—"Money is an invaluable servant. As a master it is the devil."

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**SMP ENAMELED WARE** 13

"How could you miss that bird?" "It flew zigzag and whenever I shot at zig he went to zag."

Minard's Will Kill Corns.

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People used to wonder if Aspirin might be harmful. The doctors answered that question years ago.

It is *not*. Some folks still wonder if it really does relieve pain. That's settled! For millions of men and women have found it *does*. To cure the cause of any pain you must consult your doctor; but you may always turn to Aspirin for immediate *relief*.

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